

THE VETERAN'S STORY.

ADA CHRISTINE LIGHTSEY.

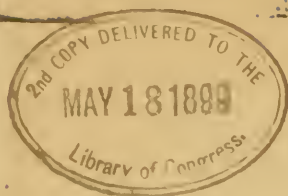
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE
❁ VETERAN'S STORY ❁

❁ By ❁

ADA CHRISTINE LIGHTSEY,
11

DEDICATED

To The

❁ HEROES, ❁

WHO WORE THE GRAY.



THE MERIDIAN NEWS,
PRINTERS AND BINDERS,
MERIDIAN, MISS.

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1873

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By ADA CHRISTINE LIGHTSEY
April 3rd, 1899,
DALEVILLE, MISS.

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INTRODUCTION.



During long Winter evenings the old farmer Veteran, whose retentive memory dwells on the events of the past, has told his children the incidents and stories of his soldier life in the army of Northern Virginia. At last the thought occurred to me: Why not get him to begin at the day when his company, 'The Jasper Grays,' left their homes in the rugged hills of old Jasper county, Miss., to go out to battle for the Southern cause, and tell the events of the four year's conflict in rotation 'till he came back home a weary, foot-sore soldier, after the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox?

In thought he carries us with him through fertile valleys where war raged wild and fierce, o'er winding mountain passes and in toilsome marches along the Potomac, James and Rappahannock.

In imagination, we view with rapture the grandeur of the scenery in the fair Virginia clime.

Awe fills our souls while he tells of the soldier life of Southern men when the snow and sleet had mantled valley, plain and mountain. He tells of the sentinel who stood at his post of duty for many lonely hours, keeping vigil while a weary army slumbered. Through the four year's strife, amid cannon boom and rattle of musketry, that stifled the moan of wounded and dying, the Veteran has taken us in story, showing the heroic endurance of the men in Gray and telling the greatness of the two unrivalled warriors--Lee and Jackson.

The Veteran's Daughter,

ADA CHRISTINE LIGHTSEY.

Handwritten scribble or signature.

Handwritten mark or signature.

THE VETERAN'S STORY.



To The Heroes Who Wore The Gray This Little
Book Is Dedicated.



Listen to the Veteran's story,
Of his four year's army life,
Many incidents are woven
With the glamour of the strife.

In the camp and on the marches,
Even on the battle field
With the tragic there was comic,
Which the Veteran will reveal.

Lee and Jackson—warrior heroes—
Led their gallant men to fame.
When we hear their deeds repeated,
Patriotism fans to flame.

Listen to the Veteran's Story,
People of our Southern land!
For he tells of the deeds of daring
Of an army great and grand.

A GREETING TO THE VETERANS.



Though the flag of the Southland was conquered,
And tenderly, tearfully they laid it away ;
Still dear to our hearts is its sacred old story ;
Forever in memory that story will stay.

Now, we are loyal to the Star Spangled Banner,
As peacefully o'er us it waves ;
But we cherish our South's sainted memories ;
And oft strew with flowers the soldiers' lone graves.

The memories of heroes are cherished—
Of brave men who fell in the fray,
There'll be a record of brave women's struggles,
Who made for them jackets of gray.

The daughters of Southland are loyal
To the Veterans now faltering and old ;
Ere long they'll pass off the stage of life's action
With most of their valor untold.

But we'll weave round their memories a halo,
That brighter and brighter will grow,
Till at last 'twill be part of the country
That once was enwrapped in the vestures of woe.

Never will fade the bright glory,
Forever recorded 'twill be,
Of men who left home and their loved ones
To enter the conflict with Lee.

The war between brothers and country
Was waged by ill feeling and strife ;
But the battle in which all are now fighting
Is the ever earnest battle of life.

In this conflict all are enlisted together ;
O, let us work 'till the set of life's sun.
Then the angels will bring us the message,
"Come up higher—your duty's been done."

Then forgotten will be every sorrow
That has burdened our hearts for long years ;
We'll all sing together sweet anthems
And move to the "music of spheres."

—ADA CHRISTINE LIGHTSEY.

ROSTER

Of Company F, 16th Mississippi.

The following Roster of Company F, 16th Mississippi Regiment, was prepared after the close of the war, by the old Orderly Sergeant, John F. McCormick, from memory, assisted by his comrades.

CAPTAINS.

- 1 J J Shannon,
- 2 J J Walton,
- 3 D L Duke,

LIEUTENANTS.

- 4 T J Bankston,
- 5 W M Pardue,
- 6 T W Grayson,
- 7 C A Jennings,
- * J J Walton,
- 8 C H Wilson,
- 9 E Y Terral,
- * D L Duke,
- 10 P M Loper,
- 11 O C Jones.

NON-COM. OFFICERS & PRIVATES

- 12 Acker, W P
- 13 Adams, C R
- 14 Anderson, G M
- 15 Anderson, N
- 16 Arledge, I D S
- 17 Arledge, W M
- 18 Alexander, J
- 19 Armstrong, —
- 20 Bishop, John
- 21 Bankston, D O
- 22 Baker, John
- 23 Barksdale, I
- 24 Bergen, P
- 25 Beville, R M
- 26 Brown, J W
- 27 Burns, O
- 28 Bridges, J C C
- 29 Bridges, W
- 30 Breithaupt, J
- 31 Bruce, W W
- 32 Byrd, R A
- 33 Brannon, S R
- 34 Bodie, G W

- 35 Boulton, C M
- 36 Bingham, C
- 37 Brady, —
- 38 Brady, —
- 39 Clark, J B
- 49 Clark, John
- 41 Caldwell, Wm
- 42 Carter, John
- 43 Connor, W
- 44 Crawford, John
- 45 Craven, John R
- 46 Craven, Jas R
- 47 Cain, H F
- 48 Cain, Thos
- 49 Cain, W F
- 50 Chandler, T L
- 51 Carr, J B
- 52 Daniels, J G
- 53 Davis, John
- 54 Daly, John
- 55 Daly, Tim
- 56 Dolan, L
- 57 Donald, W A
- 58 Downs, J M
- 59 Downs, W J
- 60 Downs, D M
- 61 Downs, Marion
- 62 Duke, B F
- 63 Davis, W M
- 64 Erwin, G W
- 65 Ellis, G E
- 66 Everett, B F
- 67 Everett, Sam
- 68 Fatheree, J W
- 69 Fatheree F P
- 70 Fatheree, T J
- 71 Fewox, J M
- 72 Gandy, —
- 73 Gibson, J A
- 74 Green, I H
- 75 Grayson, C
- 76 Gough, A P
- 77 Gray, —

