

DICKISON AND HIS MEN.

REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR IN FLORIDA.

By MARY ELIZABETH DICKISON.



"THESE ARE DEEDS THAT SHOULD NOT PASS AWAY,
AND NAMES THAT MUST NOT WITHER."

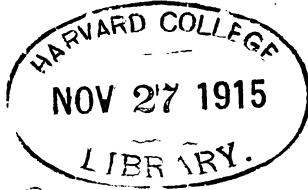


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CAPTAIN J. J. DICKISON,
C. S. A., 1864.

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Governor David S. Walker :

TO YOU,

OUR DISTINGUISHED EX-CHIEF EXECUTIVE AND

EVER-LOYAL FRIEND,

I RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS LITTLE VOLUME.

Honored for your public services, adorned by every social virtue, admired for the gentle dignity and suavity of manner, and beloved by the people among whom your noble life has been passed, I feel a proper pride when I present you to the youth of our fair land as one whose example is a model for imitation.

*"In action faithful and in honor clear,
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who won a title, and who lost no friend."*

"DICKISON PARK," July 4, 1889.

PREFACE.

TO THE READER : Let me feel your hand clasp in kindly greeting, while I tell of the daring deeds of "DICKISON AND HIS MEN."

In the development of our reasoning powers, there is a fascination in the beautiful truth revealed, the charming lesson taught, that our life is a dual one, made up of the material and spiritual, the real and ideal. Truly inspiring and elevating the knowledge that it is not all of life to eat and sleep; for in our hearts throbs loud the truth, that "man for nobler ends has birth." We daily learn that more than one-half our pains and pleasures is derived from the imagination of the mind, either in the contemplation of ideal beauty or in brooding over imaginary evils. There is an inspiration that awakens the deepest emotions in the soul, in contemplating objects that bring up associations of the past. There is an inexpressible pleasure in the perusal of long-treasured letters written by our loved ones around their camp fires, or by dear ones who have gone before to the spirit world. How sweet the silent language even a faded flower breathes, of brighter, happier days!

We can not well analyze the sentiment, but it seems to be an attribute of the human mind to pay instinctive homage to all that is noble and grand in the warrior, the statesman, the poet, the artist. With what earnestness and interest do we gaze upon some trifling relic that bears the impress of ancient workmanship! The excavations in Indian mounds reveal long-buried utensils of pottery that were made by these untutored sons of the forest, and are regarded with interest by the race that now own their old hunting grounds, and have built cities over the burial places of their dead.

The museums of the world are filled with coins and trinkets that seem but broken links in that mysterious chain which connects the spirit of the living present with the long-buried past.

The recent exhibition in Paris of curious portraits more than two thousand years old, that have been lately opened, once ornamented Egyptian burial places, and have been admirably preserved. Only the classic student and antiquary can properly appreciate this valuable collection of antique relics.

We know that the governments of Europe expend annually large sums of money in digging up the ruins of old, buried and almost forgotten, cities—some of them once buried beneath a deep river of burning lava flowing from Vesuvius, and, in the course of centuries, forming an almost impenetrable crust; and they treasure, as almost beyond price, defaced images and broken columns that possess no other value or merit than that they were carved by hands now moldering in the dust of long-gone centuries.

To a practical mind such relics possess no value, and the public bounty expended in discovering and collecting them seems to be an unpardonable waste of time, labor and money. But the wise and sagacious statesmen understand human nature to a better purpose, and know, that in catering to that almost universal sentiment of the human mind and heart, they are insensibly binding the affections of the subject and strengthening the hands of government. Among these ancient collections of art and trophies of war, that crowd the palaces and public edifices of the capitals of Europe, are many held in such sacred veneration that their loss would be regarded as a national calamity.

In obedience to that all-pervading sentiment I have so feebly attempted to describe and illustrate, I have lovingly cherished many sacred memories of the "Lost Cause," and carefully guarded the records of as gallant a defense as was ever made by a wronged people, and am now led by its promptings to chronicle a few events

of our struggle to secure our independence, and establish for ourselves a separate government.

It is no historic effort, only a simple narrative of events that transpired in our own little State, and have been so long familiar they seem a part of my own home life. It is not my purpose, in this record of our eventful struggle, to defend the right of a State to secede from the general government, or attempt a vindication of the secession of the Southern States from the Union. Such action has been firmly asserted, clearly elucidated and bravely vindicated by our wise and able statesmen; and, though disastrous the results, I repeat the language of our illustrious chieftain, President Davis:

“We have cause to feel proud that the course of the Southern States has left no stain nor blot upon the honor and chivalry of their people:

“ ‘And if our children must obey,
They must—but thinking on our day,
'Twill less debase them to submit.’ ”

Many friends, during the years that have so rapidly gone by, have urged me to write up the brilliant achievements of my husband's campaigns during the war. .

As a young matron, a peculiar sensitiveness restrained me from such publicity. I could not “sing of arms and a man,” when the hero was my own liege lord. But now, that I wear the silver crown of declining years, and the strong hand of sorrow having struck the “harp of life,” tuning all its chords, and, self-exorcised, has “passed in music out of sight,” I fear no unkind criticism. Encouraged by the hope that the same love of the heroic that makes the school boy and girl read with rapturous delight “Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men,” the grand epics of Virgil and Homer, and later on the glorious deeds of our own revolutionary heroes, may lead the youth of our fair Southland, the rising generation upon whom the mantle of their noble fathers will, in time, fall, to read the daring deeds of heroism

performed by their own loved sires and friends who were ever a living bulwark between their homes and a cruel foe.

Though my heart swells with a just pride at this review of the faithful services rendered by my husband to the State of his adoption, and of the lofty patriotism and affectionate devotion of the gallant men who followed him into battle, never faltering in their confidence, and ever willing to follow where he led, no selfish exultation sullies the purity of my homage. For every patriot citizen who unsheathed his sword in defense of our rights, or laid his rich mental gifts upon our country's altar, and, in clarion tones, told of her wrongs, and inspired every heart to deeds of gallant daring, who were ever faithful guardians of our liberties, my heart pours out a rich tribute of grateful praise. They well deserve the love and veneration of their countrymen, and their names shall be

“The immortal names that were not born to die.”

While our proud successes failed to reach the glorious consummation so earnestly desired and prayed for, we can not forget that it is God who alone decides the contest and gives the victory. So we bow in humble submission to His will.

May we ever remember that it is His wisdom that guides our councils, His providence which has shielded us to the present hour and saved us from internal dissensions by the inspiration of a moral heroism which challenges comparison in the affairs of men. Most earnestly should we pray that peace may ever reign within our borders.

“DICKISON PARK,”
July 4, 1889.



CAPTAIN JOHN M. MARTIN,
C. S. A., 1864.

DICKISON AND HIS MEN.

CHAPTER I.

“Now then to conquer, or to die prepare;
To die, or conquer, are the terms of war;
And for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.”

The storm that had been steadily gathering during the administration of President Buchanan, culminated a short time previous to his retirement to private life, by the withdrawal of South Carolina from the Union. Mississippi soon followed, then Florida, and, in rapid succession, the rest of the Southern States.

At the commencement of hostilities in Charleston harbor, and the proclamation of President Lincoln, calling for troops to make an unconstitutional war on the seceded States, the war-cloud darkened over our little State, and every heart burned with indignation. And, with the spirit that had inspired their fathers in 1776, they resolved to unite in the patriotic effort to secure for the South an independent government, as the constitution, framed by their forefathers, had been violated, and the people of the Southern States wantonly deprived of their rights to an equal citizenship.

With a patriotic and heroic sense of this great duty, our brave citizens began to form themselves

into a military family, and companies of cavalry, artillery and infantry were rapidly and successfully formed.

General William A. Owens, one of Marion county's honored citizens, was the first to organize a fine cavalry company, known as the "Marion Dragoons," and composed of the chivalry of Marion, Alachua and other counties.

Major J. J. Dickison, another of Marion's honored citizens, also engaged in enrolling men for a cavalry company. Before the organization was complete, a proposition was made by that noble gentleman, John M. Martin, also a citizen of Marion county, to become a member if the company would be changed to artillery. This was agreed to, provided he would accept the position of captain, to which proposal he assented. They enrolled a sufficient number of members to make up the company; it was then organized at Ocala as the "Marion Light Artillery," and the following officers were elected:

JOHN M. MARTIN, Captain.
J. J. DICKISON, First Lieutenant.
R. P. McCANTS, Second Lieutenant.
WM. TIDWELL, Third Lieutenant.
THOS. W. GORDON, First Sergeant.
W. W. CATHCART, Second Sergeant.
WILEY CURRY, Third Sergeant.
JOHN D. LEITNER, Fourth Sergeant.
J. C. STRICKLAND, First Corporal.
J. N. McNABB, Second Corporal.
WM. HOLSHOUSER, Third Corporal.
L. D. DUPREE, Fourth Corporal.

