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JUDGE JNO. W. STEVENS

REMINISCENCES

OF

THE CIVIL WAR

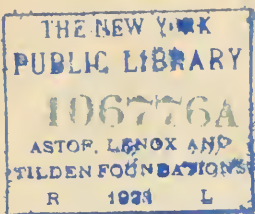
By JUDGE JNO. W. STEVENS,



A Soldier in Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of
Northern Virginia.



HILLSBORO MIRROR PRINT:
HILLSBORO, TEXAS,
1902.



DEDICATION.

“As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff, they shall part alike.”—King David, I Samuel, 30-24.



TO THE
MEMORY OF OUR
LOVING WIVES, MOTHERS,
SISTERS AND SWEETHEARTS WHO
“TARRIED BY THE STUFF,” SPUN, WOVE AND
KNITTED OUR CLOTHES, AND WITH CHEERING AND
CHEERFUL LETTERS STRENGTHENED OUR ARMS ON THE FIGHT-
ING LINES, AND BESIEGED HEAVEN DAILY WITH THEIR
PRAYERS IN OUR BEHALF, AND WHO ON OUR
RETURN, WITH LOVING EMBRACE,
AND TEAR-DRENCHED FACE
BADE US A HERO'S
WELCOME.



**The Women of the South,
The True Heroines of the War,**
Who Kept House while we Fought, is this Little Volume Most
Heartily Dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

We, the undersigned old soldiers of Lee's army during the Civil War, were either members of Hood's Division, Army W. Va., or were in Northern prisons at the same time Judge Stevens was, or subsequent to the times he writes about, and it affords us pleasure to testify that, so far as the movements of the army and his write-up of prison life is concerned, he has given a true record. In his write-up of prison life, he has not painted the picture near as bad as it was, but as far as he has gone, he has told the truth. Many incidents given in his record of prison life, are familiar to some of us.

W. L. McKee, Co. C., 18th Miss. Reg., C. S. A.

D. R. Ponce, 1st Lieut. Co. I., 5th Texas.

W. A. Culberson, 9th Ga. Reg.

R. M. Williams, 10th Ala., 1st Lieut.

R. G. Moore, Co. F., 4th Ala.

J. T. Bobbitt, Co. C., 36th Va. Cavalry.

J. F. James, Co. F., 1st S. C. Cavalry, Hampton's Brig.

I was a member of Hood's Division Army of Northern Va. I kept a diary; I have it yet; I have compared it with dates given by Judge Stevens in these sketches, as to events, marches, battles and movements of the army, and I find him correct in every thing.

W. A. CULBERSON.

Hillsboro, Tex., March 22, 1902.

PREFACE.

When at first I took my pen in hand
Thus for to write I did not understand
In such a mood; nay, I had undertook
To make another.

* * * * *

Well, when I had thus put mine ends together,
I show'd them others, that I might see whether
They would condemn them, or them justify:
And some said, Let them live; some, Let them die:
Some said, John, print it; others said, Not so;
Some said, It might do good; others said, No.

Now was I in a strait, and did not see
Which was the best thing to be done by me:
At last I thought, Since ye are thus divided,
I print it will; and so the case decided.

—JOHN BUNYAN.

It is not without some misgivings, that I have given out to the public, in book form, these sketches.

Some five or six years ago, I began writing them, for the entertainment of the young folks, and run them through the "Picayune," a little Daily published in this city by Mr. Preston Ivy.

At the beginning I had no thought of their reaching beyond half a dozen chapters; but as my pen moved over the paper, the matter grew upon me, and I continued to write, and as I wrote, the matter continued to grow; the great conflict passed before me in panoramic view. The city of Richmond, the great lines of

breast work, the army in camp, the fields, the mountains, the valleys of Old Virginia, the grand old James as she moved along to the sea, the broad Shanandoah whose banks were stained with the blood of patriots, the majestic Potomac, the sanguinary fields of conflict, all over this grand old state, also the bloody "Lane" at Sharpsburg. The placid waters of the Antietam, red with the South's best blood, the rugged heights of Gettysburg, down whose rocky faces, rivers of our most sacred blood run in torrents. All these scenes passed before my vision as vividly, and as fresh, as if it were now taking place. Until I was completely lost in reverie. Arousing myself from this mental slumber, I see two vast armies in martial array. The colors are fluttering in the breeze. Drums are beating, fifes are blowing, all to the tune of Dixie. The very air is redolent with martial music. For miles in every direction vast lines of men are moving into position in quick step.

I look again, I see the world's greatest military leader mounted on old "Traveler" calmly riding to the front, surrounded by his official staff. Majesty sits enthroned upon his noble brow, his countenance is as serene and quiet as a babe in its mother's arms—with one sweep of his field glass he takes in the situation—he orders in a calm tone the attack, like a lightning flash, his aids-de-camp move with his orders to A. P. Hill, to Longstreet, to Jackson, to Ewell. Two vast lines of men rush together in titanic conflict—the small arms are deafening, the thunderous roar of a hundred batteries are jarring the very heavens. The prostrate forms of thousands of dead and dying cover the ground Hampton and Stewart, with Pelham's horse artillery are on the flank—they are not idle. All this passes swiftly before my mind, as though it were now transpiring. You ask me how it is I can remember so much—my reply is how could I ever forget it.

I could have written a hundred chapters just as well as what I have written, and then, the half would not be told.

About a year ago I arranged with the "Hillsboro Mirror" to reprint these sketches in a somewhat enlarged form, with the correction of some typographical errors that the first contained. While they were running through the Mirror, the demand for printing them in book form has been so flattering, that I have yielded, and here it is.

The "King's English" and old "Lindley Murray's" rules of grammar have purposely been disregarded. I have tried to write in the common language of the soldier around the camp, on the march, and in battle. If it serves to interest my old comrades in that terrible conflict, and impart to the younger people some conception of war, and our cause in the great civil war, I am fully repaid for the labor. There may possibly be a few errors in some of the dates, as given, if so that is all the errors, unless my memory is at fault. I have not over stated anything, as all

old soldiers who were with me will tell you, as far as it goes, It's a true history.

The last three chapters are given with the hope that it may help us in the solution of the most serious problem that we have ever had to grapple with. I have presented the facts as I see them. I thank the public for the words of encouragement that they have bestowed on me in this undertaking, and I am grateful to the different news papers who have spoken of it in such high terms of commendation.

THE AUTHOR.



CHAPTER I.

No one now not living at the time, can realize the excitement that prevailed throughout the south, immediately following the election of Lincoln to the presidency, in the fall of 1860. The secession of South Carolina followed very soon after, which spread from state to state until in due course of time, the whole slave section of the union had taken similar action. Excitement was at white heat, the public mind was soon wrought up to such a pitch that every man had to align himself with the secession movement or stand as an enemy of the south. A middle ground status was impossible. At that time I lived in Liberty county, the most central point in our section was old Concord church, an old tobacco barn sort of building with rough clap-boards for a flooring, while the roof was of similar material only a little lighter. The openings between the logs were unceiled. A roughly constructed box served as a pulpit for the preacher or any other speaker who might have occasion to air his ideas before the assembled sovereigns of the neighborhood, whenever occasion brought them together, which in the early part of 1861, was at least every week, and sometimes oftener.

As I look back over the intervening years, and contemplate the scenes of that day, it brings up many sad memories. Some things in that list I could wish had never occurred, others are held as sacred mementoes in the mind-casket, only to be looked at occasionally, as we would look at a lock of hair or some little trinket, once possessed by a dear one long since gone.

The scenes of that day rises up vividly before my mind as I try to express them at this late period for the benefit of the young readers of these reminiscences.

There was, in all, about twenty-five or thirty men suitable for and properly within the military age. We met to consult and discuss the situation at least once a week, generally on Sat-

urday, no foolishness, we were in earnest, terribly so. Everybody came, the old and the young, all ages, both sexes.

General Neyland, of the State Military force, had commissioned the writer a captain, with instructions to organize at once into a military company all within a certain age; hence general order No. 1, was immediately issued from headquarters "in the saddle," to meet at old Concord church next Saturday, and I'll state right here, that no edict of the war was more heartily and implicitly obeyed than this. Everybody was on the ground by 9 a. m. with a well filled lunch basket (as we always put in a full day's work) the old men came to help us, the women all came too, they came to smile on us, and they did their work well, they smole a many smile.

Years after, these smiles were converted into the saddest expressions of grief, for loved ones whose bones now bleach on both sides of the Potomac river from Gettysburg to Chicamauga.

Yes, we were there to organize; we organized. We did not know anything about Hardee's tactics; fact is, we had never heard of Hardee but we organized and formed a line—not a "bee" line—we just formed a line and then we looked at each other and contemplated our invincibility, and then we would look at the women and try to look like soldiers, and they smiled and we were then sure we were soldiers. Just here someone suggested that soldiers should have uniforms, no one knew what uniforms meant—but we were all inclined to the idea that in some way it referred to the habiliments of a soldier. The Fields boys suggested one color and the Hendleys another and so on until the whole seven colors of the rainbow had been suggested and nothing settled. Of course the captain could not afford to have his military dignity lowered, until, like the modern politician, he found out what the crowd wanted. Hence he was silent during this heated discussion. Just at this point the trouble was happily squelched by Frank Snell, who proposed that each man get just what suited his fancy and have it made up in any style he chose—jes' so it was uniform.

For some weeks these regular meetings were kept up. Everybody, men, women and children, even the bench legged fice, and generally a few negroes were brought along to make coffee and prepare the lunch. All brought a basket well filled with common comforts for the inner man. The day was generally occupied in drilling, (i. e.), forming a line and looking up and down it, and discussing the latest news from the seat of government, and the strong probability of our recognition by European powers, and the sympathy for the confederate cause that was supposed to exist north of the Mason and Dixon line. Fact is, we were actually afraid that we would get so much aid and comfort from the North that it would overshadow our own ability to cope with the Northern army, and thus deprive us of the glory

of cleaning up the whole "Yankee nation," for no one of our boys ever dreamed that we were not fully able to do that job in the neatest possible style.

Sixteen broiled Yankees for breakfast were often spoken of as an actual necessity prerequisite to the enjoyment of good health. We had both ears always open for the latest news. One morning about sun up George Hanks, a near neighbor of mine, came up and called me out to the gate and told me he had just received some more startling news, that France had seceded and "jined" the Confederacy, and said he, "you know she's a full fledged yankee state." Of course the highest military authority in the community could not afford to suggest to him that he was slightly off in the name and location of our supposed fresh acquisition. Therefore, all "the Captain" could do was to give forth an efulgent smile of inexpressable joy at the good news, and assume that if we did not hurry up, the fight would be over or declared off before we could get there. Our patriotism was just bubbling up and boiling over and frying and fizzing, until it required all the military skill the chief commander could exercise to hold the boys down until Jeff Davis should call for us. We were like the traditional horse, snuffing the battle afar.

This drilling and forming a "bee-line" at length grew monotonous. Our country was bleeding at every pore, or at least trying to bleed, and here we were letting the opportunity pass to take a hand in the bleeding. The long hoped for crisis was now in the grasp of the commander-in-chief of this intelligent and noble band of Southern patriots.

A call for more troop to fill out and complete the three Texas regiments of Hood's brigade in the army around Richmond was made.

The commander held a council of war with his better half. She acquiesced in his suggestion that the principal fighting would be done in the locality of Richmond and along the line of the Potomac river, unless we should just decide to run rough-shod over the North and thus gobble up and assimilate the whole yankee nation.

As I look back now over the intervening years—and think of the boys—the older men, and our wives and mothers of that day, and then realize that nearly every one of them had passed away. It brings over me a lonely feeling of sadness, that can hardly be imagined, much less described; but one or two of these men are alive today. The bones of the most of them sleep upon the various battlefields upon which the old Hood's Texas Brigade won such renowned glory, from the rugged heights of Gettysburg, Sharpsburg, all the large battles in Virginia, and at Chicamauga, Ga., where generations yet unborn shall recount their glorious deeds of valor, until the history of mighty deeds, and brave men shall be swept from the minds of men, by

the unsullied brightness, and glory of a "New Heaven, and a New Earth," when the grossness of our present environments will give place to a higher order of life, in which the world's Redeemer will be the chief and only law of our existence. When men shall learn war no more.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes and there shall be no more death, (nor war), neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."



CHAPTER II.

The next day was our regular time to meet at old Concord to drill and form a bee line and discuss ways and means to advance the interest of the nation. (Confederate nation of course.) So after going through the principal maneuvers of drilling and a line and discussing the latest news from the seat of war the commander-in-chief mounted a big white oak stump that stood in the church yard, addressing himself to his command, in words and figures as follows: "See here, boys, while we are wasting precious time in idleness, our country needs us in the enemy's front, where there is work to be done. I shall leave for the seat of actual war in a few days where we can have the honor of dying for our country and our country's cause. Now all of you who feel that you would like to make that flag (pointing to our flag) your winding sheet, step to the front." Did you ever see a thermometer drop in one of our blue northers? Did you ever see a stuttering peacock collapse? You just ought to have been there to see how all that sputtering bragadocio blood and thunder patriotism oosed out of my brave command in less than the 73rd part of a second, and to hear the frivolous excuses made for not coming to time. It would worry my readers to enumerate them here. Some were not willing to go to Virginia to fight, but if any of Lincoln's yankees put his foot on Texas soil they'd jes' show them what cold steel was made for, ect. One, just one, noble fellow stepped to the front and said he was ready to do his share of dying. I announced to them that I should start at 2 p.m. from my home on Tuesday week following; that we would join Capt. Hubbard (at that date Lieutenant Hubbard who was later the captain of our company) in Polk county the next day and proceed by land to Alexandria, La., thence by water to New Orleans and from there to Richmond, Va., by rail. I was much gratified,

however, to learn in a few days that nine others had decided to go, making ten in all, besides their commander-in-chief.

The day for final departure came at last. All details for the trip had been arranged. The whole community, far and near, assembled to see us off. We had a big dinner, barbecue hog and beef, and dinner for all; 10 o'clock, 11 o'clock, 12 o'clock came, only two more hours with my precious wife and little ones—one an infant of three months. Was I bidding them a final farewell? The fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and loved ones of the ten young men who had volunteered to go with me were all there at my house that day. It seems but yesterday; they all tried to choke down their feelings, and appear joyous and happy but there was evident choking in the voices and a misty look in the eyes of all. Some saw how the commander-in-chief appeared to be carrying a heavy load, if not on his shoulders, at least in his throat.

One o'clock came. Only one hour more. My brave wife it seemed to me looked sweeter and lovelier while bravely choking back her emotions. My sweet little innocents looked a thousand times sweeter to me than ever, but you know the commander could not show the white feather, else demoralization sets up and soon the whole command will stampede. I never worked harder, never fought a harder battle during the war nor won a more glorious soldier's victory than I did that day. Finally the time was whittled down to 30 minutes. Old Brother Tompkins, an old Methodist preacher who was present, was requested to hold a short service. He read a chapter, sung a hymn and prayed. That prayer rings in my ears to this day. He seemed to talk face to face with God. It was an opportune time to pray. Some of the boys were wicked—they never forgot that prayer; the whole assembly were bathed in tears. As we arouse from our knees our time was up. Reader, did you ever bury a friend alive? This was such a scene—mothers and sons separated there that day for all time if not eternity. I hope for the best. Reader, unless you are old enough to remember the war you are not able to realize what war means. Remember that scenes similar to this and possibly in some cases more affecting, were then taking place all over the South, and continued to take place until our red cross went down in the ever-lost horizon to rise no more.

Embracing our loved ones fervently, and imprinting a kiss that cannot be expressed in words—probably the last forever—we slowly and sadly filed out to the gate where our horses were hitched, and mounting we slowly rode away. As I reached the last turn in the road, from which my home could be seen, I turned my head and took a last look at my dear wife with her infant in her arms and my oldest of three years standing by her side. While my mind retains its functions, that day will be but yesterday in my memory. I have no desire to lose it in this life. In the

next I hope to be better employed. I am sure it helped me to be a better soldier.

The old soldier on either side can appreciate this—this younger generation—well, its all Greek to you.

Let me anticipate these reminiscences a little just here to say that only two of these boys ever lived to return home. Some of them fell at Gettysburg, some of them at Sharpsburg, some at Manassas, and some on other fields, some died from sickness; but all of them, as soldiers, loved to die nobly doing their duty. To meet their mothers and sisters on my return home and tell them all about it, how they died, how they fought, and that in some cases I buried them on the field where they fell, was the saddest task this old soldier ever performed.

The next day after leaving our homes, we reached the place of rendezvous, Big Springs, in Polk county. There we placed ourselver under the leadership of Capts. Hubert and Cleveland and started for Alexandria, on Red river. To give all the incidents that occurred on this march of 160 miles would hardly be interesting. So with just an incident or two on the march, we will swiftly glide over the route from Texas to Richmond. Of course we had all sorts of men in our caravan. There were old men, young men, good men, bad men, green men and sharp men. To this writer it was the finest opportunity to study human nature he had ever enjoyed. Nearly every one thought he must "do his best to try to out-do the rest," along any line that suggested itself. We all had as much money as was necessary for ordinary wants. Confederate money was then at 100 cents. They had not adopted "free and unlimited coinage (issue)." We did nothing by halves. If anyone decided to treat his friends to a piece of fresh beef, he just bought a whole beef—hence he was known after that as "Beef Head Williams" or "Hog Foot Jones" or "Hard Bread Smith." I very well remember that in Capt. Cleveland's company was a boy about 18 years old, who wore the very odd and unique name of Johnson. It was either Jim or John; I am not sure which. He was the greenest boy I think I ever saw; he was from the free state of Trinity county, which county furnished as many men to the number of inhabitants as any county in Texas, and her men were as brave as the bravest. I doubt if he knew much about the issues involved in war. Johnson had some money and the boys had been treating to fresh meat and sugar, molasses, etc., by the quantity. Johnson thought he would cap the climax and treat the boys to something that would give tone to the occasion. So that night when we stopped to camp, Johnson called out for everybody to come up and draw whiskey.

He had stumbled onto some of the meanest whiskey during the day that I presume was ever hatched by even a Hillsboro blind tiger.

Now, understand me, I speak from what the other boys said, not that I know from experience. Oh, no, not, I, nary time. All that I know is just what the boys said. They said it was the meanest stuff they ever tasted, regular bust head stuff. From that good day on he was known as Bust-head Johnson. He stood it bravely like a good soldier, until we reached New Orleans. Finally the boys left off the Johnson and just called him Bust-head. That was too much. He appealed to his captain to issue a special order to make the boys stop calling him Bust-head.

Just here I will say that if ever a man found a "nick" name in the army, he was sure to never lose it—he might lose his rations—his gun or even his character, but his "nick" name, never.

So the only consolation the captain gave him was that military honors were hard to win and when a man was so fortunate as to earn promotion, he should be proud of his honors, and that henceforth he would be known and designated as Bust-head Johnson.

The poor fellow died soon after he reached Richmond and possibly today fills an unknown grave in the suburbs of that city, forgotten, possibly, by every one of his old comrades except this writer.

This was with many of the boys their first trip from home or out of the state, every day's travel was a revelation to many of them. They were continually playing pranks on each other, and on the people who lived on the road along which they traveled; they felt that they were soldiers, and the people with whom they came in contact regarded them as such, and therefore many things they said and done, were taken in pleasantry, which otherwise would have been resisted.

As an instance, they took a wagon out from under a shed on the road side one day, and set it up on top of the shed. Just how the man ever got it down I do not know, but he laughed at the performance as loudly as the boys did.

Yes, they thought they were soldiers, but in due time they came to realize that they had not yet learned the small end of the first letter of the alphabet of soldier life.

As the days rolled on and they came to realize that the chords of military discipline were being drawn tighter, the most of this childish hilarity gave place to serious and solemn thought, but be it said to their credit and honor they very soon realized the necessity of strict discipline, and heroically accepted the situation, and made as brave and gallant soldiers as ever wore the gray.

CHAPTER III.

We reached Richmond early one morning, and in a few hours were quartered at Camp Winder, in the suburbs of that city. Shall I tell you about Camp Winder? Imagine some 500 or more temporary buildings, 100x20 or 25 feet in regular order, on streets or open ways running at right angles with each other 25 or thirty feet wide. Into these buildings we were assigned, as many as could conveniently occupy each building. Our blankets were our bedding; our cooking was done in the streets or open ways in camp kettles or skillets issued to us by messes. We were formed into messes, usually five men to the mess sometimes one or two more—often less than five. Our quarters were divided into divisions, each street or row of buildings formed a division, and each house a section. Each house and division bore its particular number.

Now, please remember that the commander-in-chief of the before mentioned band of noble patriots at Concord church ceased to be commander when he reached Big Springs. His high prerogative was then turned over to Capt. Hubert. (It is in order to state here that the before mentioned Capt. Hubert was at that time only a first lieutenant of Co. "K" of the fifth to which I was attached. The captain of the company was Ike N. M. Turner. Hubert afterward became the captain.) And from that day forward he was just simply a high private in the front rank. So at Camp Winder the ex-commander enjoyed no special favors over the other noble patriots; we were all just patriots, nothing more. We were at once driven to the realization of the fact that we were soldiers in the army. We had voluntarily relinquished our freedom as citizens, and had for the time being committed our all to the government, and had pledged our lives, our time, our physical persons, our strength, our sacred honor to the government in defense of our homes; our firesides; our all as a nation. Fool-

ishness all passed away now; arms and accouterments were distributed to us, and here for the first time it began to dawn upon the minds of some—possibly many—that war was not a school-child's picnic, nor an excursion for pleasure. Yes, gentle reader, many began to understand that war meant fight, and fight meant kill, and that killing was a reality, to be sure enough dead; so dead that you would hardly ever return to Texas again. This naturally inclined many to turn their minds back toward home, parents, wife, children, loved ones, the old home, the old church, the old spring, the traditional "Girl I Left Behind Me." All rushed in upon the mind like an avalanche, and in many, very many, cases completely overshadowed every sentiment of honor and patriotism—a sentiment so necessary in the heart of the volunteer citizen soldier. Do you know that the trouble here referred to was the worst foe either army, north or south, had to contend with?

Yes, indeed; it killed more men on either side than bullets. It was a subtle foe that crept into the bosom of thousands and did its deadly work as he lay on his blanket at midnight, possibly looking up into the vaulted heavens, and contemplating the peaceful stars as they peeped down upon him in the silent watches of the night. Hence the importance of strict military discipline. Active duty, fatigue, reveille, drill, roll call, dress parade, tattoo; something to keep the mind and body employed, it begets interest in the duty, it gives employment to the mind; all of which is so necessary to the health and vigor of the soldier in war.

But in spite of all that could be done by the authorities to thus protect the morale of the army, many of our men were crushed under this soldier life, and giving away to these reflections on home and home life far behind them, and every effort to dispell it, however ingeniously applied, sometimes failed to even give partial relief.

Do you know that some folks are never happy except when miserable? Soldiers are just like other folks; they sometimes encourage that which they (it would seem) must know was not calculated to give them the desired relief. A case or two in point. There was in Capt. Cleveland's company two men. They were relatives and always together. When you saw one you saw the other, unless duty should divide them. They were good men at home and both had families. They had volunteered with good, honest intentions, but after the excitement of the trip from Texas to Richmond had passed away, and we got down to the realities of soldier life, and the romance had all been squeezed out of the soldier life, they became tired of it and concluded that they would get a discharge and return home. I remember well as I saw the elder of the two one morning headed for the quarters of the commander. He stopped as he passed me and remarked: "I have got enough of this business. He was jest a gwine home

to his family." "When" said I. "Jest as soon as I can get my discharge papers fixed up." The poor fool thought I, is it possible that you have no more sense than to talk that way. "Going home are you?" "Yes, I hope to get off tomorrow." "Well," I replied, "let me know when you start I want to send some letters by you." "All right, I'll carry anything you want to send." I thanked him, and in about thirty minutes he passed me on his return to his quarters, looking like a granite statue, his face and eyes were wholly oblivious to every surrounding thing or person.

"Hey! When are you going to start? They may keep the body here,, but the soul, never, was the reply he made. That man went to his quarters, lay down and in less than 24 hours was a corpse. His friend followed in a few hours; both died in Richmond because they were afraid they would die away from home. They found they could not get a discharge while able to perform duty.

Thousands died the same way. Another case, a soldier in my regiment, a good man; homesickness took hold of his vitals, the regimental surgeon did all he could to arouse him, but he continued to grow worse, the death stare was in his eyes, he had given up to die. The surgeon told him as a last resort, to cheer up and prepare to return to Texas, he would grant him a discharge. The full force of an electric battery or some other life generating machine could not have produced a greater effect upon him. He soon rose from his couch, his eyes sparkled, every expression in his face gave forth a new life and in one hour he was walking around through the camp in lively conversation with the boys and as full of life as any thoughtless jolly kid in the command. He got his discharge and started home next day. I never heard from him since.

Now reader, I don't want you to conclude from the above, that this unhappy and despondent disposition was general or characteristic of the southern soldier; far from it; while they realized what war was with all its horrors, they met their responsibility as MEN.

They were the brightest types of the citizen soldiery. The Southron as a soldier met every responsibility that was laid upon him, and was true to his trust and today commands the respect of the world, and the highest encomiums of the ablest soldiers of this day. I wish that I could lay before you the expressions of Col. Freemantle, of the English army, who spent one year in the Confederate army from July, '62 to July, '63, and acted as aid-de-camp to General Lee at Gettysburg. On his return to England, his report to his home government was published in Blackwood's magazine. It was my pleasure to read it while a prisoner of war soon after it came out.

I cannot at this late date undertake to quote his remarks. I remember very distinctly how he regarded the southern soldiers

as the highest type he had ever seen in his travels on the globe, and how well I remember the special tribute he paid to Hood's Texas brigade, as he enlarged upon their manly forms, their soldiery bearing, their readiness to fight; in short, their willingness to meet every call made upon them, how they met the enemy, realizing their danger, yet going ahead regardless of the dangers surrounding them.

It soon became a settled fact that between Richmond and the Potomac would be the great contest between the two sections. Richmond was the very heart of the Confederacy, consequently the efforts of the North were concentrated mainly in that direction.

Many of our boys had to endure more or less suffering from disease engendered by camp life and exposure, to which they had not formerly been enured to. Many of us were confined to the hospital for weeks and some for months. Many died, many recovered and from the date of their recovery made good soldiers till the close of the war or until released by a death missile while in action.

In a future chapter I will set out a complete epitome of the above paragraph, showing that the real contest for our cause was fought out in the country between Richmond and Washington, which are less than a hundred miles apart. Nearly every foot of this ground is hallowed by the blood of our Texas boys as well as the boys from every other state.

And when a full and true history of that unfortunate conflict is written—as it will be some day—the future student of history will realize that the Southern soldier, with the peerless Lee as its chief, constituted the grandest army the world ever produced.

Cut off from the world by a close blockade, with no ships—no open ports—no factories—no regular army as a nucleus on which to form compelled in the face of overwhelming numbers to improvise and organize everything necessary to form an army of defense, against all the forces of a great and grand people, with all the resources necessary at their command, until exhaustion and depletion of our ranks compelled us to QUIT.

CHAPTER IV.

Passing on from the incidents narrated in the last chapter of our stay at Camp Winder, which was merely preparatory to active duties soon to follow. In a few weeks our boys had become reconciled to the new order of life which was to follow. Activity in all the duties of camp and soldier life was the order of the day. Drill was the order from 9 to 11 a. m., and from about 2 to 4 p. m., the remainder of the day was occupied in cooking, eating and policing our quarters and looking to the sanitary necessities of the camp. We made such progress along these lines that in less than a month we had actually been transformed from civilians to soldiers.

Never doubting for a moment that we were fully able to whip our weight in wild-cats, and for any and everything that wore blue, we had a most supreme contempt. We actually believed that if General McClellan could know just what sort of stuff we were made of, and how we were "jest a spilin'" to get at him, he would fold his tent some dark night and slip away. A possible suggestion that the subsequent events which transpired at Appomattox in '65, would have been regarded as high treason, deserving the most ignominious death prescribed by articles of war—hanging to the first tree. Our sick had been transferred to the hospitals in the city, and we had been assigned to our proper places in the regiment.

Our company was "K" in the Fifth regiment, Hood's brigade, army of North Virginia. Our brigade was composed at this time of First, Fourth, and Fifth Texas regiments, also the Eighteenth Georgia (who always insisted on being called Third Texas,) and the infantry regiment, of Hampton's Legion, of South Carolinians. Subsequent service proved the fact that in all the Virginia army there was not a finer body of men rostered on the rolls of the army of Northern Virginia.

General Lee, in the latter part of this year wrote General Wigfall, who was then in the Confederate senate, a private letter, urging him to get another Texas brigade for his army, saying: "These I have are the very best in my army." Of course, this was a private letter, and not intended for the public eye, and we would never have seen it, but for the indiscretion of an enthusiastic officer serving on detail duty in Richmond, under whose eye it accidentally fell, giving it out through the public prints over General Lee's name. Poor fellow! What a storm it raised in our command. While we took it as a compliment from General Lee, we blushed that such a thing should go to the public eye. There was no selfishness in our bosoms, while we had confidence in our own valor and soldierly qualities, we had away down in our inmost souls the very highest regard for the valor of everything that wore the gray. No, no; we were too generous to be jealous of our own men. The poor fellow! He never outlived it—though a good soldier and a brave man, he had to step down from his position, and in less than a week was in the ranks with the guns and accoutrements of a private soldier, which place he filled with honor to himself and the cause he espoused. This character in him shown out the more brightly, as he was a northern man, having run the blockade and came south to espouse our cause after hostilities opened. From this time on he served in the ranks, enduring the hardships of same as patriotically as the most intensely Southern; was badly wounded on more than one field; surrendered at Appomattox; came to Texas and died in Galveston some years after.

We were now moved out a few miles from Richmond and bivouacked in regular position, forming, in fact, a line of defense around our capitol. Here, for the first time, I saw Jeff Davis. He visited our camp one evening with his official staff. I looked up in his face with an ardor and devotion that thrilled my very being. I know that in my heart I regarded him as the greatest civil-military character on earth, and, however much I may have been mistaken, I have never taken time since to revise my conclusions of that day. I am sure I would have felt it an honor to die for our southern cause if I could have been right sure that Old Jeff would have known that I, yes, I, personally, had performed that heroic deed. While we were thus employed, McClelland's army was on the north side of Chickahominy, not more than six or eight miles at some points of his line from Richmond. Key's division and possibly some others had just crossed to the south side.

You have doubtless read that episode of early history of America of Capt. John Smith and how the beautiful Pocahontas, the Indian maiden, fell upon his body and shielded him from the uplifted club of the executioner? Yes, you have read that in your early history of the first settlement of North America.

Well, if history and tradition has not made a mistake, that dramatic scene occurred just about the place that I am now speaking of.

One night, about midnight, it began to rain; it seemed to me that the very bottom fell out; that the fountains of the great deep were broken up. Every stream was full and overflowing and all the bottoms on either side were a sea of water. About half of McClellan's army had crossed to the south side of the Chickahominy river, possibly not so much as half, but at least a large part of it. Communication between the two sections was supposed to be impossible for the time being. So about three o'clock in the morning we were aroused from our quarters and ordered to prepare at once to move. Wet as drowned rats, all out of humor at being disturbed by the rain, and the darkness all conspired to cause many of the boys to disregard some things learned in Sunday school, and I am not sure that old Bro. Tompkin's prayer offered the day we left home was the uppermost thing just then in the minds of all the boys. At last the order forward march was given. Tramp, tramp, slush, slush, cuss, cuss; down some fellow would come cawhollope in the mud. "Well, if that ain't the d—est, cleanest fall ever I got in my life. I wish old Johnson (Joseph E.) and Jeff Davis were in h—ll" and so on. The over sensitive reader must remember I am pledged to give facts and these "kuss" words are a part of the facts.

At last daylight came, the sun arose and as our clothes began to dry and we had munched a few cold bits of "grub" we generally regained our normal state. Troops were moving on every road, within the range of our vision; as far as we could see, was a mass of moving humanity. Officers, couriers and aids were galloping in every direction. The river had divided the yankee army and now we were "jest a going to gobble up half of it before the other half could get over to help them. About 10 o'clock we were thrown into line on, possibly, the very same spot where Pocahontas saved Capt. John Smith. Directly in front of us was a line of yankees, but too far away for our small arms, but we could see them. Oh, how we were "jest a-hankering to get at 'em."

Did you ever see a bull pup on the inside of a picket fence trying to chew up a big dog on the outside? That was our "dramatic" attitude. The cannons were booming in nearly every part of the field, right in our immediate front, up to this time we had not reached the initial point of fire. The small arms were rattling like a large cane break on fire, in every direction to the right and left. Away in our front a balloon shoots up; the man in it in plain view. As quick as lightning goes a puff of smoke from one of our field pieces and a rifle-cannon sends a shot at the balloon in such close proximity to it that its occupant deems terra firma the safer place, and descends rapidly to earth again.

During the day there were three balloons sent up from the yankee lines to get our exact position. They got it, for soon

we were thrown into action, wading through water from a foot to three feet deep. Shells began to fly around us as we advanced, balls began to whistle. I began to feel mighty curious. A feeling no one can understand, until he has realized it, none can describe it. Presently the wounded began to pass us to the rear—one man bleeding from a wound in the face, shot in the arm, in the body, the helpless on stretchers, borne by two or four bearers as the case required. We were now into it. War meant fight, fight meant kill, to kill meant to be dead. We had read of it, talked about it, but there it is, actual war with all its horrors. I had in common with others, often wondered what effect the bloody scenes of an actual conflict would produce on my nerves. To my astonishment I found that after I got into it, all sense of fear seemed to vanish and I became interested. Here lies the mangled form of a comrade who has been killed. My impulse was to move forward and stop the enemies slaughter of our boys. Forward! Keep cool boys, aim low, don't shoot until you can do execution. Here they have eaten breakfast, bread in skillet, the coffee in the pot still warm, fire around the camp kettle still burning, thick brush of the Chichominy and the tangle woods and vines interfere with our movements more or less and tend to render our maneuvers uncertain and irregular, but the action is kept up with more or less intensity until night puts a quietus to the day's work, and both armies seem glad of a chance to rest. Yes; rest for a whole night in mud and water on our arms in line; nothing gained on either side, many lives lost, many brave men wounded and dying, and sending a last message to loved ones at home. Among the wounded was the commander, Gen. Joseph E. Johnson.

I don't remember now that I ever passed a more miserable night than this, mud and water shoe mouth deep, the air quite chilly, the night dark and dreary; all either side could do was to keep as still as possible till the dawn of another day, now my kind reader, you must supply by your imagination, what I can not describe as to our looks next morning, after passing through such a night.

CHAPTER V.

I left you, in my last chapter with the wounding of General Johnson on May 31, 1862. Next morning, June 1, as soon as daylight enabled the troops of either side to maneuver intelligently, hostilities were resumed. During the night the yankees had received some additional forces from the north side of the river. The river having fallen so as to allow them to cross, and, of course, had used every means possible to fortify themselves against what it seemed to this writer ought to have resulted in a complete annihilation of that part of the army on the Richmond side of the river. But Johnson being wounded the day before was the means of placing in command of the army Gen. R. E. Lee, whom the fates had ordained for the future control of the army of Northern Virginia. It is reasonable to presume that it required some time for Gen. Lee to get the situation duly in hand, and to become familiar with the position of the enemy. During the day there was more or less fighting, but hardly enough to be called a battle; yet there were more or less of a scattering engagement at different points, with many casualties, as the most of the fighting was done in thick brush, and hence at close quarters, closing the second day's work with honors about equal. Neither side gained anything and neither lost anything except a number of brave men; sadness and sorrow falling over many hearts at home. It is perhaps in order to say at this point, that it now appears that Gen. Jo Johnson's purpose was to evacuate Richmond in a few days had he not been wounded, we did not so understand it then, but I am now convinced such was his purpose, what the result on the future of the Confederacy would have been we can only conjecture.

Both armies seemed inclined to cease firing for the time being; setting in front of each other, grinning and snarling like two tired spaniels, each waiting for the other to strike first.

Things remained in this condition with but little change, except now and then an occasional sortie from one side and then the other, with no advantage lost or gained by either until June 14th, when the news came that Whiting's division (which included Hood's brigade, was to go at once to the Valley of Virginia to reinforce Jackson, who was exercising his troops, whipping Shields, Fremont, Banks and Milroy, whose aggregate forces were about ten to one to Jackson's little band. The strange thing to this writer was that we were not only to be sent off, but that everybody should be talking about it. "Surely," thought I, "the enemy ought not to know of our movements; that we are sending troops away from Richmond. The yankees will surely know it before sun-down." Which of course they did, and that was just what Gen. Lee wanted them to know. It was a part of the ruse. We got up, folded our blankets and marched off right in the light of the day. And I guess McClellan knew as much about it as we did.

We boarded the trains and they went whizzing away toward the valley with flags flying and soldiers shouting and singing of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Reaching Staunton, Va., we debarked from the trains and behold! there was old Stonewall Jackson's army on its way back to Richmond. He had deployed a few cavalry between his army and the above four named generals, and had slipped away from them in the night, and was on his way to play a trick on McClellan. We "jined Old Stonewall!" and taking the back track, away we went for McClellan's rear, while Lee and Longstreet were between him and Richmond.

Away we move just as fast as the physical endurance of the men could stand it, until we reached Beaver dam station, on the south side of Ann river. Here we are now, within twenty-five miles of McClellan's rear, hence, our movements must be kept as quiet as possible. The success of the movement now depends on keeping our movements from the Federals, hence every precaution is used. The Texas brigade is put in front. The fifth regiment is detached and kept at least half a mile or more in front of the brigade. Then about twenty-five scouts are detached and kept about half a mile in front of the regiment. All this gentle reader is a precaution to keep our movements from the enemy until we, like the creeping, slipping feline, are ready to pounce upon him from a point least expected.

Now, you begin to see why it was so loudly announced. We were going to the valley to reinforce Stonewall Jackson.

On we moved, soon we (our scouts) met a cavalry scout. They can't understand it. For the time, we drop out in the brush. The cavalry draw up in line, as though they were going to charge. They draw their sabers but they don't charge. Finally our scouts charge and drive them off. They form again; they are anxious to find out what this means, what our strength

is. They can't understand it. The most of this day's march was slow, cautious movements, great care being taken to keep our command out of sight of the enemy's scouts.

About noon, we were in hearing of Mechanicsville, a point 4 or five miles from Richmond. McClellan's right wing rests on that place, it's the 26th day of June, don't forget this place as you read these sketches, it will help you when you get further on, as I give you McClellan's retreat. The 26th day of June, Lee and Longstreet open on McClellan's right. All day the battle rages, the yankee lines are pressed back upon their center it's a flank attack. Lee knows where Stonewall is, and just when he will strike, to have everything just right is what Lee is now working for, so that Stonewall's swoop on McClellan's rear may have all the more force by its striking just at the right time and place. As the sun goes down behind those Virginia hills in all her apparent peaceful glory, we can see the blazing, bursting shells of Lee's artillery as it goes screaming athwart the sky to our right front. The Confederate yell that never fails to carry consternation to the Federal ranks, now floats out upon the evening air and we intuitively know that our boys are successful. At dark we halt for the night, ordered not to speak above an ordinary tone of voice.

No prophet was needed to tell us that the next day we would receive our next baptism of fire. We well understood that. I so well remember how I spent the night, upon my blanket looking up at the stars as they silently peered down from their places in the sky, thinking of the dear wife and little ones at home who were doubtless at that moment dreaming of papa away in the army all unconscious of the dangers that in a few hours would surround him and possibly leave them a fatherless family. At last, with a faith that only is brought out under severest trials, I committed my soul and all to my heavenly father, dropped to sleep (sweet rest) and slept as soundly as an infant upon its mother's arm.

Perhaps it would be better to close this chapter at this point, as the next day's work (it seems) stands out in the brighter pages of history, shedding a sheen of glory upon the Confederate troops and especially upon Hood's Texas brigade, that will live through all the ages.

Two amusing things occurred during this day's march, that I will set out here; the old soldier will appreciate each of them.

About noon, we were in a heavily timbered part of the country, and as I now remember, water was very scarce. We had an old bugler whose name was Sandy, if he had any other name I do not remember it. Old Sandy had left the road to look for water, and was quite successful in his search, he had followed down a small ravine, to where there was a fine spring under a birch, and just as he reached the water, he discovered on the opposite bank, a bunch of yankee soldiers—22 in number. If I re-

member correctly—there they were within 400 yards of the advance of Jackson's army, and wholly unconscious of the fact that there was a confederate soldier in ten miles of them. It is hard to say which was the most astonished, they at seeing Old Sandy in his gray uniform, and tin horn, or Sandy seeing 22 yankees with guns and accouterments. But Sandy put on a bold front, filled his canteen, drank all the water he wanted to, and then began his attack on the enemy. Now remember he was a German and had a broad German brogue—His attack was made in this way: "Py tam what you yanks doing dar." They told him that they were out on a scout—Sandy said to them in his German brogue: "Now you yanks lay down dem guns and form a line, and march head 'o me up to der road, ten tousan' wild Texas boys up dare, an' I give my horn one toot, dey come down here an' kill every one of you yanks." Whereupon they proceeded to obey Old Sandy's order, and the first we knew, here comes Old Sandy, marching his 22 prisoners up to our brigade commander in true military style—we sent a detail back to the spring to fill a lot of our canteens and get the guns and accoutrements of Sandy's prisoners, Sandy received the thanks of Col. Robertson and a regular ovation from the boys in the ranks. A mile or so further on we came to where there was a company of yankees on picket, at a small creek with very deep channel and high banks—our scouts had discovered the pickets, without being themselves discovered, they reported back to Gen. Hood the fact. Hood ordered up Riley's battery to the front, bringing it up through a thick growth of pine bushes, and let the guns lose, as fast as they could be worked, now 20 or 25 negroes at work in a wheat field in full view of us but our movements had been so carefully made that these negroes had not seen us nor did they dream that the advance of Stonewall Jackson's army was in a hundred yards of them, we having completely hid from their view by the thick growth of pine bushes which stood between the road at the fence. But when that artillery turned loose, firing for about five minutes as fast as the guns could be worked—those negroes dropped the reapers, wagons, teams and everything else they had out there, and broke at a John Gilpin pace for the opposite side of the farm, yelling with all the might they had—the men, women and children. Several of the women fell down and we could hear them scream, as though they were being murdered. It was a laughable sight, and we enjoyed it, as soldiers only can enjoy such a sight.

CHAPTER VI.

The last chapter closed the scenes of the 26th of June. The Texas brigade, for the time being in Stonewall Jackson's corps, are bivouacked for the night in a few hours' march of McClellan's rear, striking it at right angles. Now, reader, I wish to give you a proper idea of the situation, that you may fully understand just how each army stood. Next morning, the 27th day of June, a day that will ever stand out in American history as fraught with deeds no Southerner will ever blush to read in blazing capitals. As the approaching dawn dispelled the darkness from the classic hills of the old Dominion on this day, the situation was about this: Imagine the yankee line about ten or twelve miles long, bending somewhat in the form of about one-third of a circle around Richmond and five to eight miles distant from the city; the Confederate line conforming to it on the inside of this curve and pointing out. The right of the Federal line had been extended to a small hamlet known as Mechanicsville, distance some four or five miles from the city. Now, bear in mind that Lee and Longstreet, with the two Hills, A. P. and D. H., had opened the attack on the Federal extreme right flank on the 26th of June, and had driven their right flank back upon their center, and as the day closed the victory of the Confederates was complete, as regards the design of Lee in his great plan of the movement to free Richmond from her beleaguered situation.

The next morning with the rising of the sun the whole army is in motion to follow up the success of the previous day's work. Lee and his subordinates are again thundering away on the Federal flank, pressing it back further upon the center. Stonewall Jackson's column with the Texas brigade in the advance was moving with all possible speed to strike the Federal rear at right angles. The roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry was incessant. All along the line the smoke of battle filled the air, giving to the sun as it stood in the sky the appearance of an immense ball of fire. On we move. As we near the scene of action the evidences of a fearful contest, with all its sad realities

multiply. We are now in a few hundred yards of the enemy's line.

The immortal Stonewall, mounted upon his trusty sorrel, shoots by us like a flying meteor, his countenance emitting a blaze of glory. He seems a very war god transformed as by magic from a tired, awkward looking cavalryman of the ranks, to a very personification of a man born to command; to lead his men over every obstacle and drive before him every opposition. The flashing eye, the erect form, the firmly set mouth and the determined expression which lit up his countenance can only be imagined, never described by mortal pen. The impulse of his men is to cheer him. A gentle wave of his hand and we forbear (silence.) "Gen. Hood, wheel your men into line and prepare for action." The smoke is so dense we see nothing distinctly, but the whizzing missiles and bursting shells indicate that we are in it. The supreme moment has come. "Forward, steady, my men; keep cool; aim low. Don't fire until you are ordered; keep dressed, there; forward, right dress, guide center." We move forward with a steady, firm step. Down goes one of our men. Poor fellow! This is a chance shot, but it does its work just as effectually. A Texas home is bereaved. He was killed at Gain's Mill, (for this is the name of this immortal spot of ground.) General Elzy, of the Maryland line, has been already engaged and badly cut to pieces.

They are ordered to retire. Having failed to carry the breastworks in our immediate front as they pass us to the rear, the effect upon our men is most trying to their nerves; they are literally cut to pieces. The wounded and bleeding resting upon and assisted by their friends, are slowly making their way to the rear, having left prostrate forms of more than half their number at the breastworks they failed to carry. Forward was the order, as it floats out like the sound of a bugle upon the air and reverberates up and down the line. "Fix bayonets! Charge! Give them the bayonet, my brave boys." The noble form of John B. Hood, our brigade commander, is moving here and there, up and down the line, cheering his men on. We are at the breastworks, over we go; our Texas boys are now in it to their heart's content. The enemy's line is broken, the Confederate yell resounds up and down the line, carrying dismay and demoralization to the enemy's ranks.

The battery of seven guns on that hill in our front are mowing down the Fourth Texas like grain before the scythe. "Take that battery, boys!" Like a flash of lightning the Texans moved forward upon the seven gun battery; the gunners double shot it with scrapnell and sweep our ranks at close range, cutting down our boys by the hundreds as they move toward it, but nothing daunted, with an impetuosity that cannot be portrayed by human pen, on they move, the very mouths of these death dealing ma-

chines are reached, as the dying gunner fires his last gun into our ranks and is shot down at his gun. The battery is in our hands; its destructive work ceases; the brave men, who a moment ago were working these guns, are now cold in death. The horses are all killed or badly wounded. We wheel to the left and meet the Seventh New Jersey regiment of Federals, some seven hundred or more strong. It's hilt to hilt, clubbed guns, short work the struggle is over—they surrender. Not an armed enemy in sight now, the battle, however, ranges to our right and left, but the Rebel yell that floats out upon the air brings to our ears the glorious news that the day is ours. The victory seems to be complete. The sounds of small arms and artillery is growing more feeble, and finally ceases. As the sun, like an immense globe of fire, sinks in the west, over yonder across a valley is seen to rise in the smoky distance a baloon, a puff of smoke from a rifle field piece, and it gently retires to the earth again. That rifle shot goes rather close to it. Soon the pall of night begins to close down upon that sanguinary field of blood. The work of gathering up the wounded, and, as far as possible, relieve their intense sufferings is now the work of a detail for the night.