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 78 Harris, J C | 132 McDevitt, J A |
| 79 Hankins, P O | 133 McDonald, B E |
| 80 Harper, J H | 134 McDonald, H A |
| 81 Harper, W F | 135 McDonald, D S |
| 82 Heidelberg, G C | 136 McDonald, W P |
| 83 Howard, Jones | 137 McKinstry, J T |
| 84 Hopkins, John | 138 McMickle, H V |
| 85 Hopkins, R H | 139 McPhail, Isaac |
| 86 Hudson, Eli | 140 McNeil, M E T |
| 87 Hughey, J F | 141 Moody, J D |
| 88 Hair, G W | 142 Neely, James |
| 89 James, R H | 143 O'Brien, Mike |
| 90 James, R W | 144 O'Flinn, Tim |
| 91 James, C P | 145 Oldham, J W |
| 92 James, Wm | 146 Olliphant, J W |
| 93 Jones, D M | 147 Overstreet, T J |
| 94 Jones, Polk | 148 Owens, Henry |
| 95 Keeton, G W | 149 Orr, O J |
| 96 Keily, P | 150 Parker, J F |
| 97 Keith, J W | 151 Perry, Jacob F |
| 98 Keown, R L | 152 Porter, M |
| 99 Killen, G W | 153 Pearce, G W |
| 100 Kidd, Wm | 154 Rambo, J R |
| 101 Odom, A | 155 Reeves, Isaac N |
| 102 Langham, A | 156 Register, G S |
| 103 Lawless, J W | 157 Robinson, A P |
| 104 Lawless, T J | 158 Robinson, Alex |
| 105 Lee, J N | 159 Rogers, Seth |
| 106 Lee, W W | 160 Reynolds, J P |
| 107 Lightsey, R J | 161 Read, R M |
| 108 Lindsey, J W | 162 Searcy, — |
| 109 Linder, J L | 163 Selby, G W |
| 110 Loper, J S | 164 Sharman, C I |
| 111 Markham, J G | 165 Shephard, Wm |
| 112 Mears, John | 166 Skehan, Wm |
| 113 Miller, J H | 167 Smith, A B |
| 114 Minton, Jas | 168 Smith, Hector |
| 115 Morgan, W N | 169 Smith, J B |
| 116 Morris, S J | 170 Smith, J E |
| 117 Morris, W B | 171 Smith, P C |
| 118 Morris, R C | 172 Smith, T L |
| 119 Morris, James | 173 Smith, W B |
| 120 Mounger, U M | 174 Smith, Sam |
| 121 Mullins, P | 175 Snell, J M |
| 122 Malvey, P | 176 Starling, T L |
| 123 Mulau, P | 177 Starling, F M |
| 124 Myer, A B | 178 Steele, J J V |
| 125 McCormick, J F | 179 Stillman, C H |
| 126 McCormick, J U | 180 Taylor, J A |
| 127 McCormick, F M | 181 Talbot, N |
| 128 McCormick, J E | 182 Taylor, H L |
| 129 McCraney, J T | 183 Traylor, J J |
| 130 McCraney, M | 184 Traylor, J M |
| 131 McCurdy, C | 185 Turner, M G |

186	Turner, Wm	193	Whitley, H J
187	Turner, Allen	194	Whitten, Jesse
188	Thompson, J B	195	Willingham, C J
189	Thompson, W C	196	Whittington, J C
190	Ulmer, J W	197	Yarber, James
191	Watkins, R M	198	Young, John.
192	Welborn, J E		





THE VETERAN'S STORY.



CHAPTER I.

“In Mississippi, good old State,
We left our homes afar,
And went to old Virginia
To battle in the war.”

In 1861, when the call for volunteers came, the loyal sons in and near the picturesque old town of Paulding, Jasper county, Miss., immediately responded. The old county was an enthusiastic advocate of “State Rights” and proudly sent her sons to battle for the “Stars and Bars.” We were willing and eager to go. The editor and proprietor, Markham and Shannon, of the Eastern Clarion and their employes laid down journalistic work and enlisted with us. The “Jasper Grays” were given a dinner at DeSoto, a town in Clarke county on the Mobile & Ohio railroad, May 21st, where a large crowd gathered to tell the soldier boys good-bye. Fathers,

mothers, brothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives—they were all there. That evening we took the train for Corinth, Miss. When our company got to Corinth, we were sent to the jail house for lodging. Our Captain, J. J. Shannon, was indignant and said: "We have started off to battle and it will commence right here if we are not removed from this place." This speech had the desired effect, and we were given lodging in a church. We stayed three months at Corinth, being drilled as State troops. While here, old Father Boheim, who had left his ivy-crowned church and the people he loved, joined us. Some of the boys in the company were of his faith, but he was a good friend of the Protestant boys and cheered us in our life of toil and hardships. In days of sickness, it was his gentle hand that administered to our physical wants. In hours of sorrow and home-sickness, it was his comforting words that bade us be of good cheer. But he never tried to win us from our faith. The privations of camp life proved too severe for him and after the close of the first year with earthly duties nobly done, his heroic soul was wafted to a realm of peace.

When the call for troops came from Virginia we were enrolled in the Confederacy as Company F, helping to form the 16th Mississippi Regiment, and sent on to the Virginia army.

The battle was raging, the conflict was mighty and we, along with thousands of others, were to be the actors in the greatest drama the world has ever known. After leaving Corinth, the first town we passed was Iuka, Miss., then entered Alabama and went by that picturesque town, Huntsville, nestled in a beautiful

valley, encircled by blue, misty mountains. The little city looked so peaceful and dreamy that while admiring its beauty, I most forgot that strife was at fever heat in our Southland.

Chattanooga and Knoxville were interesting cities in Tennessee, through which we passed. Somewhere between Bristol, Tenn., and Lynchburg, Va., we went through a long tunnel. As the cars sped on in the darkness my thoughts were many and varied.

At Lynchburg, among one of the fairest cities of the "Old Dominion," we stayed several days awaiting transportation. Our camp was southeast of the city, behind a large hill, near a sparkling spring. From Lynchburg to Manassas, we passed places that afterward were made historic by the great war.

We reached Manassas Junction just after the first battle and stayed there doing camp duty, being drilled, etc., until the Spring of '62, when Joseph E. Johnston evacuated Manassas and his command fell back to the Rappahannock River where it was halted. Ewell's division was placed on the Rappahannock to guard Kelly's Ford, nothing taking place.

The Federal army marched down on the opposite side of the river to Fredericksburg. It was transported to Yorktown, and Johnston transported his army there to meet the Federals. Ewell's division was left on the Rappahannock and remained there till May, 1862, having no skirmishes. From there we were ordered to Gordonsville and camped there three days, having no picket duties. Our march had been a weary one. The muddy roads, over which we passed, made us tired and

stupid. On the march we discarded all our belongings except a blanket, tent fly, haversack and canteen. A good friend was the old canteen to the soldier boys.

A Southern poet, Montgomery M. Folsom, so beautifully says :

A shapeless relic battered, bruised,
Grimed with the rust of years,
Stained with heroic blood, suffused with woman's tenderest
tears.

Its pristine lustre long grown dim around the camp fires'
smoke,

Remindful in its dented rim of many a sabre stroke,
What tales of tumult might unfold could it but find a
tongue,

When o'er the blood-besodden world the clouds of conflict
hung!

What days when nations stood appalled by many a fateful
scene

Are to the thoughtful mind recalled by that cast off canteen!

Ewell's division was ordered from Gordonsville to the valley of Virginia; on the march the Blue Ridge Mountains were crossed. Over them the winding road was a gradual ascent and a gradual descent. On the summit of the heights a spring gushed forth, sending a little stream down the rugged mountain-side. When we crossed over into the Luray Valley, Spring was awakening in her floral beauty. It is only the poet who can describe the scenery of a Virginia valley. The soldier, in his eagerness to press on in warfare and conquer the foe, looked on those valleys with admiration.

We were sent to re-enforce Jackson and camped three or four days in the Luray. This was in May, 1862.

Early one morning orders came for us to move. We

were put on a big turn-pike road and halted. Gen. Jackson came galloping down the line, cheered by the Rebel Yell. After he passed, we took up a line of march, Taylor's Louisiana brigade being in front. Then came Trimble's and Ell's brigade and Stuart's brigade of Marylanders. Nearing Front Royal, we left the big road, taking a country road, making a short cut.