PRIVATES MUSTERED IN, OCTOBER, 1861 :

Andrews, A. K.	Giddeons, Henry	Pasteur, George
Boring, J. W.	Houston, George	Phillips, M. L.
Boyt, John	Hogans, R.	Roberts, R. M.
Brinson, J. J.	Hall, J. W.	Robertson, John
Buxton, L.	Hinton, James	Richerson, Wm.
Brinson, B.	Holmes, Henry	Seigler, J. M.
Brown, Dr. A. C.	Jerkins, S. T.	Smith, Thos.
Barnes, Asa O.	Jones, W. A.	Swindle, Wm.
Barnes, John A.	Jordan, W. E.	Stewart, Jas.
Carlton, R. A.	Leggett, David	Turner, —
Cooper, A.	Leggett, Thos.	Taylor, E.
Cothran, J. W.	Leitner, W. F.	Terrell, Sam'l
Cross, A. F.	Lefton, Jesse	Tommey, O. P.
Chesser, John	Lucius, —	Thomas, Geo. W.
Dickerson, E.	Monroe, James	Vogt, Dr. A. D.
Foy, F. N.	Morrison, W. M.	Wells, S. J.
Fountain, Thos.	Morrison, D.	White, A. J.
Goin, A. S.	Meadows, Jack	Watson, M. D.
Gibson, John A.	Nobles, Bart	Watkins, W. C.
Garner, John	Priest, B. F.	Williams, L. W.
Giddeons, Charles	Peed, L.	Zeigler, J. J.

Members enrolled after the organization in 1861 and the reorganization in 1862 :

T. W. GORDON, Sergeant.	E. B. LANE, Corporal.
JOHN D. LEITNER, Sergeant.	P. BROWARD, Corporal.
LEONARD DOZIER, JR., Sergeant.	H. PETERSON, Corporal.
W. W. HOLSHOUSER, Sergeant.	GEO. PASTEUR, Corporal.
J. C. STRICKLAND, Sergeant.	GEO. L. PRICE, Corporal.
J. N. G. McNABB, Sergeant.	C. CARMAN, Corporal.
W. R. NAPIER, Sergeant.	T. HAGGERDON, Bugler.
E. W. POWERS, Sergeant.	W. GEIGER, Bugler.

PRIVATES :

Arnon, B. J.	Asten, J. J.	Brice, George
Ashurst, Wm.	Barnard, J. J.	Boring, J.

Blaer, Richard	Hawthorne, E. T.	Myranda, Tom
Broward, M. L.	Hinton, F. R.	McBride, J.
Bugg, Charley	Hogan, D. N.	McRory, Chas.
Brooker, S. E.	Hogan, W.	McNabb, J. G.
Broadwater, —	Holmes, Dr. H. M.	Macando, Thos.
Burton, W. H.	Hull, Berry	Neal, A. J.
Buford, J.	Ives, —	Norton, W. R.
Bostick, J. H.	Johnson, A. H.	Norton, N. B.
Bennett, J.	Johnson, J. J.	Oats, Dr.
Bellue, J.	Johnson, F.	Perry, T. J.
Broome, G. H.	Jones, Osmond	Perry, A.
Barrington, A.	Johnson, James	Pickett, W.
Blitch, —	King, John	Plunkett, E.
Brantley, E.	King, W.	Price, Geo.
Coker, W. A.	King, J.	Remley, J.
Curry, Jerry	Kanunski, —	Richards, —
Colding, S. B.	Leitner, Geo.	Riggs, R.
Cribb, R. H.	Leitner, W. T.	Raines, —
Doucín, O. M.	(Color Bearer.)	Rhance, L. F.
Dupree, E.	Lacey, D. C.	Rhale, J.
Dye, W.	Lacey, J.	Rockchild, —
Dillsberry, J.	Leary, D.	Robinson, Jabes
Driggers, J.	Lane, E.	Robinson, J.
Eichelburger, Adam	Lang, J.	Smith, Thos.
Fife, R. M.	Ledwith, Wm.	Smith, Jas.
Frink, L.	Lovell, Griffin	Smith, B.
Geiger, Wm.	Love, Sam	Stevens, W. C.
Geiger, J.	Mitchell, S. S.	Stoddard, L. H.
Gordon, Wesley	Morrison, A.	Swearingen, S.
Goss, J. H.	Monroe, James	Sturdevant, —
Graydon, Frank	Matthews, J. M.	Shad, J.
Griffith, Dr.	Marlow, T. C.	Shipes, J.
Hanmond, S. N.	Mott, B. L.	Strickland, J.
Haddock, D. T.	Minton, J. T.	Saunders, B.
Hilton, J. M.	Minton, H.	Tucatus, M.
Higginbotham, S.	Mack, A. J.	Tracy, S. P.
Hines, W. J.	Masters, B.	Towers, —
Hinton, F. R.	Meadows, Miles	Terrell, Jasper

Tillman, John	Vaughn, G., Jr.	Wall, T.
Thompson, Jos.	Vaughn, A. J.	West, T.
Timmons, S. E.	Vanyard, —	Wells, F.
Usina, —	Wall, H.	Wingate, J. G.
Vaughn, G., Sr.	Wall, H. D.	Wilson, Geo. C.

Subsequent changes of commissioned officers: Captain J. M. Martin succeeded by Lieutenant R. P. McCants. An election soon followed and T. W. Perry was elected captain and A. J. Neal, James C. Davis, George K. Broome, C. S. Briggs, respectively, filled the position of lieutenants.

“HEADQUARTERS ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR-GENERAL.

[SPECIAL ORDER No. 48.]

“TALLAHASSEE, FLA., November 4, 1861.

“*To Captain John M. Martin, Marion Flying Artillery:*

“(1.) Call on Colonel D. P. Holland at Fernandina, without delay, for the battery of field pieces in his possession, belonging to the State of Florida, and all its equipments and ammunition, for which you will give him duplicate receipts, taking duplicate invoices of the property received.

“(2.) You will then report to Brigadier-General Trapier, of the C. S. Army, in command in Florida, for the Confederate States' service, showing your instructions from the office, November 2, 1861.

“By order of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief,

“T. L. DANCY,

“Adjutant and Inspector-General.”

“P. S.—Should Captain Martin not be at home, Lieutenant J. J. Dickison will muster the company

without delay, and proceed to Fernandina and report to General Trapier.

“ T. L. DANCY,
“ Adjutant and Inspector-General.”

“ ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE.

“ TALLAHASSEE, November 12, 1861.

“ *To Captain J. M. Martin, or Lieutenant J. J. Dickison :*

“ GENTLEMEN: You, or either of you, were directed by order from this department on the 2d of November to proceed with your company, the Marion Flying Artillery, without delay to Fernandina and report to General Trapier of the C. S. Army, commanding in Florida, for service, with the least possible delay. This order I can not at present lay my hand upon, but copies were sent to Captain Martin or Lieutenant Dickison, the one or the other of which, I trust, has been received.

“ I now reiterate the order that you proceed to Fernandina and report to General Trapier or the senior officer present in command, and carry out the order No. 48. By order

“ T. L. DANCY,
“ Adjutant and Inspector-General.”

“ FERNANDINA, FLA., November 17, 1861.

“ *T. L. Dancy, Adjutant and Inspector-General :*

“ SIR: Your special order No. 48 is received. We arrived at this place last evening with Captain J. M. Martin's company, Marion Light Artillery. Called on Colonel D. P. Holland for the battery of field pieces.

In the absence of Colonel W. S. Dilsworth, he refuses to deliver the guns. Will wait instructions from Colonel Dilsworth. I reported our command to Col. Hopkins, now in command of this post. He has received our company into the Confederate States' service.

Very respectfully,

"J. J. DICKISON,

"Lieutenant Commanding."

"FERNANDINA, November 21, 1861.

"*Colonel W. S. Dilsworth, Commanding Post East and Middle Florida:*

"Pursuant to order No. 48, of his Excellency, Governor John Milton, I beg leave to make the following report of Captain John M. Martin's company of Marion Light Artillery. First and second lieutenants being present with six non-commissioned officers and forty-four privates and twenty-six horses, with a certainty of twenty-nine additional privates, with the requisite number of horses, and the remainder of commissioned and non-commissioned officers, who will be here in a few days with roll of one hundred and six men. Respectfully submitted,

"J. J. DICKISON,

"Lieutenant Commanding."

"HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DISTRICT OF FLORIDA.

[SPECIAL ORDER No. 99.]

"FORT CLINCH, November 27, 1861.

"*Lieutenant J. J. Dickison, Commanding Company:*

"You are hereby authorized to make requisitions on the Quartermaster C. S. Army for quartermaster

supplies, and on the Commissary for commissary supplies, who will furnish the same, your company having been received into the service of the C. S. Army, as a company of field artillery, and attached to the Third Regiment of Florida Volunteers, C. S. Army.

“W. S. DILSWORTH,
“Colonel Commanding Department.”

Captain Martin remained on the island with his command about five months doing duty. On the concentration of the enemy's gunboats, in good view of the island, the commanding general deemed it advisable to remove his forces to the main land. During the evacuation of the island, the gunboats came up and shelled our trains as they were moving out, doing no injury to our troops, but killing two worthy and prominent citizens.

Couriers continually coming in with reports that the enemy were landing, this gallant command, being ever ready for any emergency, was ordered from place to place to meet them.

They were for a short time encamped near the St. Mary's river, thence ordered to Sanderson, where, from the unprecedented severity of the weather, these noble defenders of our rights suffered many privations, with much sickness, which resulted in several deaths from measles and pneumonia.

They were then ordered to Camp Langford, thence to the two-mile branch, near Jacksonville, where they remained, faithful sentinels on the outposts, until the reorganization of the company late in the month of

May, 1862. At the reorganization of the company, Lieutenant Dickison withdrew from the command, and, early in July, received the following order from General Finegan to raise a cavalry company, to complete the Second Florida Cavalry Regiment.