Gen. Hood, who has a heart as soft and tender as a woman—God bless his memory—gives his personal attention to this duty. All night long his voice could be heard calling to the detail to come here and go there, and get a wounded man, carry him to the field hospital, maybe to be relieved as we could, maybe to breathe his last in a few minutes or hours, as he utters a prayer for loved ones at home, or sends a dying message to mother, or children or wife.

The calling of the roll reveals the fact that while the Texas brigade has covered herself all over with glory and has forever written the name of Texas upon the highest tablets of fame, has been at the severest cost. More than half the fourth Texas has gone down in death or wounded, upon the field of Gaines' Mill, while the havoc in the other regiment had not been quite so terrible as in the fourth; yet, it was fearful to contemplate, and from that day there dates in Texas the widowhood and orphanage of many families who, as long as they live, will remember the battle of Gaines' Mill.

The second of the seven days' fight around Richmond is ended. We slept on our arms that night upon the field where we had fought during the day, and the position this writer's regiment occupied is in a Federal camp, through which we drove the Federals after taking their breastworks.

Provisions and clothing of every description suitable for an army was there in large quantities. Hard bread, bacon, pork-coffee, sugar, etc. I remember I made my supper on crackers and white sugar, and rolled myself up in what was then known as a big white macinah blanket, such as I don't think is often

seen now. I slept as soundly as an infant, as the work of the day had made me somewhat tired, after the flush of the excitement passed away.

Right here is a good place to say, that we were compelled at the close of this campaign to reform our previous views of the yankee as a fighter, he would fight, and he could with wonderful stolidity meet our artillery and small arms, but when we shot the "rebel yell" at him, he readily gave us the right o'way, and we learned to use it for all it was worth. The yankee soldier may forget much that he learned and endured in these terrible days; but those who were at the front, and heard the *gentle* cadences of the "Rebel Yell" as it was borne across the lines by the moving breeze, or the gentle evening zephyr, sounding like ten thousand demonds from the infernal regions on a mission of fury and destruction, will never forget it, they said it was not fair, we learned them a great many tricks of war, which they used against us with telling effect, but somehow they could never master the notes of this hideous elegy.

During the past winter a lady from Patterson, New Jersey, —the wife of a Federal soldier was in Hillsboro on a visit to some relatives; it was my pleasure to meet her, in a social way two or three times, and each time she expressed a great desire to hear the "Rebel Yell" she had heard her husband speak of it so often, that her curiosity was very great to hear it. I told her it was impossible, unless we could again inaugurate the same conditions that gave it birth, and that I hoped the world would never hear its *gentle* cadences again.

My prayer is that in its place may be cultivated the sweetest notes of peace on earth and good will to man.

Since the above was written I have read a very graphic description of the battle of Gaines' Mill, by a northern writer in the *Woman's Home Companion*, for January, 1902. In all the essential points he is very correct, and speaks in most glowing terms of our generals, and the valor of our troops. But like all the balance of our friends from that climate, he charges their defeat to our vastly superior numbers. Official reports of both armies show the superiority of numbers were largely with them.

I quote one paragraph in which he pays high tribute to our Texas boys. He says: "As the sun was sinking Gen. Hood's splendid division (brigade) of Texans was thrown forward, and nothing could stop them. Up the bluffs they swept, yelling like demonds, and broke the federal left despite the most furious resistance. Men grouped and fought hand to hand, using bayonets, clubbed guns, and even stones, but no bravery could prevail against these numbers, and the gray mass swept on over the works like a cloud of doom, captured the Federal artillery, and as night fell Gen. McClellan's line gave way at all points and began to retreat.

CHAPTER VII.

On the morning of the 28th of June, as the sun rose, it revealed to our sight the glorious fact that McClellan's grand army was moving in the direction of Harrison's Landing, on the James, where the Federal government had massed an immense fleet of gun-boats, as a wise precaution in the event of defeat. That modern Napoleon, as he was termed by the north, had had his base formally at what was known as the "White-house," on York river. His battle cry had been "On to Richmond." The whole northern press, headed by the New York Herald and Tribune, with all the lesser lights, took up the refrain and it went raging through the north from center to circumference. "On to Richmond; break the back bone of the rebellion, hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree!" Rang out from every regimental band in his grand army, which was so confidently believed to be invincible. The first Manassas had in a measure faded from the public mind, and was possibly regarded by the war party of the north as an unfortunate blunder on their side and a blundering success on our part. But the results of the last two days had changed the program, even the battle cry of "On to Richmond," had been substituted by another term rendered necessary by the success of the Confederate arms in the last two days.

Somebody, I don't know who, but my recollection now is that he was a member of the First Texas regiment, gave expression to the changed condition of affairs, with the new battle cry in verse as follows, which was soon chanted by the boys throughout the command, up and down the line, and known as

M'CLELLAN'S RETREAT.

'Twas at Mechanicsville,
 As the balls began to fly,
 McClellan wheeled about,
 And changed his battle cry.

CHORUS.

Away from Richmond; down
 To your gun-boats, run, boys, run
 Never mind your haversack,
 Never mind your gun,
 This fightin' 'o the rebels
 Is anything but fun.

Longstreet's in your center,
 Jackson 's in your rear,
 On the right and left,
 Those fighting Hills appear.

Virginia is charging
 O'er the swamp and field,
 Georgia is coming
 With her death dealing steal.

South Carolina sand-lappers
 Will ride you on a rail,
 North Carolina tar-heels
 Are on your trail.

The Florida boys
 Are hunting through the brush,
 The Mississippi rifles
 Are charging with a rush.

Arkansas and Tennessee
 Are on us with a whoop,
 The Alabama rebels
 Will get us in the loop.

Louisiana Legions—
 "Picayune Butler" is their cry,
 Hood's ragged Texans
 Are bound to win or die.

Lincoln is a humbug,
 McClellan is a fool,
 Seward is a liar
 Of the Horace Greely school.

In cold type the above does not look much like-poetry, but oh, me! we made the old Virginia hills ring with it as we chanted it around our camp fires, and they will doubtless be remembered by many old soldiers of the army of Northern Virginia. I can't tell how they have remained so indelibly fixed in my mind for a full third of a century and sound as fresh to me today as they did when we chanted them along the swamps of Chichominy and White Oak Swamp the remaining four days of this memorable campaign. A short time since, I met an old soldier who was in this campaign, and he said there were two or three more stanzas in this song, but I think I have set out enough, unless it was better.

Gen. Lee now had McClellan's army in full retreat to their gunboats. The route of retreat was along the circuitous line of the position he occupied previous to the attack. From Mechanicsville to Harrison landing was about thirty-five miles, more or less. His route was a half circle, his cry now was "Down to your gun-boats." To save his army from utter annihilation now required his utmost skill as a general. That immense body of men with all the paraphernalia of war, including some ten miles in length of pontoon bridges mounted on wheels and drawn by heavy teams of four or six mules to each wagon. His supply trains numbered by the thousands, including quartermaster's, commissary and ordinance stores, to say nothing of the headquarters wagons and ambulance trains and an immense train of field artillery, with some heavy field ordinance for siege and long range use, altogether must necessarily impede his movements. And to do this his thoroughly demoralized and panic stricken soldiery and you will readily understand that he must move slowly.

On the 28th our division is moved out to a place about two miles from Savage's station, where we were permitted to rest for the day, and within full view of the above named station, which was still occupied by the Federals and at which they had over \$2,000,000 worth of supplies stored. While we were resting, Gen. Longstreet is attacking this point. The roar of the battle is terrific; soon an immense volume of smoke is seen to shoot up and the whole heavens are darkened; they are compelled to give way before the onslaughts of Longstreet and his brave men. They fire this immense accumulation of supplies or let them fall into our hands. The head is knocked out of 200 barrels of whiskey, the burning fumes as it is borne to us on the wind awakens the latent appetites of many old toppers and they declare that the very air is worth twenty-five cents a sniff. The burning depot and the continuous Rebel yell tell us too well that the third day's work has covered our boys with the glories of another victory. In the meantime Stewart, Hampton and Fitz Lee with their cavalry are hanging on McClellan's flank.

His condition now is fearfully critical; his army are fleeing before the impetuous onslaughts of the Confederates, who flushed with the continued successions of victories, are pressing him hard. Lee is now fighting him with all the determination possible. The destruction of property is fearful; the troops in their mad retreat break their guns against the trees, and throw them down by the road-side. Thousands upon thousands of broken arms lie along the line of retreat. Here is a wagon with all the spokes cut with an ax, and the team, four to six fine mules, with their throats cut, the blood still warm as it runs from their throats. The men began to fag, and hundreds and thousands of them are overtaken and fall into our hands prisoners of war or are killed while trying to resist our advance. All through the day of the 28th the victorious Confederates press hard against this mass of retreating Federals. The day's work is finally brought to a close by the darkness of the night.

While McClellan was utilizing the darkness to save his army, the tired hosts of Lee and Jackson are recuperating their strength by taking a much needed rest. At daylight, on the 29th we were again on the move. At every step the wayside is strewn with the debris of the retreating foe. On we press to White Oak Swamp, where they make a feeble effort to check our advance, but the determination with which Longstreet presses forward compels them to move on "down to your gun-boats, run boys, run"—as every one did his best to try to out-run the rest to get there for shelter. Thousand are killed and wounded, immense quantities of property fall into our hands. Thousands of prisoners are taken; the way is almost causewayed with the dead and dying. The operations of this day brings us (the Texas Brigade) very near to Malvern Hill. Malvern will be my theme for the next chapter. It was said at the time that the tardiness of Generals Huger and McGruder enabled McClellan to pass his army over White Oak swamp, otherwise his entire army would have been captured at that place. I only knew this, that it ended the career of Huger as a general in the army, and that McGruder was sent to Texas.

There he gained some renown, by the recapture of Galveston, on the first day of January, 1863, which in fact was only a successful blunder, and in no way the result of a wise maneuver.

We are now, as we rest for the night, on our arms, discussing the probabilities of a very early close of hostilities. "Surely they don't want to try us again after the great and signal failure of the first Bull Run and now an equally ignominious defeat in the battles around Richmond." We little dreamed then of the terrible reverses in store for us later on. As above indicated, my next chapter will give you the scenes as best I can at Malvern Hill. Please remember that these sketches are simply

from memory, as I have them enstamped there, after a lapse of a third of a century and more.

Many incidents of a very amusing character, might be related along here, that would be interesting to the young reader and also refereshing to the old soldier. I very well remember in making a night march about this time in order to get—under cover of darkness—a desirable position for the next morning, as we passed a farm house, I noticed a cow, that I guessed was a milk cow over in a barn lot, that set me to thinking about milk, and I decided, that it would be mighty nice to have a canteen of milk, so I fell out of ranks in the darkness, and slipped back to the pen and sure enough it was a milk cow, and in a few minutes I had a canteen full of good Jersey milk; oh, how I did enjoy that milk. Now, gentle reader this is given out to you in strictest confidence not to be repeated outside the family.

One more incident, I think it was the day we rested—near Savage station—the 28th—it may have been further on and a day or two later. An old farmer who liver near by, and had weathered the storm (battle) came stalking through our camp, inquiring for a certain mule, with long ears, a glass eye, and a swab tail; he inquired of several of the boys as he passed through the camp about his mule, finally some one away off in another direction would yell out to him "Say, say there; mister say, here's your mule," and away he would go to find the man that had seen his mule; but of course he never found the mule. Then some one would hail to him from anotoher direction: "Say mister, here's your mule"—and then some one would call, from anopposite direction, "Say mister, here's your mule," but the poor old man could never find the man that called to him—he was always somewhere else. Then a hundred or more voices would start up in a sort of a chant:

"Old man, old man
"Don't be made a fool
"I'll tell the truth as best I can,
"Jeb Stewart's got your mule."

Whether or not he ever found his mule I can not say. Such pranks as this were played almost every day, always in a vein of pleasantry. All old soldiers well recognized the above as a sample of the every day mischief with which the "boys" whiled away the monotony of camp life.

CHAPTER VIII.

As day dawned on the morning of the 30th it found the Texas brigade moving toward Melvin Hill from its bivouac of the night before, near White Oak swamp. The roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry in our front too plainly indicated the bloody work before us. About 8 o'clock this morning for the first time we got a view of the immortal R. E. Lee. Our command was halted for a short time in the road on which we were moving in the direction of and very near Malvern Hill. While thus halted, one of the finest and most noble specimens of human form I ever saw, with his official staff rode up and stopped for some moments; we soon learned it was Gen. Lee. All eyes were turned upon him as he sat there on his large dapple gray charger the "Traveler" of historic fame. His dress was plain and simple, his five pointed stars encircled by a wreath and possibly a limited display of gold lace on his fore sleeves were the only insignia of official rank; his noble form, his expressive features, the indescribable nobility of this grand old man as he sat there before us was a sight that seldom feasts the eye of humanity in this world. I was then impressed, as the sight of such a person only can impress you, that I was in the presence of the grandest character on the American continent, if not on earth. His person was inspiring to everyone. From that time to the present day, my impressions of that hour have grown and intensified. Col. Freemantle, of the English army, a year later wrote him down in *Blackwood's magazine* (referred to in a former chapter) as the equal of any general that ever figured in modern or ancient history along all the lines in which any of them were great, with none of their blots or blemishes of private or public character; being a man of humble and simple Christian faith — the highest adornment of a pure and noble man. His very coun-

tenance radiant with an expression as pure and simple as "the blush of innocence upon the cheek of beauty."

Soon we moved forward through a skirt of timber; a chance shot comes plowing through our command from a Federal battery in our front, killing and wounding thirty-six men. We are too far away to reply to our small arms. "Steady there!" Almost a panic! If there is anything that is more trying to the nerve of a soldier than anything else, it is the work of well directed artillery upon a line of moving troops when they are unable to reply. "Steady there!" rolls along our ranks from the line officers. The Federal artillery are now pouring a terrible fire into this timber, naturally concluding that we are moving along this route. Except the above chance shot, there were but few casualties occurring, one, however, I will here record: Joe Dortch, a cousin of our townsman, Capt. Wm. A. Fields, was killed just at this point. Soon we deploy in an open field and take position in support of our artillery. Did you ever support a battery when the shells were falling around you like hail-stones and bursting over your head every moment for twelve hours? If so, you know what this means; if not, it is impossible to convey to your mind even a tolerable conception of what it means. It's trying to the nerve of any man to meet an enemy in an open field contest where you have the same chance at the enemy that he has at you, but when you support a battery it's very different. All you can do is to lie down, fifty paces either in the rear or in front of your artillery and endure for the time the terrible rain of shot and shell as it pours from the enemy's guns upon the battery you are supporting. This was our awful condition from about 9 a. m., say twelve hours.

While this terrible duel of artillery was going on, we were on a high ridge in a wheat field. The enemies guns were on a similar eminence about three-fourths of a mile away in full view. A deep wooded ravine lay between us. All day, under the rays of a blazing sun, there we lay. Our guns (cannons) were playing upon the enemy's batteries and they were playing upon our's. The litter corps and regimental surgeons were busy all day carrying off the wounded and killed. Some of our guns were disabled, many of the artillery horses killed, and the gunners as well. But all day long this boom, boom of whizzing, fizzing, bursting shells continued, sometimes so thick and fast that it looked like it was out of the question for any of us to live thro' it. The dying struggles of wounded men and horses was fearful to contemplate, and, as I think of it today, it seems strange to me that human beings, with human instincts, could stand firm all day long, yet the pride of character that is predominant in the human heart is the only explanation I have to offer. We would have hailed with delight an order to charge that battery, then we could have taken a hand in the matter, but as we were

our line was only a target for the enemy while we were compelled to lie still and receive their fire.

I have forgotten our casualties for this day, but it was very considerable. To our right and left the rattle of musketry is fearful. General McGruder, of Galveston fame, is to our right half a mile. It's hand to hand; the roar of the battle is deafening. His command is suffering terribly; to our left the contest is fearful. It is only a few miles to Harrison's Landing, a place of safety, under the protection of the Federal fleet. McClellan is making a desperate effort to hold us in check until he can get the remainder of his shattered army into this haven of security. Hence, every available man and piece of artillery is now massed at Malvern Hill to hold us in check until the property and heavy plunder, incident to a large army, could be placed beyond our reach. It seemed to me the day was seventy-nine hours long, and I am sure the thermometer, if we had had such a thing, would have broken all previous records. At last the sun went down, but so slow; at last darkness closed around us, but no cessation in the whizzing and booming of the shells, they seemed to come faster and appeared larger, as they explode around and above us, lighting up the sky at times, with a livid hue that makes me almost shudder now to think of. Finally, about 9 p. m. it seemed to me, the great deep of the infernal regions were broken up, and all the fury of that place had been massed in our front. Double shotted; the roar was deafening; the fury seemed to be more than human nature could stand—the very heavens were aglow with the bursting, blazing death missiles as they come screaming and exploding over our heads, broken fragments fall among and around us, killing and wounding many. This thing lasted about fifteen or twenty minutes and then ceased. Not another gun fired; all was still as death, except the moans and groans of the wounded and dying. In the distance we can hear the rumbling of McClellan's army, now on the move, retreating to the shelter of his gun-boats only a few miles away and the remainder of his proud army of a few days before, lies limp and shattered, disorganized and helpless, on bank of the old James river. Since the 26th they fought all day and retreated all night and fight again the next day—fight not to whip, but to save from utter destruction.

Did you ever see a canine running for life and a fierce looking bull dog in pursuit? Did you ever contemplate the difference between running to catch and running to keep from being caught? Especially when to be caught appeared to be death or destruction.

Some writers say that Malvern Hill was the severest of the seven days conflict. I can not say that it was, or was not, possibly some brigades, or divisions, suffered more at this place, than at any of the others; while other parts of the army may

have suffered less. As I understood McGruder's command was badly cut to pieces.

I don't think that I ever saw more true bravery and nerve displayed by general officers during the war, than was displayed that day by Gens. Hood, Whiting and D. H. Hill; they were on horse back the entire day, in an open field, in full view of the enemy, and I don't think I am exaggerating when I say that hundreds of shells exploded in very close proximity to each of them, and yet they appeared to be as unconcerned as if there had not been an enemy in a hundred miles of them.

One of the batteries of the enemy stationed at a certain point was doing terrible execution in our line. About 4 o'clock in the evening Capt. Ike Turner, the commander of my company, asked permission of Gen. Hood to take a detail, and approach within range of it and shoot the artillery horses. Hood granted the request and 160 men volunteered to go with him; by taking advantage of the lay of the land he was able to get very near to them before he was exposed. He succeeded in killing the horses and some of the gunners, what his loss was I do not now remember, I know it was a very daring feat.

While I retain my sense Malvern Hill will never fade from my memory.



CHAPTER IX.

All night long the distant rumbling in front told the story of McClellan's desperate efforts to save his shattered ranks from utter destruction. All night long they were moving under the protecting wing of the fleet of gunboats anchored in the James-harbour by. As the sun arises on the morning of July 2, 1862, Lee's army is on the move, pressing hard upon the heels of the retreating foe. Now, the question arises as to the feasibility of attacking McClellan under cover of his gunboats. Of course the rank and file could know nothing of what took place in the private councils of Lee and his subordinates, but somehow, I can't say just how, whether authoratively or not, we understood that Stonewall Jackson voted to charge right down on this crouching multitude of shivering, trembling demoralized Federals, as they lay almost helpless under the protection of their fleet, but for which they would have fallen an easy prey.

His argument was, that in a very short time we would be so near to them that the gunboats could not reach us without doing as much execution on their own men as on our ranks. Of course it will ever remain a matter of speculation as to what would have been the result, had old Stonewall's councils prevailed. One thing this writer well knows—the Texas boys were ready and willing to make the charge and the whole Confederate army, I doubt not, were equally anxious, for we believed that we could do anything that Lee, Jackson and Longstreet's judgment dictated. We pressed up as close as we could go in safety from the fleet, when the question of charging down upon them seemed to hang fire for a couple of days.

I will do our rank and file the honor to say, that the confidence in what they understood to be Jackson's wish was so intense that if the order had been given we would unflinchingly have followed him, but the scales turned otherwise. At last we

(the Texans) slowly, after night fall, moved back, in no good humor over our failure to completely finish a job so nearly completed as the final capture of this vast army of invaders.

This writer forgot to mention in the proper place, that as we went into battle at Gain's Mill on the 27th, in crossing a deep, boggy marsh, that he lost both shoes in the bog and failed to find another pair large enough to encase his delicately shaped pedal extremities, and was forced to move through this exciting campaign with his little pink toes (?) all exposed to the wicked gaze of the daisies and violets that lined our pathway along McClellan's route "down to his gunboats" except now and then a pair of socks, ruthlessly torn from the cold and lifeless foot of some unfortunate Federal, who had fallen in our front. Now gentle reader don't jump at the conclusion recklessly, that our shoes is like the sands of the sea, "without number." Yet, he is blushing forced to the admission of the fact that it is rather high up in the 'teens.

For twenty-one days we were compelled to either "play out" or move along barefooted. We had read of Washington's men being tracked over the frozen ground by the blood from their bare feet—this was very inspiring to us and some times we felt that a little of George's ice and frozen ground would have been pallitable. About the 4th of July, as well as I now remember dates, we settled down about four miles from Richmond, to rest awhile and recuperate from the continuous active duties of the previous three weeks' campaign, here, we spent about one month until August 7.

Our leisure time was occupied in writing letters, washing our clothes and fighting over the battles around Richmond and discussing the probable turn of affairs in the north, as the result of McClellan's defeat was realized by our friends' the enemy.

Finally one evening an address from Jeff Davis was read to us on dress parade, in which he gave us an epitome of the results of our recent campaign. The numbers engaged on each side, the losses in killed and wounded on each side, the number of prisoners on each side. This all taken together, was in fact a grand victory for us, and old Jeff went on to discant in the most glowing terms upon our achievements, and thanking us in the name of the government for our noble bearing and soldierly endurance in all this trying contest.

At this point we could hardly restrain ourselves, and were just ready to open our lungs with a cheer that would have made the very earth tremble, when to our horror, the address continued: "While you have done nobly and have inscribed your names in the very highest nich of fame, there is much more to be done—many more battles to be fought. We have a relentless foe to contend with that is backed up with unlimited resources and credit and all the world to draw upon for men and

means, while our ports are blockaded, and every man in our army represents a vacant chair at some fireside at home." We didn't cheer; we looked at each other and felt kind o' solemn like—you know. We then and there began to realize that we had not got into it good, that we had just cleverly drove in the picket and were now wheeling into line for a sure enough war.

In just three weeks from that day I lost my shoes at Gaines' Mill. Maj. Littlefield (our Major J. H.), the quartermaster of the regiment, brought me a pair of shoes made for me on special order, as he said the Confederate government did not have a pair large enough for me. After I got my shoes I concluded I would get a pass and go into the city, I wanted to go where I could sit down to a table and eat a regular home dinner and get a glass of sweet milk; nothing else in the glass? Of course not; what are you laughing at? Can't I say anything about a glass without you having to laugh? No, jes' milk, that's all. One of my mess mates went with me. About noon we got separated. In course of an hour or so I was ready to return to camp, and as I was walking along the street looking for my comrade, I met him in the hands of an officer; he was as white as cotton. "What's the matter?" was my excited inquiry. Upon learning the facts my first impulse was to turn indignantly away from him—he had committed a felony—but a moment's reflection brought up before me his old widowed mother at home, and the memory of his only brother whom we had just a few days ago buried in a soldiers grave, all appealing to my better nature. I asked the officer to return with me to the accuser. There, with the accused, the accuser and the officer, I think I made the most eloquent effort any man ever made with an audience of only three hearers. It may have been that the spirit of Patrick Henry, or some of the old Virginia notables was hovering around. When I had referred to the old widow in Texas who had given up her only two boys willingly, and had sent them out with a mothers prayer and that one of them already filled a fresh grave, on which it had never rained, I saw a misty effusion rise in the eyes of the accuser, and as I turned toward the officer I saw he was trying to keep back an emotion that in spite of his familiarity with law-breakers, was about to get the master of him. The accuser said to me: "Sir, if your friend is as good a soldier as you say he is, I am willing to withdraw the charge if the sheriff is willing." A gentle wave of the sheriff's hand motioned him to go to his command and sin no more. I gave him the severest lecture on our way to camp that evening I ever gave anybody in all my life. He thanked me for it. I never told it to anyone: he had been a good soldier and continued to be one, brave and gallant. He lived to return home, and is today an honored and respected citizen, wearing his scars and record as a Confederate soldier of the ranks with honor to himself and family.

It is, perhaps, well to state here, that what we call in civil life theft, in the army was simply known as foraging. Good men at home are sometimes "foragers" in the army.

I will, in conclusion of this chapter, state that while we were permitted to rest and recuperate for some time near Richmond, old Stonewall pulled out with all the speed characteristic of him from Malvern Hill back in the direction of his former field of action, where reports say a new force is massing under the leadership of Gen. John Pope, known in war parlance as "Headquarters-in-the-Saddle-Pope." In my next chapter I will tell you something of this campaign.

Since the above was first written, I see by the papers that my old comrade and messmate above referred to has "passed over the river, and is now resting under the shade of the trees, on the other shore. No truer, nobler or braver man, ever wore the gray, and after the conflict ended, he returned to his home in Texas married a good woman, and from that day, until his death, he was as true a soldier in the battle of life, as he was while following the fortunes of the "Lost Cause."

The history of this world does not present a nobler, or more exalted character than the private soldier in the Confederate army; who from the beginning of that struggle all along, through the years from the seven days conflict before Richmond, Manassas, Sharpsburg, Suffolk, Gettysburg, Chicamaugua, the terrible wilderness struggle, in the ditches before Petersburg, and on to the final collapse at Appomattox, who passed through all these soul-trying ordeals, on—at times—half rations or less, in rags; his only bed the bare earth—and it often cold and wet—his only covering the heavens above him; yet uncomplaining, buoyant and cheerful always ready to move upon the enemy or repel his attack at the command of his matchless leader, facing superior numbers daily, never complaining of the rough, hard, and scanty rations.

And no word of insubordination escapes his lips, until on that sad day at Appomattox, he is ordered by his old leader—whom he worships next to his God, to lay down his arms and return home, with tear bedimmed eyes, he sadly takes up the march barefooted and in rags, he sorrowfully steers his course; reaching home—if he had one—taking an inventory of the situation, he perchance finds that about all he has to his credit is his honor. But like a true soldier he meets the new conditions with the same heroism that he met the enemy on the battle field.

Now, his form is bent under weight of years, his step is uncertain, by reason of wounds and disease; the result of duty performed; he is daily reminded of the years gone by, by the aches and pains, that torture his once active, but now aged form.

Reader, speak kindly to him; he will not be here much longer. He is heading for the river—he will soon cross over,

he sometimes catches glimpses of the trees on the other shore, beneath whose branches—"under the shade"—rests his venerated Lee, and his beloved Jackson; the world with all its honors, vanities and vexations, is fast receding—he strains his vision, the banks of the river loom up in the distance, the grade is easy now—he's there.

"The soul for joy claps its wings
"And loud its lovely sonet sings,
"Vain world adieu."

The turbid waters of the river are chilly, and the angry waves lash his venerable and scarred form; but the loving hand of one who has passed over before him, and robbed death of its terrors, and the grave of its gloom, is held out to guide o're the angry, and chilly waters in safety to the other shore, where a convoy of disembodied comrades greet him with joyful acclaim, and pluming their angelic pinions, go sweeping out, by sun, moon, and stars, far beyond the home of the comet; into the city.

"As the soul for joy folds her wings."
"And loud her lovely sonet sings"
"Home at last."

Dear reader treat him kindly. Speak gently to him, you will never see his like on earth again.

CHAPTER X.

My readers have all doubtless seen and studied the pictures of Stonewall Jackson as they stand in the various books and periodicals of the present day. I want to say to you now, that while these may represent him in dress character, I have never seen one in all the years that came in a thousand per cent of representing him as he was known to his soliders, in camp, on the march or in time of action. It would take the master hand of the highest art to bring out in all its peculiar personality the "Stonewall Jackson" of the army. I will here do my best to give you an idea of his personal appearance, and yet the effort will be like trying to paint the forked lightning or the delicate hues of the rainbow on a board fence with coal tar and a scrub brush.

I have just read the above to R. G. Moore, of Hillsboro, who was along with us in the same division, and it is gratifying to me to know that he fully endorses my utterance as regards the great central figure of modern history. Now, reader, let me describe him as best I can:

The first time I ever saw him was on the march from Staunton toward Gain's Mill. An ordinary looking horseman mounted upon a long, lank sorrel horse of medium size. The animal was neither fat nor poor, rather medium. The rider was an awkward, tired, humpshouldered, careworn looking man, dressed in the very plainest garb; his cap was such as is now worn by cadets at military schools, except that it was, or rather had been of a grey color, but the sun and dust incident to long usage had imparted to it a sort of pale, dusty, dirty hue; his suit, including coat, vest and pants, were the same, but looking very seedy. His cap was pulled down over his eyes, so that to see in front required him to hold his chin somewhat up. He carried his head to one side, one shoulder being higher than the other; he wore a pair of Napoleon boots. His legs and feet dangled by the side of his

horse in a most careless, don't-care sort of way, reminding you of a cavalryman who had been out on a scout for two or three days and was about worn out. Nothing whatever in his appearance that denoted anything akin to an officer of any rank, except the plainest insignia of his rank which the regulations of the army required him to wear—three plain stars. He halted near where I was standing and sat there for some ten minutes or more, when I learned beyond all doubt that it was Stonewall Jackson. I made an excuse to move out of ranks so as to get a close view of him. I got just as close to him as I could. I wanted to see and take a good view of the man that hung over the slumbers of all Yankeedom like a nightmare, and like the fabled wandering Jew, was always popping up to them when and where least expected. Where his personality to the casual observer indicated only an ordinary man, yet as I got a close view of his eyes, his features and his whole facial expression, I saw there indicated in the quick flashing eyes and firmly set chin that I was in the presence of the most remarkable man I had ever seen in all my life.

I have always regarded Lee as the greatest man along the lines that constitute military men great. You cannot compare Lee and Jackson no more than you can land and water. Lee the "panifex maximus" around which Jackson and others moved in their regular orbit. Jackson in the sense in which he was great, had no peer—a planner of battles—a fighter.

This is the best pen picture I can give you, and it represents him all through the war as I saw him on the march, except on one occasion to be mentioned later on in these sketches. Now, remember I am describing him on the march and around the bivouac, but in time of action the Stonewall who leads his men against the enemy has already been described as best I can in our attack on Gains' Mill as stated in the close of a former chapter. As soon as it was determined by the controlling minds of the army not to charge McClellan under his gunboats, Jackson hies himself away toward the upper Rappahanock, near Culpeper court house. He met Pope and fought the battle of Cedar mountain, where he gained a signal victory over that army and drove them back in the direction of Washington. McClellan remained at Harrison's landing, on the James, for some week's recuperating his shattered ranks, and I suppose he was purposely slow in evacuating the place in order to check-mate the idea, or the apparent idea, that he had suffered a most ignominious defeat, for in a few days he announced to the world, unblushingly, that he was only changing his base from the White House, on the York river to Harrison's landing on the James, and he had accomplished his purpose with perfect satisfaction to himself! Rather a costly exchange. And on top of this, the whole north cried "what a grand victory it was for the north!"

Now right here, I want to call the attention of those who read these sketches, to the fact that I have seen in our school histories a few years back, and I suppose our children are studying the same books yet. Where the seven days fight was put down in the same books, as seven distinct battles. Six of them as Federal victories and one poor, little, unimportant Confederate victory, (Gain's Mill.) I leave the question of a true history with our school authorities and their conscience. Some are too old to say you don't know better than to let these things go by default. Let the children know the truth, even if a book syndicate or trust goes to the wall. Now, somebody say amen.

On August the 7th, the same day that Jackson whipped Pope at Cedar mountain (since this was first written I find the battle of Cedar mountain was fought August 9th,) we started from our previous camp near Richmond, in the same direction, moving out on what is known as Brook pike. We reached a place the first evening, known as Yellow Tavern, seven or eight miles distant.. This is the place where Gen. J. E. B. Stewart was killed in the last days of the war.

I remember an amusing thing that occurred that evening as we moved up Brook pike. A boy with a market wagon was on his way to the city, the road was wide enough for both troops and boy until he came to a bridge across a little ravine, when the little fellow had to stop until our rear passed over the bridge. It so happened that my company was in the rear of the brigade that evening. Now the lay of the land was such that that from where the boy stood in the wagon, he could see the entire brigade as it slowly moved up the long sloping hill for nearly a mile, he had never seen so many men at one time nor possibly in all his life. He evidently thought it was Lee's entire army. In an audible tone he exclaimed (apparently to himself :) "My good God, look what an arm-e-e-eh. I tell you, the Yankee nation better hide out!" His unsophisticated simplicity, reminded me of some folks we left behind us in Texas at old Concord church. Just as we stopped to camp for the night, a member of my company caught his foot in a blackberry vine, which threw him sprawling to the ground breaking his wrist joint and so disabling him that we had to give him a discharge. Ten years after this, he was still a cripple.

Our march is in the direction of Culpepper court house. We move leisurely and there seems to be no special hurry, some times we rest for half a day and some times we march half the night with no idea what is in front of us, except as we glean it from camp rumor. Finally we reach the Rapid Ann river. As I now remember we crossed it at Summerfield or Summerville ford and rest for a day or part of a day on a spot of ground that we were informed Gen. LaFayette once camped his army on, and were shown, and I went into the house, where, it is said he had

his headquarters at the time. I give this as I got it. The next day as we moved toward the Rapahanock river. All at once, without any previous notice, we find ourselves in company with Jackson. Here he is, no one knows where he came from, you can only guess where he is going. One thing we are sure of, that there is Yankees ahead of us. The first we see of him his army is resting right along by the side of us. Lee, Jackson and Longstreet are in council for an hour or two and then Stonewall moves apparently on a quick step deflecting from Lee's route at an angle of twenty-five degrees, may be more. He moves off thro' a farm, no road, it looks a little ominous; we move rather hurriedly also. Now the facts are, though we did not know it then, that the Federal General Burnside, is only five miles away, and we are to press on and head them off at the ford on the river, and Jackson is to come up in his rear. We were moving with all possible speed; just here the spy gets in his work for once. A man comes dashing up to Gen. Longstreet with a dispatch signed with Jackson's name to it, to halt his column until further information. We halt. The supposed courier dashes away at a gallop in the direction of Gen. Jackson's column. Longstreet starts another courier to Jackson to know the reason of this order. In less than a mile he is met by the first mentioned courier and shot dead and his dispatch taken by the killer. Thus we are held in suspense for some three hours until the fact is fully developed that we have been made the dupe of a character outlawed by all the laws of war, but the object had been accomplished. Burnside's army had safely crossed the river and burned the bridge and was for the present safe.

In my next I will tell you about catching this spy and the work of two of our spies.

How an army in modern warfare could get along without a spy is hard to tell, they are as much a necessity as the fire arms. All armies have them, in large numbers, and yet they are outlawed by all the rules of war.

While a prisoner of war at either Fort Delaware or Point Lookout, I am not sure which now; a Federal soldier told me that he had been employed in the secret service around Richmond and spent the most of his time strolling through our camps, and furthermore told me that he took dinner one day with some of the boys of my company (K) in the Fifth Texas regiment, and I am sure he stated the truth, as he could tell all about where we were camped, and described the captain (Turner) of my company. But for the work of a spy, how could Lee have known the exact location of the mine at Petersburg; and even the very moment when it would be sprung. Lee's spy doubtless assisted in the work.

CHAPTER XI.

As before stated, it is hard for anyone to appreciate the character of a spy. By all the laws of war throughout the civilized world he is an outlawed character, and yet he seems to be a necessity in war. The reader has doubtless read of Major Andre, of the English army, the episode of his doing and his capture and ignominious taking off by the continentals in our revolution, one hundred and twenty-five years ago or more. This case is the more extraordinary by reason of its connection with the traitorous conduct of Benedict Arnold, and but for that his name would probably never have gotten into history. Hundreds, if not thousands, of them have paid the same debt since, and yet history has never mentioned their names, nor even referred to their work of daring feats. Except in the case of Sam Davis—who died rather than give the name of the Federal from whom he received his information. A monument is now being erected to his memory in Nashville, Tenn. Spies are born, not made or trained. Their work is of that desperate character that is made up of a combination of nerve, shrewdness, tact and the ability to play any role that may be necessary, for the time, and that can stand the severest test when undergoing the investigation that it is liable to have to submit to at any time when in the enemy's camp or marching with the enemy. He must not lose his head or his wits. When strolling through the enemy's camp he must always have an answer ready to give as to who he assumes to be, or what his assumed business is. One single bobble or mistake is fatal. If the least suspicion is aroused his identity is at once investigated fully and put to the severest test. As soon as the fact is developed that he is a spy he is hung to the nearest tree or telegraph pole in reach.

The man referred to in my last chapter was a spy from the Federal army, a young man, a native of Virginia; I think his name

was Mason, he did his work well, he saved Burnside's army, he took desperate chances to do it, he killed Longstreet's courier and he played a master hand. It was possibly the most successful play of the kind ever made during the war on either side. As soon as it was dark he assayed to return to his own friends, and doubtless receive the plaudits of his chief--Gen. Burnside--for the master hand he had played in saving his army. Now while he was doing all this our generals had two men--members of the Texas brigade and both well known to this writer--their names were Templeman and Lake. They were professionals in that line. They were with Burnside's army--the fact is they spent nine-tenths of their time with the enemy. We never saw them except when they came to report to our officer any information they might have.

That night as soon as it was dark enough for them to leave the enemy without detection they started back to our army, greatly chagrined at the escape of Burnside, and wholly un-awares of the cause of his escape. As they were returning, between the lines, they met a lone horseman. Halting him, they began to question him as to his identity. They having on the garb of Federal soldiers, he took them for Federal scouts, and his first answer gave him away. They arrested him and turned him back toward our army. The lynx eye of Lake, always on the alert, noticed as they rode along, one on either side, something fall. He stopped, dismounted and picked it up. It was the dispatch from Longstreet to Jackson to know the cause of his order to halt, and sent by the courier whom this spy had followed and killed. Instead of destroying the order, he had it in his coat pocket. He knew it would give him away, hence he tried to drop it as he rode along between his captors. About daylight they arrived with him at Gen. Hood's headquarters where we were bivouaced on the road. When the evidence of his identity was established, which was soon done, as the papers found on his person did beyond a doubt, he was given just time to write a few lines to his mother, who lived not far away, in which he confessed himself a spy in the enemy's interest. A detail under the direction of Gen. Hood swung him up to a sapling by the roadside, and as the sun rose that morning it shed its mellow rays upon the lifeless form of this young man as it dangled to a tree by the roadside.

This occurred in about 100 yards of where I was eating my soldier breakfast by the camp-fire. Many of our boys crowded around this revolting scene, and seemed to delight in seeing this poor unfortunate fellow-being, as he passed through the terrible ordeal of shaking off this mortal coil at the end of a rope. While I felt that fealty to our cause forced me to justify the proceedings, yet I had no inclination to feast my eyes upon the revolting scene. If I had space to do so, I would like to read our

young readers a moral lesson here, but as these sketches are not specially intended as moral lectures, I will forbear.

However, permit me to remind my young readers that we are a part of everything we came in touch with; therefore when we feast our eyes and minds on such things, we suffer great loss in moral sensibilities; and a degraded influence attaches to our moral natures which can hardly be eradicated. Let the extreme penalty be inflicted by the inexorable demands of the law, upon a poor unfortunate victim and ninety per cent of our young people will resort to extreme measures to see the tragic act—don't do it young man, it's an injury to your better nature, you lose that which you will hardly ever regain in this life, if the effect does not reach to the life beyond.

In the meantime, McClellan's army is moving from Harrison's landing and McClellan is now in Washington and appears to be without a command; his troops, with a large contingent of a new levy that had been made is placed under the command of the aforesaid mentioned Gen. Pope. Their base, in so far as I am able to remember now without referring to history, is at Masasas. We move on in the direction of the upper Rapahanock river. Pope's advance seems to be moving parallel with us in the direction of Gordonville. Our movements are very cautious; we know the enemy is near but our knowledge is very limited as to particulars. Suddenly, about noon as we cross a good large river, known as Hazel Run, a tributary of the Rapahanock. We are suddenly thrown into line of battle in a large cornfield, in full roasting ear, this is known as the roasting ear fight. This is about the 25th or 26th of August. Here we fight a very brisk battle for about one hour or more, losing several of our men, among them Major Whaley, of the fifth regiment. Finally this battle was brought suddenly to a close by a severe thunder storm and rain, which raised the river so our wagons could not get over for 15 or 18 hours, and here we are, both parties with their lines of battle in the cornfield, and we could not see over forty or fifty feet in front of us.

Our rations were beyond the river, nothing to eat—the mud in the field was half leg deep, if we set down it was in the mud, to stand up was terrible, but it is a poor soldier who can't do impossible things when they have to be done. Finally night closed down upon us, and as soon as it was dark this soldier with others, was detailed to go on picket duty. Our lines I suppose were not more than one hundred and fifty or one hundred and seventy-five yards apart. I well remember that Nath Oats, a nephew of Ex-Gov. Oats, of Alabama, and John P. Kale and this writer were on a post together. Kale was about 45 years old and a little hard of hearing, we three were carried down by an officer and posted in thirty or forty steps of the enemy's line, in high corn. The mud was awful, the air was quite cool after

night-fall. I have often thought of this night, it was certainly the terriblest night I ever spent, we could not sit down or lie down without being in the mud, but we did sit down in the mud. Our orders were if the enemy attempted to advance, to wait until they were in twenty feet then fire into them and fall back, we were not to speak above a whisper. We were so close to the enemy that we could hear their feet pop in the mud as they moved around in line. We could hear, all night, the low rumbling sound of their voices in suppressed tones as they conversed. Occasionally we could hear them pull a roasting ear and slip the shuck from it and eat it raw from the cob.

Kale, poor fellow, could not hear as well as myself and Nath, which was a great discomfort to him, and us as well. The slight breeze that came through the corn, sawing the blades against each other, made a noise very much like a man slipping up on us. Kale, every few minutes, would insist that the rascals—as he called them—were coming and at times we could hardly restrain him from raising his gun to fire but all things have an end, so this night terminated. Just before the first streaks of day light were visible in the east we could hear a movement of some sort begin, but to our great gratification they were moving in an opposite direction from us. One thing I failed to mention in the proper place, was the moans, groans and calls for help of a poor Dutchman with his thigh broken. He lay in front of our lines and a little to our left, I suppose some twenty paces, all night calling to his boys to bring him water, he "vas tying nat thirst, bring me vone blanket, I ish freezin' to death." Then for a few minutes all would be still then he would break out again in the most piteous pleadings for help; my heart went out in strongest sympathy for him. He was a member of the 9th Ohio regiment, a German regiment, as we afterward learned. After daylight we sent out and brought him in and did all we could for him. Reader, if you have never been in war, you have no conception of its horrors. As daylight came the enemy was in view of us on the opposite side of another stream, known on the map as Thornton river, about two miles away.

In my next chapter I will tell you how quick a brigade of hungry soldiers can eat up 100 acres of green corn.

CHAPTER XII.

As stated at the close of my last chapter, on the next morning, which, I think, was about the 26th of August, we were in full view of the enemy, who were about one and a half or two miles away on the opposite side of Thornton river, and about 8 miles below the town of Jeffersonville. We moved out of the cornfield and rested for the day in the timber watching the Federals. Our supply trains were still cut off from us by the high water of Hazel river, hence we were without rations. The cornfield in which we had been fighting the previous day, about 100 acres as I remember, was purchased by Major Littlefield, the quartermaster, and we were told to go in, "slay Peter and eat." We slayed. By noon there was hardly a nubbin left in the field. Every mess had a fire and every fire was crowded with cooking green corn in every style known to the culinary art in soldier life. Of course the boys were hungry, and like hungry children, they did not wait until the food was well cooked. But a few of them let the corn get not more than half hot and, without salt, began to devour it as only a hungry soldier with a sharp appetite can perform that feat. I know well one six-footer—you may guess who—that actually packed away $13\frac{1}{2}$ full-grown ears. By sundown no one was especially interested in the arrival of the commissary train, which had just come into camp from the south side of the river. When the details for guard duty were made that night, many had to be excused, and most of the boys had spread their blankets on the ground expecting to get a good night's rest, which, to the most of them was badly needed, when lo, about 9 o'clock an order came to prepare to move at once. This was simply awful. Nearly every man in camp was spouting his bitterest anathemas upon corn, cornfields, corn in any and every style, but especially half done green corn. The fact many of the men were sick, some were vomiting, but

we had to move. Just as soon as the darkness settled down our friends, the enemy, began to move up the river, and it was Gen. Lee's plan to move on parallel with them. All night we moved. It was dark, the route was rough and the boys were all sick and in no mood to have a dignified Sunday school picnic. And yet this forced move was a God-send to them—otherwise our camp would have been a regular hospital by the next morning. On we moved, all night long. At daylight we are still moving. About 8 o'clock in the morning we halt and take an hours rest, ostensibly to eat breakfast, but few of the boys were blessed with an appetite. After resting an hour or so we move again. On we trudge, foot-sore, tired, and rather dilapidated—we are making a forced march. Of course we don't know now what is ahead of us but as the facts develop it proves to be this: While we are fighting the Roasting Ear battle, old Stonewall has slipped in ahead of Pope toward Manassas through Thoroughfare Gap and cuts him off from Washington, and by so doing, cuts himself off from Lee. And now is developing one of the most exciting events of the war. Jackson has taken desperate chances. Lee and Longstreet are moving to his support—otherwise he may be crushed. Provided you can imagine such a thing as "Jackson crushed." The Federal government is now confident they will crush Jackson. He has cut himself loose from Lee, and now they are bending every energy to keep Lee from forming a junction with him. Now you see the reason for this forced march. On we trudge all day. On and on we go. The strength of the men is taxed to the utmost—many are straggling. Lee sends word back to us if we can't keep up with our commands to keep moving the best we can. The second night of this forced march comes. We stop for half the night to rest and sleep a little. O, how sweet this short rest! After a few hours we move again—on and on we go—all day long. About 4 or 5 p. m. we reach an eminence in front of Thoroughfare Gap, a narrow passage through the mountain, which looms up some 300 or 400 feet on each side of the passage nearly perpendicular. The passage is very narrow, just wide enough, as I now remember, to admit a railroad track and a dirt road. It's about one mile through it. The enemy already have a brigade there. They seem to think this brigade is sufficient to hold us in check, while they crush Jackson out, who is now at Manassas, a few miles beyond. He has already whipped the foe at that point and has captured their depot of supplies, amounting to millions of property and all their railroad trains, but they confidently expect to throw additional forces against him, and not only retrieve their losses, but capture him and his army as well. The north is on tip-toe of excitement as the wires are flashing the situation all over their land every few minutes. The bulletin boards in large cities of the north are crowded with the eager, anxious throngs

as they jam against each other for the latest word from the front.