Not long after leaving the big road orders were given to load our guns. Still, a Federal had not been seen. Wheat's battallion, of Taylor's brigade, was thrown out as skirmishers with the first Maryland regiment. They advanced upon the enemy's picket line at Front Royal, surprised them, run them in, captured the town and drove the enemy across the Shenandoah River. One branch of the river was forded, the other bridged. The Yankees tried to burn the bridge but were stopped by our cavalry. The cavalry coming on behind Wheat's battallion captured the command.

Crossing the river, three miles from Front Royal, we came to the beautiful little Cedarville, where Trimble's brigade took the front. The Federal army was on the Valley Pike Road, retreating to Winchester as fast as they could go. Trimble's and Stuart's brigades were left on the road from Front Royal to Winchester. Jackson had called Taylor's and Ell's brigades to his division, which was moving towards the Pike Road. About two miles from Cedarville, Trimble's and Stuart's brigades, weary and worn, stopped for the night, having orders to sleep on our arms.

The next morning about day-break, the line advanced towards Winchester. Going through a large wheat

field, the heavy dew of a May morning thoroughly drenched us. When about a mile and a half of the march was made the 21st North Carolina regiment commenced finding the Federals and drove their pickets back to their line of battle, which was posted behind a stone fence. The 21st North Carolina dashed up to the line and was checked by a volley from the Yanks, but was re-inforced by the 21st Georgia. The 16th Mississippi went to the right and just as we got in position, the 15th Alabama which was still on the right, and the 21st Georgia and 21st North Carolina routed the enemy and the whole army set up the Rebel Yell and took after them.

In the 16th Mississippi regiment there was one Indian. The first time that he heard a cannon fire he was badly frightened and started back the other way. When another big gun was fired he came back and said that there was as much danger in the rear as there was at the front, so he decided to stay and made a good soldier during the four years.

From Winchester we pursued the enemy to Charlestown. When we entered this town, where old John Brown, the insurrectionist, was hanged, the boys commenced singing :

“Down at Harper’s Ferry Section,
They raised an insurrection,
Old Brown thought the negroes would sustain him,
But along came Governor Wise
And took him by surprise
And sent him to the happy land of Caanan.

“Old Brown’s dead and the last word he said
Was don’t keep me long here remaining.
They took him up a slope
And dropped him on a rope,
And sent him to the happy land of Caanan.”

After passing through the town, we were halted and received orders to retreat. On May 30, 1862, our whole army was retreating upon Strasburg. Gen. Ewell’s division arrived in time to check Fremont, until Jackson came up with the balance of the army. We had marched all night in mud and rain, but did not care for that, just so we beat the Yankees there. When Jackson rode up next morning he received a tremendous cheering. The boys said: “More rations now; we see old Stonewall’s here.” On the evening of June 1st, our retreat up the valley was resumed, with Fremont in lively pursuit of us. We left the Valley Pike Road at Harrisonburg and went to Cross Keys. There was a Frenchman commanding a regiment of Federal cavalry, who was very anxious to meet our gallant Gen. Ashby. He met him, was captured, dismounted and sent to the rear. As he passed by, splashing through the mud, our boys said: “Mister, where did you come from?” “Where did you get them boots?” He was the worst chagrined man that was ever seen. On Sunday morning, June 8th, Fremont advanced to attack us at Cross Keys. Trimble’s brigade was posted on the right flank of the army. We were assaulted by Blenker’s German division. We gave them one volley and charged the enemy, capturing a number of prisoners. They were eager to see the great “Shackson,” as they called him. Martin Turner, the first man in our company to get wounded, received a

flesh wound in his leg at this battle. His legs were small and the boys had been telling him that there was no danger of him ever being shot in the legs. One of the boys said it must have been a fine bead drawn out that hit him.

On the 9th of June, Jackson fought the battle of Port Republic. We then retired to Brown's Gap and camped for several days, resting and recruiting after all of our long and toilsome marches. Our men were cheerful and full of life. They were continually telling the old citizens, with their "stove-pipe" hats on, to "Come down out of that bee gum, mister, we know you is thar, for we see your legs sticking out!"

"No matter how weary the marches,
Or toilsome and rugged the way,
In camp, jokes always were passing,
Which made the boys cheerful and gay."



CHAPTER II.



On the 17th of June we received orders to cook three days' rations. Grape vine telegrams were circulating freely through our camps. One was that rations were getting scarce and Jackson was going to make another draw on old Banks. On the 18th we were ordered to march, with instructions not to tell any one where we were from or where we were going. The latter we did not know ourselves. The first place known on the march was Gordonsville.

There the grape vine was in operation again. One dispatch said that Manassas was our destination. Another said Fredericksburg was the point. But when the march was resumed we started towards Richmond. Some of the boys said that Jackson was after the rations of the Grand Army of the Potomac, which proved to be true.

We marched down the railroad to Ashland and camped for the night, having orders not to make any noise. Soon there was to be serious work for us. We started early next morning, crossed the Central Railroad and were then on the right flank of McClellan's army. Our scouts began to come in, reporting the enemy close at hand. Hood's Texas brigade was in front. Their skirmishers soon found the Federals posted on the opposite side of a little stream. They were soon driven away and we moved on a short distance when the skirmishing became very lively.

The boys knew that Jackson was after the Yankee grub sure 'nough. About 3 o'clock in the evening the Yanks made a bold stand. Stonewall galloped to the front and ordered one of our batteries to open fire, which soon drove them back. We had then turned the enemy's right flank at Mechanicsville. As soon as our batteries opened fire Gen. Lee began to move his army to the front and they were soon hotly engaged, but Jackson's presence, so far, in the rear soon caused the Federals to retreat, followed by A. P. Hill's division of Lee's army. The Yanks made a stand at Beaver Dam Creek. Gen. Longstreet, the "Old War Horse," joined Hill and the battle opened in earnest, continuing till late in the night.

We were then at Pole Green church. Longstreet and Hill attacked the Federals early the next morning and drove them down to Cold Harbor. Stonewall's army was still on the flank. The Yankees made a bold stand at Cold Harbor, fully determined to hold the place. Hood's Texas brigade, Lawton's Georgia brigade, Col. Law's Mississippi brigade and Trimble's brigade were now brought forward. As we were going to the front we saw Gen. Lee, Jefferson Davis and Stonewall Jackson. We gave them a hearty cheer. Davis tipped his hat and said: "Hurrah for old Missip!" Jackson drove the Yanks from Cold Harbor and got their provisions and whisky, too. The next day our division was sent to guard the railroad bridge, on the Chickahominy River. The bridge was burned before we reached it. When we got there a train was heard coming down the road. Just as it got to the river the whole thing exploded, making a terrific noise. They evidently thought we would rush

upon the train to capture it and would be blown to atoms, but Jackson was too sharp to be caught by any such tricks. He ordered us not to go near the train. Next day we crossed the river and marched to Malvern Hill and fought the hardest battle we had ever been engaged in. It lasted till far into the night. We slept on the battle field, expecting to renew the engagement on the morrow, but to our great joy and satisfaction the Yanks had left during the night. They certainly got off in a hurry for their food and all their dead and wounded were left behind.

This ended the Seven Day's Fight below Richmond. We then moved near Richmond and went into camp. Here we were transferred from Ewell's division, Trimble's brigade, to Anderson's division, Featherston's brigade, composed of the 12th, 16th, 19th and 48th Mississippi regiments. Anderson's division was composed of Wilcox's Alabama brigade, Wright's Georgia, Perry's Florida, Mahones's Virginia, and Featherston's Mississippi.