“HEADQUARTERS PROVISIONAL FORCES, DEPARTMENT
EAST AND MIDDLE FLORIDA.

[SPECIAL ORDER No. 590.]

“TALLAHASSEE, July 2, 1862.

“Lieutenant J. J. Dickison, late of the Marion Light Artillery, C. S. Army, is hereby authorized to raise a company of cavalry, to be mustered into the Confederate States’ service for three years, or the war to be raised, if possible, within the present month.

“By order, brigadier-general commanding,
“W. CALL,
“Assistant Adjutant-General.”

On severing his connection with the Marion Light Artillery, Lieutenant Dickison received the following letter from his loved and honored captain:

“HEADQUARTERS CAMP HUNT.

“May 31, 1862.

“*Lieutenant J. J. Dickison:*

“DEAR SIR: In a few moments the sad duty of bidding you adieu will devolve on me, as a brother officer; and while it is with pleasure that I desire to record the fidelity, zeal, energy and promptness that

have characterized you during your connection with the Marion Light Artillery, still fond memory of the past is saddened by the thought, that your place in ranks, in future, will not be filled by you. But, sir, however painful it may be, I remember that such is the reward of merit. Our blessed Lord and Master, as perfect as He was, as self-sacrificing as He was, as devoted as He was to the salvation of mankind, had His enemies, His persecutors. You have made many sacrifices, you have toiled to advance the interest of the company, you have labored to see it in a prosperous condition, but not permitted to enjoy the consummation of your desires.

“However pleasant it may have been to you, and however agreeable to me, to be still connected with each other, as brother officers in freedom’s glorious cause, it is denied us, and I am now called upon to bid you farewell, not as a friend, but as an officer. Remember that you leave behind many who will cherish your name with the highest esteem, many who will not forget your many acts of kindness, many who, upon the battle-field, will be reminded of you by that beautiful flag, with which one dear and true to you is closely connected.

“As an officer, you have done your duty. As a friend, you have been true. May success follow you in the organization of the military command you purpose, and may fortune attend you through life. May happiness ever smile over your ‘domestic bower.’ Farewell. Yours truly and respectfully,

“JOHN M. MARTIN,

“Captain Commanding Marion Light Artillery.”

CHAPTER II.

“And must they fall, the young, the proud, the brave,
No step between submission and a grave ?”

The Marion Light Artillery was soon ordered to the West to join General Kirby Smith, and did most effective service in their first and most important fight at Richmond, Ky.

On this memorable occasion, the noble and heroic Martin was seriously, and at the time feared to be mortally, wounded. Our brave Johnson, Tidwell, Boring and Holshouser were killed early in the engagement, nobly illustrating the valor and chivalry of men devoted to a sacred cause.

We can not better express our admiration for this glorious little band, than in the following notice clipped from the *Knoxville Register* :

— “ We invite the attention of our readers to the lines addressed to the flag of the Florida Battery in the battle of Richmond, Ky. The circumstances which call forth these beautiful lines are briefly these: At the battle of Richmond, the Marion Light Artillery, being the only corps from Florida present, were placed in a most honorable position, and were briefly addressed by Lieutenant-General Kirby Smith, just as the fight commenced, who, in his own eloquent manner, appealed to this corps to maintain the honor of their State in the coming fight ;

and most nobly did they respond to the appeal. The battery was immediately moved forward into the hottest part of the fight, and, by its efficiency, contributed in no small degree to the glorious achievements of that memorable day.

“The material of which the flag was made, as the writer has most happily shown us in his poem, was a magnificent crimson shawl, presented by Mrs. J. J. Dickison, while the rings by which it was attached to the lance were manufactured from the jewelry, brooches and ornaments contributed by the ladies of Orange Lake, Fla., the ferrule being forged from a superb silver comb, contributed by Mrs. Dickison, and worn by the fair donor on her bridal night.

“The poem is from the pen of a field officer of the Florida Brigade, Colonel William T. Stockton, and, if we are capable of forming a correct judgment, will be treasured among the bright and beautiful sentiments to which the heroic deeds of this revolution have given birth, long after the rude alarms of war have passed.”

TO THE FLAG OF THE FLORIDA BATTERY.

THE MARION LIGHT ARTILLERY IN THE BATTLE OF RICHMOND, KY.

“Hear ye e'er of the Flag which so proudly was borne
 In the ranks of the brave, on that bright summer morn,
 When the word reached our land, ‘On to Richmond we go!’
 And fiercely our battery was hurled on the foe?
 When we crested the hilltop, as round as an arch,
 We heard ‘Forward into battery, left oblique, march!’
 Opened then their artillery, quickly and fast,
 And their close-serried cohorts upon us were cast—
 That Flag waved above us, in crimson and gold,
 And looked smilingly down, from each graceful fold,

On that gallant command in that tempest of hell,
 Where the minie-ball hissed and where hurtled the shell.
 If a pulse beat the faster, or quivered a nerve,
 A glance at that Flag forbade any to swerve
 From the oath which each soldier had silently sworn
 To guard safely that banner, though tattered and torn.
 What though Johnson and Tidwell were slain in the fight,
 They saw that Flag safe with their last look in life;
 What though gallant Holshouser and Boring went down,
 Our Flag cheerily waved and looked smilingly on.
 It saw they had freely and willingly given
 Their blood to the grand cause in which they had striven.
 What though Martin, our captain, no longer was heard—
 Thrill through us no more his encouraging word—
 Aloft waved our Flag and almost seemed to say,
 We can even lose him and can yet win the day;
 For has not our chief said, as the troops cheered us on
 'When we move to the front, the battle's begun!
 Of Florida's sons, you, alone, are here now;
 Let our State have no shadow of shame on her brow.'
 Yet stormed fiercely still, that tempest of hell,
 Where the minie-ball hissed and where hurtled the shell.

"Too severe was our fire, for in sight of that Flag,
 Not one heart e'er grew weak, nor did one muscle lag.
 'The foe are in flight! Now on them the horse;
 Let no well-stricken blow bring its giver remorse.'
 And our noble chief said, with voice clear and loud:
 'You have won us the battle, our Florida's proud.'
 That Flag has a story, which now shall be told!
 The women of 'Marion,' the loved ones we have left
 To furnish that Banner, themselves had bereft
 Of mantle and brooch, of rich comb and of ring,
 With soft-uttered prayers, which to heaven took wing.
 Those soft folds of rich crimson, from far, distant Ind.
 Had screened beauty's form from the rough, blowing wind.
 Those brooches from fair bosoms, so earnestly given,
 Which devotion to country alone thence had riven;

Those rings from fair hands, so soft and so light,
 Which tremblingly gave, at the thought of the fight,
 By the artisan's skill, bound the Flag to the lance,
 Made its spear head to gleam, and our motto to glance,
 ' God and our Rights '—'twas the brave Norman, old war-cry,
 Which the Puritan strikes at, but for which we will die.
 Our soil gave the Red Bay, fit emblem of pride
 For the staff whence the sheen of our Banner gleams wide.
 The comb which had a fair bride's tresses restrained,
 To guard e'en its base, in its bright silver deigned.
 Then thanks to the loved ones, who pray for us now,
 They never need fear, lest we fail in our vow."

"T. W. S."

Faithful to their trust, this noble and heroic little band guarded, with almost reverential care, this flag hallowed by so many sacred memories. That chivalrous gentleman and gallant soldier, Lieutenant A. J. Neal, though beset with danger on every side, with a masterful will to overcome every obstacle, by untiring vigilance and the inspiration of a lofty patriotism, conveyed this cherished standard of the dauntless corps, he so nobly illustrated, to his home in Georgia, where, in the safe custody of his loved mother and sisters, it remained during those dark, perilous days of "Sherman's March to the Sea," a line of march, the eulogist of his exploits describes as "wide-spreading columns of smoke, rising wherever the army went."

As the "apple of the eye," these noble, true-hearted Georgians, bright jewels in the glorious diadem that crowns our sister State, lovingly guarded this proud memorial of a gallant people during the dark, dark days that followed the surrender of our

brave and unconquered defenders, who only yielded to overwhelming numbers.

Not until the almost impenetrable gloom, that had so long rested like a funeral pall upon our beloved land in its desolation, had partially cleared away, and the star of hope dawned on the distant horizon, where the blue clouds seem to be kissing mother earth, could these dear noble ladies be reconciled to make a surrender of their sacred trust to the sisterhood who had laid the gift on their country's altar.

Though only a silken banner, there was a silent eloquence around its crimson folds that made it seem to them a "thing of life." Dear mother and sisters! Every heart that has "bled like thine and mine" can enfold you in a sympathetic embrace. That flag told you the sad, sad story, that so many hopeless, anguished hearts had learned, of the young and brave-hearted, who had buckled on their armor and gone forth from peaceful, happy homes with a mother's, wife's and sister's kiss warm upon their dear lips, strong in the resolve to drive back the ruthless invaders who had desolated our fair prosperous land, and who had marched even to the portals of the sanctuary of our homes and desecrated that God-given refuge to weary man. Its crimson tints told of the life-drops that were freely poured out in defense of all that was dear to man.

All honor to the gentle mother and sisters and venerable father of the heroic A. J. Neal, who fell a noble martyr to freedom's cause while gallantly repulsing the Federals near Atlanta in 1864.