Oh, yes, we've got Jackson at last; he's at Manassas and we have Heckman at Thoroughfare Gap, between Lee and Jackson. This was the situation when we reached the Gap late in the evening, as above related. Hood is ordered to throw his brigade against Heckman, who has possession of the gap. At once the movement is made and by the time darkness settles down on the earth the enemy are driven off and the way is clear, and the fifth Texas regiment starts through this narrow defile. There may have been other troops employed in this attack on Heckman's brigade, but if so I do not now remember it. While the gap is clear it is reasonable to suppose that they—the Federals—have planted a battery on the ridge beyond to rake us with grape and canister as we file through, hence, a cautious movement is necessary. This writer's company was detailed to march about 400 yards in advance of the main body in order to draw the fire of the enemy, should they attempt to further dispute our passage.

It is now dark starlight. Our company is formed in two ranks on the track of the railroad; one line is placed upon each extreme end of the railroad ties. Our order from the commanding officer, Capt. Turner, is this: If I cry out left, all men rally to the left. If I cry out right, all men fall to the right. Slowly we move along, we have been notified that there may be a battery planted to rake us but we move with a firm step. As we near the end of the defile, we are expecting a sweeping hail-storm of double shotted field-pieces raking us fore and aft.

Now reader, here in the peaceful walks of life see if you can imagine how you would feel under such circumstances. We don't see for the darkness what is in front of us. It is reasonable to suppose they will have a battery there; if they have, every step now is liable to be the last one we will ever take. Can you imagine just how we felt? No, you can not, and I hope you never will have such an experience. Now, a word for you to ponder over. A brave man (not a street bully, for he's a coward in war) is one whose danger is fully realized, and yet he goes forward and does his duty regardless of consequences. This is a short but comprehensive definition of a brave man.

We finally passed through the gap without meeting anyone to dispute the way with us and we move on some 500 or 600 yards to an eminence and there we are halted as a picket or vidette for the night, and to our astonishment not a live yankee is there but the whole earth is covered with dead ones; now as to who killed these men I can not now remember, but it is likely they were killed by a detail of our sharpshooters from the top of the mountain; the work of our guns in clearing the gap before night-fall. We are halted as pickets but we do very little picket

duty. Our commander permitting us to stretch out there on the ground and take the first sleep and rest for two days and nights. All night long we lie there and sleep like logs among our lifeless enemies, who lie strewn thick all over the ground.

At daylight next morning we move on as videtts of the army and soon we begin to pick up stragglers from Heckman's brigade, who have dropped out of line as they retreat before us. By 9 a. m. we have about 175 prisoners and here we met a troop of yankee cavalry who are hanging along our flank, and finally a chance shot from one of our boys at long range killed the major commanding, whereupon they withdrew and we saw no more of them. Soon Gen. Lee rode up and ordered us to halt until the provost guard came up and turn the prisoners over to them and join our regiment. The prisoners were greatly astonished when they saw Gen. Lee, a plain, simple old man, with only two or three men with him, all in plain dress, they told us that their chief commanders usually had from 150 to 200 men all in the most gaudy attire. We were in a few miles of Jackson, this grand old man is safe. We are moving along briskly toward Manassas, which is only a few miles away. Two immense armies are now close together and another titantic contest is now just ready to begin, already the skirmish lines are popping away. In my next I will tell you what I saw in the second Manassas battle.



CHAPTER XIII.

The close of the last chapter left us very close to Manassas. By noon we were on the field. Jackson was there—he's been there for two or three days. His desperate situation referred to in our last chapter, has been relieved by Lee with Longstreet's corps. We wheel into line on his right. To describe the alignment of both armies now would require that we examine the histories. We have not the time nor the space in these sketches to do so. We are not writing a history—only telling what we saw as we can at this late date remember it, nothing more. My memory may be at fault in some things but I am doing the best I can and I am very near correct—therefore the reader must be content with just what the writer saw. Our brigade is on Longstreet's extreme left, but on the extreme left is the writer's regiment. Now if you have the idea properly in your mind, this throws us right up at Jackson's extreme right. Our line of battle, when formed, was in the shape of the letter V—only flared out at an angle of about 100 degrees or possibly more. This you see would throw us at the apex of the angle.

There was some fighting in our front but nothing that could be called a regular engagement. But in Jackson's front at intervals the work was quite lively, both in artillery and small arms. The fact is, Jackson was never happy, if there were any yankees around, unless he was pegging away at them—he seemed to think they were made to be shot at. Some skirmishing and some artillery firing in our front; about dark we (the Texas brigade) made a charge and went clear through the enemy's lines, and when we discovered our position, had the enemy known as we did, we were cut off and would have fallen easy prey—but happily our officers discovered the mistake (that we had gone too far) and in a whisper we were moved out by a flank and thus averted a (otherwise) serious blunder. We fell back.

to our proper place in the line and rested for the night, well knowing that many of us would be in eternity (which proved to be true) before the sun should set next day. Now, dear reader, if you are not an old soldier you have struck another knot. Can you imagine how you would feel under the circumstances? All night we lay there on our arms, catching a few snatches of sleep, as the night flits by. While awake our minds are engaged in contemplating the serious work of the morrow that we well know will surely come. Some of our boys seem to be careless and indifferent regarding it, others look and speak in serious tones, and seem to have forebodings that they will be killed. One man, a lieutenant—G. W. Henry, a brother of Judge Henry, now of Dallas and lately on our supreme bench, also a brother of Col. Jas. F. Henry, now of Cleburne—said he knew he would be killed. Sure enough he fell, pierced through the heart by a bullet. It was not uncommon for men to have a presentiment that they would be killed in battle and I don't remember that I ever knew of a case that failed of verification.

The new day finally dawned upon us. With it began the active preparations of both armies, maneuvering and arranging for this terrible battle. Pope sends dispatches every few minutes—we get the Washington paper next morning containing them—announcing his position to his own government.

Some of them are quite amusing to us as we read them the next day. He tells his government just how he has the rebels in his own hands, and at the proper moment he's going to close down on them. Another dispatch, sent at 1:15 p. m., reads: "8000 prisoners and Lee in full retreat. Only a question of a few hours, and the whole rebel army will be in my hands." This is a sample of the dispatches he slushed in on his own war office at Washington until about 3 p. m., one of his last read this way: "Rebels badly beaten; send 200 ambulance cars, 200 extra surgeons—"

The cars and surgeons came soon next morning. I'll tell you further on who received them and the use they were put to, and also the 500 citizens who came out to contemplate the scene and look at Lee's men as prisoners. While Pope was thus engaged in deceiving his government, Lee, Longstreet and Jackson were getting ready to throw themselves upon him like an avalanche. More or less fighting all day, but no general attack until about 4 p. m. Lee's headquarters were in an open spot of ground about 100 yards from this writer's position.

There the old man sat, grandly, majestically and serenely upon his old gray horse, Traveler. Everything is now about ready—couriers and aids are riding to and fro. To the right and left the artillery is all ready and—one long, thundering roll of belching, death missiles go screaming all along the line—almost deafening. The guns are worked as fast as possible for a

few minutes. The effect upon the enemy's line is most terrific, carrying death and demoralization from one end to the other of the enemy. Simultaneously with this Lee gives the order, "Forward." This is taken up by the major generals and brigadiers and regimental commanders, and in fifteen seconds of time it is transferred all along the right and left, eight miles in all. Away we go like two little worlds coming together the whole line advance at a quick pace through the narrow strip of timber, as we emerge from that we meet the fifth New York zouaves—Dury-ee's, 1350 strong—this is official—our regiment was even 450 that day; we struck that regiment square in front. When we were in thirty paces of them, we raised the rebel yell and charged them. They wheeled about and run. Why they gave away so quick is hard to tell, unless they were terrified by the yell we gave. This was one of the finest looking bodies of men I ever saw, not one of them under six feet in height, their uniforms was what is known as zouave, a sort of cross between a night gown and a bloomer rig, except it was red in color with red head dress with a tassel hanging down about a foot from the crown. From the point we struck them, it was about 300 or 400 yards to Bull Run creek; of all the running I ever saw in a battle that was the swiftest.

We were hard after them and popping away just as fast as we could fire and yelling like demons. Many of them were shot in the back of the head, while up in the air, in their jumpings, they would turn complete summersaults and fall with their feet forward. One hundred and thirty-two of their number crossed the creek—Bull Run—now I am a little in doubt as to whether this creek was the main Bull Run; or a large tributary—and the balance of them were killed and wounded, the most of them killed before they got to the creek. We shot many of them in the creek as they were crossing. Their colonel was a brave man—mounted on his horse he dashed along in front of his men, waving his hat in their faces, making every effort in his power to check their stampede, but without avail. Finally he gave it up and popping his spurs into his horse, he went at full speed into the creek and over the hill beyond, the bullets flying thick and fast around him. Our casualties in this part of the battle was not very great. Col. John C. Upton, of Columbus, Texas, was shot dead in the first charge, also about the same time a youth, little Charlie Hall, his mother's only child, a brave and gallant boy, only about 17 years old, was killed. I met in Waco last spring, a man who was a member of this zouave regiment, who now lives in Marlin. He confirmed my recollections of the strength of this regiment and the number who escaped. I asked him why they broke into a panic when we first met them. His reply was, that they had been brought up there especially to fight the Texans, of whom he had a great dread and he said,

“when you men raised that ‘onarthly yell,’ and come at us with that determined rush, we were then whipped.”

As soon as we could cross the creek, we re-formed our lines and moved on some 200 yards when we struck an entrenched line of blue coats. There we charged and yelled like very demons and finally drove them, but at the severest cost, as you will see. While my own immediate command was thus engaged, the whole army, both wings, all along the line is equally successful. The route is complete, equalling the first “Bull Run” in the utter destruction of the enemy’s whole line. As the sun dropped behind the Virginia hills, looking through the smoke of battle, like a vast ball of fire, Pope’s whole army is in full retreat.

The gallant Stewart now gets in his work, throwing his cavalry against their shattered troops. All night long he presses hard, capturing prisoners by the thousands and driving those who are so fortunate as to escape, pell mell back to Washington. We are masters of the whole situation, the victory seems to be complete. We assemble about dark, call the roll and find two-thirds of our boys have gone down in death or are on the field wounded. As this writer was passing over the field that night looking for our wounded, administering to their comfort, he passed a wounded yankee, with both legs broken. He begged me for water and I gave him my canteen, which was full, he gave me in return, his haversack, with three days rations of hard bread, bacon, ground coffee and sugar, also a small coffee boiler. I went down to the creek and made up a fire and made and drank that boiler full of coffee. Oh, how I enjoyed it; the first sure enough coffee I had drank in many long weeks. I then stretched myself out there on the ground and slept as sweetly as a little babe till daylight, with hundreds of dead around me.

Referring to the fact of giving the wounded prisoner my canteen full of water, allow me to say to those who know nothing of war, that there is nothing strange about that. All true soldiers, true men, will ever administer to the relief of suffering enemies and always respect an unfortunate foe. Many times during the war, I met with and sometimes had charge of prisoners—and I am happy now in the thought, that I never failed to meet out kindness to them.

CHAPTER XIV.

As stated in the closing paragraph of former chapter, Pope's grand army was completely routed and virtually demolished, and at dark was rushing.

Back to Washington helter-skelter,

To find a place of shelter,

from pursuit of Stewart's cavalry. Pope succeeded in rallying a large part of his fleeing army at a point about 10 or 15 miles from Washington, known as Ox Hill or Germantown, where he made a stand for the purpose of keeping our army from rushing into Washington. Jackson proceeded with his characteristic swiftness, and by the time Pope got his line formed, old Stonewall was thundering away at him again and gave him another sound dubbing, killing two of his best fighting generals, viz.: The noted Phil Kearney and Gen. I. I. Stevens, driving him (Pope) pell mell into Washington.

Gen. Longstreet's corps remained upon the field of battle for one day in order to dispose of the wounded of both armies and also to bury the dead of both. This writer was on the burial detail, and took part in the sad duty of gathering up the brave boys whose jolly voices were now hushed forever, and laying them beneath the soil of this celebrated field of strife—Manassas—there to lie until the last great day.

Reader, if you are not an old soldier, I will here describe, for your benefit, a battlefield funeral: A grave is dug upon the field about seven feet long. The breadth depends upon the number of corpses to go in. Sometimes we lay as many as ten or twelve in one grave, side by side. If we have or can procure a blanket we spread it over them, and then we fill the grave up and if possible, put some mark to indicate who are here buried. While engaged in this work we feel sadly, and our warmest sympathies go out to the bereaved ones at home, either wife or par-

ents—and often both. And then as soon as opportunity offers, we write a letter to their families, giving them all the facts regarding the last days of their earthly existence, and telling them how nobly they bore themselves in action dying as a soldier loves to die—bravely fighting for the cause he loved.

Many interesting episodes in connection with this battle might here be related that would doubtless interest the young reader, but as we find these reminiscences already extending far beyond what we anticipated in the beginning, we must forbear.

The field being cleared of the wounded, who are as well provided for as it is possible under the circumstances, the dead all buried and the captured property all collected, we, with only one-third of the men we carried into this battle, move on in the direction of Washington to overtake Jackson, who by this time has driven Pope with the remainder of his army back on that city. We move on up to the former residence (i. e.), near to it—of Gen. Lee, known in history as Arlington Heights.

Now Pope is as completely “done for” as McClellan was at Harrison’s landing sixty days before. Popular sentiment, outside of his army, had taken all direction of military matters out of McClellan’s hands, yet he was immensely popular with the rank and file. Pope, with his blowhard jingo inuendos—thrown out here and there, very much in the style of some modern politicians we have read of—succeeded in impressing the popular mind north with the idea that McClellan’s slow motions and inaggressiveness had ultimated in his ignoble and humiliating defeat in front of Richmond, and that if *he* had charge of the army *he* would swoop down on Richmond and crush out the rebellion in ninety days and “hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree.” Hence the popular demand was for Pope to be put in command. Now here he is driven back to Washington with both wings dragging the ground, one eye out, his nose mashed and bleeding, his front teeth all knocked out and the remainder of his army shivering with demoralization in the suburbs of their capital city with the victorious rebels standing in a most threatening attitude in full view of their capital. Something must be done to restore confidence in the minds of the troops in their army—the men who carry the guns and do the fighting—hence, an order is speedily issued from the war office in Washington, placing McClellan in command of all the troops in and around Washington. This virtually placed McClellan in command of his old army, who were then in and around Washington, and virtually leaves Pope without a command. This is the last we hear of the “bragadocio-headquarters-in-the-saddle-Pope,” the same Pope, who on the day that Lee was driving him pell mell back to Washington, wired his government that he had 10,000 prisoners and that Lee was in full retreat and to send 200 extra ambulance cars and

200 extra surgeons. They came next morning early by rail and run right into our hands as did also some 500 citizens, who had come out to contemplate the great victory. This writer had a hand in receiving them, which was done in the most courteous manner known to the art of war.

To describe their astonishment at the open arms reception they received at our hands, would require a power far beyond our ability. Suffice it to say, that everything they brought was gladly received and the surgeons were all put to work on their own wounded and the 500 citizens to digging graves in the hot burning August sun.

Now, returning to our army which is overlooking the Federal capitol from Arlington Heights, —(i. e.), near by— we, the rank and file, understand that Stonewall is anxious to go right into Washington and dictate terms of peace in their own capitol. That we could have gone there without much trouble, I presume, is a conceded fact, but our policy, whether correct or not, will ever remain a question, "was to be let alone."

After spending some half a day here in close proximity to Washington, we finally turned our front up the Potomac river, on what is known as the first invasion of Maryland. I neglected to tell you in the proper place, that as we moved into battle two days before at Manassas, Gen. Lee's horse took fright at some bursting shells and threw the old general to the ground badly sprained both hands and otherwise hurting him so that for some days the old man was unable to use his hands or ride horseback, so he had to be hauled in an ambulance wagon. We know nothing of this mishap until today. While we were resting near Arlington Heights, it was the writer's privilege to be in the presence of this grand old hero for some two or three hours. What a privilege to be near his person, to look at and study his form and the expression of his countenance, to catch an occasional word as it falls from his lips. There he stands, both hands are encased in what seems to be a poltice; he is unable to use his hands and his servant feeds him like a helpless babe. As he is dictating to his adjutant general his orders for the movement into Maryland, Gen. Hood is also near by with his sadly smiling countenance, speaking to the Texas boys in the ranks, assuring them of his confidence in them as soldiers, and how proud he is of them. Some time in the afternoon we start on the move up the Potomac river in the direction of of Leesburg.

I suppose Gen. Jackson's wish to go into Washington had not been concurred in by the prevailing authority. Just what authority there was for saying that Jackson favoring pursuing the retreating army into Washington I am unable to say at this late date, but there is no question in my mind but that if Jackson had been in supreme command that he would have made the

effort, and he would have charged Harrison's landing sixty days before.

The next chapter will give you some idea of the Maryland campaign, what took us there, what we saw and what we did, and why and how we left Maryland.

Notwithstanding the fact that our regiment had suffered so severely at Manassas, having lost about two-thirds of our number in killed and wounded, we are now as jolly as a troop of school boys; nearly all the companies receive a few accessions, by the return of some of our boys from the hospital who had been either sick or wounded in the battles around Richmond. Then we were in a new (to us) part of the state, and we see new sights every day, and we understand Maryland is ready to link her fortunes on to the fortunes of the Red Cross, and take "pot luck" with Jeff Davis and his army. And we are going over there, not to make war on her, but to "make love" to her. And before we take up the line of march from near Arlington we are made fully acquainted with the intended movements of the army.



CHAPTER XV.

From Arlington Heights we turned our course up the Potomac river to Leesburg. I am not sure just how far this place is from Washington but I think it is about thirty or forty miles. I am not now certain as to the time it required to reach Leesburg, but I think it was reached the second night after leaving Arlington. One thing I distinctly remember that we marched through the town after dark. All the ladies in the town were out on the side walk to greet us, and give us words of cheer, and I think they must have had all their country cousins in the city on a visit, for it seems to me I never saw so many women, according to the size of the town, in my life; every door, every window and the front yards and side walks were full of women, young ladies and girls. Every one seemed to have a white handkerchief, and how they did wave those handkerchiefs at us! and how they did cheer us! Some of them went so far as to wave their babies at us. How we did yell in response! I guess it was moonlight, because I well remember we saw the people plainly. Moving on through the town, we bivouacked down near the river for the night. Our crossing on the river was near Ball's Bluff, celebrated in history as the place where Gen. Evans with his Mississippi brigade, whipped Gen. Baker the year before completely destroying Baker's command, and also killing Gen. Baker. I think he was from California.

I will have to refer my readers to some authentic history of this celebrated battle, as I did not take part in it, except that we gave them an AWFUL whipping. As I now remember, we moved down to the Potomac where the army was crossing over to the Maryland side. It was about noon before our brigade started across, but this writer had found a small pumpkin that morning, and determined to try and cook it some way, so finding an old Tin coffee pot some one had dropped, he built a

fire down under the bank of the river, and no mistake we got it boiled (done I reckon) and I suppose I ate it, but the only thing I remember distinctly now, is that I burnt my fingers very severely in grabbing the pot with my hands to keep it from turning over. Now, I would like to tell my young readers about crossing the river—how it actually was—but I can't do it, but will do the best I can: Now, imagine a river (as I remember it) about 500 yards wide, from two to three feet deep, the water very swift. Now it is just as full of men as it can be for 600 or 700 yards, up and down, yelling and singing all sorts of war and jolly songs, and in this connection you must find room for eight or twelve regimental bands in the river all the time, the drums beating, the horns a tootin' and the fifes a screaming, possibly every one of them on a different air, some "Dixie," some "My Maryland, My Maryland," some "The Girl I Left Behind Me," some "Yankee Doodle." All the men are apparently jolly. I, at least, did not feel very jolly, though I imagine some of them contemplated the serious side of the situation. While I was deeply interested in the movement, and believe it would ultimate in a great advantage to our cause, yet I could not for the life of me suppress a feeling of sadness as I beheld this vast concourse of humanity wading the river, so full of music and apparently never once thinking that their feet (many of them) would never press the soil on the south side of the Potomac again. These were my cogitations as I cooked my little pumpkin and sucked my burnt fingers on the bank of the river. About noon, as I now remember the hour, it came the turn of the Texas brigade to cross over. In we bulged, our bands playing, and the boys yellin', as jolly as any who had gone before or any who came after us. Now we are on the Maryland soil. A few hours march brings us to Fredrick City, a beautiful town about the size of Hillsboro, as I now remember. We halt and camp on the Monococy river, about a mile from the city and near the railroad bridge, a very large and costly bridge built on stone piers from one high bank to another. We remain there some twenty-four hours, possibly longer, until Gen. Lee could blow the bridge up. When the explosives were put under it, it fell to pieces with a fearful crash. This was done to check the Federals in their pursuit of us when we moved on. But I suppose they had a temporary bridge there in twenty-four hours after we left it. While we were there on the Monococy river, Gen. Hood gave us a verbal order to go into the river with our clothes on and wash the dirt out of them. Now, remember this is about the 6th or 7th of September, and we have been out of Richmond a full month and we have on the same clothes: pants, jacket and shirt, nothing more, through the dust and mud marching, fighting and sleeping on the ground. Some times

the dust is so dense you can't see a hundred yards ahead of you. We also have some kind of head cover, either an old piece of a hat or an old cap and if we have not worn them out, we have some sort of footwear, in the shape of old army shoes, but many of us are bare-footed.

Now, gentle reader, I have never told you anything about the "Confederate bug." I will have to give you a special chapter on this bug. While he played an important part in both armies, I have not the time just now to pay my respects to him in a manner that would do him justice, but be patient, you shall soon know his character, and pedigree as well. There is another bug, but he is not our bug, he is a sort of a hump shouldered, shad-bellied concern, neither insect nor animal; I will tell you about both of them soon in a chapter especially devoted to bugs.

As above stated, we were ordered (merely a suggestion) to go in and wash off. In we went and I guess we got a portion of the dust out of our clothes. We then came out and stood in the sun and dried off. I suppose a novelist would say that we made a dressed-ablution; well if you prefer, you can read it that we went into the river and "abluted." The next evening we left Fredrick City and moved west, on what is known as Washington pike, the finest road I ever saw, 60 feet wide, finely macadamized, up and down hill, across the valleys and even where the little streams cross the road, there is a nice little trough for water to run in. Imagine a nicely paved road 60 feet wide and as smooth as the best paved sidewalk. We are now moving on this road in the direction of Boonsboro and Hagertown—I have no map before me, but I suppose we moved along this road 20 or 25 miles—a most beautiful country, beautiful valleys and in a high state of cultivation. Many pretty little towns—I have forgotten the names of most of them—we march in the following order. Two wagon trains move along side by side in the center of this road. Then on either side is a line of infantry in four ranks, this order of march is necessary to protect our trains. You must remember that we are west of Washington and marching west, which leaves the vankee army behind us. McClellan is now in command of the Federal army and is doing everything in his power to reorganize Pope's shattered army and putting it in shape to pursue us. Just at this time old Stonewall defects to the left and invests Harper's Ferry, where Gen. Miles is in command of 11,000 men, with 70 pieces of artillery and 20,000 stand of small arms (this is official.) I will, a little further on, tell you more about what Stonewall did a few days later.

Lee's army is now in a sadly worn and dilapidated condition, and really only about 32,000 men that are in condition for battle and many of them are barefooted, foot-sore and almost na-

ked, as they had not changed clothes since they left Richmond, near five weeks before, yet we were ready to follow Gen. Lee anywhere he thought proper to lead us.

We passed over South Mountain at Boonsboro, (it is said that Daniel Boone, of Kentucky fame, once camped there) and on to Hagerstown, where we camped for two or three days, waiting for Maryland to respond to Gen. Lee's proclamation. Now, I must tell you why we went into Maryland. It seemed to be well understood that Maryland was as strong in her Southern sentiment as Virginia, and all she needed was a chance to show her hand. She had already sent many regiments in to our army, among them the commands of Generals Elzy and Bushrod Johnson, besides many had come over in Virginia in an independent way and had joined our army, choosing such commanders as suited their fancy. Gen. Archer, of the Tennessee brigade, and who at one time was colonel of the Fifth Texas, was a Marylander. Therefore we confidently expected that when we marched into the state it would rise up en masse and fill our depleted ranks. But we were destined to be sadly disappointed in our calculations. While Maryland was friendly to us and doubtless her heart was very warm toward the southern cause, yet, the romance had about all vanished from their patriotic sentiments, war was now a reality; they had learned that war meant fight and fight meant kill and kill meant to be dead. Eighteen hundred, I think, was about the number that joined our army at this time from Maryland.

Now I do not wish to be understood as in any way reflecting on the southern sentiment that dominated the breasts of the people of Maryland. I doubt not, they were as warm in their feelings as the people of Virginia. Hundreds of her more prominent citizens were arrested by the federal government and held in prison most of the time during the war. At Hagerstown lived a very prominent man, Dr. McGill, noted for his intelligence and warm southern principles. He was arrested and held a prisoner all through the war in Fort Warren. His daughter Mollie, now Mrs. Mollie McGill Rosenberg, of Galveston, after the war some years married Col. Henry Rosenberg, now deceased, a most prosperous business man of Galveston. It was my privilege to know him personally many years ago. His widow now resides in Galveston and at the late annual meeting of the U. D. C.'s in Wilmington, N. C., she was elected vice president of that order--"worthy daughter of a noble sire."

We remained at Hagerstown (i. e., the most of Lee's army) for about two days. Gen. D. H. Hill, with his division, is left at Boonsboro to guard the passage at that point. As I remember dates, about the 13th of September Hill notifies Lee that McClellan is approaching in battle array. On the 14th Gen. Lee moved back to Boonsboro, reaching there some time in the early after-

noon. Just here a little episode I will relate: Gen. Evans, of Ball's Bluff fame, who was Gen. Hood's superior officer for the time, had, for some trivial cause, placed Gen. Hood under arrest a few days before this, which fact gave great offence to our Texas boys. Now, as we were approaching the battlefield at Boonsboro, we wanted Hood to lead us, and we were seriously considering the matter of stacking arms until Hood was released from arrest. As I now remember, our line officers were as much excited over Hood's arrest as we (the rank and file) were. About this time Gen. Lee passed us riding to the front. We all called out to him that we wanted Gen. Hood to lead us into battle. We soon passed Lee and Evans, who were in conversation. Evans seemed to be very much agitated. Lee seemed to be talking in his quiet way. As we moved by we divined the subject they were discussing. Gen. Hood was riding along in the rear of our command; our eyes were fixed on Lee. Finally, as Hood rode up to where Lee and Evans were, Gen. Lee spoke to Hood, saying, "John, take command of your men." Oh, my, you should have heard the shouts that reverberated along that mountain range. "Hurrah for Gen. Lee! Hurrah for Gen. Hood! Go to h—l Evans!" was repeated a hundred times by every man in the command as Hood rode by us to the head of his brigade, and in a few moments we were thrown into line of battle. We never saw or heard of Evans after that hour.

Now, this writer wants it distinctly understood that while he cheered most heartily, he did not use that "cuss" word hinted at above.

In the next I will tell you of the battle at Boonsboro, and the retreat to Sharpsburg.

CHAPTER XVI.

The last chapter closed with our lines formed for action at Boonsboro on September 14th. Our brigade was maneuvered and moved from one point to another on the mountain up and down, all the evening under fire from both artillery and small arms, sometimes in very close proximity to the enemy, sometimes in full view of the charges and counter-charges made at different parts along the line of battle; but as my memory now reaches back, I am inclined to think that so far as results to either side it was not much of a battle. True, there was a constant roar of both small arms and artillery, but when night put a quietus to operations both armies seemed not to have accomplished anything further than to kill and wound a few of each other.

Really, it was not a place to fight a battle and I suppose all Gen. Lee wished to do was to put a temporary check on McClellan, who was now in chief command of the federal troops once more, the great Bombastes - Furioso Pope having been bound up in red tape and decently laid away for the remainder of the war. One thing of note, however, occurred here this evening that I will mention. You may have seen some account of it in history, and yet possibly you have forgotten it. I refer to the loss of a dispatch by Gen. D. H. Hill, whom you may remember I told you recently had been left by Gen. Lee to guard the gap at Boonsboro while we were at Hagerstown. Lee had sent Gen. Hill an order which he (Hill) lost that evening on the battlefield. It was found next morning by the federals, and from its contents McClellan was put in possession of Gen. Lee's plans for the immediate future, which was a very valuable document to the federal commander. This incident led in some way to very unpleasant relations between Lee and Hill, which resulted in Hill's being sent to the western (Bragg's) army. Of course this was an unfortunate mishap, in so far as Gen. Hill losing the

paper was concerned, but as we understood it in the ranks it came very near depriving Hill of his commission. But for the fact that Gen. Hill was a brother-in-law of Stonewall Jackson, the results might have been more severe. Don't understand me that there were any suspicions of unfaithfulness against Gen. Hill; only carelessness, and possibly not even that—maybe a mishap hard to provide against. Just after dark that night and when everything was as quiet as a graveyard, Col. B. F. Carter, of the Fourth Texas regiment, came to our regiment and called for two men, for what purpose I did not understand. This writer and another man were detailed and ordered to follow him. He carried us down the mountain some 300 or 400 yards from where we lay in line, through a thick brush to a fence on the side of the mountain. We were halted at the fence, beyond which was open ground and about 100 yards beyond the fence was a line of Federals. Some were standing up, with the line officers on horseback, but the most of them were lying down. Myself and comrade were placed in the corner of the fence with our guns pointing through the cracks between the rails. When we were thus posted Col. Carter ordered us to remain there and watch the movements of the enemy, to keep very quiet, and if they should advance to wait until their line was within twenty feet of the fence and then fire and fall back in all possible haste to our command. We sat there I suppose for an hour, or possibly two hours, conversing in a whisper and calculating the chances of escape should they advance upon us and should we wait until they were within twenty feet of us before we fell back. Now, I want to say right here that I got the biggest scare of the war right there. It seemed to me that I got as large as an ox and it appeared to me that the enemy knew we were in that fence corner looking at them and that if they moved up there we were shure to be killed. A kind of nervous demoralization seemed to take complete control of me, but I was very careful to keep it concealed from my comrade.

I talked to him as though I wanted them to come so I could get to take deliberate aim at one and know I had killed him. (I found out a month later that my comrade was as bad or worse scared than I was.)

Did you ever walk through or near a graveyard when a boy and whistle to keep up your courage? Finally the Yankee officer called in a low tone, "Attention!" and they were all on their feet at once. "Guide center; forward, march!" We thought they were coming toward us. Every hair on my head stood up like a porcupine's quills. We could not tell for the life of us whether they were moving toward us or away from us until they had gone some twenty-five or thirty steps. Greatly to our relief, we found they were moving in an opposite direction. I never felt so happy in my life, and in a few minutes my scare went off

and I felt like I could whip a whole line of Yanks, especially when they were out of my reach. We were soon called back to our command and about midnight we began what I suppose you might call a retreat. We moved toward Sharpsburg, crossing the Antietam river about sun up, and a little way after crossing it we formed a line of battle, between the town and river, about three miles from the Potomac. All day we were in line. The Federals pursue us and form their line on the north side of the river; both armies are now arranging for what promises to be another severe battle.

Our sharp-shooters are all along the river on the river bank, disputing every inch of ground. The rattling of musketry is, at times very interesting, now and then the booming of artillery and the whizzing of shell remind us that the terrible conflict is coming. From some cause we have no rations; why? I cannot at this late date tell, but I know we had none. I remember breaking into a deserted dwelling, but found nothing but some pickles and apple butter. I thought the apple butter the best thing I ever tasted. About noon Gen. Lee had the news read to us that Jackson had just captured Harper's ferry with 11,000 men, 20,000 stand of small arms and 70 pieces of artillery. We yelled, but still we were hungry; thus passed away the 15th. Next day was merely a repetition of the 15th, except that each army had their lines more definitely formed and our friends in blue had effected a crossing of a good part of their army to the south side of the Antietam river. More or less skirmishing all day the 16th. Jackson has been moving to join us ever since Harper's ferry fell on the 15th. He reached us tonight, and all night he is engaged in forming his line. As dark on the 16th closes down upon us the two lines where this writer was were about 400 yards apart. About 9 p. m. our regimental commander, Capt. Ike Turner, concluded that the enemy was trying to advance their lines under cover of darkness—starlight only. This writer was detailed to call for one volunteer from each company, ten men, and to take them and go forward for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of this apprehension. Now, you must remember that was the first time since I left old Concord church, in Liberty county, that I had commanded anything except one gun. So, of course, for the time I felt that to some extent the success of the South rested upon my shoulders. So away we went, eleven of us, to feel for McClellan's army. We felt of it, and it felt of us, too. We advanced carefully along for about 300 yards through some open woods—no underbrush—and the first thing we knew we were right up at the Yankee pickets. They thought we were their own men until we were right on them. Then the ball opened and I recall there was about the hottest fight of the war for about fifteen minutes, considering the number engaged. We all got mixed up until we hardly

knew each other apart in the darkness. The blaze from their guns was blinding to us, yet we kept pegging away. This lasted I suppose for full fifteen minutes, when all at once, as if by magic, the enemy ceased firing and vanished. Where they went to or what became of them we could not tell, only they were gone except about half a dozen dead ones, and we had lost five of our boys, all killed. In the melee we lost our bearings; as we were consulting about this, our commander sent for us to return. When we got back he complimented us for what we had done and said we had fully accomplished his purpose in sending us out.

About 10 o'clock that night we were relieved and ordered back about 600 yards to rest, and draw rations, which we did not get until about daylight next morning, and then too late to get the benefit of them, as you will understand we were ordered into battle before sunrise on the 17th, the hungriest set of rebels that ever fought a battle.

In the next I will tell you about the battle, and our retreat across the Potomac.

Referring to the little fight above mentioned, I can only recall the names now of two of the men who were with me, Hardy Allen, of Co. "E," and ——— House, of Co. "H." Allen was killed dead—shot through the breast. He was standing close to my side. I heard the death mizzle as it hit him, making a sound as though he had slapped his hands together. House was killed in a moment after just to my right.

Such a fight as that during the Spanish-American war would have filled the columns of the daily papers for two or three weeks, and every survivor would have been dubbed a hero, and possibly promoted. And yet I doubt if half the men in our regiment knew anything of it, and nobody thought of it 24 hours.

CHAPTER XVII.

Just before daylight on the morning of the 17th we had some meat and flour issued to us with orders to cook it at once. No such order was necessary, as we had been practically without rations for three days; hence the starting of the fires and wetting up of the flour in any way we could was started at once. Some of us used an old scrap of oil cloth or one corner of our blankets as bread trays. We all understood that we must work in a hurry or go into battle with very empty craws. But daylight came too soon, the smoke of our fires proving a good mark to indicate to the Federals where our lines were. They began to shell us with their canister shot and at the same time to advance their lines. The falling shot raked our bread pans, skillets and fires right and left, putting a complete check to all preparations for the much needed breakfast. Simultaneously with this our commanders came dashing down the line ordering us to fall in, load and prepare for action, and in less time than it takes to pen these lines we were in line and moving out in battle array to play our part in what is said to be the hardest fought battle of the war. It is about 600 yards across an open field to the point at which we had been relieved the night before by a command of Georgia troops.

They are now hotly engaged and we are moving on to support them. The enemy is pressing them back and at the same time raining a terrible shower of shell and shrapnel on us as we advance. We are suffering terribly and our men are falling all along the line. The Georgians are being cut to pieces badly by overpowering numbers who are pressing them back. We advance at double-quick and cheer the Georgians. More than half their number lie stretched upon the ground. As they close up their ranks to the left an opening is made which admits our brigade; we cheer our friends and raise the rebel yell as we take

positions in line, now in sixty or seventy yards of the enemies line. We charge them with a yell, and not only check their advance but push them back some 400 or 500 yards, but at a most terrible cost..

At this point this writer received a painful wound that left him flat of his back on the ground, where in a few minutes he received a second wound that for some time left him unconscious on the field. Upon recovering consciousness, to his horror, our lines were falling back. The idea of falling into the hands of the enemy was too horrible to be considered, so, making an effort to stand up, I found that I was not disabled so badly that I could not walk. Therefore I determined to make my exit to the field hospital, some 700 yards to the rear in an old barn. As I passed off the field I found one of our line officers, who had the reputation of being the bravest men in the brigade, lying behind a large rock. As I passed him he pulled his hat down over his face, but I knew him as well as I knew any man in the command. He was a bully at home in private life and assumed to be a brave man in battle, but like all bullies in private life he was a most consummate coward, and I never knew an exception to this rule.

As I saw no more of the battle, I will let Dr. Jno. O. Scott, of Sherman, Texas, tell you all about this day's work. Dr. Scott says:

Here on the morning of Sept. 17th, 1862, at sunrise when the red haze of early morning was mantling the eastern skies, all nature arrayed in gorgeous beauty seemed standing on tip toe silently waiting the coming contest. The Texas brigade, led by Hood and Col. Woofford (Col. Woofford of the 18th Georgia was in command of the brigade, Hood in command of the division) using Hood's own language, went gallantly into the fight. The firing of the artillery was so terrific that the very earth shook beneath the detonations. The batteries belched forth such a volley of sulphurous smoke and hurricane of fire that it appeared doomsday had come; the blue ridge in sight seemed to quake in fear and the clear water of the Antietam ran red with blood. The 1st Texas lost its flag and two-thirds of its members in this conflict, exhibiting, in the language of Jackson, "Almost matchless display of daring and desperate valor." "A brigade of men," writes Hood, "whose achievements have never been surpassed in the history of nations." Hood and his Texans held the gap like Marshall Lannes at Friedland, 26,000 Frenchmen against 80,000 Russians. It was the contest in the lane and cornfield that Lee said was the hottest on any battlefield. When the 1st Texas flag made from Mrs. Wigfall's bridal dress, was found by the enemy in the cornfield thirteen dead Texans were stretched over its tattered shreds—immortal names on the escutcheon of fame, bright stars in the galaxy of glory. No wonder Lee wrote to Hood: "I rely much on you; I always

have you in my eye and thoughts." It was paying him a debt of gratitude after helping him so often that Jackson should say of Hood: "I regard him as one of the most promising officers in the army." It was after this battle that Lee, appreciating the sacrifices of the Texans, wrote to Wingfall, "They have fought grandly and bravely," and Hood tells them officially: "You have justly entitled yourselves to the proud distinction of being the bravest soldier in the army."

In after years when rosy spring time comes with fragrant flowers, the fair maidens of Maryland will assemble on the banks of the clear sparkling waters of the Antietam and shroud the graves of the soldier dead, with garlands of nature's most loving offerings. Their fair hands will bedeck the little mounds with the gorgeous rose, the queenly tulip, the sweet scented pink, the beautiful purple tinted heliotrope and the fair, majestic lily. The orator of the day will tell in thrilling language how Hood with his two brigades held the gap and drove the enemy in front until McLaws came to Johnson's aid (Bushrod Johnson.) The chorus of lovely daughters of old Maryland—a state which through all time had been an asylum for religious liberty and has sent brave men to battle by sea and by land—will make the woods melodious with that ever memorable song "Stonewall Jackson is on Your Shore, My Maryland, My Maryland." The old Maryland battery, once commanded by the brave Snowden Andrews, will be brought out, manned and planted in position and will make the hills resound with its thundering salutes in honor of the distinguished dead.

I suppose it was about 8 o'clock in the morning when I reached the field hospital. Dr. Breckenridge, our regimental surgeon, after examining my wound, said to me if I was able to walk to try to cross the Potomac river, three miles distant, at Sheperdstown. So on I moved, weak and faint from loss of blood and the pain I was suffering. Just at sundown that evening I got into the town, on the south side of the river. There I met Major Littlefield, who gave me three army biscuits—more than I had had to eat in three days previously. I thought it was the sweetest morsel of bread I had ever tasted. A bed was provided for me and there I remained until the morning of the 19th, when I was sent to the hospital at Winchester, some thirty miles away.

On the 18th we buried our dead. This don't look like a defeat, but when we call the roll and find that two-thirds of our brave Texas boys have gone down in battle and that their remains now lie buried in soldiers graves on the field of Sharpsburg, we are hardly prepared to boast of it as a victory. Less than three weeks before we had lost two-thirds at Manassas, and now the same proportion of the remainder is gone, leaving us but a very insignificant number.

The captain of my company and his entire command, cook and eat out of one skillet—five men—just five. One company is entirely annihilated, not a man left in it. O, what sad letters we have to write home to the bereaved loved ones in Texas. On the night of the 18th Lee begins to move his worn out and scattered army across the Potomac. McClellan follows, pressing hard, but our old general moves grandly along sending all his foot-sore and wounded ahead of the army and finally lands them all safely on the south side of the river. As the Federal Gen. Heckman—the same man we drove out of Thoroughfare Gap—attempts to follow us. We wait until they are at the south bank and then charge them—killing and drowning in the river some 2000 or more. This ends McClellan's pursuit of our army and he remains at Antietan until the 7th of October when he is relieved of his command in the army for all time to come, and General Burnside is put in command. McClellan's loss in this battle was 14796 men killed, which was largely in excess of our loss. I do not remember what our loss was, but it was 8000 or 10,000 men killed and wounded. This is regarded as the severest battle of the war for the numbers engaged. McClellan when ordered by his government to follow Lee acknowledged he was too badly crippled. Lee had all told 32000—the Federals nearly or quite double our numbers, yet some school histories will tell our children that we were badly whipped. Lee went in with 32000 effective men.

In a future chapter I will set out in an Epitome, the relative numbers in all the principal battles fought between the armies of the Potomac and the army of Northern Virginia.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The close of my last chapter left Gen. Lee with his army safely on the south side of the Potomac river, having crossed at Shepherdstown. While he had administered a terrible blow to McClellan's army in attempting to follow him. I suppose the only object Lee had in fighting the battle of Sharpsburg was to put such a check on McClellan as would deter him from following us on Virginia soil, for a while at least. As rest and recuperation was now an absolute necessity to Lee, whom you will remember, has been marching and fighting ever since the 7th of August—the day we broke camp at Richmond, about 45 days. As above stated, this writer was sent to the hospital at Winchester, some 30 miles south of the Potomac.

Lee marched his army from Shepherdstown to Martinsburg, about 35 miles south-west, possibly not so far, I have no map of the section—am only guessing at the distance. Martinsburg was celebrated for one thing, that I know of: It was the home of the celebrated Belle Boyd, known in army circles as a Confederate female spy. Belle was a fine-looking woman, fond of adventure, and possessing in a very prominent degree, the essentials necessary to the role to which she aspired to play, and, I, suppose she must have rendered the cause some service, as our generals seemed to entrust her with very important missions.

I have often seen her in consultation with them. She often appeared on the march, mounted on a fine charger. She would disappear in a flash and perhaps the next we would hear of her she would be in prison in Washington. But somehow I never had a very high regard for her and when she finally married a Yankee officer I lost all respect for her very name. The last I ever heard of her she was living in Dallas, Texas, and leading as I learned, a rather desolute life which did not astonish me much. This last information is only second-handed—it may

not be as bad as I heard—and it may have been worse—I am not disposed to do an injustice to one who did our cause a real service.

After I had been at Winchester hospital a few days, I felt sufficiently recovered from my wounds to return to my command, but the hospital authorities would not release me. I was confined to the very smallest rations that could be supposed sufficient to sustain life, and my appetite was a full hundred cents "Gold Standard," but the hospital treasury was only paying out a very sadly depreciated currency, worth not over eight or ten cents on the dollar, and that of the most unpalatable sort of food.

I was determined to leave and go to my command without authority, but could not learn where the command was. Fortunately for me, about this time one of my company came in to bring a negro servant to wait on a wounded officer whose leg was broken. From him I learned where the army was, at Martinsburg, about thirty miles away. My comrade agreed to wait for me until dark if I wanted to go with him. Agreed, says I; but he had nothing to eat except a half pound of butter in a tin bucket. He had his gun and frying pan, but no bread. But we were determined to take the chances, and trust to Providence and the good Lord; and right here I want to say that when you have Providence and the good Lord on your side you are all right anywhere. Providence showed her smiling face very soon after we got out of the hospital building. We met an Irish woman—a regular old Biddy—and we laid our case before her in true hungry soldier style. Her old warm Irish blood responded to the tune of six big fat biscuits—three for each of us; we had some butter, as before mentioned. We took the biscuits and bestowed upon her head a soldier's blessing. Now, the next thing was to get out of town. Away we go at a brisk walk until we are one mile out of town; we quit the road and file out into a large apple orchard, where we decided to spend the night. We have one blanket between us, half pound of butter and six biscuits. There under the apple tree we spent the night and ate our biscuits and butter. You never saw two happier souls; no two men ever enjoyed a supper more heartily than we did. After we ate our biscuits and butter and discussed matters of state generally, we laid down on the bare ground and covered with the one blanket and slept as soundly as two children.

At the break of day the next morning we were up and on the move in the direction of Martinsburg. Our route lay parallel with, and about four miles from a range of mountains, known locally as "North Mountain." We decided to leave the main route and get over near the mountain, supposing that we would have better foraging, which proved to be a very wise conclusion. We had not gone more than one mile when, in passing through a farm, we came upon a bee gum that had been stolen

by some one from a house 500 or 600 yards away, the night before, and brought down there and had knocked the head off, but had given up the job as there was no evidence that they had taken away any of the honey. It was full of rich, sealed comb. The bees seemed to be quite harmless. I and my comrade stopped and went to work like good soldiers will do under such circumstances. We ate all we could and then filled our bucket with all it would hold. We felt that Providence was shining on us in showers. My old comrade, C. G. Barton, of this city—Hillsboro—says he has swallowed everything I have stated in these papers, until he came to the bee gum story—he says it is beyond the “believin pint” that a “rebel” would steal a bee gum, carry it 500 yards, knock the head off and then leave without eating the honey. I admit its a little straining on the credulity nerve, but remember I am giving facts. We now moved on about a mile, coming to a farm house. We made a nice talk to the lady, whereupon she proceeded to cook us a nice breakfast. We did full justice to the occasion, again feeling that providence was on our side. When we started the kind lady filled our haversack with a good supply of bread and gave us a nice piece of ham (about four pounds). Now we knew providence and the good Lord both were on our side. We felt rich—four pounds of ham, a sack of bread, a bucket of honey and our appetites well satisfied besides.