While in camp we heard C. K. Marshall, of Mississippi, preach. He spoke about four hours. I never heard anything equal to his sermon before or since. The army of Northern Virginia had driven the Federals from around Richmond and retired from their victorious campaign to rest, and all of us were feeling good; the grand preacher was also in good spirits. He established a "Way Side Home" at Richmond for the Mississippi troops. When a Mississippi soldier landed there he was taken care of in this home. One day a crowd of us went there and ate dinner. We received a warm welcome. A number of

old disabled Confederates were there being cared for.

We went to the theater in Richmond and saw the mountain scenery of Virginia ; also the first battle of Manassas. The scenery and battle, too, looked very natural. One night we serenaded President Davis. He came out on the portico of the Mansion and saluted us. We called for a speech. He responded very promptly. He said : "Fellow comrades, you are Mississippians. I am proud of the record you have made and I am satisfied that you will maintain your good record wherever you are called upon to meet the enemy." In his usual dignified manner, he bowed to us and retired. We gave him a hearty cheer and marched back to camp.

The Federals organized another army in Northern Virginia, commanded by Gen. Pope, whose headquarters were the saddle. Jackson was sent with a small force to look after him. They met at Cedar Run and Jackson drove him back to Culpepper Court House, with heavy loss. The Federal army from the James was sent to reinforce Pope. Jackson then retired to Gordonsville until the balance of Lee's army could be sent to his relief. When Lee came up we were moved to the Rapidan River and camped there for a few days. Orders were received to cook three days' rations. The grape vine dispatches were numerous as to our destination. When the food was prepared, orders came for us to move. Soon after starting, a tremendous Rebel Yell was heard behind us. Looking back, we saw Jackson coming down the line. As he passed, we took up the yell, the troops in front also took it up and it went ringing as far as we could hear. The boys commenced to speculate as to Jack-

son's movements. One little fellow in our company said: "Boys, I'll tell you, old Stonewall is hunting rations for us and he will find 'em, too." We crossed the river at Ely's Ford, and went to Rapahannock Station on the Rapahannock River. There we found Pope with his army stationed on the opposite side of the river to dispute our passage. Jackson paid very little attention to him. He gave them a few cannon shots and marched on to another crossing. Finding the Yankees posted on the other side he would fire two or three big guns and resume the march, with Longstreet and Hill bringing up the rear. The march was continued till we reached Warrington Springs, where a crossing was effected. A heavy thunder storm, with a down pour of rain, caused Jackson to withdraw his troops. Thus, the race up the river was ended. The boys began to guy the little fellow about the rations that old Stonewall was going to capture. He said: "Never mind, boys, he'll get 'em yet." We went into camp, drew three days' rations, with orders to move at daylight.

When the orders were received, our little fellow said: "I tell you boys, we are bound to get the Yankee grub, for Jackson never fails." At daylight we commenced moving. Longstreet and Hill remained in front of Pope, while Jackson and his corps moved around Pope's right flank and came down upon Manassas Junction in his rear. There we captured the garrison and all of Pope's army supplies. Our little boy shouted: "I told you so, boys!" After being well supplied, we burned what was left and moved on to the Manassas Plains, near the stone bridge on Bull Run Creek. There Jackson intended to

stand at bay till Longstreet and Hill could come to his relief, which they did in time to give the Yankees a terrible thrashing.

“At dawn the murderous work begun—
The battle fiercely raged at noon—
Evening drew on, it was not done—
The carnage at Manassas.”



CHAPTER III.



From Manassas we marched to Leesburg on the Potomac River, crossed at a ford by wading and went to Frederick City, Maryland. As we entered the city, our band played "Maryland, My Maryland," and finished up with "Dixie," and a loud Rebel Yell was given. We were ordered to Harper's Ferry where a detachment of Federals were stationed. We captured them with all their guns and ammunition and rations, the latter always acceptable to a Confederate soldier. After the prisoners were paroled, orders came for us to hasten to Gen. Lee's support at Sharpsburg. Leaving Harper's Ferry at dark, we marched all night, crossing the Potomac at Martinsburg just at daybreak. We moved out about half a mile and stopped to close up the column, when a courier dashed up with orders for us to move fast, that the Yankees were pressing our line back. We were foot-sore and weary, but the booming of cannon and rattle of musketry suppled our joints. The wounded began to pass us, saying: "Hurry up, boys, you are badly needed at the front." Just before reaching the battle field, we saw one poor fellow kneeling behind a tree, praying earnestly for the cruel war to close. He seemed to be badly demoralized. We formed line of battle in the rear of Whiting's division and advanced to his support. We met the Yankees in an apple orchard, drove them back, re-established our lines, took position behind a rock fence and held it until orders came to recross the Po-

tomac. Thus ended the Maryland campaign. Worn out with long marches, we went into camp near Winchester, Va. A few days' rest, with plenty to eat, brought us around all right and we were again ready to take up the march. About the 23rd of October we broke up camp and crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains to head the Federals, who were trying to get between us and Richmond. Near Culpepper Court House we succeeded in getting in front of them. Our pickets were stationed on the south side of the river. The rest of the army went into camp. While there our army received some conscripts. In a few days the Federal army began to advance. At the long roll beat we fell into line in a hurry. The wind was blowing so hard that we could scarcely hear anything. We moved up a long hill with the 48th Mississippi in front. When they reached the top of the hill one of the old conscripts beat a hasty retreat. When he reached the head of our regiment the Colonel said: "Boys, he's thrown away all of his quilts but three." The boys all took it up and gave the old fellow "fits" for retiring in such haste. His reply was: "Boys, I would like the best in the world to go with you but I am not able this time."

On reaching the top of the hill we saw the cause of this hasty retreat. The Yanks had crossed the river and a part of our division was fighting them. The cannons were firing rapidly from both sides. We moved on to the support of our division and the Yanks soon fell back. Our wagon-trains were ordered to the rear. When the little fight was over there was a detail made to go to the wagon-train, draw and cook two days'

rations. I was one of that detail. We started out to hunt the train, expecting to find it camped three or four miles away, but not so. About 10 o'clock it was found ten miles in the rear. We reported to the officer in charge and drew our rations. Just then up came old "Conscript Quilts," ready for his grub. He could not go two or three hundred yards to the front but ten miles in the rear. When the rations were ready our brigade came marching by on the retreat. We joined them and fell back to the Rapidan River, near Orange Court House, where we remained a short time and then marched on to Fredericksburg. The Grand Army of the Potomac was now commanded by Gen. Burnside, who thought he could beat us to Fredericksburg and cross the river. But lo, and behold! Jackson's "Foot Cavalry," as we were called, were there awaiting him in full force. Burnside halted on the opposite side of the river and went into camp to await the arrival of his pontoon train. We also went into camp to watch his movements. That was in December. One morning at the roll call beat we fell into line, answered the call, cooked and ate breakfast and were hustling around the camp generally, when some of the officers looked at their watches and found it to be only 2 o'clock. In the east there was no sign of daylight coming, but everything was as bright as day. Finally, some one said that it was an Aurora Borealis. It was a grand sight. In a few days afterward there was a heavy snow storm; then we had fun fighting snow balls with each other. Some time before the battle of Fredericksburg we were on picket duty on the river. A blizzard came upon us with

heavy sleet and bitter winds. Previously we had suffered with the severe cold, but nothing to compare with this. No fires could be made for fear the enemy would discover our posts and shoot at us. The picket line was in a valley and there was nothing to protect us from the fearful blasts, which came very near freezing us to death.

“On the old Rappahannock, on duty we stood,
We poor, shivering boys of the Gray;
The terrible trials of those cold, lonely nights
Forever in memory will stay.”