This historic flag was returned by the father of our lamented friend, Lieutenant Neal, to Colonel John M. Martin, the gallant officer who led the brilliant charge made by the Marion Light Artillery at the battle of Richmond, Ky.

By request of the ladies of the Soldiers' Friends' Association of Orange Lake, it has been confided to the care of the writer of this humble tribute to the heroes who fell gallantly fighting in vindication of right and "saw that flag waving over them with their last look in life."

In proper time, it will be placed among the archives of the State. It is now partially furled near the cherished portraits of our beloved "Lee" and "Stonewall Jackson." Our own dear soldier boy, who fell on the battle-field, looks upon it with eyes that seem to me to speak the thoughts that never die in a hero's soul:

"Our flag still waves over the home of the brave."

For the gratification of the survivors of the Marion Light Artillery in Florida, and the relatives of the brave men who gave their lives for their country, who are residents now of other States, I feel it a duty to contribute to their pleasure by placing before them the following interesting letters, which will revive many memories that may be somewhat effaced by the hand of time, or held in abeyance by the manifold cares that have pressed so heavily upon them in the hard struggle to build up their lost or wrecked fortunes.

“OCALA, December 10, 1881.

“*Mrs. J. J. Dickison, Dickison Park:*

“DEAR MADAM: On April 8, 1862, the ladies of the Orange Lake Soldiers' Friends' Association presented to the Marion Light Artillery, through their true and noble friend, the Hon. James B. Owens, a flag without a name inscribed to tell of the donors. Yet, each letter on its crimson field, each ornament, ah! each thread and, crowning all, its inspiring watchword, silently and modestly spoke more beautifully than verse can tell that the self-sacrificing matrons and maidens of Orange Lake had each and every one placed upon that sacred flag some precious relic. Quietly, silently, prayerfully, they sent it to us on the tented field, by their patriot friend, with one injunction—'Guard it well.'

“On that memorable day, as that gallant corps looked upon its beautiful folds, its gilded motto, its glittering spear and suggestive design, the names of each member of the Soldiers' Friends' Association were inscribed upon their hearts and memory, and they swore, before God and their country, it should never trail.

“Through years of war, hours of cruel suffering, battles of fiercest struggles, was that flag guarded well. Accompanying this, I send you a letter from the venerable and heroic Mr. John Neal, now of Atlanta, Ga., which will explain his connection with the flag and the cause of his having it in his possession.

“Sorrowfully, and with deep regret, was it furled in obedience to orders and for reasons given us. Too far from home to place it in the protection of its

gentle givers, and, unwilling to leave it in the rear, where danger was greatest, the genial, brave and gallant soldier, Lieutenant A. J. Neal, entrusted it to his noble mother, sisters and father, knowing they would keep careful watch over it until it could be safely conveyed to whence it came.

“To you, madam, and by the request and instruction of the ladies of the Soldiers’ Friends’ Association, of which you were an honored and conspicuous member, we return unsullied and without a spot of shame, this consecrated banner, prouder than when you gave it.

“Though it once formed a part of your bridal attire, and made dear to you by memories of years gone by, when, as a happy bride, its rich folds encircled your youthful form; though its jewels will recall sweet thoughts of your girlhood’s happy days, we believe that it will be dearer now than ever to you, and the ladies of the association, for you will remember that it once waved over as brave men as ever went on battle-field, who, when weary and worn, it cheered, and when despairing and almost hopeless, it bid them trust in God.

“All did their duty; all, all were brave, faithful and true; all loved it. Then, for the sake of those whose graves are in far-off battle-fields, in memory of those who have died, and in the names of the living, we ask you to ‘guard it well.’ With respect,

“I am your obedient servant,

“JOHN M. MARTIN.

“We regret that the roll of the company has been

misplaced. Their names ought never perish, but should be written on tablets of stone. Every effort will be made to obtain it, and it shall be placed in your hands, assured that it will be in noble custody.

“J. M. M.”

“ATLANTA, GA., October 11, 1881.

“*Colonel John M. Martin, Ocala, Fla.:*

“DEAR SIR: By to-day’s express I forward you the flag and staff of the Marion Florida Light Artillery, placed in my care at Zebulon, Ga., July, 1864, by my son, Lieutenant A. J. Neal, of that gallant little band, for safe-keeping; stating that, by order of the general commanding, none but flags of large bodies of troops would be retained. This request was faithfully fulfilled by myself, wife and two daughters, the only members of my family then at home.

“I deeply regret the shameful manner in which the beautiful spear that ornamented the staff was lost. The value of the spear is beyond price in dollars and cents, when we remember that it was gotten up by the contributions of Florida’s noble sons and daughters, especially the latter, who so generously contributed ‘mantle and jewels,’ as will appear by an appropriate and beautifully-written article, after the battle of Richmond, Ky., 1863, a copy of which I inclose.

“That little band, then and ever since, have appreciated those contributions, and held them as sacred as the cause they volunteered to sustain.

“The loss of the spear occurred in April, 1865. A large body of the Federal army passed through

Zebulon. There being only three old men beside myself left in the town, we were entirely unprotected.

“Mrs. Neal had prepared two large pockets, in which she concealed our daughters’ jewelry and the spear.

“After the main body had passed, there came suddenly through our garden four men, armed and wearing Federal uniforms. Mrs. Neal fled with the jewels, but was pursued by the ruffianly thieves, overtaken, and robbed of everything, including the spear. They then searched my person and took a small sum of money. About this time, another body of troops in passing saw the excitement, came in, and said to the thieves that such conduct was contrary to orders, threatening to report them. The scamps then returned through the garden, mounted their horses, and left. God forbid like trials!

“My son, A. J. Neal, was killed two and one-half miles west of Atlanta, August 10, 1864. His brother, Jas. H. Neal, colonel of the Tenth Georgia Regiment, was killed near Kingston, N. C., March 8, 1865.

“I have since had their remains reinterred in my family graveyard, ‘Oaklawn Cemetery,’ Atlanta, and have had a marble tombstone erected over their graves, in the form of an arch, with suitable inscriptions, showing date of their birth, military position, and when killed. Their memory we will cherish while life lasts.

“I most respectfully invite you and command to visit their graves if ever convenient.

“Yours truly,

“JOHN NEAL.

“The flag was saved by Miss Ella Neal, now Mrs. John Kelly, who concealed it beneath her overskirt while the army was passing. The staff was concealed in the garden. J. N.”

FLAG PRESENTATION.

“Take thy banner! and beneath
 The battle-cloud’s encircling wreath,
 Guard it!—’till our homes are free!
 Guard it!—God will prosper thee!”

[At the time of the presentation of the flag to the Marion Light Artillery, J. J. Dickison was first lieutenant of the company.]

“*Officers and Soldiers of the Marion Light Artillery:*

“At the request and in behalf of the ladies of the Orange Lake Soldiers’ Friends’ Association, it would have afforded me great pleasure to address you in person; but, as circumstances do not permit of this, I must resort to the less satisfactory mode of communicating what I have to say in writing.

“I therefore propose, as their honored instrument, not to impose a lengthy address upon your patience, but, in the fewest words by which I can accomplish the agreeable task, give expression to the deep-seated and lively sentiments and feelings they so earnestly cherish toward you.

“Sensibly do they realize that the destiny of our country stands poised in the trembling balance; that their highest and brightest earthly prospects, as well as those of the generations that are to come after them, are speedily to be settled by the arbitrament

of the sword which, by authoritative declaration, has been unsheathed for months gone by, and now not only gleams in the light of the day that is upon us, but is stained by the blood of those who have fallen upon the fields so fiercely contested, and that to you in common with your valiant brothers in arms must they look, under the blessing of the Omnipotent disposer of all events, for the preservation of the priceless heritage so nobly won and bequeathed them by their gallant sires of 1776.

“They know that, as patriots and brave men ready to peril your lives in defense of liberty and the fair ones of the land, who, of right, expect safety both of person and interests at the hands of the sterner sex, you promptly exchanged the comforts and endearments of home for the deprivation and dangers of a soldier’s life. In all that you have undergone in the past, you have their tenderest sympathies. In all that you may have to encounter in the future, you will have, not only their sympathies, but their most fervent prayers for your security and success.

“Did circumstances permit, gladly would they stand as guardians and ministering angels by your side, shielding you from disease, accident and the leaden messengers of death that may be sent into your midst by the rude invaders of our soil, giving solace to the sick upon his couch, cheer to the weary upon his march, resistless courage and strength to all in the hour of furious conflict, and a louder shout of praise to every tongue when bright plumaged victory will have perched with gilded crest, upon

your proudly floating banner. But their more fragile frames, their feebler constitutions, and the delicacy so fitly blending in, and essential to, true female character, deny them this privilege. Nevertheless, they would not be unrepresented in your gallant corps; hence they have deputed me, and I am proud of the honor, to present you the accompanying beautiful flag.

“ ‘ O! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave.’