From this place we pushed on toward the mountain for a mile or so. We did not walk fast; we were too happy. By noon I don't think we had made more than four or five miles. At noon we stopped near a nice looking house. I left my comrade out at the road and went to the house to see if I could get some milk. The kind lady could not supply my wants regarding the milk but she gave me a large loaf of Old Virginia Dutch oven light bread, at least a foot square, and nearly a foot thick. My, my; wasn't we in it—hadn't we struck it rich? Providence was just a-raining down blessings on us in torrents. We went on a little way and took a hearty dinner on honey and light bread. We are now very near the foot of the mountain, so we change our course along parallel with the mountain through a most beautiful country. We made during the day not over eight or ten miles; fact is, we had nearly forgotten the war. Just before night we passed a place where there was a fine Irish potato patch. We got a lot of nice potatoes, and we found a lot of dry cord wood, so we concluded to camp for the night. There was a beautiful spring of clear water at this place; so you can see Providence was still a-comin in gushes. The night was just cool enough to make a good fire feel comfortable to us. We stewed a lot of Irish potatoes in our frying pan after we had fried some ham, and I think we devoured the largest amount of ham, potatoes, light bread and honey that night than any two rebels ever

did during the war and enjoyed a fine night's rest, repeating the same operation next morning for breakfast. We really felt like the war was over. Next day we traveled I suppose about ten miles in the direction of the army, and along near the foot of the mountain, having what a soldier would call a good time, stopping for the night at the house of a man who treated us very kindly—feeding us on the fat of the land. I remember the good woman gave us two or three dozen eggs, and other comforts that I do not now recall.

This gentlemen offered us a sure enough white folk's bed to sleep in, but for reasons which will come out in my next chapter, we declined with a profusion of thanks. The fact is we could not do so without compromising the dignity of that ubiquitous character, the "Confederate bug." We slept in the barn on a bed of clover, which was as good as we wanted. The next morning we went only about two miles; here we struck up with a very clever man; now we are in a very few miles of our command and in full view of it, only six or eight miles away. We found at this man's house a fine spring and a large wash pot, so we decided to spend the day and a night with him and get the use of the wash pot, and do what we could in the way of washing our clothes. The kind lady granted us the use of the wash pot and provided us with a good supply of soft soap. Now I think I had better close this chapter here as I am at the point where I will have to pay my respects to the before mentioned "bugs." I will, however, before I close, tell you that we remained here two or three days and nights; had a fine time, living on the fat of the land. As the weather had blown up quite cold the gentleman permitted us to sleep in the house on a mattress made down on the floor, we refusing a better bed for the reason that we were too dirty, and also the "bugs," which to him was a curiosity and a source of great amusement to his wife.

As my mind reaches back to the incidents recorded in this chapter—nearly forty years ago—they loom up before my mind's eye as fresh and vivid as though it was yesterday.

CHAPTER XIX.

My last chapter closed with myself and comrade preparing to wash our clothes—now you must remember this was along in the last days of September. Nearly two months before—August the 7th—we leave Richmond on this campaign. In all these days we have never changed our clothes, for the reason that we have had no chance to do so—no chance to draw new clothing and as all old soldiers will tell you, we could not carry any extra clothing with us. One blanket, gun and accoutrements, haversack and canteen was all that any soldier could afford to carry. Now for nearly two months we have worn the same shirt, pants and jacket—sleeping on the ground, anywhere we could find a place, and the opportunity to lie down. Dust, mud, hot weather, rain and sunshine, we take it as it comes. Also the wading of creeks and rivers—the water often waist deep—no chance to cleanse ourselves from the unavoidable accumulation of filth, and, in addition to all this, every man from the colonel of the regiment, and even our general officers, for ought I know, were covered with what I have before hinted at as the “Confederate bug” like the gypsy who first made his appearance in the south of Europe—nobody could tell who he was or from whence he came, yet he was there, and in considerable force. So with this “bug.” The gypsy was a harmless looking “critter” yet he never failed to remind you of his presence. You could not forget him, so with this “bug.” The first one I ever saw was soon after I reached the army near Richmond. In size (read this carefully for I am writing history now), he is about as large as a small grain of wheat. May be, hardly so large—37 or 38 years since I saw him last. It is said he has legs—how many I do not know, as I never tried to find out. I know he has a mouth and he understands how to use it. He is a wise looking animal—he seems to be familiar with military tactics, and likewise everything else

in any army, he always has a sharp appetite. His favorite morsel is a good fat rebel. His usual haunts are about the seams of the clothing, especially around the shoulders and outside seams of the pants legs; he's there in force and the force is continually augmenting. He is never idle; when you are on the move he moves too, when you are asleep he's at work, always reminding you that he is on hand ever ready for duty, and if there is a fight on hand, he is right in the thickest of it. No soldier on duty can hope to escape him; he will eat the skin off and gnaw into the flesh—I have seen all this—when every possible precaution was used to head him off. No soldier in the army could by any means keep clear of these pests. They seem to be indiginous to army life. Some of my readers may conclude that proper regard for cleanliness would have prevented this. Ah, there's the rub—all the old soldiers will tell you how utterly impossible it is. You might, if possible destroy every one on you every morning, and before night you would be full again.

While we were camped at Washing's run, near Winchester, soon as the incidents recorded in this, our Brigadier Gen. J. B. Robertson undertook to lecture our regiment one evening while on dress parade, on the matter of cleansing ourselves of these "bugs," intimating that if we would use proper care and diligence we could keep our person clear of them. The old general meant well, his lecture was given in kindness. But we noticed all the time he was so earnestly addressing us he was busy with first one hand and then the other scratching himself on the shoulder, on the arm, then around the waistband of his pants, and then his hips, then quickly the other hand went to the shoulder and under his arm; the boys observing it began to titter, then the whole regiment began to laugh, and some one called out, "Say general, what makes you scratch so," the old man saw the "pint" and breaking out into a laugh, dismissed the parade. Fact is, he was about as "bug—y" as any of us—we could not avoid the bug, he was everywhere, and he was no respecter of person. He could wear the gray or the blue, he was at home in both armies, was loyal to both flags. He was out—not for his health—but for profit.

Now, I recall, I am entitled to the distinction of being the first writer to bring him prominently before the public in print. I could say much more about him, but I will now leave the remainder to your imaginations.

Now, if you will go back with me to the spring and wash pot, you will see just what we are trying to do—we undertake to wash our clothes, and when I begin to do this washing act my shirt come to pieces, and there I am now in a fix. What to do I do not know. My comrade went to the house and told the family my trouble. In a few minutes he returned with a new shirt for me and I was happy once more. Through with our

laundry work, we returned to the house, where there was a good dinner ready for us, and we did ample justice to the subject. We remained here about three days, keeping an eye on the army which is in full view of us, and about five miles away. Finally after we had a good rest and had been fed high, we left for the command, loaded down with our haversacks full of grub, reaching the army about noon. Five minutes after we had set our haversacks down our comrades had devoured everything we had in them. Next morning the army moved down near Winchester and camped at a place called Washington Spring, or Washington Run—about six miles north of the city. Here we remained for a month, or possibly longer, recuperating—getting ourselves better supplied with clothing, drilling and doing camp duty. Finally when our command had recuperated and the sick and wounded from the hospital had reported for duty, our ranks were to some extent repleted, and by the latter part of Oct. we were in full trim for winter duty, which was now upon us. McClellan had been decapitated, and Gen. Burnside was placed in command of the Yankee army. He was still at Antietam about thirty miles to the north of us, near Sharpsburg.

Of course, Gen. Lee, through the various channels of information, kept well posted as to what was going on among our friends (the enemy.) About the latter part of October we moved down to the old battle ground of Cedar Mountain, where Jackson whipped Pope on the 9th of August. We camped on the battle ground. I remember to this day just how everything looked at the time. We drilled on the very spot where the Junior Gen. Winder was killed leading the old Stonewall brigade, (Jackson's old brigade that won him fame at the first Manassas). When we would stop drilling to take the usual rest, we would see who could pick up the most bullets without moving out of our places. My recollection is that I often picked up as many as thirty or forty, possibly more. In civil life we cannot realize what all this means—it is hard for us to realize that two lines of fellow-humans of the same country, speaking the same language, professing the same holy religion, can stand and hurl these death missiles at each other by the ton—all for the sake of our peculiar views on an instrument called a constitution. But we have done it all along down the ages, and what is more astonishing, we seem to do so willingly, and the man who refuses to offer himself a willing sacrifice upon his country's altar is branded as a coward and unworthy the protection of a government.

It is the hope of this writer that all such contests are at an end, at least between Christian civilized nations; that instead of the terrible slaughter of each other on the battle field, that the higher order of civilization will demand the arbitrament of international courts, where the matters will be settled between nations as between individuals and corporations, and we are

encouraged to indulge this hope the more as we see the wonderful improvements made in these modern days by nearly all the principal governments of the world in implements of war. It is conceded by the best military authority that no line of troops on earth could stand before the modern war machinery as we stood in the battles of the late war between the states.

In our late war with Spain, all the fighting on land, when properly weighed, was so insignificant as hardly to deserve the title of a "skirmish" between two brigades in our war between the states, and yet the charge up San Juan Hill has made the man who led it president of the United States. Such is our love of military glory.

Commodore Semms, who won such dazzling glory as the commander of the Confederate ship "Alabama," says in his book, "The Service Afloat," that "man in war is little more than an educated or reasoning brute," or words to that effect. In some respects at least, he appears to be correct.

We remained in camp at Cedar Mountain until about the last of November, and had begun to conclude that we would likely spend a good part, if not the entire winter at that place. We had made ourselves quite comfortable in our little doghouses. I will tell you later on in some future chapter more about the soldier's dog house. I have not the space to do so in this chapter. About this time we had a very unpleasant spell of weather—misty rain, damp and the fog so dense you could hardly see a man on horseback 100 yards away. Now the north was urging Burnside to move at once on to Richmond. I suppose he concluded that he could get at least a day and night the start of Lee by putting his army in motion while this fog was so dense that Lee would not understand his move until he had gained one day and night on him, and then he would be nearer Richmond than Lee, but he reckoned without his host, for as his army began to move so did we. Now, for two or three days through mud and slush, all day long and a good part of the night, we trudge along, wet, muddy and tired, but on we go. It was on this march that this writer ate one night five pounds of fresh meat and a corresponding amount of bread. It may look incredible to any one but an old soldier. But I give you my word that I did it. I had no idea of doing such a thing when I began. I had no place to lie down in any comfort, so I just sat by a big log fire and would take the meat in small pieces and stick it on the end of a long stick and hold it to the fire until it was hot and then eat it. I kept this up for nearly half the night, and the most remarkable thing about this big supper was I never felt the least bit inconvenienced or discomfort from it.

At the end of two or three days very hard marching we reached the heights overlooking the city of Fredericksburg, on the Rapahanock river. Gen. Lee kept his army back in the

timber so it could not be seen from the opposite side, at which place Burnside's army was just arriving. Then he was sure he was now at least one day's march nearer Richmond than Lee is a matter of history, as he flashed the news over the north that he was now on his way to that city and would reach it before Lee could possibly get there. Gen. Lee was sitting on his horse on the river bank viewing the Federal army through his field glasses when the flag of truce arrived in charge of an officer, who demanded of the Mayor of Fredericksburg the surrender of the city, a preliminary usual under such circumstances.

Gen. Lee received the flag of truce in person and read the demand for the city's surrendner, whereupon he simply indorsed on Burnside's demand:

"I am in command here; come on. R. E. LEE, Gen."

Burnside was greatly astonished when he learned Lee was already there and the messenger said he had seen him. Thereupon Burnside proceeded to go into camp on the Stafford Heights, overlooking the city from the north side of the river, our army occupying a similar position on the south side. I am not certain as to the exact date, but I think it was about December 1st when we reached Fredericksburg.

The weather was quite cool and we made ourselves as comfortable as possible, building our little dog houses and raking up leaves to form a bed upon which we could spread a blanket, and then two or three of us bunking together, we kept quite comfortable, even in freezing weather. Drilling four or five hours each day, the balance of the time we put in writing letters home and fighting the ever present Confederate bug, until the 11th day of December, when the ball opens in the most interesting manner.

I will tell you in my next chapter of the battle of Fredericksburg.

CHAPTER XX.

From the time we got our lines formed around the city of Fredericksburg we had all been informed, and it was understood by every man in the ranks, that whenever we heard a cannon fire in the city it would be a signal of the enemy's advance. About the 6th or 7th of December we had a very severe snow storm. The weather was intensely cold. I suppose the snow was a foot or more in depth, but we were quite comfortable in our dog houses, and while the snow covered the ground, we were excused from drill—hence we had but little to do except keep up the fires and cook our rations, which were now very good, and we would supplement them by going to the butcher grounds and get a beef liver or a beef head. You have no idea what fine eating there is on a beef's head. We would take the head and skin it nicely and chip the meat off in pieces—two, three or four inches in diameter and usually a half an inch thick, put it in a skillet, and fill the skillet with water, then put the lid on, then a fire both on top and under it. First it was a stew, and then a bake. It was very fine to our soldier appetites. On the morning of the 11th of December when the thermometer was down about zero and the earth covered with snow, as I lay comfortably in my little dog house and everything seemed as still as a grave yard, boom! Went the signal gun in the city about a mile away. The sound reverberated up and down the river and borne back upon the crisp chilled air it reached every ear of Lee's soldiery, conveying to us the information that Burnside was preparing to cross the river to give us battle. I called to my sleeping bunk-mates to get up. In a moment more, and here's the colonel's orderly calling us up. In the short space of five minutes we are in line—in a few minutes more we have the regiment formed, and are moving out to take our places in the line of battle. Oh! how cold—but on we moved. About the dawn of day the ball opens on

the river. The 11th Mississippi regiment is on picket at the ferry, in the city. The enemy's cannon begins to play on them from the opposite hills and under cover of this cannon firing, are also sharpshooters. They attempt to lay their pontoon bridge across the river. Our pickets have no protection whatever. There they are—on the open bank exposed to a most galling fire—all day long they hold this exposed position, and, as the pontoons corps comes down to the water with their boats they are shot by our pickets, possibly everyone of them killed or wounded. Another relay takes their places and meet a similar fate, but on they come. Don't tell me that the Yankee is not as courageous as the Southern man; he is just as brave and courageous as any soldier on earth, only don't shoot the "Rebel Yell" at him, if you do he'll run or bust.

All day long this thing is kept up—hundreds, if not thousands, of the enemy are slain in the work of putting this bridge down on which to cross their army over. All day long the noble Barksdale (I am not as positive as I would like to be that Barksdale was in command here, but that is my recollection,) and his brave men held this place, and continued to pour upon them this galling fire, but on they gradually move and sometime during the night they reached the south bank with their pontoons.

Now, maybe you have the idea that after all the Yankee was not much of a fighter. Just dismiss that from your mind, for all old soldiers will tell you that when it comes to standing up and shooting, even at very close range, the yankee is just as good a "stayer" as any troops in the world. But if you get him where you can charge him and "yell," he'll run or bust. My honest judgment is that any body of Americans, north or south, when properly led or managed in battle are very much the same (if you don't yell.) But just as sure as you charge the Yankee and yell at him, he's going to run. The Southern soldier might do the same thing, but I have never yet seen a Yankee that could yell.

On the morning of the 12th their army was crossing and filing up and down the river, forming their lines. Lee's object was to draw them out from the river near the heights, along which our lines was formed, in order to fight the battle where their artillery (from the north side of the river) could not reach us. All day on the 12th there was more or less fighting and maneuvering, but nothing like a general engagement. On the morning of the 13th a very dense fog prevented us from being able to see anything of their movements until about 9 o'clock, when the breeze arose and cleared away the fog. Soon after the lifting of the fog they began to advance their lines to our right, in front of Jackson. It was a dead level plane for miles down the river, about one and a half miles wide. This was the only battle I ever saw that I was not engaged in. It was about one mile to my

right, the whole line of both armies in full view. Jackson moved out to meet them—only one brigade of Longstreet's corps is engaged. Pelham, with his light artillery, is there, and I thought it was the grandest sight that ever human eyes beheld to see these two lines of humanity moving against each other. Pelham did the finest work of his life; a noble young man, scarcely out of his teens, but O, what a fighter he was! One of nature's grandest noblemen, grand in all the elements that go to make up the highest type of a soldier.

To see these lines, after the action began, swaying back and forth as the results seemed to hang as upon a pivot, receding at one point and advancing at another. We hold our breath. The smoke of battle becomes so dense that for a time they are lost to view. At last the crisis seems to have come. Pelham double-shots his guns and the gunners work for life; the roar of his artillery becomes so continuous that it seems as if the very infernal regions are blown up. Then comes that terrifying "Rebel yell" and the work is done in Jackson's front. Up yonder, to the left, in front of the city (Mayres Heights) Cobb's brigade has utterly annihilated the celebrated Irish brigade (Meagher's) without the loss of scarcely a man on our side. The action is more or less severe all along the line, except in front of Longstreet's center. We hardly have a chance to fire a gun, as no enemy came in reach of us. As night approaches, the field is ours all along the line. Burnside is driven back to the river. His loss in killed and wounded, according to his own report, I think, was about 20,000. It is said that from the number of shots fired, we did more execution in this battle than any other of the war. It is said that it takes 200 shots to hit a man in battle; one-fifth are killed dead, four-fifths are wounded and one-third die. This is a general average, and my recollection is that in this battle we exceeded that average in the punishment we inflicted on the enemy.

All day on the 14th and also on the 15th we were expecting the enemy to attack us again. Lee and Jackson were busy all these days preparing to give them a terrible reception. You may remember that in my description of Stonewall Jackson in a former chapter, I told you that I never saw him in dress rig but once, and that I would tell you about it later on, now comes the time: I think it was the 15th. Gen's. Lee, Longstreet and many of our officers were frequently in our immediated front during these days. Some time during the morning of the 15th, some six or eight men came riding along the line. Just in front of us they halted. Jackson stopped in about forty feet of my company and sat there on his horse with the side of his face to us for 15 or 20 minute. The boys began to figure out that it was Jackson, another said, "Stonewall h—ll! Who ever saw old Stonewall dressed up?" This dispute among the men as to whether it was old Stonewall or not became so animated and the tone so elevated

that he could hear the dispute. Some said it was and some said it was not. Finally the old general, I suppose to help settle the dispute, turned his face around square to our front for some moments and looked at the boys with a smile that settled all disputes. Then such a yell as went up from our ranks. He raised his hand in recognition of the honor and laughed heartily. He loved the Texans and they loved him with a devotion hard to describe in words.

His dress on this occasion was a full cloth new suit, looking as neat as if he had just come out on some special dress occasion. We learned that Gen. J. E. B. Stewart made him a present of this suit and had hard work to get him to agree to wear it. All day long we were sure the big fight was yet to come off, but Burnside hugs the river and seems indisposed to come out and give battle; yet it seems to be the impression that he will do so. No one expected him to re-cross the river. This is the situation as night closes down on the 15th of December.

We now prepare for what we are confidently expecting will come off next day—the big fight.

The 16th dawns upon us. A light fog for an hour or two obscures everything in the distance, but we are expecting as soon as the fog rises to move into battle, yet everything is as still as death; no sound of even a picket gun. About 9 a. m. away to our right the boys begin to yell. It comes nearer and nearer to us each succeeding brigade takes up the chorus. We look down the line and see Hood coming at a gallop. As he passes along the line he informs the boys that there is not a live Yankee on this side of the river. Burnside has re-crossed the Rapahanoc, and, as the fog rises, we see his whole army again on the Stafford Heights across the river.

During the battle of the 13th, described above, one of those peculiar incidents occurred that was not very uncommon—the meeting of acquaintances and former friends in deadly conflict.

The colonel of the 7th Tennessee regiment, whose name, if I remember correctly was Jones—rather a young man—had while at school some where up north, just a few years before the war became intimate with another young man—I think by the same name, either from New Hampshire or New Jersey—in regard to the name I may be mistaken, but I don't think I am. At any rate they had for some years immediately before the war, been warm personal friends. It was in the battle of the 13th they met as enemies, their regiments were directly opposite each other, at a point known as Hamilton's crossing on the railroad, about one and a half miles below Fredericksburg, and about one mile back from the river, and very near the grave of Martha Washington. These young men—so recently warm friends, recognized each other; and no sooner had they done so, than they began to menace each other; and from that time on, one charged

the other, which was met with a counter charge—each upon his horse with pistol making for the other, circling and maneuvering, each shooting; and cursing. The troops could not afford to fire lest they kill their own commander. This lasted for only a minute or two, but to the troops on either side it seemed as many hours. Finally the Confederate hit the horse of his antagonist a death shot, and then dispatched the rider. The Federal's horse—a large gray—lay there all during the winter. I saw it once every week for two months, as I went on picket duty. A member of the 7th Tennessee regiment, in describing that contest to me soon after, told me that it was the most exciting scene one could possibly imagine, and such as he hoped would never be seen again. He said his entire command felt a sympathy for the slain antagonist, but—such is civil war.



CHAPTER XXI.

As soon as we ascertained that Burnside had recrossed the river, a detail by regiments was made to go out on the field and bury the dead of the enemy, which lay there by the thousands. While engaged in this work of humanity, Burnside amused himself trying to shell us with his field artillery across the river—but fortunately he could not quite reach us—after failing to reach us with his small guns, he turned loose a battery of siege guns upon us throwing about a dozen or more shots about the size of a nail keg. Fortunately there were no casualties from these shots, though they came very uncomfortably near us. We continue our labor of humanity until the last dead enemy is put beneath the soil, and our dead as well. I have often thought about this act of the Yankees in firing on us while we were burying their dead. I never knew anything of the kind to occur before and I am willing to think it was the act of some one without authority. In a day or two we moved back into the timber about a mile further than the position we occupy when we first get to Fredericksburg and prepare to spend the next sixty days in winter quarters, our friends—the enemy—occupying a similar position on the north side of the river. Here both armies remain until the 20th of February following. We at once begin to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, each company dividing up into messes. These messes are usually composed of from four to six men. We begin at once to erect our little dog houses. Now as I have promised to tell my young readers about the dog house, I guess I had as well do so here.

We select a tree about ten or twelve inches in diameter, being careful to get one with long straight body, and that has the appearance of splitting well. We cut it up into cuts seven to ten feet long, according to the size of the dog house we want, which is governed by the number of men in the mess. We split the

cuts up into slabs about eight inches thick; then we begin somewhat as you would to build a pig pen, building up one end (to the north) and the two sides, leaving the south end open. We build up about three feet high, then we set up a fork or post at the center of each end, and put a pole across for a ridge pole, or comb of the structure, and over this we place a covering of any thing we can get—usually an old piece of tent cloth, drawing it tightly down to the logs or slabs on each side as tight as we can and making it fast. Then we close up the opening at the north end and close all the cracks, making it wind tight. We then rake up dry leaves and fill the dog house about ten inches deep with the leaves, which makes us a good warm bed. On these leaves we spread one blanket and use the remainder of our blankets for covering. Our fire is built at the open end, the reflection of the heat from the fire striking the top of the covering of this dog house obliquely, is thrown by reflection down upon our bedding, making it quite warm and comfortable. We keep up our fires in cold weather all day and pretty well all night. When not engaged in camp duty we set around our fires, talk and gossip and discuss the various fights, and the prospects of an early ending of the war, reading the daily papers and writing letters home. Some of the boys, forgetting their early moral training at home, are off in a big game of poker and Confederate money is piled up in regular gambling style, others are visiting friends in other messes, companies or regiments and passing the time off very pleasantly, considering the circumstances with which we are surrounded. I have never been able to detail everything in camp life as minutely as I might have done for the information of my young readers. The sole object of these sketches has been to give those who never saw an army an idea of every-day life in time of war, and yet I find it very hard to bring in everything.

If you will give me your attention I will give you a few of the items of routine duty when in camp: At about day-light we have what is called "revilee" (it's the sound of the drum if you don't know what it is,) a quick beat for about half a minute by the regimental drummer. This calls us up; we get up and put on our accoutrements and each company forms a line and the roll is called. Then we stack arms and go to work to prepare our breakfast. Then the surgeon of the regiment goes to the medical wagon, and all who need medicine of any kind report to him, and he prescribes for them. If you are too sick to go to the surgeon, he visits them at their quarters; this is called "sick call." Then about 9:30 a. m. the drill call is sounded and each company is formed. If it is company drill, each company marches out to some suitable place and drills about two or two and one-half hours. If it is a battillion drill, the regiment forms on the color line, and the whole regiment marches out into an

open field, and the colonel, or some regimental officer, drills the regiment. Occasionally we have brigade drill by the brigade commander, and on some special occasions we have what is called "review" - this may be either division or corps review. On these occasions the generals are out in full dress, and the troops are supposed to have on their best "bib and tucker." Now, so much in as few words as possible regarding the drill. After the first year we were seldom required to drill in the afternoon, tho' we did sometimes. About an hour before sundown in the evening we hold what is called "dress parade." In this the regiment is formed on the color line, and after being properly dressed, any orders or information that is desired to be read to the troops, is read by the adjutant in a loud and distinct voice. I remember one evening it was read out to us that one of our regiment had been found guilty of some offense that the articles of war punished by whipping. The crime, as I now remember, was being absent for some time without leave. Perhaps his offense was without any justification, and I expect he deserved a very severe punishment, but the order went on to announce his trial and conviction by a court martial, to be whipped on the naked back in front of the regiment on the color line, and that the same was to take place two or three days in the future; that he was to be stripped to the waist and thirty-nine lashes laid on his bare back. Now, he had been all the time a good soldier, brave and manly. No man in the regiment felt willing to excuse his offense without some sort of punishment, but we felt then and there that he ought not, and should not, be whipped, and inside of 30 minutes from the time the parade was dismissed, I think every man in the regiment had expressed a determination that he should not receive the whipping. I never heard any more of it. It may have been that the authorities never intended that he should be whipped at first, but simply wished to give some of the boys a scare, who occasionally offended in that way. That same man is today prominent in one of the counties in Northeast Texas, and was a State Senator a few years ago.

We had divine services as often as it was convenient to do so. Our regiment had no regular chaplain. This writer enjoyed the distinction of being the only preacher in the regiment. (So far as I now remember.) We very often had some kind of service for the boys, either in efforts to preach or a prayer-meeting, and it is a source of comfort to me to this day to remember that frequently, at the close of a hard day's march, some officer from some other company in the regiment would have a light built and send for "Company K's preacher," as they called me, to come and hold meetin' for 'em. We had one or two other preachers in the brigade who would sometimes preach for us. Now you have a good idea of how the daily routine of duties go off when we are in camp.

About the 20th of February we leave our winter quarters near Fredericksburg, and start in the direction of Richmond. Just as we start it begins to sleet, and soon we are in a heavy snow storm. By noon the snow and sleet is a foot deep, or more. I remember I suffered very much with the cold. Some time in the afternoon I fell out of the ranks and got in company with a captain of another company. He and I, and probably a third man, put up at a place where we got a room and a good fire. We hired a negro to cook us a good supper. We spent the night quite comfortably. The next morning we struck across the country to a railroad station; there we waited until the train moved out, boarded it and ran into Richmond at least one day ahead of the command. When my captain found out how I had evaded the terrible march he was a little dissatisfied, but I would rather have taken a severe reprimand than to have made the terrible march, especially when I got there ahead of the balance of the boys. This is about the only "playing out," as it was called, that I ever done, and my conscience never gave me any trouble for that breach. The fact is I was in the army from a sense of duty, and I always tried to do my duty, and when I was called to duty I was always ready to respond. We passed through the city of Richmond and went down six miles below on the south side of the James river to a camp called Falling Water, near the invincible fort on the James, known as Drury's Bluff. I here had the pleasure of seeing, and becoming familiar with Major Lee, who was in command of this fortification. He was an older brother of General R. E. Lee, and was the father of our General Fitz Hugh Lee. My recollection now is that only Longstreet, with two of his four divisions, was in this move, I think, Lee and Jackson, with two of Longstreet's divisions, remained on the Rappahanoc.

About the latter part of March the enemy attempted another forward movement by the way of Kelly's Ford on the Rappahanoc, above Fredericksburg. Lee calls Longstreet to him. We start and make one day's march—to Hanover Court House. There we get word from Lee that he's whipped 'em again, so after resting a day, we start back. Now it's snowing very heavy—it snows all day. The snow is nearly knee deep, and I am once more bare-footed. Now I guess you think I suffered. Not a bit of it; I did not suffer then, but I have suffered the results ever since—I suffer now as I walk the streets of Hillsboro. Every day of my life I am reminded of that day's march, and as I grow older it gets worse—both of my feet are diseased from the effects of that day, and at times I can't keep my shoes on. I got my shoes next day, and in a few days we start off to south-east Virginia near the Dismal Swamp, on what is known as the Blackwater campaign, about which I will tell you in my next chapter.

While at Camp Falling Water, the boys had lots of fun catching squirrels—the most of the timber was pine, and some of them very large, and tall, but whenever any of the boys got a glimpse of “buny” his days were numbered, 500 or possibly 1000 men with rocks, throwing at him—poor little fellow away he would go to the top of the tallest pine, but no use, somebody will hit him, and down he comes—100 or more men charge his prostrate Buny-ship, by the time he hits the ground.

Such is life in camp.



CHAPTER XXII.

It has become a well settled fact that another big battle must be fought in the early spring, and of course it must come off on Virginia soil, unless we should transfer the scene of action to the enemy's territory. Both armies have marched and fought all over North Virginia, until we have stripped the country of nearly everything. Burnside has now been superseded by Gen. Hooker --fighting Jo, as he is called—and from the demonstration he is now making, together with the pressure behind him, as the whole north are crying out for him to "on to Richmond"—it is obvious, he must make an effort. Now there is a large section of the country in south-east Virginia known as the Blackwater country. This section lies between the coast and a tide-watered stream called Blackwater, about thirty or forty miles square. The city of Suffolk is included in this territory and neither army ever troubled this section, except a few yankee cavalry and possibly a small garrison of infantry held nominal possession. There was an immense amount of supplies in this section. Now Lee conceived the idea of sending Longstreet down there with Hood, and Picket's division for the double purpose of foraging this country out and also making a demonstration against Norfolk, which would draw off more men from Hooker's army than we could whip by remaining with Lee. So about the first of April we move down to the Blackwater, crossing the same on a pontoon bridge. As soon as we cross this stream we are in nominal territory of the enemy.

We do not go far until we have a little skirmish with a regiment of cavalry under command of an old army officer, Col. Spear. He was an old friend of Gen. Hood's—was I think connected with Hood in the old army. He was a desperate fighter. Gen. Hood notified us that morning that if Spear got a good chance, he'd give us a good fight. Said he, he (Spear)

would charge a circular saw. All day he hung along in our front, and occasionally give us a few sniffs of burnt powder, but he had no idea who he was fighting, or how many there was of us—whether we were really an army, or just a foraging party. Finally about 1 p. m. he captured one of our scouts, who was a very shrewd man and when he met Spear he put him through a regular course of investigation as to who we were and how strong we were. This man was very discreet in his replies.

He told Spear we were Texans and that he thought Longstreet's whole corps was along, and that we were going to recapture Norfolk, and that we had at least 40,000 men. (Our actual number was 16,000 or 18,000.) This was exactly what Hood wanted our scout to say. It put the whole North in excitement over the prospect of our recapture of Norfolk, and sure enough they sent 35,000 or 40,000 troops, mostly from Hooker's army, in the front of Lee, down there to save Norfolk and Suffolk. After Spear got all the information he wanted from our scout, he paroled him and sent him back to us, and sent a message by him to his old comrade, Gen. Hood. He told the scout to say to Hood for him that "d——n his long bow-legged heart, he wanted to meet him in a fair open field and he'd give him h—ll," together with a great roll of cuss words too bad to deal out to you in these sketches. Gen. Hood laughed heartily at the message. Now, this was the war part of the message, but in addition to this he sent also a very nice message to Hood, in which he said he would be glad to see him and have a social chat, if such a thing was permissible. We moved on all day, guarding our flanks carefully, and at times in the thick woods we were in 300 or 400 yards of them. Hood was with us all day in the front. Several times they tried very hard to kill Hood with their sharp shooters—several balls whistled very close to him that we knew were intended for him personally. At night we were very near to the city of Suffolk. I very well remember that just at dusk our regiment, or at least a part of it was moving forward in line of battle, we came to a fence, and in crossing over the fence, one of our company—Dennis Rowe—placed his gun over the fence with the britch on the ground and his hand over the muzzle, and as he climbed over the fence his gun went off and shot him through the palm of the hand which resulted in the loss of the middle finger of his right hand. It was not very uncommon for similar casualties to occur—the only wonder is that they were not more frequent. Rowe was the youngest son of Capt. Sam Rowe, an early settler, and very prominent citizen of Polk county in an early day. Dennis Rowe was a brave and gallant soldier—returned home at the close of the war, married a very estimable lady, raised a family, and died some years ago, his widow lives at Moscow in Polk

county, and his oldest son is now (1902) the county attorney of Polk county—a worthy son of a noble sire.

We sleep on our arms. Next morning we maneuver around from first one point and then another, making demonstrations as though we were going to attack. But demonstrations are all, we don't attack nor don't intend to. We are working a little good generalship and foraging some of the finest country in Virginia. Now they begin to receive large re-inforcements, but it's very thickly wooded country and very bad, and its hard for them to tell just what we are doing or what we are going to do.

We found a citizen who had 120,000 pounds of nice bacon which he had put up for the northern army under contract.

Of course we need it in our business. We find about 100,000 pounds more in a corn crib covered with corn, they are contractors to supply the north, expect to get the greenbacks for it in a few days. O, my, ain't we in it? We just swim in bacon. Big rations—and all the time we have an immense wagon train hauling out bacon, corn, wheat, flour and great droves of bees. It's a big haul we are making.

This thing continues for nearly four weeks. Each day the enemy thinks we are going to give them a fight, but outside of a skirmish war which goes on every day there is really no fighting and yet its almost a constant battle with gun boat and infantry and yet nothing worthy the name of a battle. This continues until about the first days of May. It was in a fight here on Elizabeth river with a gun boat that I lost my captain, Capt. I. N. M. Turner, one of the bravest men in the brigade. We are daily in communication with Lee and Jackson at Fredericksburg and about this time Lee whips Jo Hooker in what is known as the battle of Chancellorsville, and the immortal Stonewall Jackson loses his life at the hands of his own men. Just at sundown on the evening of the 3rd day of May, we got word from Lee of the results of his contest with Jo Hooker. We are then ordered to march, as soon as it was dark; too dark for the enemy to see that we are leaving, we take up the line of march to leave Blackwater on the same bridge we crossed as we went in there and then when the army is over we take up the bridge. Our friends, the enemy, we have left behind, are expecting us to attack them in force today and they feel their way along and send out scouts and shell the woods until 10 o'clock in the day, before it dawns upon their minds that we are gone. Yes, gone, and 30 miles away. By 4 p. m. that day we debark from the train in the city of Petersburg, where we rest for the night and the next day we move back to our old camp at Fallingwater, six miles from Richmond.

Now, gentle reader, I could have lengthened this Blackwater campaign out into at least three long chapters, but I did not think it would interest you except a few incidents. I could have told

you of the duel between the late Col. A. H. Belo who was with us as commander of the 55th North Carolina regiment and Maj. Cousins, who was on the staff of Gen. Law. No two braver, or more gallant men ever drew sword in defense of the "Lost Cause" than these two. Through a misapprehension of a simple fact, they walked out into an open field, and there with deadly determination sought to take each other's life. Whether either one was hurt or not I cannot now remember. A mutual friend, a few years ago explained to each the facts upon which each other were mistaken; they became fast friends after this, and when Col. Belo was placed in his last resting place recently Major Cousins sent a large and costly floral offering, and it affords me pleasure to say that no braver, or more gallant soldier ever drew sword than Col. A. H. Belo, the successful manager of the Galveston-Dallas News. Col. Belo's regiment—the 55th N. C. was attached to Hood's division, while we were at Fredericksburg and it was this writer's privilege to know him as a soldier in the army, and since the war to know him as a citizen in private life. No man that ever wore the gray, displayed more courage, and true bravery than Col. Belo. Wounded nigh unto death more than once. After the war closed, he came to Texas, and from that day to the day of his decease, he wielded his pen with the same patriotic devotion to his country that he wielded his sword in battle. He despised the practical politician, and was despised by him—A noble man.

I could tell you about our fight on Elizabeth river, and a hundred and one other things, but there would be nothing very interesting in it to you. So now in my next I will start on that long campaign that finally reached its zenith on the bloody field of Gettysburg.

CHAPTER XXIII.

After returning from the Blackwater campaign, we soon started north in the direction of Culpepper court house. A gloom is now resting on the mind of all of us at the loss of Stonewall Jackson, who died about a week after receiving his wound on the plank road near Chancellorsville. Many of my readers may think he was killed dead (shot by his own men in the night by mistake) but such was not the case. He was severely wounded by his own men.

As I now remember, his arm was shattered near the shoulder so badly as to necessitate amputation. Of course the loss of blood was very great, which reduced his vitality to the lowest point. Cold water was used very profusely to allay the fever and inflammation, incident to the operation. His friends and family simply over-done the thing in their kindness and the too free use of cold water in keeping his clothing damp caused pneumonia to set up; his system had been so weakened by the terrible strain upon it and the loss of so much blood, that he succumbed to the disease in a few hours. Before this he was getting along nicely, and would have soon recovered, and ready again to take his place at the head of his army corps—so now remember he was shot—through mistake—by his own men who loved him with all the fervor that brave soldiers could bestow upon an idolized leader. But he was really killed by the kindness of his family and friends who were so devoted to him, with kindness.

I am her reminded of what I have heard sometime, some where, of an old preacher who was discoursing upon the final results of the war, and from the standpoint of Providence, he said that if Providence was really against us and the good Lord had determined that we should not win our cause, the first thing he done was to get Jackson out of the way, "for," said he, "the Lord saw very plainly that the Yankees could never whip us while Jackson lived, and that in kindness to him he ordered

that he should be taken off by his own men." From this day on our cause seems to wain, and gradually we go from bad to worse until I suppose any reasoning man, whose very soul was set on our success, could see that our cause was almost beyond hope. While we continued to do the grandest work that any troops on earth ever did—yet our victories were to a great extent empty of any real satisfactory results. Yet the great mass of our troops never suffered the possibility of ultimate failure to find a lodgment in their minds for a moment. I very well remember that even a complaint of suffering, or a remark that sounded like croaking, always made me mad and I never failed to denounce such remarks in the severest terms that my vocabulary could command. The fact is, I never weakened until Lee surrendered and never gave up until Johnson surrendered, and even then if I had heard that "Lee had whipped 'em again I would have held a listening ear to the rumor."

Finally about the latter part of May finds us at Culpepper court house, where we stop for a while and the army is reorganized into three army corps. Previously Lee's army consists of Longstreet's and Jackson's corps; each corps composed of four divisions, but after the death of Jackson one more division is added to his army, and Generals A. P. Hill and Ewell are made lieutenant generals, and the army divided into three corps of three divisions, each under Longstreet, Hill and Ewell. I refer to the infantry. I do not know that there was any change in the cavalry corps under Jeb Stuart. If there was I do not now remember it. This reorganization is completed about the 1st of June. One corps—Ewell's I think—moves up the valley by way of Winchester. We remain at Culpepper for several days getting every thing ready for the Pennsylvania campaign. We held a grand review of the cavalry and the army was in fine trim now for the ensuing movement.

Jo Hooker had been set aside now as a failure. In the short space of nine months we have set aside three different generals for the northern army, viz. McClellan, Burnside and Fighting Jo. I remember we had a song we sung frequently on the march about Fighting Jo Hooker. I have forgotten the words, except one couplet that I have a vague recollection of. It ran somehow this way:

Says Fighting Joe Hooker,
I'd like to pitch in;
Says Fighting Joe Hooker,
I'd like to pitch in;
Says Fighting Joe Hooker,
I'd like to pitch in;
But I'm afraid them rebels
Will wallop me again.

Now, Gen. G. G. Mead is in command. We never heard of him until he assumed command of the army of the Potomac. About the middle of June we take up the line of march through Ashby's Gap. Mead is now moving along parallel with us to the right. There are several fights between the cavalry of the two armies, but no engagement between the infantry, though we have some very near approaches to what seems to be a coming battle. The weather is most intensely hot. I remember the day we passed through Ashby's Gap that there were several cases of sunstroke. I heard there had been about 500 in the army that day, but I can't say definitely. I saw a great many men on the road-side apparently dead, and heard that a great many did die.

We crossed the Shenandoah river at Berryville and then turned down the river until we got opposite Snickers Gap, then we re-crossed the river and took up a position in the gap or near it. Mead's army is only a few miles away. Our cavalry fought his, but we never got in infantry reach of him. Now, I think I have got something interesting to most of my readers. Were you ever in a cloud, on top of a mountain? If not, let me see if I can give you an idea of how it is:

I have just told you that we re-crossed the Shenandoah river back on the south side. At the ford where we crossed, the Blue Ridge mountains run very near the river. In fact, as soon as we cross the river we start up the mountain, and for two miles it is up, up and up, until we are on top, at a place called Snicker's Gap, though, in fact, there is very little gap at the point where our command is posted. The weather up there is what you might call a very dense fog, so dense that you could almost dip it up with a cup. We tried to stretch up our blankets in the form of a tent in order to keep dry and to keep our cartridges dry, but it was no use—the underside of the tent was as wet as the upper side—everywhere the air could penetrate the cloud was there, too. Even the inside of our cartridge boxes were wet; we could keep nothing dry. The fact is a very heavy rain cloud had settled down on top of the mountain. It penetrated everything and every space that was open to the air. To keep anything dry was simply impossible—we were deluged in the cloud; like Moses we were baptised in the cloud, and, not in the sea, but in the mountain—(i. e.), on top of the mountain. This condition of affairs continued, as I now remember, for about forty to forty-eight hours. Men who passed down the mountain told us it was raining 500 or 600 yards away. The second night that we were up there this writer was detailed to carry a message to one of our batteries that was camped on the north side of the river, about three miles away. I started about 9 o'clock at night down the mountain. It was as dark as the darkness could be.

I had not gone more than 500 or 600 yards down the moun-

tain toward the ford of the river until I got out of the cloud and sure enough it was raining, and continued to rain all night. On I moved through the darkness and rain and slush, until I got to the river. Fortunately I struck the ford just right. The river, I suppose, was 300 yards wide, and we had forded it the day before, and I well remember that we were cautioned not to go too far either above or below the ford or we would get into swimming water. There was a large mill dam about 600 yards above the ford, making a very doeful noise. Now come one of the hardest trials of my soldier life. It was so dark that I could not see my hand before my face, and raining. I had to get down and feel for the wagon tracks at the ford to tell how to find my way correctly, otherwise I was likely to go over the bluff-bank either above or below the ford. I finally succeeded in getting down to the water's edge in the ford.

Now comes the delicate and dangerous crisis of my trip: To keep straight across the river and not lose my bearings, else I get into swimming water. I stood there in the edge of the water for a moment and listened to the roaring of the mill dam above, and by the sound of it I steered my course across the river in this Egyptian darkness. The water was up to my waist nearly all the way across and very swift. On I move slowly groping my way and keeping my ears strictly upon the sound of the roaring mill dam above, for if I lose my reckoning, nine chances to one I will get into swimming water and the darkness is so intense I cannot even see the outlines of the other shore. Providence and the good Lord helped me, and to my delight I struck the ford on the opposite side, a center shot, and in a few hundred yards I was at the battery. I delivered my message and then crawled into a pile of wet clover and slept the remainder of the night in my wet clothes. Now, when you see these poor old Confederate soldiers, all crippled up with rheumatism and suffering so many aches and pains, you will see from the above that it is the result of a suffering and hardships that the present generation have no idea of. Treat them kindly, when they all pass away, you will never see their like again on earth.

As my mind goes back in retrospection over such scenes as above narrated, it seems almost incredible, and yet, we thought nothing of such things at that time. We simply passed through them as a matter of course. Next morning I returned to my command, and in a day or two we cross back to the north side and head toward Williamsport, on the Potomac. Mead's army moving parallel with us, crossing the Potomac some where below the mouth of the Shenandoah.

CHAPTER XXIV.

About June 26th, Longstreet's corps took up line of march for Williamsport on the Potomac river. By reference to any large scale map of Virginia and Maryland you will find this place about the mouth of the Shenandoah and not very far above Shepherdstown we reached the Potomac, as I remember, about 10 or 12 o'clock noon. Now my readers must remember, that in the movements of a large army we can very seldom know who is ahead of us or who is behind us--therefore you must understand that when I say we moved, or crossed a river, or reached a point, I mean my own immediate command.

We forded the river at Williamsport about noon. The water was two or three feet deep. Allow me here to relate a funny incident that occurred here. When we arrived at the water's edge a recently elected lieutenant, who had just got his new official suit, all rigged up with gold lace, and, wishing not to get it soiled by the river water, offered a private in his company \$5 to carry him over on his back. The private readily assented to the offer. It was too good a chance for some fun to let it pass. So humping over a little, the officer mounted the private's shoulders. All went well until about the middle of the stream where the water was about waist deep. The private loss is footing--on purpose of course--and down they came, under they went, both private and lieutenant, very much after the manner some folks say Phillip and the Eunuch did a long time ago. Everybody but the lieutenant was expecting it and of course we all yelled, the Rebel yells. Just as we got on the Maryland shore it began to rain, and rained very hard. Gen. Hood, for the first time, during the war--up to that time -- ordered some whisky issued to the troops--one gill to each man. Orders were very imperative, to let no man have more than one gill, of course I do not remember that anybody refused their gill (of course you

know its courtesy to except present company) therefore we reasonably suppose that no one got two gills, and I am told that one gill will not intoxicate (of course I am not supposed to speak by card) but right here I want to say, that inside of half an hour there was more drunk men in Williamsport than I think I ever saw in my life. Either before or since—they were drunk all over—through and through, up and down, side edge and bottom, fore and aft, sideways and edgeways, some laughed, some cried, some hooped and yelled, some cussed and swore, others ripped and tore and called for gore. It kept the sober boys busy to keep the drunk ones from killing each other. Soon some fell by the wayside, helpless and were dumped into wagons and ambulances, and hauled the balance of the day. Some others were not seen for 15 hours afterwards, and when they caught up with their command, they were quite sober, and their eyes looked like two burnt holes in a blanket.

Just at this place the state of Maryland is only seven miles wide. On we move, and about 5 p. m. we reach the Pennsylvania line. As we cross the line our brigade commander informs us that we are on the territory of the enemy. We march a mile or two into Pennsylvania and stopped for the night near the city of Greencastle, a beautiful little city of 7000 or 8000 people. Now just here I wish to record the fact that Hood's division on that day performed a feat—never performed by any troops during the war. We ate breakfast in the state of Virginia, dinner in the state of Maryland, supper in the state of Pennsylvania and slept in the state of Intoxication—four states in 24 hours. I am indebted to Prof. W. A. Culberson, of Hillsboro, for this idea: he was with us. All the way since crossing the Potomac river we are in a most beautiful country, it seems never yet to have felt the blighting hand of war. It is in the very highest state of cultivation—beautiful farms, fine stock. Quiet and comfort seems to reign. How different is poor old devastated Virginia that had so long been the stamping ground of both armies.