On the morning of the 11th of December, the Confederate signal guns were sounded to notify us that the Federal army was advancing. We fell into line and moved up to the front. Barksdale's Mississippi brigade was disputing the Federals' passage over the river. They held them in check until Lee could form his lines. He then ordered Barksdale to retire and let them come. All day long they poured their men into Fredericksburg, forming their lines up and down the river. The ground was covered with snow and we were nearly freezing, but we stood there fully determined to conquer or die. The next morning they moved upon our right flank. There they found Gen. Jackson prepared to receive them. We were stationed upon the left just in the rear of Cobb's Georgia brigade, which was posted behind a stone fence. The enemy advanced upon our right and left about the same time and was repulsed with great loss. It was expected that they would renew the engagement the next day, but they decided to withdraw their forces to the opposite side of the river. That night they went back to their old quarters and we moved back to ours the next

day. A few days after the battle we were sent out on picket duty, just above Fredricksburg, on the river. While there, late one evening, our band was playing "Dixie" and the Federals were playing "Yankee Doodle." When the bands finished the airs, the Yankees struck up "Home, Sweet Home." Our band took up the strain and when the bands quit playing, "voice after voice caught up the song," and as far as we could hear on both sides, they were singing "Home, Sweet Home." Of this little incident a Southern woman wrote:

"And together strains were blended
By both armies—Blue and Gray.
For the "plaintive notes appealing,"
Spoke of loved ones far away.

"In each soldier's heart is wakened
Memories of a sainted home,
Where his loved ones stood before him,
Ere he faced the cannon's boom.

"And the memory that was wakened
By soul-thrilling music's art,
Lighter made the Rebel's slumbers
And subdued the Yankees heart."

No one can ever fully imagine the pathos that filled the hearts of the Southern boys except the soldiers that were there. "Naught will ever rival "Dixie" and our sacred "Home, Sweet Home."

After the battle of Fredericksburg, Featherston was transferred to the army of Tennessee. Col. Posey, of the 16th Mississippi regiment, was made brigadier general and placed in command of our brigade. It was here, too, that our old chaplain left us and Rev. A. A. Lomax, a private, was appointed chaplain and remained with us during the darkest and bloodiest days of war, till the close. He

was always at his post of duty, faithful and true—a fine preacher and devoted friend of the soldier boys. Gen. Burnside was now removed and Joe Hooker, “Fighting Joe,” as he was called, was placed in command of the Federal army. He reorganized the army and about the last of April the Federals began to move. They crossed one corps at Fredericksburg and moved the balance up the river to Kelly’s Ford. About this time Professor Lowe made his appearance with his balloon. He would go up several hundred feet, spy over into the Rebel camps and report to Hooker. Jackson had his men so completely hid behind the forests and hills that Lowe, with his balloon, could not gain much information. He kept getting a little bolder every day. He came down about four hundred yards from the river in front of Gen. Wilcox’s brigade. The General soon got tired of being inspected by Lowe. He placed two or three big guns in position and said: “D—— the old cuss, if he goes up again I will bring him down.” The next morning he went up and Wilcox brought him down.

Hooker crossed the river at Kelly’s Ford, turned down stream and crossed the Rapidan, thinking by that move he would take Gen. Lee by surprise and turn the left flank of our army, but all the strategy that he could command did not find Lee and Jackson unprepared to receive him. Jackson’s keen eye soon saw that the force in front of him at Fredericksburg was only to detain him until Hooker could turn our left. But when Hooker reached Chancellorsville he found a detachment of Lee’s army in his front, commanded by Major General R. H. Anderson, “Old Tige,” as he was generally called in the

army. He skirmished with the Yankees and held them in check till Jackson could come up from Fredericksburg. On Friday evening our division was in line of battle across the Orange Court House and Fredericksburg plank road. About 3 o'clock we saw Jackson coming up the road. Our boys commenced saying: "Get ready, Jackson is coming, we will soon be on the move." He rode up, saluted Generals Lee and Anderson and held a short consultation. He then rode to the front and ordered our brigade to advance as skirmishers. We moved out briskly and did not go far before finding the Federal skirmish line. Moody's Mississippi battery was ordered to advance with our skirmish line, which they did in grand style. The Federalskirmishers were soon in full retreat with Stonewall at their heels. They were pressed back upon their main line. We then halted to await orders. By this time night was closing in on us. Jackson's men from below were coming up forming on our left. We knew that something was going to happen soon, for Jackson never tarried when he went to battle. All night long the tramp of soldiers was heard as they went passing by, going to the left. In our front, we could hear the sound of the pick and spade. The Federals were preparing to receive us the next day. About 11 o'clock at night we were relieved by Gen. McLaw's division and we, too, moved to the left. We halted near a large furnace, formed line and were ordered to rest upon our arms. Soon after halting, three of us were detailed to report to headquarters. There we found R. E. Lee, T. J. Jackson and R. H. Anderson holding a council of war. After reporting

to them, we were instructed to guard their horses and camp.

About 3 o'clock Jackson was up, moving around, preparing for the work of the day soon to come. At sunrise, instead of advancing upon the enemy's works, he commenced moving to the left and thus continued moving 'till late in the evening. He then turned into the right and struck the Federal army, doubled up their right wing, put them to flight and pressed them back to the Chancellor House. It was now getting dark. Our army was halted and re-formed. Jackson was at the front, placing his men in line. While examining the position of the Yankees, he rode into their picket line. They called to him to halt. He about faced and galloped back toward our line. Our men mistook him and his aids for the Federal cavalry and fired into them, wounding Jackson and killing some of his aids. The officers tried to keep the bad news from their men but did not succeed very well, for nothing happened in the army but what some old ragged Rebel found it out. The news spread like wild fire all through the army, filling the heart of every Confederate soldier with sorrow. We were then in line of battle, ready to assail Hooker's Grand Army early next morning. The unconquerable Jackson could no longer give the unerring orders, it is true, but we still had the grand old hero—R. E. Lee—at the head of the army; also A. P. Hill, John B. Gordon, R. H. Anderson ("Old Tige") and J. E. B. Stuart, the great cavalry chieftain. All of the above named officers stood high in the estimation of the army. J. E. B. Stuart was placed in command of Jackson's corps.

In the night, about 3 o'clock, he passed down the line, singing: "Old Jo Hooker, get out of the Wilderness," and giving directions for an advance. That morning at 9 o'clock the signal gun fired and we rushed upon the Federal lines with artillery and infantry. They were soon put to flight. The Rebel Yell was heard all along our lines.

After the Yanks had been routed, Gen. Lee rode up where we were re-forming. He was the grandest looking man that I ever saw. While he was there, a soldier boy, with a wounded hand, was passing by and said: "By G—d, General, the Yankees have done me up, but we have given them h—." Lee said: "Well, you are a brave soldier but you must not swear." He dismounted, took a white linen handkerchief from his pocket and wrapped it round the boy's hand, made a sling with a red silk one and placed the little fellow's hand in it and told him to go to the hospital and have the wound dressed. This pathetic incident shows the gentleness and sympathy that was characteristic of Lee. The big old furnace at Chancellorsville battlefield had once been used for moulding iron. Pegrim's battalion of artillery was planted there. When the Federals opened fire on us the whole place was alive with bursting shell. They were searching the woods with shell for our reserve forces. In the rear of our batteries were acres and acres of thick forests called the "Wilderness." These woods caught fire and raged in fury. Some of our wounded were in there but think most of them were brought out. About the time the fire started heavy firing was heard in the direction of Fredericksburg. Gen. Anderson was ordered

with his division to reinforce Early, who was fighting Sedgwick at Fredericksburg. "Old Tige" soon had his men upon the field and drove the enemy across the river. Thus wound up the battle of Chancellorsville, a great Confederate victory. But alas! our Stonewall Jackson, one of the greatest generals, lay with his grand, heroic life slowly fading away from the effects of his wound. The cheering words of Stonewall would never again go sounding down the lines. Mayhap his gentle spirit kept watch over the Southland's sons in hours of victory and despair.