“ True, that like the sensitive maiden whose gentle bosom is suddenly heaved by unutterable emotions within, while her previously sparkling eyes are converted into fountains of tears, her rose-tinged cheeks flushed with a far deeper and feverish hue, or swept over as by the discoloring brush of time, who rides upon the “ pale horse,” and her lips sealed in tremulous, ominous silence, it, too, is mute. But in that muteness, unwritten, though instructive lessons may be read by the reflecting mind. When you gaze with admiration upon its glittering folds, together with its significant emblems and motto, your thoughts will involuntarily run back, with electric speed, to its fair, lovely, anxious and prayerful donors; and thus you will be restrained and purified in camp, quickened in your steps on the march, and enthused to the highest pitch of heroic daring, when, face to face and hand to hand, you meet the foe upon the ensanguined and smoking field.

“ This splendid flag is the handiwork and appropriate representative of the intelligent, patriotic ma-

trons and maidens who compose the society, and while through it they would each speak to you, as one voice, words of affection, confidence and encouragement, thereby appealing to the loftiest sentiments and noblest impulses of your natures, and imposing upon you obligations which you will not fail to recognize, ever to preserve it as the spotless and priceless jewel of your company.

“Of the many other facts connected with it, to which I would gladly allude were it not for protracting this communication beyond its proper length, there is only one of which I will speak, and that needs but to be mentioned in order, not only to add greatly to the interest and sacredness with which you will be disposed to contemplate and hold it, but also to impart to it a degree even of magic influence.

“That fact is, that, owing to the entire absence from our mercantile houses, in consequence of the blockade, of suitable goods for its ground-work, the rich and costly material of which it is made is a generous offering from the wardrobe of the estimable wife of your worthy first lieutenant.

“Then allow me, in their cherished names, to commit it to your charge, believing that, when ‘the rude shock of battle comes,’ these inspiring names will be heard to ring in clearest accents above the cannon’s roar, inciting you to bear it fearlessly and proudly on into the thickest of the fight, until it shall float in glorious triumph over the conquered field, or its crimson folds be made the winding-sheet of the last brave man of the Marion Light Artillery, who, like the rest of his unfaltering comrades, with eye intently

fixed and weapon still firmly grasped, falls a devoted martyr to freedom's bleeding cause,

“ ‘With his face toward heaven and his feet to the foe.’

“With the deep solicitude for your safety and success, natural upon the part of a friend involved with you in a common and glorious cause,

“I am, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

“JAMES B. OWENS.

“To Captain John M. Martin and Company.”

“CAMP LANGFORD, April 10, 1862.

“*Hon. James B. Owens:*

“DEAR SIR: It is the honored privilege of the members of the Marion Light Artillery to receive, through you, the handsome and appropriate flag presented to them by the ladies of the Orange Lake Soldiers' Friends' Association.

“When the hour was darkest and the heavens seemed to hang with indifference to freedom's cause, inducing the soldier to contemplate with anxiety the future, and with heavy hearts turned to those for whose safety and welfare he had unsheathed his sword; its crimson folds were unfurled, displaying the motto: ‘God and our Rights.’

“If it were possible for defeat to lessen a Southern's zeal, or his toils and hardships cause him one moment to falter, the watchword thereon inscribed will ever encourage and prompt him to deeds of valor.

“Nor can they fail to be cherished by us with the deepest gratitude, those fair and noble daughters of

the South, who have honored us with so distinguished a compliment.

“It is, therefore, my pleasant duty, in behalf of the company I have the honor to command, to give utterance to our feelings of pride, that, while we may be separated from the cheerful fireside and denied the comforts of peaceful and happy homes, they have proven, by this demonstration, their confidence, and entrusted to our care and safe-keeping a flag which we will ever cherish, ever be proud of, and trust in God, will ever defend.

“ ‘Where hath not woman stood,
Strong in affection’s might, a reed upborne
By an o’ermastering current?’

“It is true her feeble constitution and her refined feelings deprive her a place in the scene of action. Still, upon every field is she represented by her handiwork or some insignia indicative of her devotion to her country, thereby urging the brave to vigilance, giving courage to the timid, and reminding the true that their smiles and blessings will ever rest upon them. It is not only our fortune to have these incentives to action, but we remember the rich material of this banner is from the wardrobe of that noble lady, who, like one of Carthage, would rather consign herself to the flames than see it ignobly defended.

“Nor can we forget that the ‘Southern Cross,’ its gilded spear, and its bindings to the polished staff, are from the caskets of the fair ones who have made this offering upon their country’s altar, not only as a

token of friendship, but to enjoin upon us obedience to God and fidelity to our country.

“Permit me then, as the humble representative of the Marion Light Artillery, through you to return our thanks to these ladies, whose partiality and frequent acts of kindness have placed us under many obligations. We will ever guard this beautiful flag as a cherished gift, see that no harm befalls it, and, when led to meet the foe, ‘God and our Rights’ shall be our battle-cry.

“Allow me to express the high regard and esteem entertained for you by the corps, and well wishes for your prosperity by your most respectful and

“Obedient servant,

“JOHN M. MARTIN.”

CHAPTER III.

“Their friends and people, to their future praise,
A marble tomb and monument shall raise,
And lasting honors to their ashes give ;
Their fame, 'tis all the dead can have, shall live !”

Dazzled as we are by the transcendent brilliancy of the military achievements of our great leaders, Lee, Jackson, Johnston, Longstreet, Gordon, Hill, Stewart, Hampton, Ashby, Forest, Morgan, and a host of others, whose names will shine through the ages with undimmed luster on the page of history, yet there were thousands of gallant men in our own noble little State whose brave hearts never faltered, even at the cannon's mouth, the grandeur of whose character and warlike deeds have proudly illustrated the age, renowned, as it is, with heroes and events unparalleled in the history of the world.

Such heroes, though many are unknown to fame, it has been my privilege to present to the reader in this simple, truthful record of their devotion to the cause they were willing to give their lives to defend. All did their duty grandly, and their deeds of valor will live in the heart of every true patriot and lover of the land that gave birth to such noble sons.

Before closing this sketch of the Marion Light Artillery, I feel it will be in harmony with my theme to place a tributary offering on the altar of friendship for one, who to know was to admire and honor. The

beautiful and heroic poem, "To the Flag of the Florida Battery," by Colonel William T. Stockton, was truly a grand inspiration, and vividly reveals the pure chivalrous nature of the warrior poet.

Identified as I must ever be with this historical flag, the soul-stirring poem of this gifted officer will always be a bright memorial of him who, as a friend, I honored in life and truly mourned in death.

As the touching tribute to his memory, which appeared a few days after his entrance into the "rest that endureth forever," is in harmony with my own heart's refrain, I will give it voice among these sacred reminiscences, assured that every Floridain, especially his brave companions in arms, will be glad to learn that his name has been re-embalmed in this little volume, and a fresh garland placed upon his tomb.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF COLONEL WM. T.
STOCKTON.

"All that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity."

Colonel William T. Stockton is no more. The portals of the tomb have closed upon one whose native nobleness, whose manly generosity, whose chivalric nature, whose great and cultivated intellect, had made him not only the idol of his home-circle, but had endeared him to all who knew him.

Colonel Stockton was born near Philadelphia, on the 8th of October, 1812, and departed this life at Quincy, March 4, 1869. Spared amid the storm of

battle at the cannon's mouth in the daring charge, his manly form has bowed at last to the stern decree of Death, and his mortal remains rest now in that consecrated spot, the village cemetery, that it was once his pride and study to beautify and adorn.

In July, 1834, he graduated at the United States Military Academy, and subsequently did service on the Northern frontier in Georgia and in the Florida war, gaining for himself distinction as a soldier and an officer. Soon after the resignation of his office in the army, he removed to Florida and engaged in civil pursuits; but, so conspicuous was his military talent that again and again, and without solicitation, he was called by election by his fellow-citizens and by appointment from the Governor, to fill important positions in the State Militia, the duties of all of which he discharged with honor to himself and benefit to the State.

At the commencement of the late war, feeling that duty to his country and his loved ones called him to the field, he promptly offered his services, and was appointed captain in the regular army of the Confederate States. In a short time he was made major, then lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, and while holding this position was taken prisoner. But for his early and unfortunate capture, and imprisonment until the close of the war, he would, no doubt, have arisen to high rank in the service.

By education a soldier, by instinct a hero, he belonged to that race of noble men whose names adorn the historic page and whose characters added luster and gave tone to the social life of the South

in its brightest and palmiest days. The soul of honor, he abhorred all that was mean or little, and, with unflinching moral heroism, pursued throughout his whole life the plain path of duty.

Possessing intellectual powers of the highest order, his comprehensive mind had grasped a varied knowledge, and its rich treasures were ever dispensed without ostentation or pedantry.

For the past two years, like the blighted land for whose independence he drew his sword and fought and suffered, disease had touched him with her wasting finger and shattered the physical man; but the fires of his genius still shown forth with undimmed brilliancy, and burned with as steady a blaze as when, in days of yore, they attracted to him his gifted friend, the gallant Ward, and a host of worthies, whose names are engraved upon the hearts of their countrymen.

Colonel Stockton possessed, in an eminent degree, the *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, and the writer of this will ever remember with grateful pleasure the delightful conversations he has enjoyed with him. 'Tis true the frame was shattered and the strength almost gone, but the head, the heart, the soul were there, unimpaired, strong and vigorous, and left their enduring impress upon all that he said.