This writer's company (K, 5th Regt.,) was detailed that evening to guard Gen. Hood's headquarters, for the night. This was quite a treat to us. Gen. Hood established his headquarters at a private house—(not in the house but, at it) about half a mile from the army—a large three story building—rather palatial, and evidently a man of large wealth lives here. All the out buildings, and the farm, orchard and the garden seems to correspond with the residence. Gen. Hood's headquarter wagons are driven up into the front yard. The front enclosure was torn down—(remember we are in the enemy's country now—Hood never done this way before—the Yankee officers do our people in Virginia this way and Hood is simply playing for "even") our company report to Hood for guard duty. He looked at

us and smiled—he said, “boys, you are now on the enemy’s soil; stack your arms and do pretty much as you please. So you stay close by, and prevent any stranger from coming here to kill me, and establish your camp here by my tent.” We stacked our arms and broke ranks. There was a fine spring in one corner of the yard, over which was a fine spring house. In that house was a tub of fresh meat (hog) ten or fifteen pounds of butter and ten or fifteen gallons of milk. Near by the house was one of the finest gardens I ever saw in June; also about 200 or 300 chickens, turkeys and ducks. Now, I don’t think I am mistaken when I say that in five minutes from the time we stacked arms that spring house was as empty as a last year’s bird nest, and there was not a single thing left in that garden that could be eaten, either cooked or raw. And, oh, the fowls! Poor things! They were getting it, literally, “in the neck.” They were squalling and halloing in every direction. I guess they thought we were all hungry Methodist preachers. The family, when we arrived, all went into the upper story and were watching us from the windows. Finally the lady of the house came down, and approaching Gen. Hood, called his attention to what his men were doing and asked him to please restrain them. The old general smiled, and, speaking to her as gently and modestly as a little girl, said: “Yes, madam, I see what my men are doing, but,” said he, “my men are hungry for chickens. Your people have killed every chicken, and nearly everything else, in Virginia, and I guess your people ought to have a little teaching of what war means.”

A little while after that one of my mess-mates came to me and said I was wanted a little way off from the mess. I followed him and found the boys had captured three large rich bee gums, and they wanted me to take the honey out. We got a wash tub, a bread tray and a big tin pan and filled them all full of nice sealed comb, and carried it around to the mess fire, and called for the boys to come up and draw honey. They came. By this time chickens, turkey and duck feathers were about shoe mouth deep all over the camp, and every pot and cooking utensil that we could rake up on the place was on the fire, full of cooking fowls, baked stewed, fried, roasted, smothered, and, in fact, cooked in every way and style known to the cuisine art of camp life. Of all the eating that you ever saw a lot of men do I reckon we done it there that night.

About midnight some men brought in a “bushwhacker” to Gen. Hood. He ordered us to take charge of him till morning. We guarded him till next morning, and I don’t think I ever had more fun in my life. The young man was just as green as he could be. He was a citizen of the community, about 18 or 20 years old. Some one had suggested to him to go out on the road and kill him a rebel. He got an old single barrel shot-gun,

loaded it with squirrel shot and went out and secreted himself in some bushes for the purpose of killing a rebel when the boys came up on him. They arrested him and brought him to us. We told him that we always shot "bushwhackers," and that he would sure be shot next morning unless he belonged to the same church that Hood belonged to. We then inquired into his church proclivities. He said he was a Dunkard. We told him it was very unfortunate for him that he was not a Cambellite; that Gen. Hood was a Cambellite, and had never been known to have one of his own church shot, but that he took special delight in shooting people of other churches, especially Dunkards. All this time the poor fellow was snubbing and crying and talking about his mother. Finally we suggested to him that he play Cambellite next morning on Hood, and we would help him. All this time we were assuming the greatest sympathy for him and telling him we hated to see him shot. He was scared within an inch of his life, and was really suffering all the horrors of death. He said he hated awful bad to tell a lie, but if it was the only show to save his life he supposed he would have to try it. We encouraged him all we could and played our best art upon him, and kept him worked up to the proper point by telling him that it was the only hope for him. Next morning, after he got his breakfast, Hood walked out to where we had him under guard, and spoke somewhat as follows: : "Yor're a bushwhacker, are you?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. All this time we are winking at him and nodding to him to tell Hood he was a Cambellite, and the poor fellow is standing there trembling like an aspen leaf, and while Hood is talking to him he is watching us and trying to find the place to tell Hood he is a Cambellite. Finally, after he has given him a good lecture and depicted to him the enormity of his offense against the laws of war, none of which the poor fellow seemed to understand, Hood addressed himself to the officer of the guard as follows:

"Sergeant, turn him over to Major Scott." (Major Scott was the provost marshal of the division, whose duty it was to guard prisoners.) The poor fellow looked like he would sink to the earth. With a death glare in his eyes and the most intense fear marked upon his countenance, he thought that meant to be shot. He looked around at us all, and then raising his hands he gave a most unearthly shriek, and squealed out in a sort of half shriek and half sob, "I-I-I'm a Cambellite." Then we all yelled. Hood looked around at us, but did not catch on to the joke. As we marched him off, he remarked to us: "I'm gone. I know that means to have me shot," and began to weep most piteously. We turned him over to Major Scott, and of course he was treated as a prisoner of war.

After we got our breakfast we were relieved from guard duty, and joined our regiment about half a mile on the road to-

ward Green Castle. When we left our camp that morning, the tub was left sitting there half full of honey, and I guess we left the bones of several fowls around our camp fires. Gen. Law's brigade treated a flock of sheep about as badly as we did the fowls. I heard one man say there were ninety-five sheep skins in Law's camp, and when some one spoke to him about it, he said that no man's sheep could bite his men without getting hurt.

That morning when the regiments were formed in marching order, Gen. Lee's celebrated general order, No. 89, was read out to us, which positively forbid us to interfere with private property under the severest penalty. It went on to recite that we were in the enemy's country, but that we would not be permitted under any circumstances to depredate on anything: that our wants would be fully provided for through proper officers. So far as I know, that order was respected, and the northern press gave us credit for it afterwards. I did not see the papers myself but those who did, said the northern press expressed great astonishment at Lee's respect for private property.

We now take up the line of march north, and soon are in the suburbs of the city of Green Castle. We were halted and our brigade commander made us a little talk along this line—said he: "You are all smart boys, and the people in this town all know it. Therefore it is not necessary for you to tell them, and I hope you will all march through without making any demonstrations. The talk had the desired effect. Everybody marched through like a funeral procession. Few men were in sight, but the women—O, me! They were out in the front doors and on the front porches. Everyone of them had a miniature United States flag pinned on their bosoms. They did not say anything, they just looked. Did you ever see a woman look mad and look with all her might and just keep looking tigers and wildcats and yet say nothing with her mouth but with her eyes she is hurling great sluices of burning, sizzling, blazing sulphur at you? This gives you a very feeble idea of how they looked. There they stand erect and as stiff as marble shafts with their little flags. Some of the boys, in a very low tone, ventured a few remarks about charging the Yankee flag when mounted upon Yankee breast-works, but they spoke it almost in a whisper. While I live I'll never forget how those women looked. Passing on through Green Castle, we continued on north up the Cumberland Valley. As I now remember it, I think it was the finest looking country I ever saw anywhere. It was very rich, in the highest state of cultivation, fine macadamized roads, fine dwellings, barns and farms—all appeared to be models. The blighting hand of war has now for the first time been laid upon it, but very tenderly.

While Gen. Lee is subsisting his army on the country, it is done in such a nice way that the while northern press spoke of

him in the very highest terms for the manner in which he conducted his campaign through the state of Pennsylvania. That evening we passed through the city of Chambersburgh. Here the women look at us equally as hard as they did in Green Castle. About one mile north of Chambersburg we stopped for the night, and I think we spent the next day and night there. We then took up the line of march toward Gettysburg, and at about five miles we stop at a small town called Fayetteville. I will say something in my next about our stop here and our march to Gettysburg.



CHAPTER XXV.

It was about the 29th of June that we left Chambersburg and marched toward Gettysburg (Longstreet's corps) we stopped at Fayetteville, only five or six miles from Chambersburg about 10 a. m. Now we could have gone on to Gettysburg that day, but Gen. Lee was misled by Stewart's failure to report Meade's movements. It was Lee's purpose in due time to take position on the Gettysburg height, and thus force Meade to attack him, but to Gen. Lee's astonishment when we started to the heights, he found Meade already there. I expect this is about the only instance in which Lee was ever misled during his command of the army. I have heard Gen. Lee severely censured by men that know nothing about the facts, or had never read carefully Gen. Lee's report to his government, for not having moved quick enough and letting Meade outgeneral him in getting position at Gettysburg.

Now the facts are Gen. Lee sent Stewart to find Meade and keep him (Lee) posted as to Meade's movements, and, failing to hear from Stewart for some days, he naturally concluded Stewart had nothing to report, while the facts are, Gen. Stewart was down in Maryland at a place called Rockville with a portable telegraph battery, which he always carried with him, playing pranks on the Washington, government, by sending in orders for 200 extra new wagons and teams, with four mules to each wagon, and signed Meade's, or some other Federal general's name to it, or perhaps the name of Meade's chief quarter-master. This prank was so cleverly done as to completely mislead Gen. Meigs, who rushed the wagons and teams off. Of course Stewart "took them in out of the wet," to use an army phrase, and turned them over to our chief quarter-master. Most of the drivers were negroes, and you may judge we took them in, too. Now, when Stewart reported to Lee, it was too late.

Gen. Stewart could beat the world at just such pranks as this on the Yankees, but they were seldom of any real benefit to our army, especially when done at the expense of more important work. The result of this prank was to give Meade the advantage of us in position. But I am getting ahead of my story. I must go back a little.

When the army halted at Fayetteville, this writer and six other men were detailed to guard the house of an old man—a typical Pennsylvania Dutchman—who lived about half a mile north of town, the object for this guard for private property, was to prevent any depredation on property, as was set out in general order No. 89 read to us at Green Castle. Now this guarding private houses is one of the nicest things that falls to the lot of a soldier in war times. The family guarded always feed the guard, so you see we enjoyed the prospect of rations for the time very different from our soldier bill of fare. Lieut. J. M. Alexander of my company was brigade officer of the day and when he ordered me to take six men and go to a certain house, pointing to it, I felt good all over in spots as large as a soldier's blanket. As soon as we got our orders, away we marched to the house indicated. The approach to the house was by a lane, parallel with the front porch. The family in sight consisted of the old man, his wife and three grown daughters, all showing the regular Pennsylvania Dutch character. Good people, as green as green could be. As we approached the house they were all standing on the porch looking at the army as it was going into camp half a mile away. They had not even heard we were coming; in fact, they had only a vague idea of the rebel army. They had doubtless conceived the idea that we were a set of cut-throats. They had not noticed us—the guard—until we were at the gate in front of the house. As soon as the family saw us the three girls ran into the house; the old man was so overcome with fear that his legs refused to support his ponderous body and the old lady began to wring her hands and cry. I approached him with all the dignity of my position as the commander-in-chief of the squad, and, seeing his inexpressible fear so manifest by his and his family's actions, I spoke to him as softly and kindly as possible, assuring him that he need have no fear of mistreatment; that we were there to protect him and his premises from any depredations by any of our men who might try to injure any of his property. At first he thought I was tantalizing him, but he soon became assured that we were all right and that he had nothing to fear, and in a few moments we had put two men on guard and the balance of us were sitting in the house in pleasant conversation with him and his family, who were now looking upon us as their friends and protectors, instead of enemies to be dreaded. I then, in the most affable and delicate manner possible, informed him that the

party whose property was guarded had to feed the guard. They tumbled to the racket in a moment, and in the shortest possible time seven hungry rebels were seated to one of the finest old Pennsylvania Dutch dinners you ever saw, and the three young ladies were skipping around waiting upon us, and by the time we were done eating nearly every one of the boys were making love to the girls, which, in a very dignified way (in pleasantness, of course) was duly reciprocated.

We did all we could to make them feel easy and they fully appreciated it. At milking time, in the evening, the boys assisted the girls at the cow-pen and helped them to do up the chores about the place, and I don't think I am over-stating the facts when I say the girls got badly stuck on some of the boys, who promised to return and see them just as soon as the "cruel war was over." Now, I do not wish to be understood, in giving this minute detail, as in any way reflecting on the character of these girls—they had seen but little of this world—possibly never ten miles from home, and it was natural, after they recovered from their fright, for their regard for the boys to go to the other extreme. We remained there about two days, as I now remember. On the first day of July, late in the evening, we were again in motion toward Gettysburg. All night long we march until about an hour or two before daylight, we stop and snatch a few hours sleep and eat our breakfast. We are now in the vicinity of the battlefield. Hood's division is held in suspense nearly all day as a sort of reserve, moved from place to place. Finally, about 4 p. m., or a little before, as we are moving southeast along Emmetsburg road, and while the enemy's artillery is plowing through our ranks, we are halted on this road and formed in line of battle. I very well remember that as we were forming Gens. Longstreet, Hood and Pickett were all sitting on their horses just in front of us. Riley's battery had just unlimbered and was firing very rapidly upon the enemy. These generals were directing the fire of Riley's guns, all of which lead our men to the conclusion that we are very near to the enemy's infantry line, though we knew where their artillery was, for we could locate that by belching smoke of their guns on Little Round Top mountain. Just as we were ordered forward a fragment of a shell (from the guns that were playing on Riley) struck Hood and broke his arm. This occurred just as we passed him going into battle. Of course we were deprived of the benefits of his commanding presence. Gen. Law was too far away to the right, and we were now moving into battle virtually without a leader and wholly ignorant of where the enemy was, had Hood not been wounded it would have been very different. We moved into battle at a very lively step and in a short time we were in full charge. There was a stone fence 500 or 600 yards in our front, behind which we expected to find the

enemy. Onto it we rushed—no Yankees there. Then 400 or 500 yards further there is a rail fence, just in the edge of the timber. We expect to find the enemy there. Onto it we move at a charge, but, no Yankee there. Over the fence we go, and through this timber, 200 or 300 yards, and we came to the foot of the mountain. All through this timber the ground is covered with large boulders, from the size of a wash pot to that of a wagon bed, so to preserve anything like line of battle is impossible, but we do the best we can. We are without a leader and ignorant of where the enemy is, but we push forward, now almost out of breath, and the weather as hot as a furnace.

As we start up the mountain we got a plunging volley from the enemy, who are posted behind the rocks on the crest. They are not more than 25 or 30 steps away and well protected behind the rocks, while we are exposed to their fire. Their first volley was most destructive to our line. Every line officer of my regiment is shot down except one man—the major. Now, for the first time in the history of the war, our men begin to waver. We are suffering terribly. Finally they begin to go back. Their idea is to fall back, reform and come back again. Just at this juncture Capt. Hubert calls out for Co. K. to stand fast. Only eleven men stand their ground—3 officers and 8 men—but there we stand and fight for life. The balls are whizzing so thick around us that it looks like a man could hold out a hat and catch it full. There were two twin brothers belonging to Co. C, of my regiment, that got separated from their own company. They came up to where I was standing and commenced firing. In a moment one of them is shot down by my side. The other brother caught hold of him as he fell and gently laid him down on the ground, and as he did so he also received a death shot. This was a very affecting scene—those two boys were twin brothers, so much alike that you could hardly tell them apart. They were always together—where you saw one you saw the other. They had passed safely through all the previous battles unhurt—now they die together. Another young man by the name of Fitzgerald (I had known him from his cradle) walked up to where I was standing. He also was shot dead, and, as I now remember, about six men who had become separated from their own commands walked up to where I was standing and began firing, and the entire six were left dead at my feet. As I now remember the only fear I felt was that our other men whom we expected to reform, and come again, might begin firing too soon and shoot us in the back. Somehow I never thought of being hit by the enemy in front, yet they were not over 25 or 30 paces from us and the balls were flying as thick as hail (apparently.) This thing continued until we had fired some 10 or 12 rounds—the roar of artillery and the din of small arms was so deafening that we could not hear each other in an ordinary

tone of command. It had never occurred to me that there was any danger of being captured, or that we would not whip the fight, as soon as the retreating line reformed, and come again, just then a slap on my back with a sword and an order to throw down my gun and behave myself, came like a sudden clap of thunder. As I looked around the woods behind me were full of Yankees. My own fragment of our company were already disarmed and a guard around them. Realizing the fact that I was a prisoner, I took out an old knife and cut my cartridge box off. We are moved rapidly through the Yankee lines to the rear, and to our astonishment they have but one line of battle.



CHAPTER XXVI.

The close of my last chapter details to you the battle and the capture of myself and a part of my company. As we are marched up the mountain through the line of battle, that a moment before we have been fighting so hard—we learn to our great chagrin, that the enemy had only one line of battle in front of us, and 50 yards behind that line there was a line of cavalry deployed every 50 yards to keep the infantry from breaking when we charged them, and 500 yards behind this line was their whole supply train of some 4000 wagons, closely parked. Then we realized what we had lost. Had Gen. Hood not been wounded and had we been properly led into this battle, we would have gone through this line like a deer in a walk, and right into their wagon train, as we had done so often before; but, “of all the sad words, of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: It might have been.”

I think this is the proper place for me to refer to a matter that history does not make plain, and yet it is referred to by some writers in a manner that may lead some to conclude that Gen. Lee possibly made a mistake in his plan of battle at Gettysburg. In the account given by the general history of this battle, you remember that Gen. Lee says in his report to the government that he was misled as to Gen. Mead's movements, by reason of the fact that he had not heard from Gen. Stewart, the cavalry commander, who was supposed to be between Lee and Meade, and should have kept Lee posted in regard to the movements of Meade. As I now remember, Lee says in his report that he had not heard from Stewart for about three days—at least that is the fact—and failing to hear from him, Lee naturally concluded that Stewart had nothing to report, hence a stop of one day at Chambersburg and two days or more at Fayetteville, when Lee could just as well have gone on to Gettysburg from Chambers-

burg and occupied the heights of Gettysburg, which was his original plan of battle, but Stewart's failure to report misled Lee and thus enabled Meade to get there and occupy the heights in advance of Lee. All this time Stewart is in between Meade and Washington, about Rockville, in Maryland, with a portable telegraph battery attached to the wires leading into Washington, and playing pranks on the Yankee government, which, while very successful, really was of no benefit to our cause. Now, Gen. Stewart was a great man, a great general, and we must conclude that he thought he was acting for the best, but his blunder here, coupled with Longstreet's tardiness in attacking earlier on July 2nd, as he was directed to do by Lee, in my judgment led to our defeat at Gettysburg.

As stated in former chapter, we left Fayetteville on the evening of July 1st, moving in the direction of Gettysburg, some 20 or 25 miles east. We marched nearly all night, reaching the vicinity of Gettysburg some time in the latter part of the night, where we were halted for a few hours' rest and refreshments. That Longstreet was ordered to attack in the early part of the day is an established fact, and that he failed to attack until 4 o'clock in the evening is a fact well known to all of us who were in his corps. All this time Meade is moving up his army at double quick and occupying the heights that Lee intended to occupy. Notwithstanding Stewart's blunder, even had Longstreet attacked earlier in the day, as Lee ordered, we could have carried the position and thus been master of the situation. We can only speculate as to what might have been the final results had we defeated Meade at Gettysburg. I can only fall back on my unfailing faith in an allwise God, who, in his love for the American people, ordered things for our best interest and His glory.

Now to return to the first paragraph of this chapter. We were huddled together that night I suppose about one mile in the rear of the Federal battle line and a strong guard placed around us. Soon we are closely questioned by Federal officers for the purpose of gaining all the information possible, as to our different regiments, brigades, etc., all of which is carefully noted. The men have all a ration of meat and bread issued to them about dark. This writer was too sick to want anything to eat. Next morning, July 3rd, we (about 500) were started to West Minister station, about twenty miles away, under a guard of the 5th New York cavalry. Our commander on this march was a captain. I wish I could remember his name, but I have forgotten it; but I well remember that he was a "soldier," a gentleman, and was as kind to us as he could be. He conducted the march on army regulation style, (i. e.), march fifty minutes and rest ten. While we were resting the captain talked to us freely and pleasantly and seemed to sympathize with us in our hard

luck. I remember very distinctly many of his remarks. On one occasion after we had rested, as we got up to form our marching order he pleasantly remarked to us: "Gentlemen, if you had on the proper uniform and organized into a regiment and I had command of you, I should feel that I was in command of a body of men that I could depend upon anywhere." On another occasion while we were resting, a supply train drove up just as we stopped, in charge of a commissary sergeant. The sergeant threw himself from his horse and stretched himself out on the ground and began to try to guy us, saying such things as "What are you men doing here? You can't fight worth a d—n," and such talk as would naturally accompany such remarks. Our men began to hurl "cuss" words at him, and offered then and there to test the question as to whether they could and would fight or not, whereupon he hurled back some very salty "cuss" words at the boys. This attracted the attention of the captain who was in charge, whereupon he walked up to where the colloquy was going on and as soon as he caught on to the trend of the commissary's remarks, he administered to him the severest possible rebuke. Said he, in the most withering tone. "You shut up and let these men alone; they are prisoners of war, unarmed and under guard, and you shan't insult or tantalize them; and if you don't think they can or will fight, d—n you, get a gun and go front yonder and you'll find all the fighting you want to do, and doubtless a little more." Then came our time: we yelled and guyed him to our hearts content, much to the amusement of the captain.

We are now ten or twelve miles away from the battlefield. The roar of artillery in the celebrated charge of Pickett's division is just now opening up. About 150 to 175 pieces of artillery on each side are belching forth their streams of death and destruction just as fast as they can be worked. The roar is so loud that the fire of one gun cannot be distinguished--just a continuous roar. We halt to take our ten minutes rest, and though we are ten or fifteen miles away, the jar of the earth is very sensibly felt. Directly a courier dashes up to the commander and says a few words to him and then moves on at a gallop. The captain calls back to us: "Men, move on as fast as you can. They are having h—ll back yonder, and if your folks break our lines we will have to hustle you on very fast to keep you from being recaptured." If I ever prayed earnestly in my life it was that day that his fears might be realized. In forming us into line for this march we were formed in two ranks. The tallest men were put first at the head of the column. This arrangement put this writer as No. 1, and my file mate was Lieutenant Colonel B. F. Luce, of the 18th Mississippi regiment, we being the two tallest men in the squad. I then measured 6 feet and two inches, weighed 222 pounds, was 31 years old, and I don't think there

was a man in that squad of 500 men who was physically my superior, and my muscles were as hard as hard service could make them.

About the middle of the evening we reached our point of destination, which was their base of supplies. When we arrived there I suppose there was at least 1000 wagons loaded and teams hitched, drivers mounted and all standing still. We learned that they were expecting Lee to break Meade's lines, in which event the retreat movement would begin. We watched to see if they would start to move, but at dark they were still standing there. As night closed down we were placed in some box cars, where we remained until about daylight, when an engine was hitched on and we were run into Baltimore, arriving there about 8 or 9 a. m., on the fourth day of July, 1863. It was Sunday. As we debarked from the train at the depot there were thousands of people of all sorts and sizes. The most of them were sympathizers,, which we readily understood from their manner toward us, and from other demonstrations, while others were just the opposite, judging from the remarks hurled at us; they were expecting Lee to come in a few days. Every street was barricaded with large hogheads filled with sand—just room in the middle of the streets for one vehicle to pass through, and the streets were full of artillery, all double-shotted at these barricades. We were in due time formed into line and then the march began to Fort McHenry. In order to make a display of us to the people we were marched nearly double the distance necessary to have made the fort, but the object of the military authorities was to show us off.

Gen. Robert C. Shenck was in command of Baltimore at the time, and he had issued an order the day before that every residence and building in the city must float the United States flag—failing to do so the owner would be incarcerated in Fort McHenry. So the city is almost covered with flags. Every house, of any and every kind, has got its flag. You could distinguish between those who were loyal and those whose loyalty was at a discount by the size of the flag they floated. Gen. Shenck had failed to prescribe the size the flag should be, hence every man or woman consult their own wishes as to size. They vary in size from 4x6 inches up to 24x36 feet.

As above stated, this was Sunday. Baltimore is celebrated for churches. As we pass the different houses of worship we could hear the sweet tones of the organs and the music of the choirs, and the preachers in the pulpit. The people, and especially the women, (God bless them), were crowded on the sidewalks and in their front doors, giving us every encouragement and demonstration of sympathy possible, many of them waving handkerchiefs or hands at us, as though we were their own family members.

The guards who now had charge of us were very harsh and did all they could to prevent these demonstrations. I very well remember seeing some five or six—possibly more—women arrested by soldiers and marched away from their doors, where to I know not. These, I presume from their appearance, were among the most prominent families of the city.

Several efforts were made by the ladies to get baskets of bread and butter to us, but the guards did all they could to prevent it by resisting them with bayonets. They would jab at them with the bayonets and the women would fall back and then drop in behind the guard and run through our line, drop the basket and pass out on the other side. As they went the guard on the opposite side would thrust at them with his bayonet, but they generally dodged the guard. In this way we got some bread and butter and some pieces of ham or other meat. It has often been said that Baltimore was as strong in her Southern sympathies as Richmond, and what I saw this day convinced me that the idea was well founded.

Even the little boys of 10, 12 and 15 years old followed along in large numbers on each side of us, speaking words of sympathy and cheer as opportunity offered for them to do so. Finally, about noon, we are marched into Fort McHenry, and are assigned a place in an open court of the inclosure. The ponderous iron gates closes behind us, and a strong guard is placed around us, and we are confined to very narrow limits. While in Fort McHenry I thought of that staunch Southerner—the immortal Key, who wrote in the offing the national air "Star Spangled Banner."

Those forts, such as McHenry, Delaware and others, in times of war, are usually manned by men who have proven, or are supposed to be, inefficient for actual field duty, hence they know little or nothing of actual war, and therefore, an unfortunate class of men for prisoners to fall in the hands of. They know nothing of the finer instincts of that manly courtesy that is due a brave man, whom the fortunes of war have made a prisoner. Usually they are of the low order of humanity in which only the brute nature is prominently manifest, and oppression, brutality and vindictiveness are their ruling sentiments. The officers in such places are usually of the same class, though I am glad to say there are some exceptions to this rule, as I will bring out later on.

Later in the evening we have one ration of mess pork and bread issued us, and while we are eating it our brave and generous guards stand around and tantalize us with insulting remarks and questions.

We are confidently expecting in a day or two to be exchanged, and are therefore not taking our imprisonment much to heart.

We could have easily made our escape from the guard at Westminster the night we were in the box cars. I and my captain discussed the matter, but finally decided that we should save both time and trouble by going through a regular exchange; but we were doomed to a sad disappointment in this, as you will see a little further on, as about this time the Federal government broke the cartel of exchange, and from now on they boldly assert that they would rather feed or bury two rebels than to fight one, and thus weaken our forces by holding our men as prisoners.

A full account of all this I will bring out a little later.



CHAPTER XXVII.

On the evening of July 5th we are crowded on board a steam vessel, we presume for City Point, on exchange. Soon after dark the boat steams away. Of course we have no idea in what direction we are moving until daylight next morning. We find ourselves in Fort Delaware, in the mouth of the Delaware river, forty miles below Philadelphia. We now begin to understand that we were not likely to be exchanged soon. As I now remember we went through a canal from Baltimore to Fort Delaware.

Fort Delaware is built upon a small island in the middle of the Delaware river. The river at this point is about three and a half miles wide. The island I suppose covers about thirty acres of land, and is called pea patch island. It is said that the nucleus of this island was the sinking of a large British ship loaded with peas for the army during the revolution. The ship went to the bottom, was never raised, and the natural accumulation of mud and sediment around this sunken ship in a few years formed a shoal place in the river, the surface of which came near the top of the water. The government in after years took advantage of this and began to build it up by dumping stone in until the island is enlarged to its present size, and upon this is built a large fort to protect the river from an enemy who might approach from the sea. As I write these lines the scenes that met my eyes as we were landed from the steamer there on the morning of July 6, 1863, are as fresh and vivid as if it had been yesterday—the fort, barracks and all the buildings—I can see them today. There were 6000 or 8000 prisoners there, confined within close quarters. There was no order or regulation among the prisoners—everything was in a state of confusion and chaos, and there seemed to be no disposition on the part of the commanding authorities to institute any kind of system for

the government of the prisoners. They were supposed to know how many men were there, and I doubt not but that there were intended to be a ration for each man, but in the absence of any organization, some men got two or three rations and some got nothing, because when the last rations gave out then the feeding stopped; the result was that from 1000 to 1500 men went all day without a bite of anything. It was the luck of this writer to be numbered among the unfortunate class for two or three days. I was becoming desperate. The matter of rations had been very irregular with me since the day I was captured, and while I have always contended that a man could stand anything a while I found that this thing of trying to live without eating was growing monotonous—the romance was all oozing out of it and it was getting to be serious, but I would grin and bear it and console myself with the idea that I was not alone, and hoping that better luck would strike my lank and empty stomach next day, I would nerve myself for the contest with my appetite and endure it with all the fortitude possible. Maybe next day I would be lucky enough to get one ration, and you must remember that when we got a ration, which was supposed to come twice a day, it was less than half rations. When we got all that we were supposed to get, it was only about four or five ounces of meat and not above six or eight ounces of bread. Now, regular army rations are one pound of cured meat (or one and one-fourth pounds of fresh meat) eighteen ounces of bread, besides rice, potatoes, beans, molasses, etc., so in point of fact, if we had got all we were supposed to get, it would not have amounted to more than one-third of a ration. The meat was boiled in large caldrons, and after it was taken up and put on the carving bench, the water in which it was boiled was used to make soup of. Then some beans were put in this water and boiled until reasonably cooked. This soup was dipped out in pint cups, about two-thirds full, half of which was supposed to be beans, but the detail who had charge of this was very careless. Some men would get a cup of beans and probably the next man would get a cup of water only and no beans at all. As I now remember, this condition of affairs had gone on for about a week, maybe not quite so long. I had got to the point where I was ready to do some desperate deed. I thought of trying to make my escape, but to do this I would have to swim one and three-fourth miles. I doubted my ability to do this, besides the chances were I would be recaptured. I would have sold my birthright, or I would have robbed a widow with eleven children of her last morsel; I would have done anything for as much as I could have eaten at one time. Reader, do you know what hunger is? I pray God you may never have a serious experience along that line.

I had noticed every day that there was a certain officer

who was nearly always in sight, and especially while the feeding act was being played. I had watched him very closely—I had studied his character very carefully, and had sorter held him in reserve as my last desperate chance. I could not determine to my satisfaction whether he was approachable or not. Sometimes I would conclude that he was, and then I would conclude that he was not. Finally one day I had made a complete failure. The feeding farce was over, the curtain had dropped, and I had not had a bite during the day. This officer, whose name was F——, was standing in the door, looking at the great mass of half crazy, starving wretches, who were huddled together in an open space in his front. He seemed to sympathize with them, but seemed powerless to relieve them. I determined to make a desperate effort; I counted not the cost; my case would be no worse if I failed—if I succeeded I would appease my hunger. So I straightened myself up and looking him square in the face, I approached him, saluted him as gracefully as I was capable of doing, and said: "Sir, is there anything I can do to get as much as I can eat for one time?" He answered me pleasantly and asked me a few questions. I stated as truthfully as I could my hungry condition and went on to say that I was willing to do anything in order to get something to eat. He bid me follow him, and he led the way into the carving room, where there was a large amount of meat and bread. He handed me a chair, gave me a knife and told me to help myself. While I was storing away meat and bread by the pound, he ordered me a cup of coffee and had sugar put in it. Then he began to ply me with questions—what was my name, what state was I from, what regiment and brigade, how many battles had I been in, did I have a family, was I a farmer, and a hundred other questions. Now, I had sparked the girls in my young days; I had peeled sugar cane and cracked hickory nuts for them; had gone to picnics and had walked with my sweetheart from church, at the rate of one-fourth mile per hour; I had chatted my girl at the singing school away back in the early days, and had enjoyed the company of the young ladies in little love talks, but right here I was engaged in the most pleasant conversation of my life. I found I had made a complete mash on this Yankee. I was now in sight of a good thing, and I exercised my best wits to make the haul successful. After I had packed away about four pounds of meat, more or less, and a corresponding amount of bread and coffee, he offered me a detail in the cooking department. You ought to have seen me accept that job. I now had the handling of the rations. In a little while I felt like eating again, and then I eat some more. I think it took me about three days to catch up, but I finally made the landing.

As soon as I felt justified in doing so, I suggested to this man the advisability of organizing the prisoners so that all the men

would get their regular rations. He assented and in less than a week I had the whole camp so organized that every man had an equal chance with every other man, and all men were regularly fed. About this time the scurvey broke out among the prisoners and they were dying at the rate of twenty-five to thirty-five each day—not all from scurvey, but many. Old Gen. Schœpf, the commander of the fort, came into the cook room one day. I made an appeal to him for vinegar. The result of this was an order for two barrels of vinegar each morning, to be issued to the men in such quantities as would give all who wanted it a small amount. This gave me an opportunity to detail one of my mess-mates to issue vinegar. It took over half a day to attend to this duty, but it was a treat to the poor fellows. Finally I got an order for a large requisition of Irish potatoes, which, eaten raw with the vinegar, is one of the best antidotes for scurvey. This gave me a chance to detail another one of my company, and I think in less than two weeks I had my whole company detailed on some job—i. e., all the prisoners of my company. I was doing everything in my power to relieve my fellow prisoners. While all this was going on, myself and every one of my detail were doing some of the biggest stealing you ever saw done by a set of men. We stole out regularly hundreds of rations for the men. All of us had friends outside in the barracks. Capt. Sam A. Wilson, well known to the legal fraternity of Texas as Judge Wilson, of the court of criminal appeals, was in there in disguise. Had his rank been known he would have been sent to Johnson's Island, among the officers. No one but my own company men knew him, and we always addressed him as Sam and never as Captain. I fed him a stolen ration every night. I had known him from boyhood—a brave and gallant man.

But human nature is the same everywhere and under all circumstances—in prison, in war, in civil life, and in our every day intercourse with each other. It is said, and truthfully, too, that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." We can paraphrase that a little and write with equal truthfulness that "man's ingratitude to man makes countless thousands sad." While I had, by my native brass and impudence, fallen into a position where I was able to bless and, to a large extent, relieve the terrible trials through which the fortunes of war had and were forcing my fellow prisoners to pass, hundreds, if not thousands of these same men became so incensed at me and the men I had detailed to assist me in waiting on them, doing all we could for them, for the reason that we were on the inside of the cook house and they were on the outside. While the great mass of the men appreciated our efforts to do all that was possible to do for them, yet there were many, very many, who, though jealousy or some other devil-inspired disposition would daily hurl their bitterest insults and epithets

at us. I reasoned about in this way: That it was simply the result of a peculiar temperament; that possibly they were unconscious of themselves. I have noticed in later years, and in civil life, that this war between "ins" and "outs" still continues, and sometimes cause men to do very funny things.

I will not pursue this last mentioned subject any further. I should not have mentioned it at all, but for the fact that my purpose in these sketches is to give those who read them a truthful statement of all the phases of prison life, as well as on the march and the battlefield, and possibly aid you in taking a more charitable view of some of the peculiarities you meet with now and then in humanity.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

The scenes of one day in prison is the duplicate of every other day. So you may regard my last chapter as a fair description of prison life at Fort Delaware. I will now give you a detail of some incidents that occurred while I was there.

This man F——, mentioned in the last chapter, while an officer in the Federal army, I learned that he was virtually a prisoner, being under suspicion of somewhat sympathizing with the cause of the south. He belonged to the regular army—heavy artillery—before the war, and I suppose his predilections were with the south. I give only the initials of these men here, because it would be wrong to give their full names. There were two other subordinates, one by the name of J——, and another by the name of M——. All three of these men were under a cloud of suspicion, though there were no charges of an overt act against them. I gradually became possessed of these facts; I hardly can tell just how I learned them, but so it was I soon understood that I could talk freely to them on matters that would have been under other circumstances, impossible and impolitic. The next officer among these men was Capt. Wolf, an imperious little whelp, as brutal and vindictive as you would often see in such a place. Every prisoner detested him. He was very severe in his management of the prisoners, being really the immediate commander of the prisoners—he was always on the alert to punish some poor wretch, and in so large a body of men it was of course to be expected that there would be many hard tough cases that gave him all the pretext he needed to make examples of. He had never smelled burnt powder, hence in no sense was he a soldier, and possibly was now for the first time in his life in the exercise of what was really imperial authority.

A few months' service in front of Lee's army, and a few battles like Antietam, second Bull Run and the seven days be-

fore Richmond would have melted all that out of him. Right here I want to say that away down deep in the heart of every fighting soldier there is a respect and sympathy for his fighting foe that no man in the civil walks of life can understand.

Capt. Wolf would, for the slightest breach of prison rules, inflict the severest punishment, i. e., a man charged with such a thing as stealing an extra ration, would be backed and gagged and made to lie on his back in the hot sun for four or six hours. Now, maybe you don't know just what bucking and gagging is. Well, I will tell you. His hands are tied securely together with a strong cord, then his knees are shoved up through between his arms and a stick, something like a hoe handle, is run in under his legs, and in this condition he is laid on his back with his face up to the hot broiling July and August sun, and there he has to lie in that awful position for hours, until he has suffered the most excruciating pain, rendering him almost if not quite unconscious, and when released it is probably with a kick of the officer's boot, and maybe the poor fellow is unable to raise up from the ground.

The barrel shirt was another punishment—very common. A barrel large enough to go over a man's shoulders is taken, a hole cut in the head large enough to let his head pass through, and this barrel is slipped over his head, coming down over his shoulders and arms, and he is put in front of a bayonet and a drummer boy and compelled to keep marching up and down some open space in the prison for several hours. I have seen them punished in this way until they would faint and fall. Another mode of punishment was to tie them up by the thumbs, swinging them up until about one-third or one-fourth of the weight of the body is on the corded thumbs. A cord something like a large fishing line is used for this punishment. This is said to be the severest punishment of any I have mentioned.

Occasionally a man was shot by the guard and generally it was a death shot. I don't remember now one case of shooting a prisoner where there was even the slightest pretext for it, except one which I will set out in another chapter. Every single case that ever came to my knowledge was entirely without excuse, except in one or two cases where they were trying to escape. I remember one case wherein one of my own company, Thos. C. Matthews, from Polk county, a very quiet, inoffensive man and as good a soldier as was in the company, was most wantonly murdered by a shot through the brain. His brother, Henry Matthews, was detailed with me in the cooking department. One morning Tom did not show up for his morning ration. His brother, supposing he was sick, went to his place in the barracks to see about him. His bunkmates had not seen him since about dark the night before. By this time I had learned that a prisoner had been shot the night before in the water closet. I went at

once to the morgue, or "dead house," as it was called. The first thing that met my eyes as I stepped in was the form of poor Tom Matthews on a rough bench, with a minnie ball through his forehead. The water closet was a place where hundreds of men were going in and out every minute of the day and night. During the day I found several men who were in the closet when he was shot, and they all gave the same report, which was that Matthews was sitting quietly in the closet, and as one of the guards passed by, he threw his gun down and fired into the closet and moved on as if nothing had happened. I went to see Capt. Wolf about the murder of my comrade. He listened to me until I had rehearsed all the fact as I had gathered them from the men who were present, and one of the men who was sitting by him. After I had made my statement to Capt. Wolf, he, in a very flippant manner, remarked to me that it was cheaper to feed two rebels than fight one, and when one was dead they neither had to feed him nor fight him. This, as you will see, from about this date of the war, became the policy of the Federal government. I will say, however, that this shooting prisoners at Fort Delaware did not prevail to the extent that it did at Point Lookout.

Now, in detailing these things to my readers, it is not my purpose to re-open in your minds the old sores of the war. I would much prefer to not only heal them up entirely, but I would even rub the scars off if I could, but I have set out to give you a picture of what I saw, and I will deal as faithfully as I can with you. And again, our school books, histories and popular periodicals and pictorials, are full of the horrors of Libby and Belle Isle, at Richmond, Saulesbury, in South Carolina, and Andersonville, in Georgia, and it may be that some of my young readers are impressed with the idea that all the bad treatment of prisoners was in the south, but I will give you later on a whole chapter of this, and will show you who was responsible for the non-exchange of prisoners, and will give you the official record.

I soon found that in the two Yankee officials, F — — and J — — we prisoners had strong friends and sympathizers. Our men began to devise ways to escape from prison—of course no large number of them did or could get away. The first thing to be taken into consideration was the swimming of one and three-fourth miles, from the fort to the mainland, on the Delaware shore. It was well understood that once on the mainland, ninety per cent of the people were friendly to us, and would aid us on to Baltimore, and when once in Baltimore we were as safe as if in Richmond, as there was a regular organized underground (so called railroad, from Baltimore south. This thing was done and managed mainly by the women—God bless the Southern women—in war times. She was a character in the

war, and it took something like the war to bring out that character, and to show its true mettle, like the gold in the refiners fire.

“When she will, she will,
 “And you may depend on it,
 “And when she won’t, she won’t,
 “And there’s an end on it.”

is as true today as in the ages past. However, escapes were very frequent. Men would take the desperate chances, a few were drowned in trying to swim the river, but the most of them would make the Delaware shore in safety; a very few were recaptured after they had reached the mainland.

I very well remember one night 63 men took the river in one bunch for the Delaware shore. Among this number was Aeneas Brooks, brother of our fellow townsman, Tam Brooks, and a man by the name of Clint Fuller, well known to Tam Brooks, Prof. Culberson and others of Hillsboro. These men were members of old Tige Anderson’s brigade of Georgians, and were intimate friends of mine in prison. Fifty-nine of the number reached the Delaware shore, four of them were drowned in making the effort. The fifty-nine, as I now remember, got safely through to Baltimore, and on to Richmond. F——— and J———, the two Yankee officials named elsewhere, were at the water’s edge when they started into the river and saw them start, wishing them a hearty God’s speed. Next morning there was a great commotion in the fort, and searching parties were sent out to look for them, but my recollection is now that none of them were recaptured. Very frequently squads of two, three or four would start, and most of them were successful.

The fort was just in the mouth of the river, and at the head of Delaware Bay. Sometimes when the men would start out the tide would be running out to sea. Then the danger was in being carried out by the tide into the Atlantic. I remember one poor fellow was picked up one day in the middle of the bay 12 miles from land by a fishing smack, nearly exhausted. He had a small bit of plank to help him, and had kept above water some 18 hours. He was brought back and delivered to the fort by his captors. I very well remember one more case. Maj. Miller, of the Thirteenth Virginia cavalry, like my friend, Judge Wilson, mentioned in the last chapter, was an officer in disguise. He was very anxious to get away. I had several talks with him, also F——— and J———, and from them he got several valuable suggestions. He was not a very good swimmer, and getting across the river was the greatest trouble to be considered. My Yankee friends suggested that we fix a buoy, or life preserver by getting a piece of plank and attaching canteens to it, tightly

corked. So I got hold of a piece of plank about a foot wide and 15 or 18 inches long. With a small auger I bored a hole in each corner, then got four canteens, and with new corks driven in tightly, we stopped them, and tied one securely to each corner with a strong cord, and in the same way we fastened cords to it to go around his body. My Yankee friends assisted me in this. I had this life preserver under the stuff used for my heading on my bunk. At 10 o'clock at night Maj. Miller was to slip into my room, don his floating machine and take to the water. About half an hour before I was expecting Miller to come, my door was pushed open and someone came into the room. It was as dark as Egypt, and I supposed it was Miller. Said I, "Who is that?" Just then Capt. Wolf flashed a dark lantern into my face and said: "It's me, d—n you; what's up here tonight?" Of course I was as innocent as a little pet dove. He jerked the cover off me and then looked under the bunk. Had he just looked under my heading he would have found Miller's floating machine, but he failed to do so. I was scared till every hair on my head stood up, and yet I had to play the role of an innocent lamb. I played it to perfection. Said I, in the tone of outraged innocence: "Captain, what's the matter; anybody stole anything?" He gently plastered some "cuss" words on me and walked out, remarking as he went that "there was some devilment up somewhere." He had got a hint some way, but he could not exactly fathom the stream.

In ten minutes Maj. Miller, knowing nothing of what had occurred came in. I handed him the float and whispered a word of warning, and told him of Wolf's visit. He put on his float, and in five minutes was battling with the waves for the Delaware shore.

Many similar incidents could be given, but this is enough.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Next morning there was a great excitement in the prison about Major Miller's escape. Some treacherous scamp, we never knew who, got an inkling and gave it to Capt. Wolf. The only thing that saved this writer from the "terrors of the law" was that the man who gave us away, did not know much to give, or I and my friends, F—— and J—— would have paid dearly for it. I was very uneasy lest some line of evidence might yet be developed that would involve us, but the good Lord and dame providence had their shielding wings over me, and I think Capt. Wolf became satisfied from my lamb like manner, that I was incapable of such an offense as aiding a prisoner to escape, but I found out later that he suspected both F—— and J—— of aiding Miller, and he set a trap to catch up with them, but failed.

A detective was hurried on to Baltimore to try and intercept Major Miller, whom they had now found out was an officer, but he failed. In a few days F—— got a letter from Miller, written at Baltimore, informing him and all of us that he had arrived safely, and was then on the under-ground railroad for the south. Wolf insisted upon reading the letter after F—— read it, but fortunately it was written in such a way (by previous understanding) that it was perfectly misleading, and the name signed to it was, "Your old friend, Johnny Coates."

Before Major Miller left it was understood that he was to write back to F—— when he got back to Baltimore, but was to write it in such a way so that if the letter was demanded by the fort authorities that it would not be a give-way on any of us.

There was another celebrated character at Fort Delaware, "Old Hikeout." Every man who was in that prison from July '63 till the close of the war, remembers old "Hikeout." He was always on hand. His rank was that of sergeant. He had charge of the general sanitary affairs of the prison and looked after the policing of the grounds and quarters of the prisoners. He was a regular "Yankee," but not of the "Roman nose" type

He was very clever and kind to the men, always in good humor, I doubt if any general of the war on either side appreciated the honors and importance of his position more than did old "Hike-out." I don't know what his proper name was. The cognomen by which he was known and designated was a nickname first applied to him by the prisoners from his own use of the term, "hike out." When he wanted to turn the boys out of the barracks for any purpose he would pass through and call in his peculiar way, "Come, hike out here, hike out, hike out." The prisoners all liked him, and his orders, and calls upon them were always obeyed with pleasure. He always had some pleasant remark to make to them. If he wanted a detail for anything, which was a matter of nearly daily occurrence, requiring often 100 to 200 men, he would make his calls for volunteers, which was soon responded to by all he needed, and generally a great many more. He would form them into line into two ranks, and then count off all he needed and the over plus, he would order them to "hike out," which meant to fall out of line, and then he would give the order, "hike out" to the detail, which meant to move along in whatever direction he wanted to employ them. This detail might be wanted to unload a boat, or do some similar job. It was a job sought after by many of the boys—it gave them needed exercise and a piece of tobacco, or some other needed little comfort. Now, gentle reader, you know how old "Hikeout" got his title, and I reckon that's about all you care to know about him. I have recited this as I have other things, more to give you an idea of daily life in Fort Delaware than anything else.

I have of late years met a man who was there about the time I was, who told me old "Hikeout" was very harsh to the men sometimes and abused them, it may be true, but not to my knowledge.