CHAPTER IV.



After the battle of Chancellorsville, we went into camp near Fredericksburg, resting for some time. About the middle of June we broke camp and commenced moving North. As we passed by Chancellorsville we saw how the timber had been riddled all around us in that great fight. A long wagon train was ahead of us. We were among the last troops leaving Fredericksburg and were marching slowly. On reaching the old battle field we halted and went all over it. The old breastworks had not been disturbed. The Yankee's breastworks were powerful. It was a wonder to us Rebels how we had driven them out of such strong fortifications. The enfilading firing of Pegrin's guns, assisted by the infantry, made old Joe Hooker move out in great disorder.

The grape vine dispatches were circulated all through the army as to our destination. Some thought that we were going to flank Meade, who had superceded Hooker. Others thought we were going to Culpepper Court House to prevent Meade from flanking us on the left. But we continued moving north until we passed the Blue ridge Mountains at Swift Run Gap. As we entered the valley of Virginia it was rumored that we were going to Washington. We crossed the Shenandoah river at Front Royal, there we took the road to Winchester. From Winchester we went to Martinsburg and there crossed the Potomac River. When we crossed, our band played, "Maryland, my Maryland," and finished up with "Dixie," then the Rebel Yell was given by the boys.

From there we went to Sharpsburg. The route had been familiar, so far, but after leaving Sharpsburg all was strange to us. After passing through Hagerstown, Md., we took the dirt road to Chambersburg, Pa., passing several small towns on the way. I don't remember their names; one, however, was called Germantown. The inhabitants were engaged in truck farming, their principal crop being onions, which were very tempting to a hungry Rebel, but we had positive orders from Gen. Lee not to disturb anything. There was one old "Reb" who could not stand to see so many fine onions without trying some of them. So he lifted a picket from the fence, crawled in, and stooped down to pull up a very large onion. About this time an old Dutch lady whacked him on the head with a long handled broom; he beat a hasty retreat with the old lady close upon his heels, whacking him every step. Finally he reached the place where he went in. As he went to crawl out she hit him with the broom handle but he held on to the onion and brought it out with him. Reaching Chambersburg, we marched through the principal street, our band playing "Dixie." There were a few small Confederate flags displayed. They were thrown out from windows and pulled back in a hurry. When our band played "Yankee Doodle" the Stars and Stripes could be seen floating from nearly every window in town. We moved out a mile from town and camped till the first day of July. Then we were ordered to move to Gettysburg, where our army was concentrating. On entering the valley, some five miles from the town, the booming of cannon was heard. Being ordered to hurry up, we knew what was

on hand. Lee had found the Yanks at last. Going up to Heath's division, drawn up in line, with their skirmishers deployed, ready to advance, we formed upon his left, threw out skirmishers and moved forward. Heath's men drove the Yankees through the town while we supported his left. Night was now coming on and we halted. On the second day Heath's division advanced again and drove the enemy from the hills beyond the town. About this time the whole army was coming up. Late in the evening there was a general advance along our whole front and the Yankees were pushed back some two miles. We were now in possession of Seminary Ridge. Gen. Longstreet's men came up about this time. They were ordered to storm Seminary Ridge and hold it, but they failed to do so. We were ordered to rest upon our arms. During the night the Federal army was heard coming up forming their lines, getting ready to receive us next day. All knew that a great battle was to be fought. Early on the morning of the third we were advanced to the front and kept up a rapid skirmish fire till 10 o'clock, when we were relieved by Joe Davis' Mississippi brigade of Heath's division. We moved back behind our batteries to support them and as a reserve to be carried to any part of the line when needed. We crawled on top of the ridge and peeped over. The ridge in our front was lined with Federal batteries, also heavy bodies of infantry. In fact, the whole Federal army was there. We crawled back, threw up breast-works and got behind them, for we knew pretty soon we'd catch shot and shell hot and heavy. Our assaulting column had gotten in position

when the signal gun fired. When the firing commenced, what a tumult it was! The whole earth seemed to tremble. One of our boys was completely buried alive, from a shell striking our works. We scratched him out in time to save his life. When the cannonading ceased, our assaulting column moved forward. They were not gone long and returned badly demoralized. We were ordered to the front to check the enemy if they should advance, but they did not come. Our army remained on the field until next morning, the fourth, when we were sent out on the skirmish line. The Yanks were still there, but not anxious to renew the battle. About noon one Yank said: "Hello! Johnnie, have you got any butter?" "No," said Johnnie. "Why?" "Because," said the Yank, "You will need it to slide back into the Union on. Vicksburg is done up and Lee's army will be before he gets out of Pennsylvania." "Go to the D—, you numbskull Yank," replied the Reb. "Gen. Lee just bit off more than he could chew, but he will carry his army out all right; you will see." And sure enough he did. He brought us up at Hagerstown, Md., and stopped for a few days, till our wagon trains and beef cattle could be crossed over the Potomac in safety. Then our army started out for "Dixieland." We made the trip without being molested, moved up near Winchester, Va., and went into camp to await the movements of the Federal army.

About the first of September we were ordered to get ready to move. Leaving Winchester and crossing the Shenandoah river at Front Royal, we passed through Swift Run Gap and turned down the Rappahannock

river, near Culpepper Court House, and went into camp to await further developments of the Union Army, which was camped on the other side of the river. In a few days Gen. Lee drew his army back to the Rapidan river. The Federal army advanced near the river and halted. Lee had a very strong position but did not expect the enemy to attack him there. His object was to draw them as far as possible from their base of operations and then turn Meade's flank, beat him to Manassas Junction, capture his supplies and give him battle again on the historic plains of Manassas. Meade was sharp enough to get out in time to save his bacon and "hard tack." We struck his rear guard at Bristo Station, had a sharp fight with them, but as soon as dark came they went off, leaving us in possession of the battlefield. Gen. Posey was killed in this fight. Col. Harris of the 19th Mississippi was made Brigadier General and placed in command of our brigade and continued in command till the close of the war.

Next morning we moved out into an old field. While marching along up jumped a rabbit. The boys raised the Rebel Yell and lit out after it. It was soon caught. Then up jumped another one. Away went the boys after it, yelling as if they were making a grand charge. The march was turned into a general rabbit hunt. After capturing them we fell into line and moved out into the woods, camping till the next day; then we marched back to our old camp near Orange Court House. When Meade found that Lee had retired he moved back near Culpepper Court House. It was Meade's time then to steal a march on Lee. So, he threw his army across the

Rapidan at Raccoon Ford, on our right flank, but when he left the river to go to Richmond he found Lee's army firmly planted in his front, on a small stream called Mine Run. Some little skirmish fighting occurred during the day. That night Meade crossed the river, going back to his old camp. The next day we went back to our old camp ground, went into winter quarters, remaining there till the next spring about the first of May. Lee was preparing to meet the advance of the Federal army, now under the leadership of Gen. U. S. Grant. On the fifth of May Grant threw his forces across the Rapidan at Raccoon Ford and headed for Richmond. He found Lee's army in his front in the Wilderness. The fighting opened up pretty lively on the 5th, and on the 6th the battle raged furiously all day long. Grant's army was held in check. It was expected that the battle would be renewed next day, but Grant had enough of the Wilderness. He moved to his left and headed his column towards Richmond, but Lee was across his path at Spottsylvania Court House. On the 12th of May Grant assaulted and broke through, capturing Gen. Ed. Johnson and part of his division. "Old Tige" threw forward one or two brigades of his division and recaptured our works. Grant was not disposed to renew the battle. In a few days he made another side move. When he turned towards Richmond Lee was across his path awaiting him at Cold Harbor. Grant assaulted our lines with his heavy columns. From the first to the twelfth of June they were handsomely repulsed with heavy loss. Our loss was small. It was here that Grant decided to fight it out if it took

all summer. He drew his army back from our front and tried to beat us to Petersburg. When the head of his column reached the vicinity of Petersburg the Confederate line was there ready for him. He assaulted our lines several times but was repulsed with heavy loss at every point. He was convinced by this time that he could not get Richmond and Petersburg by side movements. He commenced gradually moving his lines up nearer to our front. We were continually firing at each other day and night. During the seige of Petersburg Gen. Anderson was sent South and Gen. Mahone was made Major-General and placed in command of our division and continued in command till the close of the war.