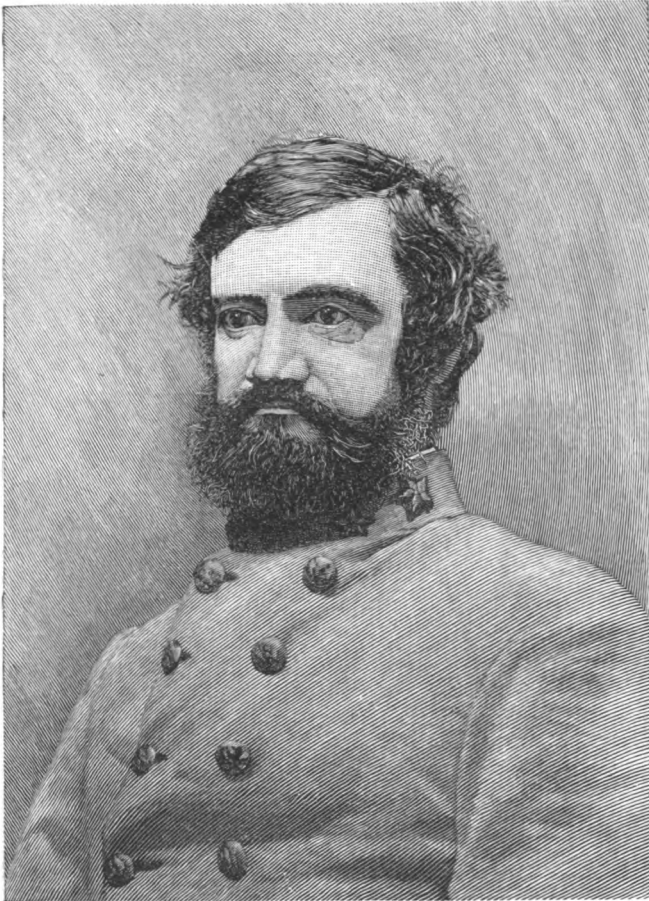
This little tribute is laid upon his grave by one who respected his character, admired his talents, and loved him for the many shining qualities which adorned that character and illumed those talents; and while he does not desire to intrude upon the sanctity of domestic grief, it is his earnest prayer that a loving God will throw around the stricken ones the everlast-

ing arms of his mercy and love, and pour upon their bleeding hearts the heavenly balm of Gilead.

QUINCY, FLA., March 13, 1869.

Though it has been more than a score of years since the foregoing tender tribute was written, and nearly a quarter of a century since the close of our Civil War, the old comrades of Colonel Stockton delight to recall his courtly bearing to private and officer alike, his strict, impartial discipline tempered with kindness, in camp or bivouac, his splendid dash and courage in the charge. He was a typical Southern soldier, the incarnate spirit of the Confederacy. His handsome face and form, his lofty bearing, now towering in the forefront of battle, now falling back before overwhelming numbers, contesting every inch of the ground, until finally overcome, but not conquered, victorious even in defeat, hurling defiance in the face of the foe, breaking his sword and throwing away hilt and blade and scabbard as a token of an unconquerable spirit—such a picture marked Colonel William T. Stockton, the very personification of knightly chivalry.

The family of Colonel Stockton still surviving him are his widow, Mrs. Julia Telfair Stockton; his children, Thomas Y. Stockton, general manager of the Florida daily and weekly *Times-Union*; J. N. C. Stockton, banker; Telfair Stockton, real estate agent, and Mrs. Mary Stockton Young, widow of the late Bishop Young, of the Episcopal diocese of Florida,



COLONEL WILLIAM T. STOCKTON,
C. S. A.

all of Jacksonville, and Mrs. William Luton, of Bedford county, Virginia.

If a woman may pay a woman's tribute to one of the noblest and bravest of her sex—a typical woman of the South, while it was rocked in the stormiest revolution of this or any other century—to one ennobled by nature to be the mother of the children of such a soldier as I have just portrayed, I could find no loftier example than the simple name of Mrs. Julia Telfair Stockton.

On the death of her husband, like the mother of the Gracchi, she drew her little ones about her, exclaiming: "These are my jewels!" They were all she had left; yet, with a woman's tenderness, and more than a man's courage, she bravely faced the world alone to rear, educate and fit them for useful and honorable lives. How she has succeeded, let this imperfect sketch attest.

In introducing this brief sketch, in this connection, it is hardly an invasion of a private circle, since, it seems to me, this mention, imperfect as it is, rounds off and completes the record of the gallant soldier himself.

A history of Florida's brave defenders during the time to which this biography refers, would be incomplete without something of Florida's women—the wives, mothers, daughters and sisters of the gallant few who, for four bitter years, bore the unequal struggle.

The heroism of Florida's daughters was no less admirable, no less conspicuous at home, than was the heroism of her sons in the field; and I have introduced this special reference to illustrate a type, of

which this State and the South furnished many examples. Is it not one—and are there not thousands—after which the daughters of America may pattern?

The following beautiful tribute to "The Women of the South," is the peroration of an address delivered by Colonel E. C. Merrill, of the *Times-Union*, Jacksonville, Fla., at Jackson, Tenn., July 14, 1885:

"And what shall I say of her daughters? O, jeweled womanhood of the Southland! Thousands have done virtuously, but ye have excelled them all! When came the dreary days of death, disaster and defeat, when upon their bowed heads darkest fell the night, they sat not down to weep beside the waters of the social and political Babylon which flowed all around about, but, stripping the jewels from their fingers, laid them upon the insatiate altars of sacrifice, and with hands all unused to toil, plied the shuttle as if such labor had been the one duty and pleasure of a lifetime. What shall I say of our women? Ah, in the presence of heroism like theirs, the pulse beat tenderly and slow, and lips, though touched with hallowed fire, grow still and motionless and dumb! Through all that long and pitiless night, cold, silent and dark, if tears were shed they were shed in secret, where no eye could see, and for the husband's, the father's and the brother's sake, they wove smiles and sunshine alone into the warp and woof of daily toil. O, typical woman of our Southland, scarred and desolate, yet sad, tender and sweet as angel's dream of heaven and home! Time—'time the tomb-builder,' may level with ruthless hand the monuments reared to human glory; the pen of history may drop listless

from the grasp of him who shall essay to tell the story in the far summers that we shall not see ; the echo of the deathless song may linger and be lost among the distant hills of eternity, yet thy single virtuous name, O, woman of the South, shall gleam a beacon star in heaven's firmament forever."

ACROSTIC.

TO JOHN JACKSON DICKISON, CAPTAIN LEO DRAGOONS, COMPANY H,
SECOND FLORIDA CAVALRY.

Joyous, yet calm, in deeds of moral worth,
On thy brow is stamped the seal of birth ;
Heaven-born principles, to mark thy manly course,
Nor e'er in petty meanness have recourse—

Jesting with none, where firmness calls thy aid
Against the foes who ruthlessly our land invade—
Coursing thy spirit like one who higher duties call,
Keen is thy vision, as in deeds of valor you appall.
Sincerity and truth their impress deeply seal,
O'er which thy soul's pure thoughts are seen to steal.
Nor in the calmer moments of thy mind,

Diverting others, will you fail to shine
In all those traits of gallantry so rare,
Commanding high respect, combined with thy career ;
Keen in thy nature, so sensitive, refined
In justice, worth and truth of soul and mind ;
Sincerity, without abruptness, in thy mien ;
O'er thee may hope's bright emblems ever beam,
Nor dark despair of hopeless visions e'er be seen.

BELLE M. LOPER (nee Hopkins),
TALLAHASSEE, FLA.

CHAPTER IV.

Company H, Second Florida Cavalry, was composed of citizens from the counties of Marion, Alachua, St. John's, Putnam, Bradford, Duval, Columbia, Clay, Volusia, Sumter, Hillsborough, Nassau and Madison.

It was organized in August, 1862, at Flotard Pond, in Marion county; mustered into the Confederate service by Major R. B. Thomas, Adjutant and Inspector-General on General Finegan's staff.

The following officers were elected:

J. J. DICKISON, Captain.
WM. H. MCCARDELL, First Lieutenant.
D. S. BRANTLY, Second Lieutenant.
W. J. MCEADDY, Third Lieutenant.
H. C. DOZIER, First Sergeant.
WM. COX, Second Sergeant.
I. I. WARD, Third Sergeant.
C. O. BARNARD, Fourth Sergeant.
A. E. WATERMAN, Fifth Sergeant.
J. H. SIMONTON, First Corporal.
B. F. MYERS, Second Corporal.
T. G. PIGGOTT, Third Corporal.
W. N. ROBERTS, Fourth Corporal.

ROLL OF PRIVATES MUSTERED IN AUGUST, 1862:

J. B. Bell,	E. Baughm,	H. E. Braddock,
J. P. Banknight,	F. Blackwelder,	J. Carleton,
Seth B. Brown,	D. Blackwelder,	W. D. Cain,
B. W. Brown,	S. Berry,	W. W. Caruthers,
John Broome,	L. G. Blount,	A. I. Caruthers,

James Cason,	John Harris,	W. Osteen,
D. Clifton,	E. D. Hodges,	Jas. Prevatt,
F. M. Clifton,	James Johnson,	L. Powell,
J. Clifton,	Jacob Johns,	J. P. Rivers,
Laughton Curry,	L. Johns,	C. H. Rogier,
L. M. Driher,	Erwin Johns,	B. Richardson,
G. L. Denton,	W. G. Joseph,	D. Shaw,
Wm. Duglass,	R. Lanier,	S. P. Sligh,
E. Grantham,	James Lanier,	E. W. Smith,
Wm. Hall,	John Lanier,	McQ. Sanders,
B. A. Hull,	S. L. Low,	B. Tyer,
J. Harden,	R. W. Millar,	A. Taylor,
Jas. Harrison,	R. Marsh,	W. D. Watson,
W. R. Harris,	D. S. Munroe,	John Wilson,
Loyd Hall,	P. Nettles,	Warren Wood,
J. Hall,	A. Nettles,	J. A. J. W. Wood.