Among the prisoners confined there was a great many artisans of nearly every vocation—the printer, the jeweler, the machinist, the gun and blacksmith, with many others. The most profitable, however, in prison, is the jeweler. He can ply his vocation to greater profit. The manufacture of guttapercha jewelry, with gold and silver and other kind of sets—also this work was extensively carried on in bone work. The post sutler would send to Baltimore and order the guttapercha in large quantities, and in blocks of various sizes, to suit the work desired to be done, and all kinds of tools for this work were supplied through the post sutler. The bones for the bone work were cut from the carcass of the beeves as soon after slaughtering as it could be done. The meat was all stripped off, and then the bone was boiled until freed from all greese. It was then as white as it could be made. It was then sawed out in strips and blocks to suit the article designed to be made, and is then cut

into links for watch chains or finger rings, and some of the most gaudy looking trinkets I ever saw were made in this way, (i. e.), a watch fob with alternating links of bone and gutta-percha, nicely joined together like the joints of a common door butt or hinge, makes a most beautiful piece of work. The most beautiful work was done on watch fobs, rings and breastpins, in monograms, beautifully carved in both gutta-percha and bone, and then inlaid nicely with gold. The work is then highly polished, which makes it very dazzling, and the trade along this line was simply immense. It was largely sold, both for its intrinsic value and also as souvenirs. The trade in these things amounted to several hundred dollars a day. Officers visiting the fort would come in and leave orders for as much as a hundred dollars worth at a time. The great bulk of the work was sold in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington and New York, through the sutler store, (i. e.), the fort merchant.

Of course this was a great blessing to these few men. It enabled them to provide all needed comforts, and then it gave employment to the mind, the most needed comfort to the prisoner outside of the question of rations. There was some work done in other lines. The most notable I remember was the manufacture of pocket knives. I remember seeing a knife made from the blade of a fine damask sword, that was one of the most artistic pieces of prison work I ever saw. An officer who had been captured at Gettysburg, had the sword. It was an old family relic. The blade was of the finest steel; the handle, or hilt, as I remember was pearl, and there was some brass or silver trimmings on it. When he saw he would have to surrender, he broke the sword into three or four pieces rather than have it taken from him by the enemy. He put the pieces in his haversack, doubtless hoping to preserve them. From the fragments of this sword a six-bladed pocket knife was made, and with the handle of the sword it was handled; the jaws were made of the trimming, which, I am not certain whether it was brass or silver, but brass, I think. The blades, handle, and even the groove for the thumb nail in the blades, were as artistically done as any knife ever turned out by Rogers, or any of the manufacturers of cutlery in this country or England. The blades were shaped exactly after the style of the old six-bladed Congress knife, and the whole piece had the very highest polish on it. This knife was sold for \$30 in greenbacks. Our Yankee friends would often say that we southern Johnnies were more "Yankee" than they were when necessity drove us to utilize our ingenuity.

We were in reach of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York by daily communication and, of course, through the daily papers, which some of us in some way managed to get, the whole prison was kept pretty well informed as to events daily

transpiring along the line of the two great armies, while we continued to indulge hopes of an early exchange, the prospect on that line was quite gloomy, as we understood now that the policy of the Federal government was to hold all the prisoners they could capture, and in addition to that, burden us with the care of their prisoners in our hands, but as I propose to give my readers a special chapter on that soon, I will not trace that subject further here.

All this time there was a systematic pressure made on our men to get them to take the oath of allegiance to the United States government, with the promise that they would be turned out and provided for until the war was over, or that they could go into the U. S. army. These propositions, of course, were made very prudently. No man who was a man with pride of character and fixed principles was ever approached on this subject, but in such a large body of men there was an element that had neither family, fixed principles, or pride of character, or anything else that goes to make up the essentials of manhood. Many of these poor men, under the pressure of hunger, disease and the seductive influences, yielded and took the required oath, expecting to be turned out with a pocketful of money and a fine suit of clothes, but as soon as they had taken the fatal step that separated them from their former associations, they realized in all its full force their mistake. Like the female that sells her chastity for gold, she forfeits the associations and respect of her former friends, and her new-made friends are but a menacing mockery, a consuming fire in the very vitals of their being, their future a bottomless pit of hopeless remorse.

These men were at once separated from the other prisoners and compelled to wear a uniform that was revolting to their former recollections, and in addition to that they had to endure the humiliation of the daily expressed contempt and ostracism of their former comrades, and the terrible appellation we applied to them was most withering, that of "galvanized Yankees." I am proud to say for the character of the southern soldier, that but few of them, comparatively, made this fatal blunder, and half of them would gladly have exchanged all their future hopes in life if they could have recanted their blunder along this line. Of course their new made friends had no respect for them, as they soon realized.

Yet, as there were occasionally some partial exchange going on, we were hoping. A man is in a bad shape when deprived of all hope—it is literally "the anchor of the soul." My friends in blue, F—— and J——, had promised me all along that if ever an opportunity offered that they could work me off on any of these special exchanges that they would do so. Now, in my next I will tell you how I got away from Fort Delaware, and how I stepped out of the frying pan into the fire.

CHAPTER XXX.

One morning along in the latter part of September, about the 20th, F—— came into the cook room and notified me that there was a large ocean steamer at the wharf, and that his idea was that she had come for a load of prisoners for exchange. I asked him to assist me, if possible, to get off. Now you must understand that in all military matters, either in the movement of troops or prisoners, the men being moved seldom ever know anything about their destination. It is doubtful if the officers of the ship knew, until they had taken on their cargo of human freight, to what port they would be ordered to steer, hence it was only a matter of conjecture, yet we never doubted that we were taken for exchange.

The question of getting away was fully canvassed during the day. Late in the evening F—— and J—— came to me and said that the Virginians and Tennesseans would be taken away next morning and none others, and that the only chance for me was to take the name of a dead man whose death had not been properly reported or recorded. J. W. McCoy, Co. A, 3rd Tenn. regiment, had died, and for the reason that it was not properly entered on the prison roll, offered a chance for me. The Tennessee boys were seen and the matter explained to them, and my wish laid before them. They gave their assent to the proposition and agreed to acknowledge me as McCoy, so promptly next morning I disguised myself as much as possible and fell in with the Tennessee boys when they marched down the wharf, and when the name J. W. McCoy was called I walked on board the ship. F—— and J—— were standing near me to prove, if proof was necessary, that I was McCoy, but happily no such proof was demanded. After I got on board I walked up on the hurricane deck of the vessel and felt as light as a feather and as happy as a clam in high water. As I cast my eyes down upon the wharf there stood F—— and J—— smiling at me, and, as the ponderous machinery of the vessel was put in motion and she began to glide away from the wharf

and head for the blue waters of the Atlantic ocean, these two men saluted me a farewell that I will never forget. I returned their salute in true military style. I will never forget them; their friendship for me was of a disinterested character; it was without hope of reward; they had manifested it in a hundred ways that I have not been able to bring out in these sketches. Now, one thought more right here, and I will leave these two men for you to think about. While they had done me a thousand favors, and had blessed hundreds of my fellow prisoners, all this seemed to come from hearts all aglow with the finest and kindest instincts of humanity. Had a kind providence placed these men there for that purpose? That was the only silver lining to an otherwise dark cloud of treachery to their own government that enshrouded them. In my conceptions of honor and loyalty to their own flag, could they have done for me and others all they did, without this compromise of the highest principles of fealty that should be the guiding star of every man in time of war? I should have held for them, away down in the great deep of my heart, a much higher feeling of regard than I did.

Now we are on the bosom of the Atlantic. The bow of our vessel is heading south. Oh, we are so happy! We are thinking and talking about City Point and Richmond and news from home and letters we are going to write to our families, and we could hardly wait for the steamer to get there. I was so impatient! I did not then know that I was reported killed at Gettysburg, and that the list of the killed, published a few days later in the Galveston News, contained my name. Happily for me, I was ignorant of all this; ignorant that my poor wife at home in Texas was pressing to her bereaved bosom her two little children, supposing them to be fatherless, while yet an unexplainable impression prevailed in her mind that there was some mistake in the report, and that I was not dead. In addition to this, a relative of mine, who belonged to another command, after a full investigation, confirming in his mind the truth of my death, he wrote to my wife a letter of condolence, still she maintained that there was a mistake about it and that I was still alive. Thus matters stood regarding my safety until I reached my home on the 17th day of December, 1864—eighteen months after.

Finally the steamer reached Cape Charles, at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. Up the bay we glide toward the mouth of the James. In the meantime I had made the acquaintance of the surgeon of the vessel, Dr. O'Donnell. He was a Texan when the war broke out, and, I being a Texan, we had a sort of affinity for each other. I made a mash on him, and he told me I was going to a new prison, at Point Lookout, at the mouth of the Potomac. Reader, did you ever endure a heart-crushing, soul-sickening disappointment? If not, you don't know anything

about how I felt then and there. I think my new friend, the surgeon, was really sorry he had imparted to me this terrible information. Soon we pass Fortress Monroe, and on up the bay we go instead of up the James.

Now all the men begun to realize that we are not going on exchange. Of all the sad countenances you ever saw, it was there that day. From the highest pitch of hope and expectancy, down, down to the lowest depths of disappointment. When the surgeon left me and started into the cabin of the vessel, and as he shook hands with me, he handed me a five dollar bill, saying: "Maybe this will do you some good when you get into your new prison." I thanked him kindly. Sometime in the early afternoon of the second day out from Fort Delaware we were landed at Point Lookout, on a narrow point of land at the junction of the Potomac with Chesapeake Bay. We were ushered into a stockade enclosing twenty-five or thirty acres of ground. Our only covering was small "A" tents, just large enough for four men to lie down in on the bare ground, which was low and damp and but very little above the tide water. This was about the 22nd of September. Quite a norther was blowing, and we were very thinly clad and had no fire. My name then was not Stevens, but McCoy, and I was compelled to wear it. If my ruse was discovered, the idea was, that it would go hard with me. The matter of rations there were sorter like they were at Fort Delaware when I first reached that place, but the conditions were very different. Oh, how I regretted my change! How I thought of the cook house I had left behind, and F—— and J——, too! But it was too late!" O, how harshly these words grate upon the soul, "it's too late!" O, how sickening as it falls with all its weight upon us as we sit and contemplate our errors in judgment in the affairs of this life! How much more crushing should we realize in eternity that "it's too late!"

There were already several thousand prisoners there, though the place had only recently been established as a prison. Everything was somewhat in a crude and unorganized condition, and but for the five dollars, which the ship's surgeon had given me, I should have suffered some of my previous trials of hunger, but my case was bad enough. Here I was with three strange men, all dirty and full of "Confederate bugs," and not one of them was a congenial companion. We spread two of our blankets on the naked, damp earth, and then we had one blanket to cover with. In this way we spent day after day and night after night through the entire winter with very little change, except that I managed to get rid of my first three companions and got in with some of the parties who had belonged to Price's command, from Missouri. One of them was a man by the name of John T. Riley, a very intelligent man, a lawyer by profession, and he was also a Cambellite preacher. I soon learned to love him as a brother.

While we had our difference of opinion along certain lines of bible doctrine, yet our differences were on that broad plain of mutual respect for each other, and that was really a benefit to us both. A committee of ladies from Baltimore visited the prison and supplied each of us with a Bible. (I have mine yet and it is marked from Genesis to Revelations.) We had nothing else to do so we talked and read, and in a sort of high-toned Christian spirit, we discussed many questions of doctrine and gospel truth, to the edification and spiritual benefit of each other—and frequently we tried to preach as best we could, to the prisoners, and then for a change, we would discuss the war and the prospects of an early termination of hostilities, neither of us ever doubting for a moment our ultimate success. In various ways we managed to keep pretty well posted on the news from the front, though there were no big victories coming our way satisfactorily. The battle of Chicamaugua is fought in Tennessee about the 19th and 20th of September. Hood and the Texas brigade has gone down there and covered itself all over in glory. Rosecrans is defeated, but it's an empty victory, and with this exception we hear nothing that sounds very encouraging.

More prisoners are brought to Point Lookout, and we now have 12,000 there. The organization of the prisoners is somewhat improved; they are formed into companies of a hundred each, and five companies composed one division. The head man of each company must know every man in his company, and must call the roll every morning and report to the post commander. My name now is J. W. McCoy, and I belong to Co. "A," 3rd division. Our prison is laid off in streets, crossing each other at right angles. The streets are about 25 feet wide, and the blocks on which our little "A" tents are established are, I suppose 50 or 60 feet square. The tents are stretched in regular order on these blocks just as thick as they can be to allow pass way between them. In a short while after our first two or three weeks, the arrangements are so well organized that the management of the prison and the ration question all goes on smoothly, only one trouble, that is the amount of ration, which is exceedingly small; upon an average of not over four ounces of meat per day, and I speak by the card when I say that our bread rations was never above eight ounces, and one time for the space of three weeks we were reduced to three common soda crackers each day and nothing else. Why this was done I cannot tell, except we were told it was in retaliation for an attempt to break the prison. If there was ever any serious intention of that, I never knew anything of it.

Now I propose in my next chapter to raise the lid and let you look into this prison, and let you see it just as nearly as I can depict it to you in words.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I promised my readers in a former chapter to give them one chapter on the horrors of prison life in the north, in order that they may see, and if I can do the subject justice, you will see that all the suffering on that line was not in the southern prison pens. I would gladly pass over this matter in silence, but the world has been plastered over with books and periodicals and pictorials, setting out in the most forcible light the horrors of Belle Isle, Libby, Saulisbury and Andersonville, while on our side there has been little or nothing written that I have ever seen, by way of showing the horrors of a northern prison, or drawing the contrast, nor do I write this for the purpose of opening up the old sores of the war, but simply in the interest of truth, as I know it, and as I was impressed with it by an experience of nearly eighteen months confinement.

Soon after the seven day's fight before Richmond in 1862, we had a very large number of prisoners on our hands—many of them were the generals of the army, and men of influence. Previous to this time, our friends of the north were not willing to acknowledge us as belligerents by agreeing to a cartel of exchange—then nothing but an informal and partial exchange had ever occurred. The fact is, the policy of the government at first was to treat us as traitors and insurrectionists, and punish those captured with arms by death, but of course that was a game two could play at and it would have been virtually fighting under the black flag.

But after the close of the Richmond campaign in the summer of 1862 the north proposed to us a cartel of exchange. Gen. Hill, of our army, met Gen. Jno. A. Dix, of the northern army, at some neutral point and a satisfactory agreement based upon the principles of civilized warfare, was made, looking to a fair and equitable exchange of all the prisoners on each side, and

where there was an excess of one side over the other, the side having the excess was to have credit for it. This agreement was strictly observed by the south, yet all the records show that for a long time this excess was largely in our favor until about the time of the Gettysburg fight, when the tide turned against us; though even at Gettysburg Gen. Lee turned over all the prisoners he captured (several thousand) to the north, before he started back on his retreat, but he got none of his men back for them. I neglected to state in proper place that all the prisoners we captured at Second Manassas—10,000, more or less—were sent through the lines two days after, at Arlington. I saw them pass through.

Just about this the north conceived the idea of depriving us of our own men captured by holding them in prison during the war, or until they became too emaciated and diseased to ever do any more service, or until they died of starvation or disease, or were shot in prison, and at the same time load us down with their men in our hands. They seemed to care nothing for the sufferings their men endured in the Southern prisons, and, while they made a great howl about how badly we treated them, yet they were content to let them remain. The cartel of '62 was boldly disregarded by the North in adopting this policy of non-exchange. They well understood that every man in the Confederate army represented an empty chair in some family circle in the South; that every soldier of the South who died on the battlefield or in prison, carried grief and bereavement to some family circle there, yet they appeared to be willing to let their own men suffer all the horrors of a Southern prison rather than swerve one jot or tittle from their inhuman policy of non-exchange.

Their ostensible reason for this was that we refused to exchange negro slaves whom they had pressed into the army, and in justice to the negro they were bound to adopt this policy. But, in fact they concluded it would be to their interest to stop the exchange; they cared nothing for the negro except as he furnished a pretext for the course adopted.

It was my purpose to insert here some of the official documents that passed between the Richmond and Washington governments upon this question, but I find it would extend these papers far beyond my design; so I must simply give you this contracted statement, which virtually covers the whole matter. There never was a time from its first establishment that we were not willing to comply with every stipulation of the cartel of 1862.

Now, as to the Southern prisons, they were horrible. War in all its features is a horrible thing even under the most favorable circumstances; it's a tragedy on a national scale. It is filigreed with suffering, disease and death; the prime object of each side is to destroy the other. But civilization has softened

and mollified this destroying process somewhat by prescribing certain rules, called "The Laws of Civilized Warfare." These are supposed to be principles of national honor involved in these rules, and when the future historian, from an unbiased standpoint, writes a true history of the war between the states, he will, in underscored lines, tell the future generations that whatever else may have been the fault of the South, we were not blamable for the non-exchange of prisoners and for the suffering of Northern men in Southern prisons.

Cut off from the world by the blockade of our ports, our men all in the army, it became with us a question of keeping soul and body together, with the army as well as the non-combatants, from the summer of '63 until the final end. Corn meal, the Georgia pea and a scanty supply of meat (sometimes none of the latter) became the staple food of all, and continued to become more uncertain day by day until the black vulture of defeat closed the paroxysms as he forever folded his wings in a final death.

After my return to the South, after my exchange in November, 1864, I stopped at Andersonville, and for my own satisfaction examined this question of rations among the prisoners. I found them supplied with the same rations that the men who guarded them got. What more could any government demand for their unfortunate? Yet all this was bad enough. The first evening I was there I found 150 men out for the day on parole of honor, strolling about over the country enjoying themselves, getting some extra meals and performing some little job of work for pay. This was a daily rule of the prison, so the prisoners themselves told me. They said: "While it's hard, we can't complain while we fare as well as our captors."—their guards. I never saw a man out on parole in the North, nor did ever see one (outside of a cook house) get half as much to eat as his captors, besides, in a cold climate, he was not allowed under any circumstances, to have more than one army blanket, and we were all very poorly and thinly clad and under no circumstances could we have, or were we allowed to have, fire. Some of my friends who were in prison at Camp Chase and other points tell me they had some fire—but we had none; not only no fire, but only one blanket to each man.

That there were many outrages committed against civilized warfare, on both sides, is unfortunately too true, but so far as the South was concerned, she was no more blamable than the north, and to say the least, honors on that line were about even. There was one expedition fitted out against Richmond in March, 1864, that properly comes under this head that northern history says but little about. I think twenty lines will cover everything I have ever seen printed on the subject, in any book from there and I have never seen a picture of it in any pictorial. I refer to the Dahlgren raid on Richmond with 400 picked men, under

special orders from the headquarters of the Federal army, then at Spottsylvania. It was well known that there were but few troops in or about Richmond. Dahlgren's men were well armed, provisioned and mounted on the best horses. His instructions were, if successful in his effort, to dash into the city open the prisons, where 10,000 men were held, liberate them, then burn the city, put Jeff Davis and his officers to death, and turn his liberated prisoners loose, with a free license, on the defenceless women and non-combatants of the city and surrounding country. He was met four miles out from the city by a small band of troops, and, in the fight, he was killed, and his command dispersed or were captured. On his dead body was found his orders, and also his address to his men, in which he directed them what to do when they got into the city. These papers were printed all over the country, North and South, at the time, and in the South they were lithographed in the Southern papers. I was in prison at the time, and read it in all such Northern papers as were admitted to our prisons. They were not denied then, and the only regret of the Northern press was that they failed in their effort to reach the city and carry out their orders. History does not positively deny the truth of this, but expresses a doubt as to whether it was as bad as was reported. The fact is, in after years, when the passion of war had somewhat subsided, they became ashamed of it. Who can contemplate the horrors that would have followed if Col. Dahlgren had succeeded on his hellish mission? The horrors of Belle Isle and Libby would have looked like a picnic when compared to it. If I mistake not, Dahlgren's body today fills an unknown grave near where it fell. Now, I have said all that I deem necessary by way of comparing prisons, North and South, and also the causes, which led to the retention of these unfortunate men in prison on both sides.

If you will now return with me to Point Lookout we will consider that place a little further. About 200 feet all along the south side of this enclosure is occupied by temporary wooden buildings, 125 feet long and 25 or 30 feet wide; 25 feet of the rear ends of these buildings were reserved for the kitchens, or cook rooms, and the front, for 100 feet, is used for the eating room. The cooks (a detail from the prison) prepared the food and placed it on board benches, or tables, running the full length of the eating room; then at a given signal, each "head" of a company, or division, leads his men up to the door and there halts and counts them in as they file by him. This was done to prevent what is called "flanking," (i. e.), one man going in twice and getting two rations, and also to keep one man from covering two rations at the eating table. This process of feeding, except in some special cases, took place twice a day, say from 8:30 to 9:30 a. m., and from 2 to 3 p. m. But I will in-

form you that, notwithstanding all this precaution, many men managed to get more than one ration. We usually got crackers on day and soft bread the next, two or three ounces of meat in the morning, and the soup, made of beans in the meat liquor, in the evening. Some men did not like soup and could not eat it, as it would, after long confinement to it, become revolting to the stomach. There was always some one ready to trade him a cracker for his soup, so while the ration act was being played you could hear men crying out all over the house, "here's your soup for your cracker," and then another man would cry out, "here, here." Hundreds of trades of this kind were made every day, and in that way some men, with an eye to business, would drive a quiet trade. They would accumulate a quantity of crackers, and then make them into a sort of stew, called "cush," and then sell it out at so much for a Confederate dollar, and for that, at the sutler store, they could get a five-cent plug of tobacco; then cut that up into chews $\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{2}$ inch in size, and then he would go into business right. All day long you could hear them calling out in various parts of the camp: "Here's your tobacco for your cracker," and during the day he would sell out his plug of tobacco for fifteen or twenty crackers—he's doubled his capital. He is now in business right. In a few days he has money enough to start a regular eating stand, and soon he, or some of his men, are in the finger ring or watch chain business, with all the work they can do, and from now on he and his immediate friends are independent on the question of rations. I well remember that at the time we were reduced for several days to three crackers a day, and nothing more, that this writer gave one of his crackers for a chew of tobacco, and I was very careful to make it last me all day. Many others did the same. It was mighty good tobacco.

It affords me much pleasure to say that I meet men every day who were there at the same time I was, and they say I have it down correctly, only I don't make it as bad as it was.

CHAPTER XXXII.

While a few by their genius managed to do very well in the matter of rations, at least 95 per cent of the men suffered the pangs of hunger beyond the ability of my pen to describe. A man can, and may endure hunger for a while very well, but place a man where he can do nothing for a whole year, or for two years, except to walk around the door of his little tent, and keep him so hungry all the time that he feels as though he would barter his birth-right for as much as he could eat one time. I know its an awful punishment. Rats—did you ever eat one—I have not seen a rat in 30 years that I did not think of Point Lookout. There were more of them there than any place I ever saw, and the biggest ones. The cook houses were the very hot beds for rats, the floors of the houses were laid on four inch sawed sticks, which were laid flat on the ground. The distance between these buildings was 30 or 40 feet, and, as no one had any special business there, and the ground was but little tramped over, the result was that a slight carpeting of short vegetation would grow up in the growing season and all along at the side of these houses the earth was perforated with rat holes, where they burrowed out from under the house. Late of an evening the rats would come out by the hundreds to play and romp in the short grass and weeds, and the boys would get sticks, and take their stand at these rat holes and then one man would walk down among them and they would "rats" to their holes, then the killing act would be played—a dozen—twenty, maybe fifty would be killed. They would gather up the game, throw them into a barrel and retire and in five minutes they would be out as thick as ever again; and I have seen this thing continue until a barrel would be filled. They would let the barrel remain until morning and then the skinning and frying act would begin. They would manage to get some greese from the cook

house and then split open an old canteen, and from one half of it a frying pan is improvised. Then they get an old cracker barrel or box and split it up for fuel. Then a small furnace is dug in the earth and the earth is cut so as to fit the half canteen, a small stick is split at the end and the edge of the vessel is slipped into the split end of the stick; now you see he has a frying pan. Then one man sets and splits off small chips of the fuel and feeds the little fire, and around this improvised furnace is squatted from five to eight men—some are skinning, some are frying, some are eating. They take it by turns, and this "Ratting" act is played until the whole "catch" is consumed. This may appear to you incredible, nevertheless, I say to you I have seen it often at Point Lookout. Of course there were not many who would eat rats, but there were enough of them to make it very unhealthy for the rodents.

There were several cases of dog eating occurred in the prison, but as I never saw the dog act played, I can't tell you anything about it, except that I am satisfied that it was done—the dog act was played by old Wheat's Louisiana Tigers, as they were called, a command organized from the levee in New Orleans, composed of a class of men known in that city as "wharf rats."

While at this place I often thought of my old friends F--- and J--- and the cook house at Fort Delaware. I got in the cook house occasionally for a while at Point Lookout, but the details were irregular, liable to have to step down and out at any time. The ladies of Baltimore were not unmindful of us; they sent down large quantities of Irish potatoes, sugar beets and dessicated vegetables (dried and pressed) but these things were dealt out to us in such a way that it did very little good. Of course they were some advantage to us. Diarrhoea and scurvy in a chronic form were doing fearful work among the men; 30, 40, and probably more, were dying daily. Scurvy is an awful disease, forming great scabby sores on the outside of the thighs and on the shoulders and arms; it became almost as loathsome as leprosy. Finally it reaches the bowels and the discharges are as black as tar. Death then ensues in a very short time. I was badly afflicted with it, but managed to keep it in check by using vinegar and raw Irish potatoes as freely as I was able to do. Despondency was probably as fatal as any other disease, when it assumed a malignant form, as was not at all unusual. It was only a question of a few days when the trouble closed in death.

In the previous chapter I noted the terrible results of this disease among soldiers soon after they were merged into the army, but I'll here give you some idea of it as it raged in the prisons. The effect of this trouble was not always the same on every person. The temperament of the man largely controis

the disease. I don't suppose that any prisoner was entirely free from its effects. I know that in my own case I suffered more or less from it, but used every means in my power to resist it. One means was fostering a sort of vindictiveness toward the other side, and giving expression (when not too much against good policy) of the most withering sarcasm to yankee officers with whom I came in contact, which was not unfrequent..

For example, I got into conversation one day with Major Brady, the post commander, on the moral force of the issues between the sections. The argument got somewhat heated, but as he began it I had the advantage of him. He soon ran it into the negro question, as they usually did; then the question of slavery, and from that into social equality. Now remember that in this talk he had placed himself on a level with me. In reply I said in the most sarcastic and menacing manner possible:

"Yes, you fellows first stole him from his native jungle; made him a slave, and then, when he proved unprofitable in your cold climate, you sold him to us; and, as soon as you fobbed the 'blood money,' as you call it, then you began to howl about the heinous sin of slavery."

Being an intelligent man, he too well understood that on this phase of the question I had the advantage of him; so, like a shrewd lawyer (he was a lawyer), he shifted the course of the question to the matter of the negro's humanity, his being a fellow human, and the "declaration that all men are born free and equal, etc., and enlarged upon the matter of social equality. Then came my chance for a broad-sider. With my right hand somewhat elevated, one eye partly closed and the southwest corner of my mouth twisted like the bit of an augur, and the fore finger somewhat pointing at him to give force and unction to my words, I said:

"Major Brady, say, how would you like to meet on the streets of your town your sister, as she walks toward her church on a Sabbath morning, with her well shaped, delicately gloved little hand swinging to the arm of a big, burly, kidney-footed, wooly-headed buck negro?"

He turned white, his lip quivered, little or no reply is made—he too, well realizes that I have used the opportunity offered for all it is worth. The curtain drops.

This conversation is no fancy sketch. Many other talks along that line, and the unjustifiable assault we were making upon the United States government, were of frequent occurrence.

These things enable me to keep my blood warm, and in addition to all that I determined to "live it out," and in that way I keep the mastery over that which is killing scores of the men—despondency. Often, as I lay in my little tent, shivering with cold, in the adjoining tents to me would be great men crying

like a child—just boo-hooing. "Hope (of exchange) long deferred" was having its full force. Their daily brooding over their separation from family and friends—nothing to do but think, and not much mind, probably, to think with. The mind has given away, and with that the vital spark ceases to flicker—it goes out. Next morning he is dead. Poor fellow! Properly circumstanced and surrounded, he might have lived to bless his family for years to come. Today his bones moulder in an unknown grave at Point Lookout. Hundreds go this way.

The winter of 1863-4 is very severe. The men are much reduced in flesh and vitality. One small blanket each is all they are allowed to keep. Even if they have more, they are taken from them. The blood is very thin the earth is frozen hard a foot or more, the snow is banked up from one to two feet high against the tent. There we lie, four of us in one tent, spoon fashion, all drawn up; all night we lie there and ache and groan. When we can stand it no longer we have to turn over for rest—we must all turn at once. "Oh, lordy, I'll freeze!" "Oh, me, how cold I am!"

Twelve to fourteen thousand men here; nearly all of them are in this condition. The cold, piercing north wind comes whizzing across Chesapeake Bay, 25 miles, with nothing to break its force. Daylight changes the scene a little, but not the biting force of the wind. We get up, clad in our shirt, pants and jacket, maybe shoes, maybe none—nothing else. No fire; walk up and down in front of your tent, stamp your feet, try and get the crook in your legs and back straight. Day after day, all through the long winter, this thing goes on.

Yonder sits at the back windows of the cook houses some barrels—slop barrels, in which the slop and swash and refuse from the kitchen is thrown. Yonder are some poor old ragged men at these barrels. What are they doing around there? They are skimming off the grease and crumbs and the scum that rises on top of these barrels of slop and are eating it. Why? They are driven to it by the gnawings of hunger.

The shooting act is played frequently. That there were sometimes things occurring that might have possibly justified shooting is not to be denied, but the shootist was never on hand to get in his work, except in two cases that will be mentioned later on--and in only one case did the shooting take place.

On one occasion I well remember the people were standing at their places in the eating house, eating their dinner. One of the guards, in passing the door, as he got opposite threw his gun down and fired down the center table, killing two men dead and seriously wounding two more. After firing his gun he put in another charge and walked on as though nothing had happened. The two dead men were carried to the dead house, the others to the hospital. We heard no more of it. On one occasion a man

had been out cutting wood on detail all day. After sundown he was turned into the stockade. Being very tired he hurried on to his tent and sat down to rest. Just at that moment a guard walked up, threw his gun down on him and fired, shooting the poor man through the breast. For no act or word was this man murdered in cold blood. A confederate surgeon—Dr. Graham—was near by, and heard his cry. The guard called to Major Brady. He and Dr. Graham both got to the wounded man about the same time.

As they were bending over the poor dying man, seeing that he would die in a few minutes, Dr. Graham remarked: "This is awful." Major Brady said: "Yes, but it can't be helped." Dr. Graham replied: "Yes, it can be helped; and if you had the instincts of humanity in you, you would stop it." Whereupon Major Brady called a guard and ordered Dr. Graham to the guard house. We never heard from him again. The wounded man died in a few minutes.

I could add many similar cases, but I will close this chapter here.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

Sometime—I think it was in the spring of '64 a man, who had a gold watch and also some money, that the authorities had failed to get, conceived the idea of trying to make his escape. The prison stockade was situated on the shore of the bay. We were allowed free access to the bay through large openings all along the north side of the stockade. From each corner of the stockade a wing was run out in the bay to where the water was about five feet deep.

Now, this man's plan of escape was to tunnel out from his tent about fifty feet until he was outside the stockade. Then his only chance from that was to bribe the guard to let him pass out into the water and around this wing from the corner of the stockade. He made the agreement with the guard for his gold watch; he would let him pass with his tent mates. So the tunnel was completed and the hour agreed upon that he and his comrades were to start, the watch delivered and accepted. Into the tunnel they go and out they come, and as they start for the water a line of troops are drawn up to receive them with military honors—one volley, and the leader is shot dead and several of his comrades wounded. This is the only case of justification I ever knew for shooting a prisoner.

And yet it requires a wonderful stretch of imagination to find any justification for shooting a man down in cold blood for making an attempt to do that which is always regarded as a legitimate act—to escape if possible. He was not only robbed of his watch, but also of his life. To say the least of it, it was a fiendish act—very near akin to the act of Judas near 1900 years ago.

Clint Fuller, of Georgia, mentioned in a former chapter, as one of a squad who escaped from Fort Delaware, is recaptured and here he is in prison again. We are guarded now by

some negroes. (I'll tell you later on about this negro guard). Clint soon begins to devise some means of escape again. Finally he got hold of an old gimlet. Now, when the people would go out on the bay shore to bathe their feet, face and hands in the water, many of them would on returning stop in the shade of the stockade to "read their linen" for the festive "Confederate bug," who was here in as strong force as anywhere else, perhaps, on the globe. Clint would assume to be very busily engaged in his "bugging" business, but in fact he was engaged in using that gimlet with all his energy in boring some of the planks of the stockade in two, so as to make an opening by which he might again escape. Clint kept up his boring process from day to day until he had everything ready, while the plank was almost completely severed by boring the gimlet holes so close together, that when he finished the job, when he wished, he could take his hand and break the plank. He then rubbed wet dirt on the plank to hide the gimlet holes until the proper time came to make the effort. There was a small ditch running under the stockade to carry the water out of the stockade into the bay. So Clint selected the planks that stood square over the ditch in which to make his opening. All he needed now to put his plans into operation was a good dark night. His plans were to get down into this ditch, crawl cautiously up to the stockade, reach his hand under the end of the plank and break it off at the place where he had bored his gimlet holes through. He did not have to wait long. Very soon one of those dark, windy nights came. To us, in soldier phrase, it was as dark as a stack of black cats. A severe rain storm is threatening; it is so dark that no object can be distinguished; even the old negro guard, (we are now guarded by a regiment of slave negroes, captured from the coast of North Carolina) as he walks his beat on the top of this barricade, is not visible; the wind is blowing a half gale; the surf is roaring like muffled thunder as the waves come dashing against the shore. Clint starts down the ditch—he lies flat down in the bottom of the ditch and moves gently along with a sort of serpentine motion; he can hear the tread of the sentinel; he peers thro' the darkness to see if his form is visible, but not the faintest outline can he get, so he concludes that if he can't see the sentinel that he is safe, so on he moves as noiselessly as a cat on snow. Clint is now in twenty feet of the stockade. The sentinel halts directly over the ditch and stands there a moment, then in a low tone of voice he spoke to Clint as follows: "Now, see here, you jes git up from dar an' go back. I done been a watchin' you ever since you started in that ditch, an' I don't want to hurt vo', but if yo' comes any further I'se a gwine ter shoot shore." Clint, in telling me of it next morning, said: "You ought to have seen me get up and walk back to my quarters, thanking God that nigger didn't shoot." By the time that he was on guard enabled

us to locate him next morning. He proved to be an old copper-colored ex-slave, 45 or 50 years of age, and had a kindly and open countenance. A white guard would have fired and felt honored. The old negro had more humanity in him than any white guard I ever met in prison. Clint said he loved the old negro. Clint now lives at Kiamechi, in the Indian Territory, about 85 miles north of Paris, Texas. He was a mess-mate Prof. Culberson, of Hillsboro, and William I. Satterfield, of Itasca, the father of the present sheriff of Hill county. They were members of Co. G, Ninth Georgia Regiment, of old Tige Anderson's Brigade in Hood's Division, Army of Northern Virginia.

He married after the war, and taking Horace Greeley's advice, came west to grow up with the country. He has lived to see an interesting family of children grow up around him, and in his old age he is getting the best of life, spending his last days in the enjoyment of his surroundings. A noble character, the highest type of a true soldier, who did his duty at his country's call. God bless him and give him a safe exit into the home of the just, the pure and the good.

I guess I had just as well tell you here about the negro guards: I think it was on the 18th day of February, '64, that at guard mounting in the morning, about four companies of negroes, ex-slaves from North Carolina, were marched into prison. The colonel commanding was a Roman nose Yankee from Massachusetts, and all the officers, from the sergeants up, were splinters from the same stick. As they marched in at the big gate every officer drew his pistol and cocked it and the negroes had their guns at carry arms, with bayonets fixed. They evidently expected some hostile demonstrations from the prisoners. To say that they gave every evidence of being scared is not over-drawing the picture, for 12,000 or 14,000 men could have rushed upon them and disarmed and captured them in five minutes, but the universal feeling of the entire body was just the opposite. It was a feeling of the most inexpressible contempt for the government which had lowered the dignity of the United States soldiery by placing its uniform, escutcheon and arms in the hands of pressed slaves. That was the sentiment of every thinking man in the prison. As to our feeling toward the negro, it was more a feeling of sympathy than anything else. Of course we knew the poor negro was not blamable, because all through the south he was faithful to the charge we had left in his hands while we were in the army. There he was true to his instincts as a servant, faithfully protecting the women and children at home. I would promise you a special chapter on this feature of our social condition during the war, but it has already been so often brought out in more glowing colors than I could possibly do. One thing, however, I want to remind you of: There were

no blood-curdling cases of rape and murder in those days. Just think of that. I cannot forego the inclination I feel now, and have felt all these years, to express myself on this negro soldier business. The soldiery of any country should represent the highest type of her manhood, and when the United States government—the grandest government to day on earth—places our flag uniform and weapons of war in the hands of the negro, she reverses the order of things. It's a shame.

I will never forget the first day of negro guards. I think the guard was doubled that day—they may have thought it best. All up and down through the camp they walked. The bulk of them were young, black, slick looking fellows, and were doubtless highly inflated with the idea that they were U. S. soldiers; had guns and were guarding white men. Prompted, doubtless, by their officers, they soon became overbearing and very insulting. They shot frequently, but missed more often than they hit. One day, about a week after they came here, two young black, slick bucks got to trying their hands on some features in the manual of arms about the middle of the camp. I was watching them at the time, as were several others. This prompted them to try to show off, and in an attempt to play the "lock bayonet" act, one's gun went off and shot the other dead in his tracks. He fell to the ground with his neck broken. The other one was so scared that he dropped his gun and ran off. We all laughed heartily. Soon a guard came in and marched him out. What was done with him I know not.

I also remember the first day they came on guard. When they marched in they had on their knapsacks, and, after being posted on their different beats, many of them soon got tired of their heavy load, and pulled it off and laid it down on their beat. One of them laid his knapsack down right in front of a tent, where some of Wheat's New Orleans "wharf rats" (Louisiana Tigers) were. As soon as the negro's back was turned, the temptation was too great for the "Tiger" to withstand. Quicker than you could wink he had it, and away he went off in the forest of tents. When the negro returned and found his knapsack gone, he was very sad, and called out to the next guard: "Say, dar! One ob dese here white men done got my nop-sack." The other negro said to him to "call de officer ob de yard." He then began yelling: "Oh, Corpul Jonsing; go tell de Cap'n dis white man done got my nop-sack." Whether he ever got his "nop-sack" or not, I do not now remember, but I do remember that they did not bring their "nop-sacks" in again.

All this time there are a good many Texas boys in the prison. We would get together and talk our troubles over frequently, and the negro guard was often discussed. They became more and more insolent. We often said that we could and would freely endure it all if we could just see Hood's Texas Brigade

get hold of them one time. We earnestly prayed for it— and our prayers were heard, as you will see. Whether or not it was really an answer to our prayers, I will not stop here to argue: you may do that if you feel so inclined.

One evening another regiment of negroes are brought in— they are from the north. Next morning our old negro regiment is sent to the front. Now we prayed again that Hood's brigade might get hold of them, and sure enough, in just three days, at Fort Harrison, on the north side of the James, below Richmond, the Texas boys charge them. No prisoners are taken—the 32nd corps d'Afrique is annihilated. Grant writes to Lee to know how it happened. Lee writes back to "come and see the Texas boys about it; that the matter was in their hands," or words and figures to that effect.

Now, for further information as to the facts in the case, I refer you to the northern account of the battle of Fort Harrison.

Our new negro guard is worse than the first, but as you have had negro guard enough, I'll close this chapter.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

You doubtless remember that in a former chapter I told you that when I started from Gettysburg on this northern pleasure trip my weight was 222 pounds, health a 100 cents, gold standard—but such is not the case now. Short rations, no fire and very light clothing, cold weather and the omnipresent “Confederate bug” has wrought a change, the cash balance is dwindling away and getting lower every day—down, down it goes like the price of a certain commodity we have heard much about lately. Diarrhœa is a prevailing disease. It becomes chronic with the men and the drain upon the physical nature is terrible. The suffering was great along that line and in addition to that I suffer terrible with rheumatism until I am compelled to get a transfer to the hospital. While here we have some advantages. Yet my condition is such that I am compelled to remain. My *avoirdupois* is growing beautifully less every day. I suffer so with rheumatism that I can not rest at night. The surgeon administers morphine one-fourth of a grain at first, but in a little while I have to take three, four or five times as much until I am likely to become a “morphine wreck,” yet without it my sufferings are so excruciating I can’t rest or sleep. My flesh continues to reduce; this reduction has been going on from the first. There I lay, day after day in the hospital—hundreds of others are there, but few of them recover. Many of them die every day. More or less the poor fellows are carried out feet foremost and today their remains fill unknown graves. It not unfrequently occurs in the morning, I find a poor fellow whom probably the day before talked to me about his family at home and his hopes of recovery and exchange and then a furlough to see his dear ones—he had, perhaps, among other troubles, the scurvy. It has at last involved his bowels. Poor fellow, its only a day or two then his troubles in life are at an

end, with him, the war is over. When he died and where is an unknown quantity to his family to this day.

It was usual to detail physicians from among the prisoners for prison "hospital" service. It was fortunate for me that there were two physicians there from my regiment—Dr. W. P. Powell, now living at Willis, in Montgomery county, and a Dr. Roberts. They were both on hospital detail. I still remember the many acts of kindness of Dr. Powell—so kind and sympathetic—doing all it was possible for him to do for us. It was through his kindness that I was able to procure the morphine above referred to, and which so often enabled me to rest at night, instead of suffering pain almost unbearable.

Now I could write many chapters reciting the hospital scenes in prison and yet not tell it half, but you know enough.

Outside the hospital rations are small enough, but they are large as compared with the hospital ration, which ordinarily is small slice of bread and a cup of tea for breakfast, and in the evening, say 3:30 or 4 p. m., a small slice of bread and a little syrup, and for supper you must wait till breakfast next morning. Possibly this may be varied a little sometimes, but its very seldom.

On the 28th day of October, 1864, three surgeons came through the hospital; they stopped at each cot and examined the prisoner. They feel of him, inquire of his physical condition, ask him various questions such as "are you able to walk?" "Do you think you can ever do Jeff Davis any more service?" I caught on; I tried to answer the questions as nearly to my interest as possible. They took my name. I had thrown away the name of McCoy that brought me from Fort Delaware and had sometime since assumed my own name, company and regiment. The surgeon said: "Get up and prepare to go off on exchange." Oh, happy day. I can hardly restrain myself from dancing. I want to whoop, I want to just jump up and "holler," but I am afraid to cut any girations as they might conclude I was not "weak" enough to go off on this "sick and wounded exchange;" it's just a special exchange of sick and wounded. So I get up and appear to be too feeble to stand. O, how I groaned and leaned against the post! "Fall in here all of you that are able to walk." I managed to fall in. The fact is, I could perform almost any feat under the excitement. My whole nature was so thrilled with the idea of exchange, but I must not appear to be too strong or I might be ordered back. I never have believed that there was a very large element of inate hypocrisy in me, but my effort at restraining my exhilaration that day was certainly bordering very closely on that line. We (who were able to walk) formed into a line and marched it into another pen, where we were kept separated from the other prisoners. All night and nearly all next day we were kept

in there. It was very cold—no fire, one blanket, no tent, nearly froze—nothing to eat. Oh, my Lord! Can I hold up under this, but the inspiration born of hope now gets in its work, and we weather the storm. Some suffer more than I do—some less—my sufferings are terrible. In addition to all my other troubles now, I have taken a severe cold, but as all things end, so this condition ends. Late in the evening of the 29th we are marched on board the ocean steamer, "Baltic," one of the old "Collins'" liners. About sundown she moves off down the bay toward Fortress Monroe. Oh, we are so happy!

Next morning there we are, anchored between the Fortress and the Rip-raps: There we lie all day. "What's the matter," is a question asked a thousand times and a thousand different answers and conjectures. Oh, my Lord, will we have to go back? From day to day we remain there. Is there a hitch in the agreement? We still remain. At last the question is solved—while we are here the election for president takes place. Lincoln and McClellan are the candidates. Now the understanding is that McClellan is for stopping the war; Lincoln is for pressing the South harder, and the idea seems to be if McClellan should be successful we will have to return—no more exchanges. If Lincoln is elected we will be exchanged. Oh, how we hoped for Lincoln's election, for none of us were fool enough to suppose for a moment that it would make any difference in the conduct of the war.

Now, you must understand that when this vessel left Point Lookout she expected to go right through; hence there were only two days' sick rations taken out for 500 men. She left Point Lookout October 29 and reached Tybee Island, off the port of Savannah, Ga., on the night of November 14—16 days—and all the rations we got were the two days'. Of course many of the poor fellows died—about 125 or 150 is my recollection of the number—and as they died on the voyage a heavy weight of 64 pounds was tied to their feet and they were thrown overboard. Nothing wrong with that—burial at sea is all right; but, oh, the hunger! We were half crazed by hunger!

As the sun cleared away the haze and fog on the morning of the 15th we were in sight of Dixie Land—sweet Dixie. God bless you, Dixie; you are my country! Though your form may be mutilated, and the blight of war has been spread o'er your fair face, and you are bleeding from a thousand wounds, you are shrouded in the habiliments of mourning, and the tears of the heart broken widow and orphan are bedewing the fair landscape, these only serve to make you the more precious in my sight! Oh, how impatient I am for my feet to press thy soil once more!

About noon the Federal exchange boat City of New York came alongside the steamer. It was drizzling rain and cold.

We are weak and hungry—some unable to stand on their feet. This writer's weight was reduced from 222 to 141 pounds—81 pounds of pure rebel flesh had been left behind—but I was so glad to get to move I eagerly responded to the order to move on board the City of New York.

In my next I will ask you to land with me at Savannah, Ga.

The events, set out above in this chapter, can give the reader only the most vague idea of the feelings of our men, as we came in sight of the coast of Georgia, of the number who left Point Lookout, on the Baltic—about 500—some 125 or 150 had died on the passage, and the emaciated forms today sleep in the bottom of the Atlantic ocean. We who are permitted to again view "Dixie Land" from the deck of the vessel—somewhat as Moses viewed the Promised Land from the mount, possibly wonder if we will live to put our feet upon her (to us) sacred soil. Our very souls are electrified with a thrill of joy that no pen or brush can put on paper. We realize that she is bleeding from thousands of wounds, that she is clad in deepest mourning—but her disheveled tresses and flowing tears make her appear in our misty eyes, all the more lovely and loveable to us—our dear Dixie. O, how we love you, and are ready to die for you.



CHAPTER XXXV.