CHAPTER V.



At this time, every night, vedettes were placed out in front to watch the Yanks. It fell to my lot one night to go. My post of duty was about one hundred yards in front, in a small grove of timber. Our instructions were to fire into any body of men and then run. I got to the post safely, sat down behind a tree and was peeping around in every direction, expecting every minute to see Grant's whole army coming at once. Off to my right I heard a noise. Every hair on my head seemed to stand straight up and my heart was beating like a drum. Directly I heard the noise again, a little farther to my rear. I resolved to see what it was. If but one Yank, he would be captured, if more, I would fire and run. Creeping up to the spot, expecting to be shot every minute, I found a wounded turkey buzzard lying on his back. It took me several hours to get over the scare. I returned to our lines next morning feeling very thankful that I was spared to get back.

In a short time Grant pushed his lines so close to ours that the vedette post had to be abandoned. It was now hot times around Petersburg. The Yanks tried very hard to drive us out of our works. They dug a mine under our lines, blew up one of our posts, killing a number of our boys.

They got possession of a short space in our lines, but little Billy Mahone, with part of his division, soon drove them out and re-established the lines. The loss on the Federal side was greater than ours. After this they

settled down to regular siege work, planting mortar batteries and heavy siege guns. All the heavy metal they could throw did not move us. We were there to stay for a while. Several raids were made on Weldon and Petersburg R. R. We would go down, brush them away and return to our lines, "home," as we called it. In one of these skirmishes our captain, D. F. Duke, was killed and T. J. Hardy, of Co. H., was placed in command and held the command till the surrender.

One day there was a detail of men working on the breast-works. Directly after the work was started the bullets commenced to whistle around them, killing one man and wounding two. The men were ordered to scatter, which they did in double quick time.

We spied around to find out where the bullets were coming from. Just about a mile in our front was a tall pine tree. Some of the boys saw a puff of smoke in the top of the tree and yelled: "Lie down boys!" Just as we lay down the ball passed over us. Now, we had him treed. One of our officers stepped over to a battery to report him to the captain who searched for him with his spy-glass. He spied him and a rifled gun was turned on him, which brought the young man down from his lofty perch.

After that we worked on without being disturbed. The first of March we were sent over to guard our lines between the Appamattox and James rivers, remaining there till April 5th, being then ordered back to Petersburg. We crossed the river above the town. On reaching the top of the hill heavy firing was heard to our right. We soon learned that our lines were broken

and our men were in full retreat. Our division was ordered in line to check the enemy. The 16th and 48th Mississippi Regiments were placed in a fort with instructions to hold it, which we did till we were overpowered and forced to surrender. A few men from each regiment made their escape. I was one of that number. As I ran out of the fort Col. Jayne was shot down right in front of me. I rolled over him and went running on as fast as I could go. We surely did do some good old running. (It was my good fortune to escape capture during the four years.) The small number that escaped with me joined the 12th and 19th Mississippi Regiments. We learned afterwards that Col. Jayne was only shot through the hip and not killed. We fell back to our reserve line, remaining there till after dark, when we were ordered to march. We bade farewell to the old historic town, leaving many of our valiant comrades resting beneath the sod where they for "home and country fell."



CHAPTER VI.



We crossed to the north side of the Appomattox river and headed up stream. For five days and nights we tramped, scarcely knowing where. Finally, on the 9th of April, the Yankees rounded us up at Appomattox, Court House. We all knew then that the Southern banner would be furled and the "Star Spangled Banner" wave in triumph. When the terms of surrender were agreed upon between Generals Lee and Grant, Lee issued his farewell address to the Army of Northern Virginia.

Farewell Words of General Lee to the Army of Northern Virginia.

The following is Gen. Lee's farewell address to the Army of Northern Virginia :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VA.

April 10, 1865.

General Order No. 9.—

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overpowering numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but holding that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the contest I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past vigor has endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of agreement officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consequences of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend you His mercy and protection.

With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion of your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE, GENERAL.

When Gen. Lee was paroled he mounted his old gray war-horse—Traveller—and started towards his war-blighted home. As he passed through our camps we all cheered him for the last time. The grandest chieftain the world has ever known gave us a farewell salute. He was gracious, grand and gallant in the sorest hour of defeat.

When we surrendered, our division commander, Billy Mahone, formed a square of his division, getting in the center of the square and delivered his eloquent and pathetic farewell address, paying a glowing tribute to his faithful men. The soldiers were paroled as fast as possible and turned loose to get home the best way they could. We had known nothing but war for four years, but the home-journey was the "lug of war." No transportation, no rations, no money, ragged and heart-sick, with miles and miles between us and our homes "Away Down South in Dixie."

"Through the April weather's heart-break,
The April weather's peace,
Past mountains steep as black despair,
Through flowery vales of ease,
Mocked by the liquid sunshine,
The lilt of nesting birds,
The men in gray went straggling home
With grief beyond all words.
Still in each heart there echoed
The beat of the last tattoo,
And still they thrilled to the last wild charge
The Southland bugles blew."

After moving out a few miles from camp, in the

direction of the railroad, we saw that the road we were on would not do. So many had already gone on ahead of us that we knew the country was cleaned up of anything that would do to eat. There were four of us of Company F, who decided to make the home-journey together. Holding a consultation to devise plans for our future operations, we decided to employ some of Stonewall Jackson's tactics and make a flank movement. We moved out by the right flank for several miles, until we passed beyond the line that the paroled army was traveling, then we came to a house where there was plenty of grub. The old gentleman of the house gave us all we wanted to eat. He also gave us some very good advice as to our journey home, and a diagram of a route that would lead us through a country where provisions were plentiful. The people living on this route were nearly all loyal to the Confederates. Going the proposed way, we found the people very kind. Some of them would ask us to stop several days and rest, but we were anxious to get home and declined to accept their hospitality, pushing on as fast as we could for "Home, Sweet Home."

After crossing the Dan river we entered North Carolina, where some strong Unionists were found. They treated us very well, but run it on us about being whipped. Being in no humor to discuss the war question the subject was quickly changed by asking for something to eat. We spent one night in this neighborhood, stopping with a very old man. He said that he was glad that the Yankees whipped us. His wife spoke up and said: "Well, old man, these here boys don't want to

hear that kind of talk, and if I was you, I would stop it." And he did. When we went to supper the old lady apologized for not having any coffee. I told her that I could furnish the coffee if she would make it. Taking a small sack of ground coffee from my haversack, I passed it over to her. Examining it carefully, she exclaimed: "Lordy, massy! its rale old coffee shore 'nough." She soon made a potful and those two old folks seemed to enjoy it.