Members added to muster roll of Company H, from 1862 to 1863, and subsequent changes in rank of officers

IN 1863:

WM. H. MCCARDELL, First Lieutenant.
 W. J. MCEADDY, Second Lieutenant.
 HENRY DOZIER, Third Lieutenant.
 WM. COX, First Sergeant.
 J. J. WARD, Second Sergeant.
 CHARLIE B. DICKISON, Third Sergeant.
 S. S. WEEKS, Fourth Sergeant.
 J. S. POER, Fifth Sergeant.
 DR. J. A. WILLIAMS, Surgeon.

PRIVATFS:

D. G. Ambler,	O. B. Bates,	J. Capo,
J. W. Andrew,	J. H. Baisden,	W. H. Donelson,
H. E. Braddock,	W. Conner,	W. Durance,
L. Baldwin,	L. C. Curry,	J. Denton,
Seth Barnes,	Charles Cooley,	John Dial,

H. Fewell,	J. Mackey,	R. Starke,
John Geiger,	W. D. Mackee,	J. Strickland,
John Haile,	G. Mansfield,	W. Stringfellow,
E. Hernandez,	J. McKinney,	J. Tatem,
H. B. Hinson,	Wm. B. Miranda,	Thomas, J. E.
H. Hicks,	S. Moore,	C. Thomas,
W. Hicks,	P. Murphy,	J. W. Thomas,
R. B. Hicks,	B. F. Oliveros,	W. B. Turner,
J. L. Hewett,	J. Otoole,	W. Tillis,
W. Ives,	P. Pacetti,	T. B. Tillis,
F. A. Johnson,	E. Page,	J. T. Weeks,
J. W. Johns,	J. Richardson,	J. A. Weeks,
P. Johns,	R. Russell,	G. Weathersby,
A. J. Johns,	A. Randal,	J. Weathersby,
M. Kelly,	A. J. Sparkman,	C. L. Wright,
John Kite,	J. W. Sparkman,	H. Wright,
S. Lee,	W. B. Stevens,	L. Williams,
B. Lovell,	R. Sikes,	W. Wood.
W. Laminie,	P. Sabate,	

On the 24th of August, 1862, Company H moved from Flotard Pond to Gainesville, where they remained a week, procuring arms, ammunition, etc.

From thence they were ordered to Jacksonville. On arrival, encamped near the old Brick church; remained there three weeks performing picket and other duties. From thence were ordered to Yellow Bluff; remained there about one week, and were then ordered to Camp Finegan, where they remained a short time. The enemy commencing demonstrations upon the waters of the St. John's, this command was ordered to Palatka, about seventy miles from Jacksonville.

While on the march, and soon after their arrival at Palatka, they captured a large number of negroes who were endeavoring to escape to the enemy, and by this

timely capture discovered a plot which had been set on foot to drain that entire country of that class; also captured a large number of deserters.

About two weeks after their arrival at Palatka, a small scouting party was sent in the direction of St. Augustine, where they captured Lieutenant Cate, of the Seventeenth New Hampshire Volunteers, two non-commissioned officers and two privates.

Information being received by Captain Dickison that two companies of the Seventh New Hampshire Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Putnam, were in the habit of visiting the Fairbanks place, one and a half miles from St. Augustine, in order to capture this party, he left Lieutenant McCardell, with a detachment to perform picket duty on the west side of the San Sebastian river, having crossed the river at its head with the main body, and proceeded near the point at which it was thought the enemy would make its appearance.

The enemy did not come out in usual force, nor at the usual time; but six companies, about three hundred and fifty strong, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Abbott, of the Seventh New Hampshire Volunteers, crossed the San Sebastian river about four miles below the point at which our forces had crossed, intending to capture our wagon train, which was at the encampment near Moultrie creek, and cut off the escape of our forces. Lieutenant McCardell, with his detachment, held them in check until the train was drawn off in safety, while Captain Dickison dashed up and captured the rear guard, consisting of one commissioned officer and twenty-six men.

The enemy held possession of the encampment for several hours, during which time our troops continued to fire into them. They then made a backward march in the direction of St. Augustine, without hurting one of the forty-three Confederates who had so gallantly repulsed them. Our command returned to Palatka the next night.

A few days after, we were ordered to Jacksonville, where we engaged in several skirmishes.

Shortly after, we were ordered back to Palatka, and, on our arrival, engaged the transport Mary Benton, with five hundred negro troops of General Montgomery's command, under Lieutenant-Colonel Billings. This officer was wounded, and about twenty-five negroes killed and wounded.

The next day Jacksonville was evacuated.

For several months after, Company H guarded all the country from St. Augustine to Smyrna. This duty being too heavy, the command was re-enforced by Company C, Captain W. E. Chambers.

Captain Dickison was then ordered to Fort Meade to act in concert with Colonel Brevard, as the enemy was in considerable force in the neighborhood of Fort Myers. Just before reaching Fort Myers, orders reached us from headquarters to return, in anticipation of the battle of Olustee.

We marched about five hundred and seventy-five miles, day and night with little rest, but were too late, by twelve hours, to participate in the battle. While on the march to Olustee, we captured about forty of the straggling enemy.

Colonel Scott, having choice to select a company from the regiment for outpost duty, conferred this honor on Captain Dickison's command.

Company H furnished one hundred and forty-five men for duty. After performing this duty for a few days, it was reported to the general commanding that the enemy had passed up the river toward Palatka. Company H was immediately ordered to prepare for a march, and was sent with all haste to that point. On their arrival, Captain Dickison was informed that the enemy had made a landing with a force of five thousand men.

Lieutenant-Colonel Harris, of the Fourth Georgia Cavalry Regiment, being in command of this department, Captain Dickison reported the news to this officer and asked for re-enforcements.

The colonel moved his command, which consisted of not more than one hundred and twenty-five effective men, to Sweetwater Branch, about twelve miles distant from Palatka. Scouts were then sent to ascertain the position of the enemy, and reported that they occupied the town. The following day Captain Dickison, with his company, together with a detachment of the Fourth Georgia Cavalry, was ordered to the front to drive in the enemy's pickets, also to ascertain their strength and position. In performing this duty, they captured three pickets with their horses.

Simple as is the recital of the capture of the Federal pickets, the event was marked by a daring that gave luster to the heroic deed. That gallant young officer, Dr. R. B. Burroughs, who held the distinguished position of surgeon of the Fourth Georgia

Cavalry Regiment, with the gallantry and chivalry that characterized him, ever at his post of duty, the post of danger, was present during this engagement. It was a time to try the bravest spirit; the firing was hot and incessant, and the situation truly perilous. The wonderful exhibition of fearlessness and courage as the whistling messengers of death came thick and fast, while our dauntless leader confronted the foe, appealed to the noblest sentiments of the heart of this gallant Georgian, and thrilled him with an admiration almost painful in its intensity. Such heroism seemed to him phenomenal.

This scholarly, genial gentleman and eminent physician is now a citizen of Florida, resident in Jacksonville, and has nobly won the reputation of being one of the finest surgeons in the State.

These reminiscences will revive memories of the brilliant achievements of his brave companions in arms, who, under the splendid generalship of their distinguished leader, General Alfred Colquitt, rendered such valuable service on the battle-field of Olustee. Floridians will ever remember, with gratitude, these valiant soldiers who so promptly rallied to our assistance, and by their dauntless heroism contributed greatly to the brilliant victory gained at that memorable battle.

The enemy were strongly fortified, and remained at Palatka nearly six weeks. During their occupation of the town, Company H frequently skirmished with them.

On one occasion, Captain Dickison, with a detachment of sixteen men, was attacked by a battalion of the enemy, and after a hot skirmish, which lasted

about forty minutes, holding his position without giving an inch, the enemy were re-enforced and our boys fell back in good order without any loss. The enemy's loss was five killed, eight wounded. A few days after we were again ordered to the front, and drove in the pickets. We took our position on the hill overlooking the city, having a full view of their works. Next day Company H was placed on outpost duty.

Captain Dickison sent Lieutenant McEaddy, with a party, to ascertain the true position of the enemy's pickets. Having made the report, a secret night expedition was planned, to be commanded by Lieutenant McEaddy, with ten men. This expedition proved most successful. The same night the entire picket, consisting of eight men, well mounted, were captured.

An order was now issued by Colonel Tabb, who was now in command of the department, for Captain Dickison with his company, and one from the Fourth Georgia Cavalry, to move to the front to ascertain if the enemy had changed their position, and, if advisable, to drive in their pickets.

This was done, and the enemy soon opened fire on our advance. The firing soon became general, the enemy sent forward two regiments, one white, one colored. We held them in check for about four hours, when Captain Dickison received orders to fall back to the Branch, which he declined to do, as such movement was not advisable with so large a force in his front.

The enemy still held their former position; night coming on, they withdrew their troops. Their loss was eleven killed, twenty-two captured. We retired

in good order, without the loss of a man, though the enemy outnumbered us eight to one.