That day when I stepped on the exchange boat from the Baltic, off Savannah, I felt that I would give a plantation for something to eat—cold, wet, rainy. My place was on the rear boiler deck. The cooking department of the "New York" was right above me on the cabin deck, and from a small window in the kitchen of the boat just over my head some refuse was thrown out. A small end of a baked potato, one side burnt and had been cooked so long that it had green mould on it, fell at my feet. It was very small—not larger than one joint of my thumb. As soon as I saw it I looked around to see if anybody was observing me, and then I snatched it up and rubbed the dirt and slush from it and put it in my mouth. It was to me, I thought, the sweetest morsel I ever tasted. That was all I had to eat that day until about 10 o'clock that night, after I was landed at Savannah. Soon the New York moves off to the exchange point. About half way up to the city we met the Confederate exchange boat "Gen. Beauregard;" late in the evening we "go on board." I feel inclined to stop right here a moment and give you an episode. There lived in Savannah a lady—a Confederate woman, she has a brother on the Baltic, a Yankee—he sent word to her to come out to the ship to see him. She went down on the Beauregard to the "meeting" place but neither side would let her pass—all they could do was to signal with handkerchiefs—and cry—it was a sad sight. Such is war. Now we begin to move slowly up the river—but our movements are very slow and cautious. The lady referred to looked like her heart would break as our boat moved off, separating further and further, she and her brother, I was sorry for her in my heart. This slow movement is made necessary by reason of the obstructions we have in the river. Finally, about 9 o'clock at night, on the 15th of November, 1864, I put my feet on the soil of Dixie once more. The

women—God bless them—were prepared to meet us. They had at least fifty big fires of cord wood built up on the land where we landed to warm us, and there they were with buggies, wagons, carts, anything that could be utilized to haul men away in. I don't think there were less than 500 women at the wharf to meet us, and at least twice that number were back in the city at the places prepared for our reception, working like beavers to make us comfortable when we should arrive. In about one hour I reckon the last man had been comfortably provided with the very best accommodations they could make for us in the various buildings that were utilized as temporary hospitals. Good soft beds—everything clean and nice; it seemed an outrage on decency for such an old horde of lousy, dirty, filthy wretches as we were—we don't want to soil these clean beds, but we accepted the places assigned to us just as though we had never heard of a "Confederate bug." Then the most interesting feature of the act opened up, and I reckon it lasted all night. These "ministering angels"—the women—began to feed us on the fat of the land. Here they come with it by the plateful, and as they leave some more of them come, and we have about as much control over ourselves as a starved coyote. I have already ate twice as much as prudence would allow under any circumstances, but I can't resist the next plate of beef so temptingly prepared, and that molasses and corn bread, O, how sweet!—On and on we keep this thing up till about midnight. I well knew the result. For months I had been afflicted with a chronic bowel trouble that had well nigh killed me. Now I guess I will go beyond the strength of my weakened condition to survive but I am powerless to resist the temptation. Since the 29th day of October—17 days—we had scarcely had enough to keep an infant alive—hunger, consuming hunger—and it intensified by the chronic troubles most of the men were afflicted with—you can only imagine our condition—I cannot describe it.

About midnight an official comes into my ward and takes my name, company, regiment and residence. "Do you want a thirty days' furlough?" "Yes, sir." Now, I have some relatives in Macon, Ga., and my idea is to take my thirty days' furlough and go down there and spend that time in recuperating my health and then return to my command, which is now in the ditches near Richmond. A few hours' sleep and I find I am nearly dead—the amount I ate the night before would ordinarily have made a well man sick. A surgeon comes in and administers some relief, and later on in the day I am able to walk around some. I spend half a day walking and resting in the beautiful parks that Savannah is celebrated for. Every fourth square in the city, if I mistake not, is a public park, beautifully shaded with magnolia and other ornamental trees. I visited the spot where Count Pulaski fell in the battle of Savannah in the

Revolutionary war. On one of the business streets, not (I think) ten feet from the walls of the house, stands a marble shaft, which marks the spot where that brave patriot poured out his life blood in the defense of the "rebel" colonies, and his name stands enrolled upon the most dazzling pages of history as a patriot, and now we are engaged in a similar effort and are denounced as traitors and outlaws. In Pulaski square there is also erected a very magnificent equestrian statue representing this patriot as he receives his death wound—so life like; the blood is pouring from the wound; he is holding his horse's bridle in his right hand, his sword hangs on his left side and his left hand clutches the hilt, as he leans his body over as in the act of falling from his horse.

I and my old comrade, John T. Riley, of Missouri—mentioned in a former chapter—walked around this statue and commented on it, as it so forceably reminded us of many similar events that had been witnessed by us. I thought of Sidney Johnson at Shilo, of the peerless "Stonewall" Jackson at the Wilderness, of the heroic Upton at Manassas, my own captain, Ike Turner, at Suffolk and thousands of others of our noble men from general officers down to the humblest privates, who had poured out their life blood in torrents so freely, as a libation to constitutional liberty and the rights of self government.

Then I thought of Washington and Warren, of Putnam and Gates, of Lafayette and Count Pulaski who gave their services, their blood, their private fortunes, and their warm lives freely as a willing libation to constitutional liberty and the rights of free government.

Kind reader, look on that, and then on this, look on those and then on these. The whole civilized world join in ascribing to one group the highest honors of fame and patriotism—the other group is denounced as rebels and traitors.

And when the last paroxysm passed, their leader is ruthlessly thrust into a felons cell, old and feeble, and bent under the weight of years, and a long life given ungrudgingly, in the service of his fellows and his country. Soul and spirit crushed by defeat. I see him as he lies on his prisoner couch—a sad relic of a greatness and a grandure, the admiration of all nations, and the very angels from the glory world would shed a sheen of light in his gloomy cell.

I look again and I see a subordinate officer of the victorious power, with a file of hirelings, armed with loaded guns, with fixed bayonets, moving toward that prison cell, in his hands he carries a steel shackle—a badge of infamy—it is menacingly placed on the wrists of this fallen chief—an eloquent protest and feeble resistance is offered, but it is not heeded, the brawn of the hireling soldiery is brought to bear—the deed is finished—the twin angels of liberty and free government, who have been hovering around, hide their faces for shame and refuse to look

upon this tragic scene. Jeff Davis lies there in irons, a vicarious sufferer for his beloved Confederacy. Gen. Nelson A. Miles may reach the highest niche of fame in his military career—but the world will never forget that he put shackles on Jeff Davis—and it is said he done it without authority. At least the war office at Washington, after diligent search fails to show any such order—therefore we are left to conclude that this brutal act had its origin in his own desire to wreck a brutish vengeance on a helpless old man. But while history lives and greatness and grandeur and purity and free government has an abiding place in the hearts of the Southern people, to the latest generation, Jefferson Davis will rule and reign in their hearts, as the president of their most patriotic sentiments. I have penned these thoughts deliberately, believing that they will find a happy response in every true Southern heart, and yet in no way discounting our love of country and our devotion to the union, under present conditions.

We failed to get what we wanted, let us make the very best we can of what we have got and be true to our government—but not untrue to our past history.

Late in the evening I return to my quarters of the night before, but have no appetite for anything. About midnight the same officer came into my ward where I was and called my name. He handed me a furlough signed by Gen. McLaws, who is in command now at Savannah. My furlough is for thirty days to my home in Texas and calls for transportation, but Vicksburg has fallen long since and all the country along the Mississippi river is in the hands of the Federals. I have no money, am too feeble and the time is too short for me to think for a moment of trying to get to my home in Texas; no, I can't go; I will not torture my mind by letting it dwell upon the matter; no, it's impossible.

The train for Macon—where some friends and relatives live—leaves at 8 o'clock next morning. I am up at the depot by 7 o'clock. I am as hungry this morning as a starved wolf, but I don't want to miss the train, and so I am off without any breakfast down at the depot among the great surging crowd of people. I want to get on the train, but am not allowed to do so until the order is given. Plenty to eat there—such as it is—but I have no money, and all are strangers to me. An old Georgia negro, with a handle basket full of half moon pies, made of dried peaches, is offering them for sale to the poor soldiers.

"Pies, sir; cheap—a dollar each. Don't you want some pies, sir?"

"Yes, uncle, I feel like I could eat your whole basket of pies, but I have not a cent of money."

"What!—no money? Oh, master, I know youse got a dollar to take one."

"No, uncle; I am just out of prison; I have no money, and no chance to get any."

"Gawd a'mity; bress yo' sole, chile; yo' shall have some eany-how," and he handed me two of his largest pies. O, they were so sweet! God bless that old Georgia negro. I well remember him—to this day the watery expression in his eyes as he handed them to me, showing that my needy condition had reached not only his basket of pies, but it had stirred the great deep of his old Southern negro heart, bringing out in all its force those warmest feelings that existed between the negro and white race, a sentiment wholly unknown to the present generation of either color. Finally the order was given to go on the cars, and, fortunately, I got a good seat in a passenger coach. Away we go through the piny woods toward Macon. At a place called Millin the train halts long enough for us to get dinner at a soldier's home, but the dinner is so poor—poor beef and half cooked cornbread that my weak stomach revolts at it. A few mouthfuls and I retire from the eating house. We are soon on the way again, and about 8 o'clock at night we run into Macon. Oh, how lucky we are! Sherman, who is now "marching through Georgia," strikes our road on which we came eight miles from Macon next morning. I got off the train in Macon and walked about the streets awhile, trying to get something to eat, but fail. Finally I crawl upon a pile of rough lumber in the middle of the street, and, while I am lying there, a negro boy came by. I inquire of him about an aunt of mine whom I knew lived in the city. He pointed out her house to me, not 200 feet away. Why I did not go there at once I cannot tell, but so it is—I did not. There I lie all night on that pile of lumber and shiver in the cold. It was cold enough for light frost. Maybe you will say: "What a fool. Why did you not go to your aunt's?" I can't tell. All I know is, I did not go—you might not have gone.

Next morning about 4 o'clock I got so cold I could not stand it any longer, and got up. Down the street about 200 yards I see a fire, and some negroes around it. Refugee negroes they are—Macon is full of refugees, fleeing before Sherman. I went down there and sat by the fire and told ghost stories to these negroes till daylight. Then I go to a soldiers' home to get some breakfast. It's awful tough, but I am awful huangry. After breakfast I made an effort to draw some clothes, but the quartermaster's department in Macon is down mighty low.

After standing on my feet for four or five hours, I finally succeed in getting two shirts and two pair of drawers—suitable in size for a boy about 14 years old—and a pair of shoes one or two sizes too small for me. Now, I guess I had better close this chapter, and in my next tell you what I did with the new clothes I got.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

After I succeeded in drawing the clothes mentioned in my last chapter, which was about noon, and having failed to get any money (Confederate), I crawled under a street bridge that spanned a small stream that run through the city, and attempted to put on some of the new clothes. The shirts were entirely too small—I had to discard them—the other garments I managed to get on my person, but they were entirely too small and the sewing was so poorly done that by the time I was ready to move on again they were ripped entirely open. I walked on up the street and met a man who could direct me to where I had a relative living seven miles out in the country. As I followed the direction it carried me by the residence of my aunt, near whose house I had slept the night before on the pile of lumber in the streets. I had known her well nine years before, but I did not suppose she would be able to recognize me in my dilapidated appearance. Why I did not go to her house before, I cannot tell. It was not diffidence, for I had none of that about me at that time; but as I got opposite the door of her house I decided to go in and ask for a lunch and see how the old lady looked. I had no thought that she would recognize me, so up to the door I stepped with all the brass and impudence of a Confederate soldier who was hungry. As soon as the old lady saw me she ran to me, threw her arms around me and wept as though I had been her only child, and led me right into the dining room and seated me at the dinner table (dinner was just ready); there before me was a large pound cake and a large pitcher of nice, cold, fresh butter milk. I was always specially fond of butter milk and pound cake. I had not seen anything like it before since I left. I told her she had better move it away, as I had no more control over myself than a child, but her old motherly heart would not allow her to move it. When I retired from the table

that cake showed evidence of rough usage. Now, judge of my astonishment when I tell you this same woman was at the train with a lantern looking for me when I arrived the night before. She had heard I was a prisoner and that some prisoners had been exchanged, and with the instincts of an old, motherly, good woman, she thought possible I might be among them, but the crowd was so large she did not happen to meet me. Again, her only child—a son—was in the battle of Gettysberg, and killed in less than a hundred yards of where I was captured. He was in Gen. Wright's Georgia brigade, which fought just on our immediate left, and from some of his company, whom I met in prison, I had learned that he had been killed the same day I was captured at the foot of Little Round Top, just to our left. Her friends had managed to keep the news from her and told her that he was a prisoner, and she thought he was possibly among the exchanged men who arrived that night. When I found the poor old soul was ignorant of her boy's death, I tried to summon courage to tell her all about it, but my heart would fail me, and I finally left her in blissful ignorance of his death and indulging a mother's hope that maybe he would come with the next installment of prisoners that were exchanged. I was really ashamed now that I had not gone to her house when I learned from the little negro at the lumber pile where she lived. Dinner over, she ordered a tub of water into a room and directed me to go in there and wash and change clothes. When I emerged from that room I felt like I could hardly afford to recognize an old, dirty, lousy, Confederate soldier. I had on a nice dress suit—the Sunday suit of her dead boy, whom she was still hopefully expecting, and whom I knew then had been dead eighteen months. My old ragged prison garb had been carried to the back yard, many an old "veteran bug" went up in smoke as it was duly cremated.

The remainder of the day was spent in general conversation along the line of events that I have been trying to detail to you in these sketches, and the confident expectation that we would soon have a successful termination of the war; neither one of us could for a moment contemplate any other than the final success of the South. My idea was to spend my thirty days' furlough there in trying to recuperate my wasted strength and then return to my command, near Petersburg, Va. Not a word was said about coming home, though I was armed with a furlough to my home in Texas.

Next morning when I came in to breakfast my aunt asked me if I was going to Texas. "Please don't mention that; I have not a cent of money. The Mississippi river is in the hands of the Federals and I am too feeble to undertake the trip. I can't go and don't want to torture my mind by thinking of it. I would give all I have but my honor to see my wife and little

ones, but it's impossible, and I don't wish to discuss the matter." "Well," said my old aunt, "if money is all that is necessary, I will tell you how you can get all you need." As soon as this was laid before me, in one minute I decided if I could get the money I would make the attempt. Then the desire to see my wife and babies took such complete control of me that I could hardly wait for the glad day to come. This money question required a trip to South Georgia, and away I go on the first train for Andersonville prison. Some relatives lived near there and I spent two or three days with them, got the money and a spang-fired new suit of Georgia jeans, then back to Macon to spend a few hours, a farewell and a "God speed you, my boy" from my good old aunt, and I am off to the depot for a train moving toward Texas. I start to board a passenger coach. "Halt there," cried a sentinel, "no one but gentlemen with ladies can go into that coach; you must go into a box-car there." Now, to ride all night in a box-car on a rough board seat in my new clothes and get full of "bugs," was more than I could get my consent to, besides, I am too feeble. I began to devise some plan to get inside the passenger coach—I have brass enough for any emergency. As I turned into the depot, revolving in my mind just what I should do, I noticed a lady sitting apart from the crowd; she was weeping. I concluded that she was alone and was probably the wife of a soldier. I at once resolved to see if I could get her to accompany me on the cars, so I could get in a passenger coach. I approached her and laid my case before her, and told her if she would take my arm and go with me into the cars, I could get on the passenger coach. She said she was a soldier's wife; that her husband was ten miles from Macon, in front of Sherman's army, and that she had been there two days trying to get to see him, but was not allowed by the authorities to do so, and that she was now compelled to return to Columbus disappointed. She told me she was willing to assist me, and, arising took my arm, and on the train we marched as big as life. The guard did not halt me, and I thanked her kindly for thus helping me. Soon the train moves off, and away I go toward Texas.

This lady's name was Mrs. Anslev. She was the mother of Mrs. Buntyn and the grandmother of Mrs. Ellys Morris, (nee Buntyn) now of Hillsboro, Tex.

Those of my friends who know so well my natural weakness as a diffident and modest old man, may conclude that this play was a severe test of my weakness! But you must remember I was a soldier then!

Wife, children, are now before my eyes all the time. Day-light next morning finds me at Columbus, Ga.—then a train for Montgomery, Ala. Here I take a steamboat for Selma. During this run I came as near losing my life as a man well could and

miss, by drowning. Had I taken one more step I would have gone overboard just in front of the wheel. No man on the boat knew my name, and if I had been lost here no one would have known it.

At Selma I take the train for Jackson, Miss. I am now near the end of my travel by rail. Fortunately I met at Jackson a member of my regiment, who gave me the necessary information how to get to and cross the Mississippi river and through the country then in the hands of the enemy, (three days' travel.) He was just on his return from Texas, and this proved very fortunate. Next morning I walked ten miles over a portion of the road where the track had been torn up, and then took the train for Brookhaven, Miss., about 75 miles south of Jackson, and reached that place about sundown. As the train rolled into Brookhaven I was the only soldier to get off, and as I stepped off the ladies met me and took me to a room provided for traveling soldiers—good fire, good bed, supper and breakfast. This is now the 2nd day of December. The remainder of the trip must be made on foot—400 miles—but wife and babies are the inspiration that gives strength to the enfeebled and emaciated form. It rained all night the night I was at Brookhaven.

Next morning, Dec. 3, as I look away toward Texas, I calculate it will take me forty days to get there, besides, I have to make three or four days through the enemy's lines.

The whole earth is covered with water. All the little rills and branches are full, as soon as I get some breakfast I inquire the road for the mouth of Cole's creek, eight miles below Waterproof, on the Mississippi river, seventy-five miles away.

From here to the end of my journey are some very interesting little incidents.

I have often thought how small a thing will, and does, sometimes change our course in life. Until I heard of the chance to get this money, I have steeled my feelings against, even indulging a desire to use my furlough to get home, besides, my furlough was only for 30 days, and I could hardly hope to reach home in that length of time; and the day my furlough expired, I would technically be, absent from my command without leave; therefore, technically a deserter, besides I had no money, and no hope of getting any; but just the moment I found I could get the money I determined to use the furlough, the desire to see my wife, and babies overruling every other feeling; and as you will see further on I reached home the day my furlough expired.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

I am now off on foot from Brookhaven, expecting to make about 10 miles a day. I calculate it's about 400 miles to my home in Texas, and I find, as I travel the distance, that it is exactly 400, and I trudge along. At about ten miles I come to a large creek overflowing the bottom for 500 to 600 yards. By wading water and cooning logs I got over, and pay an old lady \$3 dollars for three eggs for my dinner. On I move. At night I am 25 miles on my way, and am astonished at my success in measuring the road so fast. I stop at a respectable farm house where I got a good bed. I am very tired, and my feet are very sore. From this on I adopt the plan of starting at daylight and traveling four to six miles before I get breakfast. Next day I make 26 miles, and stop with an old Methodist preacher by the name of Johnson, near the town of Fayette or Fayetteville, in Jefferson county, Mississippi. I did not tell him how fond I was of fried chicken lest he might think I was trying to play the Methodist to save my bill. He treated me very kindly. Before we retired to rest he held family worship, and prayed for the soldier under his roof—prayed the Lord to speed him on his journey to his home and family. I will never forget him while I live. When I asked him my bill next morning he said he was old and poor, but not so poor yet but he could divide with a soldier of Lee's army. I thanked him kindly and moved on my way. Since the war I have met two or three persons who once lived in the same neighborhood in Jefferson county, Miss., and they each told me that this old man was one of the noblest characters in the country where he lived, and I believe it. At about noon I stop at the house of a large planter by the name of Osborne Scott. His only son has been killed a little while before in the battle of Franklin. He and his three daughters now con-

stitute the family. The young ladies gave me a good dinner, but their place had been inside the Federal lines so long they had but little left—negroes all gone. Raids are made through the country every week or two, provisions are destroyed, household goods torn into tatters, feather beds emptied out in the yards, and the young ladies' fine dresses have been carried off, yet they are as defiant as they were the day the war began. The old gentleman said they could take it all—if we won our independence he would be satisfied. One hour's rest here and on I move. I will reach the mouth of Cole's creek tonight on the Mississippi river. There lives an old Englishman in a little pole cabin. He is a subject of Great Britain, hence he is not disturbed. I learned all this from my comrade whom I met at Jackson. He's driving a good business here putting men across the river after dark. He keeps his little dug out hid up the creek I know all this before I ever see him.

Just at sundown I catch my first glimpse of the bosom of the great river as she rolls on her way to the sea. There is the little cabin near the river, just as my comrade whom I met at Jackson had told me. Out yonder in the river is a federal gun boat. I move a little to the right to keep the cabin between myself and the boat. The sun is just dropping behind the tree tops west of the river. On approaching the door of the cabin I meet the most repulsive looking female I think I ever saw. Her age was very uncertain—she may not have been over 35 or 40; she may have been 60 or 65. I saw no one else. A small pole cabin about 15 feet square, dirt floor, a scaffold in the back end with some old sacks and rags was all the bedding I saw. A sort of a pen built at the opposite end with an opening in it served as a fireplace; a rough scaffold in the center, 2x3 feet, served as a table. There was on the fire a small pot. I found it full of fresh hog bones. A skillet with a broken lid was also on the fire. Soon the woman fished out the bones into a pan, and took the potatoes out of the skillet and asked me to eat something. I ate a very good supper of the bones and potatoes. I mean I ate the meat off the bones.

After I got up from the table I filled my pipe. About this time the old man stepped in; he said nothing and I did the same; the fact is, the only words spoken all this time was when the woman asked me to have something to eat. By the time I got through the sumptuous repast of bones and potatoes it was dark. After lighting my pipe I walked outside the cabin, the old man followed and I asked him if I could get over the river. He pointed to the river bank, told me to go there and wait a bit, and he went up the creek, got in his boat and came down to where I was. Now comes the tug of war. I have seen war of every kind, but here is something now to try the nerve of the stoutest heart—a little boat, dug out of the trunk of a tree. I don't think

it was over fifteen inches wide and about twelve feet long, as light as a feather and seemed like it wanted to turn both ways; the river was very high, nearly level with the banks; the wind was blowing hard, hence the water was very rough. The floating timber on the bosom of the river was immense. Some one has told me the river was two miles wide here, though I doubt it, but it looked to me that night very much like it was five miles wide. A frail, storm-tossed bark will do to write poetry about, but to cross the Mississippi in a small dug out, when the wind is high and the river bank full is not very inspiring to the muses.

The gunboat had moved up the river, so we were free from that trouble. I got in the boat and as we pushed off the old man said to me: "Now, don't change your chew of tobacco or she will dip water." Out we glide into the great "father of waters." "Will we ever make it," is the question that is now uppermost in my mind. Finally we reach the other side, and as I stepped out on the land I never felt more thankful in my life, but I know that if I had been on the eastern bank when I stepped out of the boat, I would have remained there till I could have got a larger one. There, by the light of the half-moon, I pulled out a Sto Confederate bill and paid him. Now, my trouble is not over; where I crossed, the river was an apex of a large bend that is some thirty miles around. This narrow tongue of land is in full view of the river from both sides. It is eight miles up to Waterproof and I must make the trip that night, I can't do so in day time. The river is full of gunboats going both ways, and they will turn a broadsider on one person as quick as a regiment. He told me that a negro quarter would be the first house I would come to, and that I must make the trip before daylight. Now, I have walked twenty-four miles during the day, and now eight more. I am very tired and footsore, but on I trudge up the levee. More than a dozen Yankee boats pass up and down the river—some transports, some gunboats. Sometimes the transports run so close to the bank I could see the man in the pilot house. Oh, how I do wish I had an Enfield rifle! I would have some fun. On I go till I can't stand it any longer I am so tired. The moon has gone down and so have I. I lay myself down on the ground for a nap and to rest.

Just before day I got so cold I couldn't stand it—white frost—the chickens are crowing not three hundred yards away, here I am in three hundred yards of the negro quarters and I did not know it. I move on and rouse up the negroes and get a bite of breakfast, and on a little further and strike the big road leading West from Waterproof, but I am still all day in the Yankee lines. At noon I stopped at a large residence where not long since wealth and opulence has prevailed, but not so now, these things have taken wings and flown—the house with

some of its surroundings and the family are about all that remain, sad relics of departed glory, the old man is sitting on the front porch picking his teeth, has just left the dinner table, "sir, can I get a little dinner with you?" if he had been deaf dumb, and blind he could have not appeared more indifferent to my presence, he never looked at me nor acted as though there was any one in a mile of him. My first impulse was to turn away indignantly, but I determined to leave him without excuse, so I rallied and tried it again, said I "sir, I am a soldier from Lee's army," he flashed his eye at me, arose and come to me and reached out his hand and said: "If you are, sir, come in and get your dinner," and leading the way he carried me into the dining room and introduced me to his family and sat there and talked to me all the time I was eating, he explained his conduct when I first spoke to him by stating that the country was overrun on this side of the river by strolling men that were shirking duty, and that he had resolved to encourage them no more by feeding them, but that a soldier from Lee's army was welcome to anything he had. I found others after that who were willing to feed Lee's men that appeared to care nothing about the men on this side of the river—i. e. the shirkers from duty.

That evening I reached the ferry at Tensas bayou, there I met our pickets, we had a regiment camped there, they set me over the river in a flat boat and treated me very kindly. Next night I stopped at a house on the way, where I was treated very kindly, but I noticed the lady appeared to be very sad, and I learned afterward that her husband had deserted the Confederate army, and that his wife was heartbroken over the act. I then knew after learning that, that he came home that night about 9 o'clock and left before daylight. I met a detail of men next morning who were going to look for him. The next night I reached Washita river, opposite Harrisonburg, where I met one of the most remarkable women of our southland, and in my next chapter I will tell you about her.

Shortly after I started that morning from Tensas ferry, the troops at that place with whom I spent the night—Harrison's regiment of cavalry—started also on the same route I was traveling. At about five miles they pass me, but by noon I have passed them again, and as I press my way to the front of the command, exchanging greetings with various ones of them, I heard the colonel commanding the regiment say to some of his staff: "That's a Texas man from Lee's army. Look at him, how he walks and how he holds himself—he seems to have a motion that indicates the soldier," and other remarks of a similar character, all of which I don't suppose he thought I heard, as it was not intended for my ear. Now reader, you ought to

have seen me when I heard his comments on my soldierly appearance! I think I must have stretched myself up four or five inches taller than I was before, as I assumed all the dignity of motion and carriage that I was capable of, and gracefully quickened my step, I suddenly left them far behind, and saw no more of them.

Flattery, like blood, will tell even in an emaciated frame.



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

On the night of December the 8th, just at dusk, I reached the bank of the Washita river, opposite Harrisonburg, but too late to cross, as the authorities would not allow any crossing after sundown. I found the only chance for shelter for the night was at the house of a Mrs. Mayo, who lived about 400 yards down the river, on the north side and opposite the town. I judged from the appearance of the house and the general surroundings that she was a lady of some prominence and possibly somewhat on the aristocratic order, hence I was not so sure that she would make an old soldier feel welcome in the condition I was in, for you must remember that notwithstanding my suit of Georgia jeans and clean clothes with which I left Georgia, by the time I left the railroad at Brookhaven I was fully supplied with the "Confederate bug," for he is on the cars and the steam boats—he's an energetic character. Like the great enemy of souls, he's always seeking whom he may devour and he generally finds you. So I was somewhat doubtful of the chance to get lodging at this place, and so expressed myself to the ferryman, who assured me that I would find a hearty welcome there. Said he, "she never turns anyone away," so, as it was Hobson's choice, I concluded to try it, and with all the assurance and impudence of a full graduate in soldier life, I appeared on the front steps. I had not forgotten the lesson I had learned near Waterproof, so I was very careful to get in the "Lee's army racket" on her. She did not wait for me to knock at the door, but from an open window she observed my approach, and as I stepped up on the porch she opened the door and there stood before me a woman of about 45 years, as I now remember, a fine looking woman, with pleasant countenance and an intelligent and kindly voice. She said, "Good evening, sir." "Madam, I am a traveling soldier from Lee's army." She did not allow me to con-

plete the sentence. "Come in to the fire." She took my hat and hung it up in the hall, and in the most affable and kindly manner she conducted me into the sitting room and seated me before the fire. There sat a colonel in full uniform and his wife, who were going to some point and had stopped for the night. She inquired my name and then introduced me to the colonel. I was introduced as a soldier from Lee's army. Soon supper is announced, the finest supper I had seen in many long days. After supper we returned to the sitting room and there for about three hours I had to tell all about prison life and all about the great battles I had engaged in. Lee, Jackson, Longstreet and all the generals had to be discussed; for one time in my life I ranked a colonel. Poor fellow, he had to sit there like a poor jake at a frolic. I doubt if he had ever smelled burnt powder, from the few questions he interjected into the conversation. I judged him to be a sort of a bomb proof colonel, as he seemed to have had but little idea of war, except his uniform, which was mighty pretty. His wife was a very good looking woman, but, if I was not mistaken in the expression of her countenance, she would have been awful proud if her husband could have had just one big fight to tell about that night. I was so sorry for her that I would have loaned him one of mine, but, poor man, he would not have known what to do with it. Now, you want to know wherein my hostess was a remarkable woman. Well, I will tell you. When the war broke out she had three sons old enough to go into the army. As I remember, they all went into the army, and had all either been killed or had died from disease. Her only remaining child was a boy, who was 18 years old the next day, which made him subject to military duty. She had his outfit ready and he was to start next morning. She showed me his outfit and said: "He will start tomorrow morning." She was cheerful as she spoke to me of the three boys whom she had already laid upon her country's altar. She wiped the tears from her eyes, but they were not those whimpering sort of tears; they were streams from the great deep of a heart overflowing with an intelligent, broad and comprehensive view of the issues involved in the war. Said I: "Madam, it seems hard that after you have given your three older, now to give up your last hope for your declining years." "Oh, sir," she said, "I wish I had a thousand—I would give them all freely."

They had taken all her negro property, and had destroyed everything she had except her dwelling. This was done when the Federal fleet came to Harrisonburg and burned the city. She said: "It is all freely given. If we can just win our independence I am satisfied." This was all said in the most dignified Christian resignation to the heavy bereavement that had already overtaken her, while she manifested a courage that would com-

mand the admiration of the world, yet she was only a highest type of our Southern women from Maryland to Texas. Finally she remarked to me, saying: "You are tired and wish to retire—I'll prepare a room for you." I followed her into the hall and told her I was not in a condition to occupy nice beds, and to please give me some old quilts and I would appreciate it just as much. "No, sir; you shall have a good bed." I also told her that I would leave at daylight and walk four or five miles for breakfast. "No," she said, "I'll have breakfast for you." Saying this she bid me good night, invoked a blessing on me and wishing me a good night's rest.

Next morning, just at daylight, as I was dressed and ready to start, a gentle tap on my door, and a voice calls out: "Your breakfast is ready." As I walked into the dining room, there was a warm breakfast and some sure enough coffee. I did justice to it, and raising from the table, I bid her farewell, and received a blessing from her that will sound well in eternity.

As I left her house that morning and trudged my way along through the Washita country toward Texas I decided that Mrs. Mayo was one of the most remarkable women I had ever seen. When I get to heaven, I expect to find that good woman and her heroic boys all safely "mansioned" far beyond the sorrows of earth.

"I was a stranger and she took me in."

Since that day I have met more than one person who knew her well, and they told me that she stood among the masses of the people like Mts. Hood and Shasta among the surrounding mountains, possessing in the highest degree the noblest adornments of womanhood in the highest sense, the brightest gem being her humble unostentatious Christian grace.

At the close of another day's march I stop and spend the night where my surroundings are just the opposite. Next day, late in the evening, I crossed Red River at Alexandria on a pontoon bridge. There is a regiment camped there and a sentinel is on guard on the bridge. "Halt!" he cried. "Got a pass?" "No, got a furlough." "All right; go on." Poor fool! Not much discipline. He ought to have demanded my paper and called the officer of the guard, but was ignorant of his duty. Passing Alexandria some five or six miles, I stop for the night at the house of Gen. Graham, an old aristocrat. He had belonged to the old army in former years, and was with Gen. Taylor in Mexico in '46 and '48. He met me at the door and demanded my papers, stating that if they were all right I could stop, otherwise I could not. It was now sundown and was sleeting; no other chance or I should have turned away in indignation. After carefully scanning my papers, he pronounced them all right and graciously granted me the privilege of staying in the

kitchen, for which, of course, I was thankful. I left his place at daylight next morning.

Over half the distance of my 400 miles is now behind me, and every step is shortening the remaining 200. My feet are so sore I can hardly walk when I first start in the morning, but I move on through the pine woods of western Louisiana. Nothing worth special note here, except I have to stop one night with some people who are very hard run for something to eat. I leave at daylight, trusting to luck for something to eat further on. My last night on Louisiana soil is at a place where I have all needed comforts. At daylight I am off again, determined to cross the Sabine river before I halt for the night. I missed my dinner, as I found no place near the noon hour to get dinner at. Late in the evening I gave a woman \$5 for a small handful of sweet potatoes, very small and stringy, which I take in my hand and eat cold as I trudge along. I must cross the Sabine river to-night. Just at sun-down I reach the river bank, at a place known as Burr's ferry. The ferryman puts me over, and my feet once more presses the soil of my native land at Burr's ferry. The sun is down and I am so tired I can hardly walk, and it's four miles to the first house. On I go, and in due time I reach a cabin containing six grown women and one old man, besides a lot of dirty faced children—having made ninety miles in three days. It's a tough outfit. The surroundings indicate poverty of a distressing character, but they have a good fire.

Here I find the whole six women and the old man are all rebels against the cause of the South, and in the most unqualified terms express themselves as such. I have not heard any such talk before since I left prison. I got mad and shot off my mouth in the most scathing rebuke that I am able to, on such sentiments as they expressed. I am met with dynamite and crysilic acid in addition to that six sets of the most hellish and fierce flashing eyes ever stuck in the features of a female face, and a very sarcastic grin from the old man, I wisely conclude that discretion is the better part of valor, and I change the conversation on to the "weather," which we handle extensively. You know the "weather" is a very nice question to turn a conversation on to when you have nothing else to talk about. We handle it in large chunks until I was invited to retire to rest.

At daylight I am on the road again—120 miles yet intervenes between me and the most sacred spot on earth, "Home, Sweet Home." I determine to complete it in four days more, which I do.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

On through the towns of Jasper and Woodville I pass. Nothing of special interest to my readers occurring. On the evening of the 16th I reach the town of Woodville. I must either stop, or go twelve miles further. Its too early to stop, and if I go on night will overtake me half way. I am very tired and foot sore, but I must go on in order to reach home next night. On I go, my step is rather slow. About bed time I see a light ahead of me. The wolves and foxes have been howling and barking around me ever since dark—no danger from them, yet such music in a thick woods where there is no settlements for miles, does make one feel rather lonesome of a dark night. On reaching the light, I find shelter for the remainder of the night—some supper, and then my tired frame is retired to a comfortable bed and soon I am slumbering as only a very tired person knows how to enjoy. I am now thirty-two miles from home. I intend to measure the entire distance next day. At daylight I'm off, so stiff and sore, but as I move, on I feel better; at five or six miles, I stop and get some breakfast and on I go. About nine o'clock a heavy rain storm begins and for two hours the fountains of the great deep are broken up. Eight miles of the country now ahead of me is flat, level slashy pine woods. In places the water is a foot deep in the road. I recall at least half the steps I make for these eight miles is in the water over shoe mouth deep, or more. The effect upon my sore feet is terrible. They are swelling and very hot. By noon I have made twenty miles. Reaching Smithfield in Polk county, I walked into the house of John F. Carr just as he, and his wife are sitting down to dinner. His astonishment is indescribable to see me alive. Why, said he, you are reported dead, killed at Gettysburg—your name is among the killed. I sit down and partake of a good dinner. We had much to talk about. His

only son, Buck Carr, was in my company. His remains fill a soliders grave in Virginia. In about half an hour my feet are so swollen I have to pull off my shoes. The sore feet, the 20 miles march in the forenoon, and the water has done its work.

I am unable to proceed any further on foot. Capt. Carr saddled a good horse for me, which I was to return next day. After I had somewhat dried my clothes got a good dinner and had applied some soothing lotion to my hot, burning swollen feet, I mounted the horse and on I go through mud and water. At six or seven miles I began to pass my old neighbors. Now comes one of the hard trials of a returning soldier. As I pass the house of old man Wilson I see him in the front yard; he is dressing some home-tanned leather. His only son, Jim, went off to Virginia with me—he sleeps beneath the soil of Virginia. The old man does not recognize me, and I am wanting in something, I don't know what to call it; I pass on without letting him know who I am—on I pass toward home. I get to the last mile; only one person has recognized me as I pass along the big road. Soldiers are passing both ways all the time, hence I do not attract any special notice. At last as I reach the mouth of a lane, my old home comes in full view. Old Patsy, the cook woman, observes me from the kitchen window; she notices me dismount—nothing special in that, soldiers are dismounting at the gate nearly every hour in the day, wanting something to eat, some milk, or it may be a feed of corn for a horse, or possibly to know if they can get shelter for the night. But old Patsy detected something peculiar in my manner of dismounting from the horse. Quick as lightening she darted into the house. "Miss Frony, there is a man at the gate and he got off his horse jes' like Mars' John." My wife, well knowing she would have to go to the front door in a moment anyhow, got up from her seat and walked to the door. Possibly she would not have moved until in answer to a "knock" but for the old cook woman's suggestion, at any rate, just as I latched the gate behind me, my poor wife appeared at the door with a very scrutinizing expression on her countenance. My younger child, whom I had left a three months' old infant, is standing just in front of her on the porch. My face is somewhat inclined toward the ground in front of me; my hat brim is pulled down somewhat in front, my physical appearance is so changed. No; that's not—just then I raise my face in twenty feet of where she is standing and look into her face.

Kind reader, here we will let the curtain drop. There are some things too sacred to be dished out to the curious reader. Such relics will be fully understood by the old soldiers still living, and will arouse in his mind some memories that are hid away in the heart's most sacred casket only to be viewed in the most private musings of the soul when silently reviewing the past.

All this time she had been hoping almost against hope that she would yet see my face again. Day by day she hopes on, working and planning to keep those who are dependent on her supplied with the common comforts of life, both in the way of provisions and clothing and giving shelter to and feeding many of our soldiers, who in their travels from the coast to the upper part of the state, made demands upon her liberality. She did her part faithfully and by her cheerful letters to me every week while I was in the army, she strengthened me in my duties as a soldier, and when the darkest day of defeat settled down upon our cause, and I returned home and everything was chaos and confusion, and none could penetrate the darkness of the future, she, by her cheerfulness and bravery met the new problems as they unfolded to us, and together, hand in hand, we marched, sharing each other's trials and joys and victories in life, until June 14, 1872, when she gently passed away from the trials of this life into an eternal rest, with the pure, and the good, for evermore.

Next morning the news of my return home spread through the country, and then came the trial of my life—to meet the parents and loved ones of the boys who had gone with me to Virginia, and deliver to each in turn some last incident or word from those boys where they had died or where they were killed, and how nobly and bravely they fought and where they were buried. My wife's younger brother fell mortally wounded at Gettysburg, his remains now rest on that blood drenched field.

Once more I want to say to those who have never drank the cup of war: "You can have no conception of what war is."

In three or four days I leave for Houston to get my furlough extended thirty days longer, for you must know it's out now, dated at Savannah, Ga., on the 16th of November, for thirty days.

My furlough is extended readily thirty days longer. My purpose is to remain with my family till about the middle of January, and then return to my command in Virginia, so about the 15th of January I again go to Houston to get my papers arranged that I can return to Virginia.

While over there I met Gen. J. B. Robertson, who had been first my colonel and afterward my brigadier-general in Virginia. He now has a command in Texas, having been transferred to this department. As soon as I met the old man he generously tendered me a position on staff duty at his headquarters, to last at least, until I was physically able to do active duty in my command. After duly considering the matter I decided to accept his offer, and in a few days reported to him for duty, where I remained until the day arrives when the stars and bars are forever folded, and the red cross goes down in defeat to rise no more for ever. Lee has surrendered his eight thousand remaining shattered, ragged starving relics of a once proud and invincible army to a con-

quering foe of more than ten to one, provisioned and armed with everything necessary to make it invincible, and still he could have cut through their lines, and have prolonged the contest—but it was useless.

Johnson follows in a few days. The scene closes—the Southern Confederacy is no more. That short-lived government, born four years ago and whose short life has covered the brightest pages of American history with a sheen of glory and has commanded the profoundest attention of the whole civilized world, lies limp and lifeless at the feet of overwhelming numbers and exhaustless resources, defeated! No, never, no such word can be employed in this connection. We exhausted and wore ourselves out WHIPPING THE YANKEES.

From this time until the day that Gen. Kerby Smith surrendered the Trans-Mississippi Department, I am at the headquarters of Gen. J. B. Robertson, at Brenham. My duties are of a perfunctory character. He and his official staff occupy a large brick store house in the city. It is a very convenient building for the purpose. In the rear end of the building, are two or three rooms, suitable for official rooms, and we all constitute one family and manage to live very comfortably. A large number of troops are camped in that part of the country. Brenham was then the terminus of the railroad from Houston. Nearly one-third of my time was at Houston, and going to and from Brenham to Houston. Just as we were expecting to take the field, in a most deadly conflict, the curtain dropped, and the terrible agony was over. With sad countenances, and broken hearts we returned to our homes.

CHAPTER XL.

I will now ask the reader to go back with me a little while to the bloody field of Gettysburg. You remember I was captured on the 2nd day of July, 1863, and carried through the lines, hence I can tell you of what subsequently occurred only as I get it from history, or by word of mouth from my comrades.

The famous charge of Gen. Pickett's division, on the 3rd, the slaughter of so many thousands of his brave men, and officers on that fatal day; will live in history as long as time lasts.

I admired Gen. Pickett—he was every inch a soldier, a most gallant looking man, hardly of medium size. I have a very vivid recollection of how he looked the last time I ever saw him. It was on the day before he made the fatal charge, as we forwarded into battle on the Emmetsberg road. He and Longstreet and Hood were sitting on their horses in our immediate front and as we moved forward I passed near him and could not help noticing his long flowing hair, as he sat on his horse, directing the fire of old Riley's battery. The next day he led the charge that eclipses the charge of Balaklava. I wish to set out here what is said to have been his last words, before moving forward—except his orders to his subordinates—: As he moved into this bloody maelstrom on the 3rd of July '63.

The artillery on both side—some 350 guns in all—had been raining a "Niagara" deluge of shot and shell upon each other for some hours, the very mountains were quaking and seemed ready to topel over with fear and trembling—the scene resembled more the furies of the infernal regions holding high carnival, than anything that could be even imagined, much less described by mortal pen. This writer was ten or twelve miles away—a prisoner—and I know that the very earth was jarred, by the force as stated in a former chapter of these sketches at that distance. I will let one who saw it describe the scene, as this grand hero

led his division in this charge—a movement that was possibly to settle for ever the question of a "Confederacy or no Confederacy!"

Stop one moment, reader and contemplate the issues involved in the movement of one division --a charge to be led by this grand little man, with flowing locks as he sits there on his horse at the head of his veteran division—a very impersonation of marshal grandeur.

An eye witness in describing it says: "One of the most dramatic scenes of the civil war was Pickett's charge on the 3rd day at Gettysberg. The moments of anticipation were awful in their intensity. They are thus recorded in a recent volume, "Pickett and his men."

Pickett had received a note from headquarters and giving it to Longstreet. "Gen. Longstreet, shall I go forward?" he asked:

Longstreet looked at him with an expression that seldom comes to a human face. He held out his hand and bowed his head in assent. Not a word did he speak.

"Then I shall lead my division forward, sir," said Pickett, and he galloped away. He had gone only a few yards when he came back and took a letter from his pocket. On it he wrote in pencil: "If old Peter's nod means death, good-bye and God bless my little ones." (Old Peter was Gen. Longstreet.)

He gave the letter to Longstreet and rode back. That letter and its faintly penciled words reached its far destination down in Virginia. The letter was to Mrs. Pickett.

Pickett gave orders to his brigade commanders and rode along the line, his men springing to their feet with a shout of delight, as he told them what was expected of them—the success of the day.

He was sitting on his horse when Wilcox rode up. Taking a flask from his pocket, Wilcox said:

"Pickett, take a drink with me. In an hour you'll be in hell or in glory."

Pickett declined to drink anything. "I promised the little girl who is waiting and praying for me down in Virginia that I would keep fresh upon my lips until we shall meet again the breath of violets she gave me when we parted. Whatever my fate, Wilcox, I shall do my duty like a man, and I hope that by that little girl's prayers I shall reach either glory or God."

It is impossible to describe the scene here enacted.

A brave man, with so much to live for, with the curly tresses, and angelic smiles of his sweet child dancing before his visions of home, and loved ones, as he gallantly leads his command on this maelstrom of death. A true soldier riding boldly into that which it seemed would be his last ride on earth

in obedience to orders from his old chief. Did somebody blunder? I don't know, I will not even speculate on that matter.

From this day the hands on the time-piece of our hopes of a Southern Confederacy seem to turn back. We continue the struggle for nearly two years, fighting, marching, enduring, hoping and challenging the admiration of all the civilized world and the greatest military authorities of the age—even our enemies are forced to utter the most extravagant words of high regard for our gallantry and soldierly character.

While I was in prison, and after my exchange, until the end came, I never suffered myself to entertain a possibility of our failure. With all my heart I believed we would ultimately succeed, and I know that was the sentiment of the great body of the rank and file of the troops. Never until Joe Johnson surrendered did I give up.

Reader, you may think that very unreasonable, yet it is true.

While on duty with Gen. Robertson at his headquarters in Brenham during the spring of '65, I was looking forward all the time to the day when I would be physically able to return to my command, then in the ditches before Petersburg, Va. But an all wise Father, whom I believe, rules the affairs of this world for our best interest, saw fit to direct otherwise. I must accept his ruling as wise and good. He to whose boundless vision, the eternity of the past, and the eternity of the future, is as one eternal now; saw that there was not room in North America for two republics, with virtually the same principles of government—cutting our constitution, and the great river, Mississippi, at right angles.

As for the unfortunate issues that brought us together in a titanic conflict, they will pass away in the coming ages, as the morning mist before the ascending orb of an advancing light of a higher civilization that will—as the years pass by—warmed by the life giving principles of our Holy Christianity, instilled into our being loftier conceptions of the "rights of man," our duty to our "neighbor," as well as to ourselves.

But we must not conclude that these issues will adjust themselves independent of our responsibility and patriotic effort. As the great problems of our form of government unfold themselves before us in the coming years we must meet them with that same heroic fortitude that the contending forces met their work 40 years ago—meet them as men to whom a great charge is committed—in the spirit of the loftiest patriotism. We may make blunders, but the great Ruler of the universe will so direct our actions, as ultimately to bring the greatest good to us out of these issues—we may have to pass under the chastening rod again. I pray you may not see and feel what your fathers have seen and felt. I think it likely that the next problem we, as a

nation will have to solve, will be the race question, which today seems to loom up before us as a hideous hidraheaded monstrosity. But as it is my purpose to give you two or three chapters on that matter a little later on. I will dismiss it for the present.

Since the above was written, President McKinley has fallen at the hands of a red-handed assassin—a tragedy—which has shrouded our country—north, south, east and west—in intensest gloom. This sad event has brought from the great deep of the American heart, irrespective of political partyism or section, the most vigorous expressions of condemnation, not only of the poor, unfortunate wretch who fired the deadly shot, but of that sentiment so often uttered that has seemed to foster and encourage anarchy, and a spontaneous demand goes up from every political faith for strong and drastic measures, by both state and national enactment for stamping it out of this country. Mr. McKinley had, during his first administration and in the beginning of his second pursued a policy toward the southern people that had given him a very warm place in their affections, in fact, he had done more to bridge the war chasm than all his predecessors, and what he may have left uncompleted in his life, his death seems to have finished. His successor, Theodore Roosevelt; the son of a Southern woman, (from Georgia) and the nephew of two gallant Confederate soldiers, gives promise of continuing the work so patriotically inaugurated by his predecessor.