Next morning we moved on. The people were very generous all through North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. Between Washington, Ga., and Atlanta we struck the country where Sherman's raid had been. Everything was swept clean. At Washington we had drawn rations on our paroles. We would have fared badly in this country if we had been without provisions. Atlanta was in ashes; all the railroads were torn up. Everything a wreck.

Reaching West Point, we crossed the Chattahoochee river in a canoe and went to Montgomery, Ala. There we crossed the Alabama river on a pontoon bridge. From there we went to Selma. Two miles from Selma we boarded a train—the first train we had been on since we left Appomattox. At Demopolis, the Tombigbee river was crossed on a small steamboat. After crossing, we got on a train headed for Meridian, Miss. Reaching Meridian we saw the destructive work of Sherman, in our dear old State. The town was in ruins. Only one house of note was left standing, which was the old Jones House. After getting off the train, three of our old Jasper county friends, John McCormick, Billy

Brame and Henry Cook, greeted us. We were certainly glad to see them. John McCormick told us the news from home and the sad news of my brother being killed at the battle of Mobile. I was barefooted and Henry Cook carried me to their camp and gave me a new pair of shoes. He said that it would never do for his old neighbor's son to go home barefooted. The gift was surely appreciated. These boys were with ——'s army, which was camped at Meridian. Josiah Jones, the proprietor of the Jones House, asked us to dine with him. We accepted the invitation, remaining there till 1 o'clock that night, when three of us took the south-bound train for Shubuta, Clarke county. Our other comrade bade us farewell at Meridian, taking the A. & V. train for Vicksburg. We got to Shubuta at half past two o'clock. No one was there to greet us, and we immediately started for our homes, which were some 25 miles distant. We got out about eight or ten miles from town just at the break of day, without seeing anybody. About 10 o'clock we reached the neighborhood where some of our company enlisted from. One mother wrung her toil-worn hands in anguish when told that her gallant boy would never come home again. But such is the cruelty of war.

It was 4 o'clock in the evening when we reached our homes and there was great rejoicing over the safe return of "Our boys from Lee's army."

Ah, it seems but yesterday, when I review those thrilling days of the "sixties." But,

"The years have glided onward
Since those eventful days.

We've learned to love 'Old Glory'
And ever speak its praise."

"The flowers of peace have blossomed
In our sweet Southern clime
North and South's been blended
By generous hand of Time."

The Veteran's Story is told! 'Tis thirty years and more since the events of the story transpired. A new and flourishing Southland sprung rapidly up from the ruins of the old. The fair cities that the enemy laid in waste have arisen in beauty and strength, as if by magic.

The beautiful land we view with pride—
The land for which men fought and died.

When the sons of Blue and the sons of Gray marched side by side beneath the tropic sun, fighting the Spanish foe, the past was blotted out. With the Blue they have blended the glories of Gray.

From sunkissed Southland
Unto chilly North a greeting goes—
A greeting of unity and love;
"No North, no South"—one country
And a people grand and great.
United stand to share their Nation's joys and woes
From over Southern seas was heralded
The tidings of a mighty victory,
Columbia's gallant sons unloosed
The shackles of a hapless isle
And planted Freedom's banner there.

Beneath the lurid light of war Nations may strike with mighty hand, planting Freedom's banner in oppressed realms. Martial heroes may accomplish wonderful achievements and wear the victor's laurels, but the history of the valiant hosts of our Southland fair will ever be unrivaled. Time adds new lustre to the

glories of the past. One by one the Veterans pass away! The valor of men who wore the Gray will be cherished in thrilling song and story. Heroic souls of Southland will not weary of repeating the story of that mighty Chieftain and his war-worn followers when they yielded up their cause at historic Appomattox.

ROBERT E. LEE.

In fair old Virginia there are far winding valleys—
 Murmuring rivers flow swiftly along,
 The tall mountain peaks are bold in their grandeur
 And send back the echo of the river's low song.
 Ah, grand "Old Dominion"—the birthland of heroes
 A tribute of love is wafted to thee,
 Thy deep azure skies so softly are bending
 O'er the beautiful land of our Robert E. Lee.

In that picturesque clime there's sublime inspiration,
 From Nature our Lee gleamed the beauty of Truth.
 In the home of his childhood, a mother's devotion
 Taught life's highest lessons in the days of his youth.

The father, when off in the isles of the tropics,
 Seeking for health that to him was denied,
 Wrote words of true wisdom to a son at old Cambridge,
 In the pages of history we read them with pride.

"Tell me news of the children—you know how I love
 them,"
 Sent words of affection as a true father would.

"May they go in Truth's road to the Temple of Virtue—
 My dear little Robert—he always was good."

When war clouds were gathering and Southland was
 stirring
 With wrath that ere long unfettered would be,
 In hours of turmoil no heart was more loyal;
 Yes, fervent and true was the love of our Lee.

His prayer was for peace—ah, his land was in peril,
 To the field of dread warfare he earnestly went.
 For his country he cherished heroic devotion
 By power supreme such a leader was sent.

The ideal of history—the soldier so glorious,
 His memory is sacred—from blemish it's free.
 No word of reproach can justly be spoken
 To mar the pure name of our Robert E. Lee.

When he saw that victory was lost by the Southland
 In manner that ever was noble and grand ;
 The vanquished yielded his cause to the victor
 And was crowned with the love of fair "Dixieland."

In virtue no warrior has rivaled our hero
 So loyal to duty—the Southland's true son,
 In the world's great arena his life was triumphal—
 The homage of Nations our grand hero won.

A laurel wreathed victor ne'er won such devotion
 On the records of valor no name we e'er see
 That shines with such lustre—still brighter it's growing
 The name of that Chieftain—our Robert E. Lee.

In comparing the lives of Lee and Jackson, we note the great contrast of their boyhood training, Lee being cared for and trained by the gentlest and truest of mothers and all his surroundings were elevating and refining. Jackson was a poor little fatherless boy. From childhood he learned to battle his way in the world with a firm, resolute will, destined to conquer. This unyielding spirit of boyhood never forsook him. This will of the general taught his men that defeat was impossible and brought the flag of triumph out of every battle.

The warrior hero—grand and great—
 Defeat he never knew.

ADA CHRISTINE LIGHTSEY.

AN INCIDENT OF APPOMATTOX.



To a story oft-times I have listened
 Of a son of the Southland so true,
 And the soul-stirring story, dear people,
 I gladly will tell it to you.

He carried in battle the colors
 In the midst of the fast-flying shell,
 And if for a moment you'll listen
 The deed of this hero I'll tell.

When at last the great conflict was over,
 And lost was the dear Southern cause,
 He clung to his flag with devotion,
 Which won from his comrades applause.

“Can I yield up my flag—the tattered old flag—
 Into hands of the vanquishing foe?”
 He gathered it close to his true Southern heart
 And fearlessly answered “No!”

“It has led on brave men to glory and fame,
 Of heroic hearts 'twas a hope and a pride,
 For thy colors, dear flag—thy Stars and thy Bars
 Many brave men have battled and died.”

“In this dismal hour of gloom and defeat,
 When our cause sinks down in despair,
 The foe may demand you, dear flag of our hopes,
 But I'll keep you and guard you with care.”

So saying, he hid it securely beneath
 His battered old jacket of gray,
 And somewhere in Southland that old battle flag
 Is treasured by Veterans to-day.

ADA CHRISTINE LIGHTSEY.

The color bearer of the 16th Mississippi Regiment
 was the hero of the above incident.

MAY 13 1899



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