Mr. Roosevelt is the youngest man that ever occupied this exalted station—only three years old when the war began—and being a man of broad views, and free from the entanglements of a war record, he is doubtless in a position to do what no man before him could do. The prospect at this writing seems bright for a brilliant and courageous policy. All true patriots, north and south, are hoping for the best, and that he will in truth and in fact be the president of the whole country, and not of a section or a party. In the pursuit of such a policy he will have the hearty support of all patriots of all parties and all sections.

Since the above was written, the "Booker Washington Dinner" incident, and his impetuous reprimand of Gen. Nelson A. Miles for giving expression to his "personal views on the Schley-Sampson trial, causes some apprehension.

CHAPTER XLI.

As I am now nearing the conclusion of these sketches, I think it in order to present to your minds an epitome of the four years campaign in Virginia, and state its stupendous and unparalleled results, which many of us doubtless fail to appreciate, and, perhaps would never fully understand, unless many histories of these great events were carefully read and studied. My old friend and comrade, Col. J. B. Simpson, of Dallas, recently read before Sterling Price Camp, U. C. V's., of Dallas, a carefully prepared paper, in which he gives all the facts and figures gleaned from the official reports of both governments. Col. Simpson has devoted years of careful study and preparation of this paper, assisted by all the published records, which he has in his extensive library, and I know from memory that the most of them are eminently correct, and I doubt not the correctness of those figures with which I am not personally familiar. Therefore, by his permission, I will quote for your benefit that part of his paper bearing upon this subject:

"If you will take a map and measure the distance you will find that less than 100 miles intervenes between Washington City and Richmond, Va. Practically within that scope of country our generals and our comrades held at bay for four years the most superb and adequately equipped army ever organized on this earth, defeating them again and again with often less than half their numbers, and only surrendering when our forces had dwindled down to 7,800 men, and these surrounded by 85,000 veterans and exultant Federal troops.

During this gigantic four years' struggle, over substantially this interval of only 100 miles, was fought in the order of their sequence among numberless other engagements, the following battles: Big Bethel, Bull Run, where 17,644 Confederates met 19,925 Federals and defeated them; Ball's Bluff, Carni-

fex Ferry, Cheat Mountain Pass, Philippi, Rich Mountain, Drainsville, Yorktown, Hanover, C. H. Seven Pines, where 32,000 Confederates confronted 36,000 Federals, Fair Oaks, Kernstown, Swift River Gap, Winchester, Port Republic, Gaines Mill, Cold Harbor and Savage Station, where 80,000 Confederates opposed 105,000 Federals; White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, second Manassa, where 50,000 Confederates defeated 72,000 Federals; Sharpsburg, where the Federal forces numbered 57,000, our forces 35,000: (Lee's reports for that day showed only 32,000 for duty is my recollection); Fredericksburg, where the Federals massed 113,000 troops against our 75,000; Chancellorsville, where we met 138,378 troops with 53,305 veterans, somewhat more than one-third their number; Gettysburg, where we attacked 105,000 Federals with 60,000 Confederates; the Wilderness, where the Federal forces reached 149,166, ours 62,000: then came Spottsylvania, C. H., Cold Harbor, New Market, Monacacy and battle and skirmish on to the end. As comparing the generalship of these two men—Lee and Grant—here is something for the student of history to think of.

To quote from Jones' History: "In sixty days Grant's campaign against Richmond, despite his boast at Spottsylvania, that he would fight it out on this line if it took all summer," he had lost 70,000 men, more than the total of Lee's army, and then only he attained the position which he might have reached without firing a shot or losing a man." In the last month of this fateful and desperate struggle Grant had 162,234 men along his Richmond and Petersburg line, while to confront him and guard thirty-five miles of breastworks Lee had all told 33,000 ragged troops comparatively without food, shelter and ammunition. To make matters worse Sherman was moving up from the rear with 100,000 more, while Johnson had only 18,000 to oppose him and then came Appomattox, where as stated, 7,800 men, the remnant of this heroic army surrendered to the 85,000 surrounding them. The world will never see their like again.

"It is almost incredible, comrades, that it took four long years of bloody and almost continuous battle, for the most splendidly equipped armies ever organized on earth, to push themselves over this short interval of 100 miles and that 100 miles defended by from one-fourth to one-half the opposing forces—defended by men half clad, half fed, unsheltered and oftimes dependent upon victorious battle for their supplies, muskets and ammunition. What pen or tongue is competent to adequately portray such incomparable heroism, such matchless valor?

"I have taken these figures, comrades, from what I conceive to be creditable histories of the war between the states and when we reflect upon them in the light of all history they disclose a struggle so heroic, so determined and desperate, so brilliantly

effective and so deeply pathetic as to challenge the sympathy and admiration of all mankind.

"I mean to re-open no old wounds, comrades, in thus briefly epitomizing the incomparable war record of my people and I can in conclusion only quote the sentiments uttered by an eloquent Confederate soldier at a banquet of the New England society in New York and say that I believe these sentiments are those that we ourselves would express. His words were as follows:

"God forbid that war, civil or foreign, should come again in this, our time. He who has once seen the suffering, sorrow and desolation that it brings to happy homes can never wish to see it again. But should it come, men of the north and of the east and of the west, I speak for my people—that people who never yet faltered in halfway defiance to a foe, or in halfway welcome to a friend—I speak for my people, ere the first call to arms of our common country shall have died upon the breeze you shall hear the tramp of our legions as they wheel into line to touch elbows with the stalwart sons of New England eager to keep time with cadenced step to the music of the union—aye, to hedge round with stubborn steel that 'Starry Banner' that symbolizes once more to us, as to you, the majesty of American citizenship and the indestructibility of republican institutions."

I would not mar the force of Col. Simpson's utterances in the above quoted paper by trying to add anything to them. It is simply a record of events, which establishes a monument to Southern heroism that will blaze refulgently on the pages of history until time shall be no more.

After all this, came the dark days of reconstruction. Of this Gov. Sul Ross has said: "Those whose hatred remained implacable were the men who held high carnival in the rear and snored louder in their beds at home than they shouted on the battle field, and, after danger had passed, emerged from their hiding places with ferocious zeal and courage, gave us the horrid nightmare of reconstruction, which wrought in our land a desolation almost as terrible as war itself."

These perilous times were due to the politician, not to the brave men who fought us, and when the war was over respected the brave and gallant men they had fought on a thousand bloody fields. The vision of Gen. Grant's hand straight from the shoulder grasping in friendship the hand of the immortal Lee at Appomattox, inspired them.

There are two individuals I hate—the Devil and the practical politician; for the first I have about as much respect as I have for the latter.

There are two classes for which my love is beyond the measure of my words — its the old Confederate soldier, who was true, and our Southern women, who kept house and prayed

for us and spun our clothes and cheered us on while in line of battle and when defeat came and we returned home bereft of all, but honor, met us down the lane with outstretched arms, fell upon our bosoms, and, with mingled expressions of joy and sadness, bathed our rugged old frames with their tears, and, patting our faces with their sweet hands, said they loved us better than ever. God bless their memory! Shall we ever see their like again. Of all the characters we had to contend with in the days of reconstruction, the most contemptible and disgusting, was the Scallawag, a ghoul full of venom, spleen and arrogance, hellish carmorants, who, turning against their own people and by a little brief authority from our oppressors, gained at the sacrifice of every atom of principle and honor—like Judas obtained the thirty pieces of silver—became the most vindictive power we had to contend with in those dark days. They sank so low in the depths of infamy, that the eye of fancy scarce can reach them now. No wonder that in those gloomy days so many of us echoed the old Rebel song, which as I remember went some how this way:

“Oh, I’m a good old Rebel,
 “Now that’s just what I am,
 “For this so-called land of freedom,
 “I don’t care a d——n.

“I don’t want any pardon
 “For what I was and am,
 “I won’t be reconstructed,
 “And don’t care a d——n.”

Of course you know I didn’t sing it myself; I just heard others sing it.

The white winged dove of peace came when Gen. Grant said let us have peace, and standing by Gov. Coke tore the hands of the Scallawag E. J. Davis, from the throat of Texas, and thus enabled Coke to restore Texas to her political privilege. For this all honor to Gen. Grant. White winged peace o’er shrouded our land, and we buried our passions in Pathos, as we buried our heroes in love.

CHAPTER XLII.

When I first began writing these papers, I had no thought of their reaching the proportions they have. But I am now about through with the reminiscences, and will only tax your patience for a little while in discussing those conditions which have come upon us as a result of that great contest, about which we have told you in the preceding chapters. Once more I want to remind you that my main object has been to benefit the young people—those who were born since the war or were too young to remember it. Many books and papers have been written, mostly from a northern standpoint, some from the south. Many have given utterances in speeches and public addresses on special occasions that were tinged with fulsome gush that bore the earmarks of being made to order. Many things have been said and done on these special joint reunions that it seems to me are calculated to be misleading to the minds of the present generation. I am impressed with the idea that our younger people would be justified in concluding that we were just simply engaged in a sort of sham or make-believe contest. We who live today and were not in the war, are drifting far away from the actual facts, and are half admitting that our fathers were traitors, insurrectionists and rebels against the best government the world ever saw, and we half admit that we had no cause of action except to hold and retain the negro in slavery, as though we originated and adopted and were seeking to perpetrate contrary to the constitution and laws of the United States, negro slavery on this continent; when, in fact, we, the people of the south, were no more responsible for the institution as it existed here, and was so thoroughly interwoven into our social fabric, than we were for the ebbing and flowing of the tide that washed our southern shores. The facts are, the negro was only an incident, or an occasion in the war. Any man who has ever read the history of

North America from the landing of the "Mayflower" and the settlement at Jamestown and in New England, and has traced carefully the "two peoples" from this "embryo-two nations" on down through all the years to the middle of the last century is bound to admit that we were two peoples—different habits, different views on almost every line, in which the aggregated bodies differ.

Now, I am not vain enough to undertake to discuss the differences along all the lines wherein they were so essentially different and unlike. My purpose is only to remind you of what you already know. Then there were from the beginning two theories of government, which, however, never assumed well developed shape until after the close of the revolution. One party contending for a government of the people, by the people; or that all the authority to govern should come from the consent of the governed (Democratic); the other was the strong, or aristocratic form, a strong centralized government, in no way regarding state lines, except as a matter of convenience in local and minor matters. The great leader in this theory was Alexander Hamilton. His adherents have borne different names at different periods in our history. These conditions, with their attendant increasing difficulties, confronted the most patriotic sentiments of both sections continually up to 1860, when the accumulating force of the volcano gave evident signs of a terrific upheaval. To speak plainly, their differences were too radical for them to live longer together under the same flag without a fight. The South well understood this and sought to avert the horrors of war and its blighting effects, by invoking the benefits of her constitutional right to withdraw from the union. As to the advisability of exercising this right is now another question. I do not propose to open it up here nor elsewhere. It has been forever settled, and we are glad the agony is over. We did not want to fight, neither side coveted war. We had no trained armies inured to the hardships of war. The thinking men on both sides realized that the contest would be titanic in its course, but the dominant sentiment of the north insisted that we must yield to their theory or accept the gauge of battle. My training had been along the line of thought suggested by the teachings of Jefferson, Madison and later on Calhoun, while I was not ignorant of the theory of Hamilton, the elder Adams, Webster and Clay. I came to manhood and settled convictions, rooted and grounded in the faith that the general government was the creature of the states, and that when a state was not protected in the enjoyment of her every right under the constitution, that she had the right under that sacred compact to withdraw from the Union, and dissolve the same—to resume their independence, as set forth in the original acknowledgment of our independence, at the termination of the Revolutionary war. And, so believing,

I acted. I did so deliberately. Jeff Davis, nor any other living man at the time, was responsible for my actions and for my vote on secession. And right here I want to say while from the day I laid down my arms and accepted the situation (the result of the war) that I have been as faithfully loyal to the terms of my capitulation and my fealty to the United States government as any man between the Lakes and the Gulf, yet I have never changed my views on the issues that brought about the war, and especially the doctrine of state rights, as laid down in the body of our national constitution, and the solemn compact which lies at the very base of the union of the states.

Now, I am not talking about the negro, I care nothing for the institution of slavery, but I will discuss that further on. I have the same notions of doctrine of the rights of the states, now that I had then, the older I get the better I understand these questions, the more confirmed I am, that under the constitution I was not a rebel, and it makes me half ashamed of some of our people when I hear them utter those gushy, slushy generalities that I can't help but regard as a compromise between what they don't believe and what they think will sound pleasingly to somebody else—sycophancy is all the name I know for it. Why not be manly and say yes, you fellows with your 2,700,000 men and unbounded resources, did overpower and finally outwind 600,000 of us—4½ to 1—and while we were cut off from all the world, yet we wore ourselves out "a wearing you out." I am too old to hope to see a history of the war from a standpoint that will give the student of history a correct view of the issues involved, but it will be written; if alive, I shall rejoice at the verdict of the student, if dead, I hope to be better employed.

Now as to what will be the future of this country is hard to foresee—our wildest vagaries cannot span or estimate the possibilities—bound together as we are in trade and travel, and daily becoming more inter-dependent upon each other, and our inter-commingling and inter-marrying may, in another century, obliterate and forever wipe out all the differences of sectional thought and distinctions that heretofore prevailed, and the two may ultimate in a race of people essentially AMERICAN. Indeed, this seems to have already begun.

As to the institution of slavery let me say that no man would contend for a moment that the bartering of Joseph by his brethren into slavery was a righteous act, and yet it ultimated in the most useful lesson the Jew ever learned—it impressed an idea of "God" upon his mind that all the trials and buffetings of the ages have never effaced nor ever will. No one will contend for a moment that the New England and Dutch sailors, who, with an eye to business, stole the African from his native jungle and made him a slave in that cold and bleak corner of the world, was engaged in a philanthropic enterprise, and, who, after learn-

ing he had made a bad bargain, sold them to the Southern planter. This did not expiate the heinousness of his first act. The Southern planter learned him habits of industry and frugality, and stamped upon his mind a knowledge of the true God, and lifting him out of the state of cannibalism, and grafting him in the great family of Christendom, did for him all that was possible to do up to the time when his original captors took control of him the second time.

Without pursuing further the line of thought here suggested, I will simply remark that the negro, free from political influences, too well knows which of the two is his best friend.

No man today worthy the name of a man is sorry the negro is free. I know that I did not fight for the negro, and I never saw the day I would not willingly have given him up if my "Lost Cause" had suggested it as feasible.

The great problem that confronts the two races today is: "What are you going to do with each other?"

God may restore him; with primary ideas of "our" civilization, to his native land, where he may be used by the great God, as either possible or feasible. One thing is evident—he cannot remain stationery where he is now. He must get a move on him, and at least, keep in sight of the procession or he will get left—if left he is lost. No question but the American people have a problem on their hands to solve.

But, by way of parenthesis, let me say to you that this North American continent has been conquered, and will ever be ruled by WHITE MEN exclusively. The Anglo Saxon has this country in trust, as a talent bestowed by the Great God-Father, and I am sure she will in good faith do the work assigned her.

The old slave and the old slave-holder are fast passing away—they love and respect each other. When they are gone a "king" will come into power that "knows not Joseph." Just what the result of this mutual ignorance will be, and what effect it will have upon the colored brother, is a question that the future must settle—we can't foresee its results. That the present century will bring with it developments beyond the conjecture of today is not unreasonable.

One thing I know, the greater responsibility is upon the white race. If we meet it wisely the solution is half accomplished—if we blunder or are indifferent it will bring trouble, sorrow and grief to both.

I have great confidence in an all wise controller of the affairs of nations. This gives me strong hope for the future. The question we must consider is, what to do and how to do it.

Stripped of all political jargon or play upon words calcu-

lated to darken council or mislead those who are not familiar with the questions involved in the "Lost Cause," it was a struggle over the construction of the constitution.

Had we succeeded, we would to-day wear the brightest plumes of fame and the names of Jeff Davis, R. E. Lee and their lieutenants would be household terms upon the tongue of every patriot of earth as synonyms of courage, gallantry, bravery and true patriotism. Washington, in all the glory that the liberty-loving world so justly and truly accords to him, would not outshine our Lee, who so richly bore in his personality all the characteristics that make great men great, without a single spot or blemish to mar the beauty of their blendings. As referred to in previous chapters of these sketches, written down by the greatest military characters of Europe, as the equal or superior of all the greatest warriors of ancient or modern times, in all that made them great, with none of their faults or blemishes.

He was great and grand all along the line—when successful—when leading his sore-footed and worn-out army before the pursuing hosts of the North—when around the camp-fire—when contending with the hosts of Grant in the Wilderness, and around Petersburg—and when he is driven to the necessity of retreating toward Appomattox, and his sadly depleted ranks are moving along, subsisting for the time upon the swelling buds plucked from the bushes by the roadside.

But the future historian will tell our children's children that in all his greatness, he was the greatest at Appomattox.

"Richmond abandoned, the executive officers of the Confederacy on the retreat, and left without one solitary adviser, this great commander balanced the odds and alone in the night watches formed his plans only in view of his responsibility to his people, to his conscience and his God.

To look upon him was a vision; to touch his hand was a sacrament; to hear him was a benediction.

On that sad morning he surrendered his army and all of its munitions of war. The great questions involved in the struggle were the integrity of his people and the honor of his soldiers.

Behind that old warrior stood the small remnant of weather-beaten survivors of the army of Northern Virginia, which had so long confronted Grant's large army, 'clamoring' for extermination, and behind all that adverse sentiment and active prejudice of the outside world. 'Few and faint, yet fearless still' they stood, ready at the word to charge on to slaughter and to death. Never before did balance hold such tremendous issues. Solitary and alone, anomalous, majestic, immortal, unrivalled in all the past, unapproachable in the future, that occasion stands pre-eminent, sublime, the cynosure of all generations.

Tattered and torn, broken and barefoot, despairing of suc-

cess, yet resolute and defiant in conviction, powerless in strength yet invincible in principle and conscience, that little remnant gathered around its matchless idol as he stood presenting to the universe the concluding act in the splendid pageant of the 'Lost Cause'—the vanquished dictating terms to the victor; the 'old guard,' surrounded on all sides, beleaguered beyond all escape, demanding and achieving honorable recognition and triumphant vindication for the living and dead for whom it stood sponsor.

Alas! tho' coming generations will not look again upon the like, because the world in all coming time will never again behold such a contest for principle by men who, 'holding their conscience unmixed with guile, stood amid all conjunctures true to themselves, their country and their God.' To us is left the inheritance of unsullied and impregnable honor.

Their's no Judas kiss, their's no traitor's promise, and the pledge so given and so vouched, albeit wrung from them in weakness, has been fulfilled in the gross and in the detail, to the last syllable and the last letter.

Immortal, immaculate, the memory! *Esto perpetua* the sentiment.

Now, reader, in conclusion, let me say to you all—my old comrades as well as the younger people—let us not be ashamed of our record—our history. Let us be true to the memory of our slain, and be faithful to our country, and as the new problems are presented, let us meet them like men and not as time-servers, seeking the spoils of office.

As a befitting tribute to our Southern women, I will close this little volume by adding the following poem written by Mr. W. L. Sanford, of Sherman, Texas, a gallant son of the South:

THE CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

You have read of the proud Spartan matron's behest,
As she tearlessly clasped her young son to her breast
And gave him the shield which his sire had worn;
To return with that shield or upon it be borne.
Have you heard of the womanhood, nobler by far,
That anchored the South through the tempest of war?

Have you heard of those women whose eyes were as bright
As the stars that make love to the Southland at night,
And whose faces were fair as the roses that bloom
And burden the fair Southern air with perfume;
How their beauty grew pale with foreboding and dread,
While their faith never waned and their hope never fled?

Have you heard of those women, long nurtured in ease
 And free of life's cares as the birds in the trees,
 Who, with spirits aflame, when the war tocsin pealed
 Over valleys and hills, went to work in the field,
 And through heat and through cold, with grim fortitude wrought
 In the midst of their slaves, while the patriots fought?

Through the day at the plow, in the night at the wheel—
 What age and what cause ever boasted such zeal?
 What hearts were so brave and what hands were so fair
 As embroidered those flags, in the silence of prayer,
 That were destined to dazzle the eyes of the world
 E'er they sank, without blemish, shot-riddled and furled?

What perils they braved, and what hardships they bore!
 How they struggled and stinted and fought from the door
 The gaunt wolf of hunger that howled evermore!
 Yet gave the last morsel of bread from the store
 To the famishing army, weak, haggard and white
 That, shivering, slept in the trenches at night.

And, at last, when the treasury failed from the drain
 Of the war, and the country sought credit in vain,
 They smuggled their trinkets of silver and gold,
 Their jewels and plate, o'er the seas to be sold,
 Or exchanged in the markets for arms or for food
 For the men who were marching to glory through blood.

Where men might have faltered, they dashed through the dark,
 Stormy midnights as fearless as Joan of Arc,
 Bearing words to our Captains, or letting them know,
 On the eve of the battle, the strength of the foe;
 As they did at Front Royal and Cedar Creek, when
 Proud victory smiled on the arms of our men.

Or, tender as angels of mercy, they sped
 To the scenes of war's carnage, yet blazing and red,
 And succored the wounded, as mothers would do
 For their own, whether clad in the gray or the blue.
 And shrouded the fallen and mournfully read,
 In the absence of priest, the sad rites of the dead.

Proud, resolute, sprung from a high-mettled race
 That could smile through disaster but shrank from disgrace,
 They arose to the needs of that terrible time
 With masterful hands and with courage sublime
 That blessed and ennobled that chivalrous land
 Where their will is the law and their wish the command.

Thus, they passed through those harrowing years that have
flown,

With what tears and what heart-aches may never be known—
Brave women! God bless them and give to them length
Of years, with full measure of joys and of strength!
As they gave to the South in the days that she strove
Their loyal devotion, their faith and their love!

THE END.



AN ANALYSIS

OF

THE NEGRO PROBLEM

AS

A RESULT OF THE WAR.



By JUDGE JNO. W. STEVENS.

CHAPTER I.

The people of the United States, particularly of the South, are now in the beginning of a new century, face to face with a problem that will tax their wisdom, patience and forbearance to their utmost tension—the race question. The South, especially, is now wrestling with this monster, and, like Banquo's Ghost, it will not down. No country on earth has ever had just such a monster to contend with. That we will ultimately solve it I do not doubt, but just how it will be done I am not vain enough to attempt a suggestion. I have recently read a little booklet by Col. Robt. Bingham, of Asheville, N. C., entitled, "An Ex-Slaveholder's View of the Negro Question in the South." It is ably written and I am impressed that Col. Bingham has spent much time and thought on the matter about which he writes. He displays no small amount of research in his presentation of the subject, and, as I agree with him in nearly every line of his booklet, I have asked and received permission to quote him at will in much I say in these chapters.

The Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-American has a very peculiar and remarkable place in the world's history, at least, so far back as we have an authentic record of his doings. He has not always acted wisely, but he has never, so far as the record shows, surrender to any one else. He has his civil wars and family troubles, in which blood has flowed in torrents. He has had a large share of troubles and has measured arms with other people, but he has never struck his colors to any other power. He has, at times, seemed to move slowly and along uncertain lines, but when the final act in the great world drama was reached he received the capitulation of his antagonist and dictated the terms with grace and dignity. No other race of humanity has ever touched him and preserved its identity. Now shall we tremble in the face of a local problem. Our present ex-

alted attainments in civilization, in government, in art, in science and commerce and world respectability is the result of centuries of trial, suffering and sacrifice.

If God made the white man white and the negro black, he intended for the white man to remain white and the black man to remain black, and so with all the other colors of the human race—all other races have vanished before the supreme touch of the Anglo-Saxon. So as a matter of fact our contact with the negro in the South is the only instance in the history of our race where any population of Anglo-Saxon blood has dealt successfully with another race on the same soil in about equal numbers. We of the South dealt more successfully with the negro up to 1865, when he was taken from us, than any race has ever dealt with another race on the same soil since the dawn of history. He came into our homes from over the seas—by the avarice of New England and Dutch traders and ship-owners—not by our own, as we did not own a ship. He was a savage of a low type, and in some cases, at least, a cannibal.

In the boyhood and young days of this writer, there lived, in what is now San Jacinto county, Texas, a planter, who owned several native Africans. They looked like any other, or the ordinary black man. I have heard them for hours describe, in detail, their cannibal feasts in their native land—one old man, in particular, whose name was "Cudgo." I have heard him say that a fat baby was better than a chicken. Under our treatment this savage was so developed in the arts of civilization in a little more than a century that he was deemed worthy, by our friends in the North, to share with them the citizenship of this Great Republic, and this boon, which was given by law to every adult negro male in the South, and still denied to illiterates of our own race in New England, and in this year of grace, 1902, it is being denied to illiterate brown men and yellow men in the new Territory of Hawaii, by act of a Republican congress, and approved by a Republican president. As the negro advanced so rapidly under our tutelage, it may be well for those whose ancestors united with ours in exterminating the Celt in England and the Red Man in America, who have excluded the yellow man, who have not succeeded with the black man since they took charge of him in '65, as well as we had done before '65, and on whose success with the brown man we must suspend judgment for the present. It may be well for our friends in the North to take our diagnosis of the case of the negro into careful consideration. And it may be well for our northern friends to realize that in the nature of things we are better qualified to make a correct diagnosis of the negro's case and to treat it more intelligently, than they are. In the whole North only one-sixtieth (1-60) of the people are of African descent, and there are many people in the North who never saw a negro. But in the

South as a whole one-third (1-3) of the people are of African blood; in several of the former slave states three-fifths (3-5) of the people are of African descent, and there are localities in the former slave states where nine-tenths (9-10) of the people are of African blood, and it can hardly be denied that those who have dealt with only a very weak solution of a thing, and, who, in many cases, have never dealt with it at all, are less competent to judge it intelligently than those who have dealt with a heavily saturated solution of it—so to speak, all their lives. The logic of events has forced upon the minds of our Northern brethren one potent fact. This fact is that a great mistake was made against the negro by arming him with the ballot while he was still an intellectual, moral and political infant. We (the Anglo-Saxons) are God's kings of men—His royal blue bloods of creation. But every step toward the highest freedom was won in the best blood of our race. We freed ourselves from vassalage and established the principles of Magna Charta in blood. We freed ourselves from ecclesiastical vassalage to a foreign potentate under the Tudors and established the Church of England, instead of the church of Rome, in blood. We freed ourselves from domestic ecclesiastical vassalage under the Stewarts and established the principles of the Bill of Rights in blood. We obtained manhood sufferage at great cost in moil and toil and blood, and, after many centuries of preparation for it. Thos. Jefferson, the great Apostle of Democracy, said: "I am certain the negroes will be free, and equally certain that they can never live on the same soil on terms of political equality with the whites

Abraham Lincoln, the great Apostle of Republicanism, in a speech delivered at Charleston, Ill., on the 18th of September, 1858, said as follows:

"I will say that I am not nor ever have been in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white or black races; that I am not nor ever have been in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people; and I will say in addition to this that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social equality. And inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together, there must be the position of superior and inferior; and I, as much as any other man, am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race."

Now I wish my readers to bear in mind the ponderous truths that the above quoted remarks gave utterance to fell from the lips of Abraham Lincoln, the man who wrote the emancipation proclamation, which is held in such sacredness by the negroes in their 19th of June celebrations every year, which they ought to do, and would be guilty of manifest ingratitude to his

memory if they failed to do so. But he at no time and nowhere said that they were qualified for the jury service or the ballot, or for social equality, but their status was that of "inferiors."

It is a question upon which our best and greatest men differ widely as to the propriety of ever admitting the negro to the ballot. In the light of all the past, from '65 up to this good day, I think it is a great mistake. Had Mr. Lincoln lived it is highly probable that no such radical movements would have been made. More likely a gradual admission based on educational qualifications, as in Massachusetts, or on the combined educational and property basis, which is demanded of white men in Rhode Island. Nothing would have stimulated the negro more. But would he have been morally qualified? But this great opportunity was thrown away; and in the face of our own race having attained manhood suffrage only after centuries of preparation for it and after great moil and toil and blood, in the face of the condemnation of such a course by our greatest political leaders, including Abraham Lincoln himself, in the face of the fact that manhood suffrage is still denied to illiterates of our own race in New England, in the face of all these facts this great boon was given to the negro without moil or toil on his part, without his having shed a drop of his own blood organized to attain it, and so, entirely without preparation for it. And it was done, not for the benefit of the negro, but as a move on the chess-board of party politics, and the party making the move has been checkmated in ten states ever since. And as suffrage has wrought evil, and only evil to the negro ever since, and that continually, we believe that perhaps the best thing is to accompany it with the same sort of educational qualification which accompanies its enjoyment by our race in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, and which is demanded of brown men and of yellow men in our new territory of Hawaii. In this way the evils which threaten the negro may be averted.

CHAPTER II.

Possibly the most potent factor, in the multitude of factors, which ultimated in the war between the states was that of labor—free labor against slave labor—the contest began not to free the negro but for the purpose of excluding the slaves from the territories. It is well known that the negro is not tolerated by the farm laborer, mechanic, miner, railroad employe, or by any other handicraft man in any Northern or Western state as he is tolerated as yet everywhere in the South to-day.

No laborer of any race, and least of all no negro laborer, has ever been met on the border of a Southern state, as the negro was met on the border of Illinois recently with bullet and bayonet; nor has the governor of any Southern state threatened peaceable laborers with Gatling guns as Governor Tamer, of President Lincoln's own state, and a member of Lincoln's own political party, nor to this day has a finger been raised to bring these murderers of negro miners to justice. And this race antagonism which exists everywhere and among all races, and nowhere perhaps more strongly than among the whites of the north and Northwest against the negro, must be met successfully by the negro if he is to survive, and everything which tends to stimulate race antagonism must be avoided. And can the negro meet successfully this competition against a race before whom the Celt, the Red, the Yellow and the Brown man have vanished like morning mist before the rising sun.

And not only must race antagonism and industrial antagonism be met by the emancipated negro, but his being armed with the ballot has added political antagonism to his other difficulties; and this political antagonism is the more dangerous to him because it has weakened the feeling of the former slave-owner and his children toward him, and it is hardening the heart of the non slave-holding class against him more and more year by year.

I believe that in the history of the whole world there never was as kindly relations between two races on the same soil as between the slave holder and the slave in the South before the civil war, and nothing vindicates these kindly, and in many cases these tender relations so clearly, so falsifies the preconceived opinions of many Northern people upon the subject so clearly as the confidence with which the white men of the South left their women and children to the protection of the negroes during the Civil War, and the unexampled faithfulness with which the negroes discharged this trust; and we, who passed through these trying times cannot forget this, their only redeeming feature, and we teach our children never to forget it. I have always loved the negro and I shall never cease to love him. And I am sure this kindly feeling between the outgoing generation of slave-owners and of slaves is mutual. When the negro wants work, he comes to us for employment. When he is hungry he comes to us still for food. When he is naked, he comes to us for clothing. When he is in trouble, he comes to us for counsel. When he wishes to buy a little piece of land so that he may own a home of his own, he comes to us to "stand for him." When he wants to build his house of worship, he comes to us to head the subscription list, and we do it. When his child is sick, he comes to us for medicine, and when it dies, he comes to us to help him buy its coffin. But when election comes on, he does not come to us, but goes to our political opponent and his political master and gets his orders how to vote and a dollar or two perhaps in addition, and often nothing but promises, accompanied by assurances that we want to put him back into slavery, and with this all connection between him and his political master ends until the next election.

Such persistent political hostility of employee against employer would hardly be tolerated by the property holders in any Northern state; it has become wearisome to the ex-slave holders, it is exasperating to their sons and grandsons, and it is intensifying the, as yet suppressed race hostility of the non-slave holding class year by year.

So that friends of the negro must reckon with race antagonism, stimulated by industrial antagonism and inflamed by political antagonism.

Now when two races occupy the same soil, the voice of history is clear as to the three possible solutions of the race problem

I. The races must amalgamate.

II. The stronger race must reduce the weaker race to slavery or at least to political subjection.

III. The weaker race must cease to exist.

1. Amalgamation cannot be thought of. The Anglo-Saxon has never amalgamated with inferior races, as the Latin races have done in Central and South America. He may mix his blood individually with an inferior race, but the offspring herds

with the mother's race and never with the sire's. And any female of Anglo-Saxon blood forfeits her identity of race, even by a legal marriage with a man of an inferior race. There is no middle ground society between the white man and the negro of the South, there can be none.

2. Slavery is a thing of the past. It lasted in the South as long perhaps as it was beneficial to the negro, and as long as the stronger race could stand it and remain strong. No consideration would induce our people to take the burden again.

3. The history of other races in general, and of English speaking races in particular, makes it necessary for the friends of the negro to reckon distinctly with the question of his gradual extinction if he is to avoid the fate which the Celt and the Indian have already met at the hands of our race, and to which our dealings with the Yellow and Red men of our own soil, and Brown man on his own soil seem to point ominously. Various solutions of the negro question have been suggested, none of which so far give much promise of success.

Education in books has been on trial since '65. Many Northern people who have looked at the negro only through the smoked glass of fancy, differ materially from us who have seen him through a microscope. They seem to think he is an Anglo-Saxon in a black skin, and that he needs only a little book learning to cleanse him of his racial disabilities; and we of the South, whether wisely or unwisely, determined to give this method a fair trial. According to the report of the Commissioner of Education, up to 1896, the South has spent since 1870 \$100,000,000 of their own tax money on him, and the North has spent an equal amount—yet he is only an African still. And the criminal statistics hereinafter given are in no way encouraging, either as to his intellectual or moral development. His lack of mechanical talent and inventive genius are discouraging to the advocates of industrial training. Former efforts at civilization has convinced all practical minds of its futility, besides, to colonize 8,000,000 of human beings is a task too monstrous to contemplate. The distribution of the negroes among the Northern States has been suggested, but the philanthropic Gatling gun of Gov. Tanner would meet him at the border of every state north of Mason and Dixon's line. Christianizing the negro is hopefully looked to as a solution of the problem, but the potent factor must not be lost sight of, that in the minds of the negro, morals and religion are severed much more widely than in the mind of the Anglo-Saxon.

With race antagonism, industrial antagonism and political antagonism to meet, it does not make the case of the negro more hopeful that his physical and mental and moral fibre have grown weaker since his freedom began. Insanity was almost unknown among the negroes in slavery. There must be insane asylums in

every Southern state now for the colored insane and they are crowded with inmates. Smallpox and other contagious diseases were practically unknown among the negroes as slaves. They are very prevalent now. Drunkenness was practically unknown among the negroes as slaves. It is very common now. Venereal disease was almost unknown in slavery. The medical men say that it prevails among the negroes to a very alarming extent now. The sexual impurity of the negro is deplored by all who desire his uplifting and most of all by such leaders of his own race as Booker Washington Prof. DuBois, of Atlanta, and Prof. Eugene Harris, of Fiske University, Nashville, Tenn. Prof. Harris' statement as to the Social and Physical condition of the negro is given in the report of 1896-97 of the United States Government's Commissioner of Education, Vol. 2, pages 2310-11-12, where he says as follows: "The constitutional diseases which are responsible for our unusual mortality are traceable to sexual immoralities. More than twenty-five per cent of the negro children born are admittedly illegitimate. In one county in Mississippi in the space of twelve months 300 marriage licenses were taken out, and out of that number only three were for negroes, yet the negro population was four to one over the whites, according to population there should have been twelve hundred, but whereas the record shows but three. As a simple matter of fact wrong doing on this line in no way discounts a negro woman; the most respectable negro men marry them unhesitatingly and they move freely in the highest circles of negro society. That this race characteristic lost hold on the negro in slavery is certain, that it has regained its native hold on him in freedom is also certain. While the negro population increased nearly 36 per cent from 1870 to 1880, the increase from 1880 to 1890 was only 13 per cent, which is about one-half the increase among the whites, during the same period. Such conditions have only to continue long enough, and the negro problem will solve itself. The bettering of these conditions call for the best and most united thought and action of both races. The most serious thing to be considered by the friends of the negro is his attitude toward crime and his consequent rapid increase in criminality. When a white man commits a crime other white men combine to arrest and punish him, and he loses character and caste. When a negro commits crime, other negroes combine to prevent his arrest and punishment, and he becomes a sort of hero and martyr in the eyes of his race.

Dr. W. H. Wilcox, a native of Massachusetts, a professor in Cornell University, and at present in Washington City, as chief statistician in the census bureau, delivered a striking address on Criminality before the American Social Science Association at Saratoga September 6, 1899. Dr. Geo. T. Winston, born in North Carolina, late president of our Texas State Uni-

versity, delivered a striking address in December, 97, before the National Prison Association, at its meeting at Austin, Texas, on the prevention of crime. The conclusion of these two distinguished gentlemen, differing so widely in birth, rearing and environments, are practically the same. They are very instructive and they bear very strongly on the negro's chances to survive, now that he has been brought into direct competition with the man of Anglo-Saxon blood. I quote Dr. Winston chiefly as he gives the actual percentage more fully than Dr. Wilcox does. Hear him: (1) "The negro element is much the most criminal of our population." (2) "The negro is much more criminal as a free man than he was as a slave." (3) "The negro is increasing in criminality with fearful rapidity, being one-third more criminal in 1890 than 1880." (4) "The negroes who can read and write are more criminal than the illiterate, which is true of no other element of our population." (5) "The negro is nearly three times as criminal in the northeast, where he has not been a slave for a hundred years, and three and a half times as criminal in the northwest, where he has never been a slave; than in the South, where he was a slave until 1865." (6) The negro is three times as criminal as the native white, and once and a half times as criminal as the foreign white, consisting in many cases of the scum of Europe." (7) "More than seven-tenths of the negro criminals are under thirty years of age."

Now, hear what Prof. J. R. Stratton says in the North American Review for June, 1900:

"According to the census of 1890, as quoted by Prof. Stratton, the minimum illiteracy of the negro, 21 7-10 per cent, is found in New England, and his maximum illiteracy, 65 7-10 per cent, is in the so-called "black belt," South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana. And yet the negro is four and a half times more criminal in New England, hundred for hundred, than he is in the 'black belt.'

These facts, taken from the United States census, show (1) that the educational method, as it has been applied thus far to the negro, lacks adjustment to his needs; and (2) that the northeast, the northwest and the Nation have not succeeded as well with the negro since '65 as the South did up to '65.

Since the foregoing was written the unfortunate episode of the dining en famille of Booker Washington at the White House by Mr. Roosevelt, and the caustic criticisms on that blunder by the press, almost entirely through the South and very generally throughout the north and west, adds vigorous support to what I have said and will say further on this question; but as I propose to give an entire chapter on that matter a little later on, I will dismiss it for the present.

Now bear in mind that the statistics above set out came from the census reports and from other official sources.

CHAPTER III.

The most fateful and fatal thing to be considered in the negro problem is the fact that the younger generation of negroes, already the most criminal class in our population, the United States census says, have developed a mania—it can hardly be called anything else—for assaulting white women. Those who live a thousand miles away from the jungles of India may think that the reports that tigers come out from the jungles and devour hundreds of people every year are exaggerated. On the testimony of the tiger and of his kith and kin they may doubt or deny the facts and may express great sympathy for the down-trodden tigers when they are slain, or are tracked to their lairs and put to death. But those who live in the midst of the terrible facts feel a constant dread when the tiger is only in his lair, and they shudder when he is abroad with his appetite for human blood excited to such fury, that he loses all sense of the consequences; and it need not be a matter of surprise that a very short shrift is allowed to the Indian tiger on the banks of the Ganges, or to the African tiger on the banks of the banks of the Ganges, makes the assaults of the African tiger harder for the white man of the South to bear when even the women of his own race at the North express great sympathy for the victim of the African tiger on the banks of the Altamaha, but none for their Anglo-Saxon sister, whom the 'African' tiger has devoured (assaulted) and when the negro editor of a paper in Wilmington, N. C., says that the Anglo-Saxon sisters are in collusion with the "African" tigers who have assaulted them. And as long as the Anglo-Saxon is the Anglo-Saxon, this crime has only to touch him or his, and his feeling is the same wherever God's sun shines on him, north or south. This is strikingly verified by the recent murder of negroes in the race riots in New York City, the hangings and burnings by mobs in Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas and Ohio, the lynchings in Urbana and Akron, Ohio, being at-

tended with unusual violence. In 1892 there were lynchings in twenty-seven (27) states of the Union, reaching from New York to California, on the north, and from Virginia to Texas, on the south. In 1897 there were lynchings in twenty-five states in all sections of the Union.

This assaulting of white women by negroes is a new crime. It was unheard of in slavery. The whole manhood of the south left their women in the hands of the negroes and went to the front during the Civil war with the feeling that they were safe in the hands of, and under the protection of the slaves. And they were safe, although on many plantations there were a hundred negro men and not a white man in a mile. No woman in the whole South was ever molested by a negro during the Civil war, nor for many years after the war.

Now, in dealing with the negro problem, this new factor must be reckoned with. "Harper's Weekly," published in New York City, a most influential journal, which has always looked at the negro through smoked glasses, said nothing about the lynching of Sam Hose, in Georgia, for about three weeks; and, then, after an investigation at first hands, said: The same thing would have occurred under similar circumstances in any state in the Union. Other noted papers, which had always been nigger-cranky—some of them noted religious journals—admitted as much or more.

It is entirely in accordance with the negro's fixed attitude towards crime that in all the deliverances of political and religious bodies of the negroes, north or south, against lynching, I have never seen a word against the crime which has produced most of the lynching and which started it all. The same is true of deliverances of most of the organizations of white people at the North on the same subject. Great sympathy is expressed for the black man who pays the penalty for the crime; but very little sympathy is expressed, even by Northern women, for a white sister whom the "African tiger" has made his victim. All the best people of the South are entirely opposed to lynching. In practice it has failed as a remedy for the crime, and it has not only brutalized those engaged in it, but it has most seriously discounted the majesty of the law. It ought to be stopped. It must be stopped. But it will not stop until both races, North and South, unite in stopping the crime, which is confined almost entirely to the negroes who were born after 1870.

Since the above was written I find this editorial in the Dallas News of September 3, 1901, which is so expressive on this line that I concluded to set it out here in full:

"Industrious and respectable negroes have before them a labor which may be hard for them to perform. It may subject them to the charge of being recusant to their race, and they may be considered Ishmaelites of their color. But they must perform

it as a duty to themselves and to others. That duty is to enter heartily into the work of relieving their people of the lawless among them who are making life in some parts of the South a hideous nightmare. It may be true that only one in many thousands of their people commit crimes, which finds its punishment at the stake, but this one crime is enough to terrify every white woman who lives in her home in certain portions of the country. There was a time when the wife of a countryman lived in terror, through the fear that the Indian might invade her home. That time is in the past. The white man vigorously put it there. And now in this century—in this day of law and civilization—not one woman in a hundred in some sections of Texas dares remain at home unless her husband or some other protector is within call. It is for women a frightful condition of affairs. It is a condition that the white man will not permit to exist. He will vigorously put it in the past. The News has ever been the friend of the honest and industrious negro. It has encouraged him. It has complimented him on his success in building up. It appreciates the embarrassments which have attended his endeavors to build up. As such a friend it warns him now. And it does it, not in a sensational way, but simply because it prefers that all should work together to improve present conditions."

The friends, true friends, of the negro, North and South, when he considers all these things, would do well to remember the fate of every other race which has come in contact with the Anglo-Saxon. Another factor which it would be well to think of, the negro has nothing to fear, as yet, from the old slaveholder, but that kindly feeling which the coming generation has inherited from his parents, is day by day growing more feeble. A cloud already "larger than a man's hand" has risen above the horizon from which the lightning flashes angrily. A king will soon come upon the throne "that knows not Joseph." It seems to be only a question of time until the attitude of the white laboring classes toward the negroes will be in the South what it has already become in the north. If these outrages on white women continue—and I shudder at the thought when I say I think it will, and possibly with accelerated frequency for a time, yet—somewhere, some day, sooner or later, the pent up fury of a patient, hopeful people will break forth like an upheaval from the infernal regions, and, as it moves, its fury will gather force and energy, and, under the leadership of a flaming frenzy, it will spread and intensify in awfulness until, like the raging fire, it will only cease when there is no matter to feed its rapacious appetite upon.

We delivered the African man over to the nation in 1865 orderly, fairly industrious, without vices, without disease, without crime. In the hands of the nation he has become disorderly, idle, vicious, diseased; three times more criminal than the native

white and one and a half times more criminal than the foreign white, consisting largely of the scum of Europe; he was one-third more criminal in 1890 than in 1880; and his maximum criminality and his minimum illiteracy concur in New England, according to the United States census—mark this.

But if he goes out of politics entirely, so as to cease to antagonize his friends, and so as to cease to feel that some mysterious power at Washington will support him in idleness and protect him in crime; and if in this frame of mind he cultivates the friendship of those among whom he lives more kindly (except as a politician and as a criminal) than anywhere else in the United States, and with less competition than he would find anywhere else on the face of the globe, under these conditions he may become fit by degrees for full citizenship under the same educational and property qualifications required for white men in New England, and for Brown and Yellow men in Hawaii. And when by intelligence and sobriety the African has won without blood the boon which the Anglo-Saxon has taken centuries of moil and toil and blood to be prepared for, the right of suffrage should be made as inalienable to the black man as to the white man; for the white man cannot afford not to share his good things with the brother in black who lives on the same soil and is protected by the same flag. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty."

But if the New Race Question is to be met successfully, it must be met by a United North, New South, New East and New West.

But the negro must not forget, that the Anglo-Saxon is "God's Kings" of men. His royal blue bloods, he is born to rule, and he ever will rule wherever he unfurls his banners.

Now, as I close this, the closing chapter of these "War Reminiscences" the last three chapters of which are the results of the war, especially the negro problem; let me say to those who have read them, they are written for you, for your information on some things that possibly you would not have understood as well, and know as much about, as you now do, after having read them.

It is a simple story of a simple unpretentious old man, in simple words that all can understand—the story is told as I remember it—there may possibly be a few errors in names and dates—but it is as nearly correct as possible for an old man to tell things that happened 35 or 40 years ago—written entirely from memory. In the closing chapters I have undertaken to give you my views on the negro problem, as that being stands related to us today, as a factor in our social system. I have given you copious extracts from the pens of able men, and renowned thinkers. I have interwoven with these extracts my own humble

views—if taken together they may possibly assist in forming correct views, and reaching just conclusions on the momentous question, and thereby assist you in dealing with these problems as they are unfolded before your minds. If you are in any way, thus assisted and benefitted, then my brightest hopes are realized.

And to the “brother in black” who may chance to read these last three chapters, let me say in all kindness to you, it is written by a “natural friend” of yours—bound to you by the strongest ties of a lifetime association. It is a true analysis of the negro problem. Study it carefully, and then preach it to your people, and you will thereby render them good service.

F I N I S .