A very remarkable feature of the gallant Dickison's mode of fighting was in the admirable management of his men, thus defeating the enemy in every engagement with no loss on our side.

The following congratulatory order was sent :

“HEADQUARTERS, WALDO.

“April 22, 1864.

“*Captain J. J. Dickison, Commanding :*

“CAPTAIN: Colonel Tabb desires me to inform you that he has been relieved from duty in this department. You will hereafter report to Lieutenant-Colonel Martin, Sixth Florida Battalion, at this place. He also desires to express to you the highest appreciation in which you and your command are held.

“The faithfulness, promptness and superior judgment which you have at all times manifested, give assurance of your possession of those soldierly qualities which inspire confidence, and command respect and admiration everywhere. Your communication, in regard to Mrs. Thomas, has been forwarded ‘approved.’ Colonel Tabb has written to the commanding officer, at Palatka, on the same subject, but the enemy left before he could send in a flag of truce.

“Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“N. TALLEY,

“Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.”

“HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DISTRICT, FLORIDA.

“CAMP MILTON, May 2, 1864.

“*Captain J. J. Dickison, Commanding:*

“CAPTAIN: This paper-making application to the general in command, that he demand the release of Mrs. Thomas and her daughter, who are held prisoners at Jacksonville, has been delayed ten days in reaching headquarters and now respectfully returned.

“The general regrets that he has no means of enforcing a demand upon the Federal authorities for the release of these parties. If you will capture an equal number of Yankee citizens, they will be held as hostages for Mrs. Thomas and daughter. The laws of war give the right to capture and hold any person who gives information. The general regrets his inability to bring the enemy to terms in this matter. But a simple demand for the release of these parties, without the ability to compel it, would be idle.

“By order of Major-General Anderson.

“WM. G. BARTH,

“Assistant Adjutant-General.”

“HEADQUARTERS, CAMP MILTON.

“APRIL 30, 1864.

“*Captain J. J. Dickison, Commanding:*

“CAPTAIN: The enemy, about a regiment strong, are reported as being at Fort Butler, in Volusia county, on the evening of the 28th.

“The major-general commanding desires that you

be on your guard, and ready to act as any emergency may require.

“ I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
 “ WM. G. BARTH,
 “Assistant Adjutant-General.”

“ HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DISTRICT, FLORIDA.

“ CAMP MILTON, May 3, 1864.

“ *Captain J. J. Dickison, Commanding Camp Call:*

“ CAPTAIN: Your dispatches of the 30th ultimo relative to enemy being at Fort Butler, Volusia county, was received last evening, and the major-general commanding directs me to say that your dispositions, as detailed therein, are fully approved.

“ I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
 “ WM. G. BARTH,
 “Assistant Adjutant-General.”

“ CAMP MILTON, May 11, 1864.

“ *Captain J. J. Dickison, Commanding:*

“ CAPTAIN: Another company is ordered to report to you. Major-General Anderson approves your suggestions, and directs that you strike the enemy whenever you have an opportunity of doing so to advantage.

“ Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
 “ WM. G. BARTH,
 “Assistant Adjutant-General.”

" CAMP MILTON, May 17, 1864.

" *Captain J. J. Dickison, Commanding:*

" CAPTAIN: Captain J. W. Pearson's company is ordered to leave Orange Springs. This change will render it necessary for you to watch the approaches to Marion and Sumter counties.

" I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

" WM. G. BARTH,

" Assistant Adjutant-General."

" HEADQUARTERS, NEAR PALATKA.

" May 19, 1864.

" Captain Dickison having learned that the enemy was encamped at Welaka, to correctly ascertain their position and strength made a reconnoiter, accompanied by two of his men. He took a position in the river swamp opposite Welaka, remaining there all day watching the enemy, who did not appear to be very cautious, having no apprehension of an attack.

" The next day, at sundown, the captain made one of his secret movements, taking with him the gallant Captain Grey, with about twenty-five of his men and a detachment of thirty-five of his own company, under the brave Lieutenant McEaddy.

" They had about nine miles to march before reaching the St. John's river. Under cover of night, they crossed the river in three small row-boats. Then a march of seven miles to reach the enemy's encampment. At daybreak they arrived at Welaka on the banks of the St. John's.

“Captain Dickison threw out two detachments on the flank of the enemy, moved in on the center with a detachment, capturing the pickets and completely surprising the enemy. He then sent in a demand to the officer commanding for an unconditional surrender, which was complied with. It was then sunrise, and the enemy had prepared a bountiful breakfast, which, if not eaten by them with their usual relish, was certainly very acceptable to us and heartily enjoyed.

“A large mail that had been made up to send off the next day fell into our hands. Some letters afforded us much diversion; one in particular, written by their orderly-sergeant to his friends north, boasting of their prowess, and of a plan that was all arranged to surprise and capture Captain Dickison the next night, and of their confident hope of having ‘Dixie’ their prisoner.

“Captain Dickison, being advised that a large cavalry force was not far off, lost no time in making a return to his boats, and recrossed the river with his capture of sixty-two men (one captain and one lieutenant) without firing a gun.

“After crossing the river with his prisoners, and feeling assured that all was safe, he ordered a halt, and we enjoyed a much needed rest in ‘the land of Dixie, as the west side of the river was called by the ‘boys in blue.’

“A few hours refreshing rest, and Captain Dickison formed his men into line. He addressed them in a few earnest, stirring words: ‘My brave boys, I want twenty-five of you to step to the front who will go with me on an expedition about fifteen miles up the river to Fort Butler.’

“This intrepid officer had learned that there was a small command of the enemy at that point.

“The entire command volunteered to go, but having transportation for only the number called for, he could take no more. With this heroic little band, and his gallant Lieutenant McEaddy, they were soon on board their little crafts. On they pressed, crossing little Lake George, and landed safely, securing their boats and leaving a guard of three men.

“After marching a short distance, he ordered a halt. The setting sun admonished him of the rapid flight of time, and, in anticipation of his capture, he wrote an order demanding a surrender of the Federal command. While thus engaged, a Yankee cavalryman was seen riding from a farm-house near by, and was within fifty yards of our men before he was seen by our picket. Every man was ready to fire upon him, but the captain ordered them not to fire. As he dashed back, our little command divided; one detachment of twelve men, under the captain's son, Sergeant Charlie Dickison, followed in the direction toward the house, while the other detachment, under Captain Dickison, pursued the horseman down the road, but he succeeded in making his escape.

“The night was very dark, and, as the detachments were separated, Captain Dickison considered it prudent to advance on the enemy as rapidly as possible. With one of his men to pilot him, the camp, two miles distant, was soon in sight, the enemy having a bright camp-fire.

“We moved cautiously within two hundred yards. Captain Dickison ordered a halt, and sent Lieutenant

McEaddy forward with the order demanding a surrender.

“Just before he reached the encampment, six cavalrymen rode up, which created some confusion, and the approach of our lieutenant was not noticed until he was upon them and called for the officer in command, to whom he delivered the order.

“The captain held parley with him a few minutes in regard to our forces, receiving in reply, ‘Do you wish to fight, or will you surrender?’ The officer’s response to this defiance was, ‘As you have the advantage, I surrender.’ Lieutenant McEaddy then called to Captain Dickison that all was right, and he immediately advanced.

“His first movement was to take charge of the arms, etc., safely storing them in a good boat at the landing, and giving them in charge of two men, with orders to push off without delay, as the possibility of a revolt was apprehended when the Federals should see that they had surrendered a garrison of twenty-six infantry and six cavalry, in all thirty-two men, to a detachment of only ten Confederates, without firing a gun.

“By this capture, we recovered twelve of our slaves and two small farm-wagons.

“Captain Dickison succeeded in securing boats for the transportation of his prisoners, etc., and arrived at his headquarters the next morning at ten o’clock.

“The detachment under Sergeant Dickison marched fifteen miles down the river swamp, to avoid the Federal cavalry, and reached headquarters

the next evening, shouts of welcome greeting them on their safe return from their perilous and tiresome march."

"HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DISTRICT.

"LAKE CITY, May 24, 1864.

"*Captain J. J. Dickison, Commanding:*

"CAPTAIN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 21st instant relating to the capture of the enemy's detachments at Welaka and Fort Butler. You will turn over the property captured to the chiefs of the proper staff departments, and are authorized to draw from them such of the property as may be needed for the equipment of your command. I inclose an 'order,' issued by the major-general commanding to the troops, announcing the success of your late expedition.

"Very respectfully,

"WM. G. BARTH,

"Assistant Adjutant-General."

"HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DISTRICT.

[General Orders No. 25.]

"LAKE CITY, May 24, 1864.

"The major-general commanding has great pleasure in announcing to the troops under his command, the result of a gallant expedition against the enemy's detached posts, undertaken on the 19th instant by Captain J. J. Dickison, Second Florida Cavalry.

“Crossing the St. John’s river in small boats, Captain Dickison surprised and captured the enemy’s detachments at Welaka and Fort Butler, taking eighty-eight infantry and six cavalry prisoners, with the arms and equipments. Captain Dickison and his brave men then returned safely to their camp, bringing in the whole of their capture, after an absence of forty-four hours, during which time they traveled eighty-five miles, and effected the results detailed, without the loss of a man.

“Such an exploit attests more emphatically the soldierly qualities of the gallant men and skillful leader, who achieved it, than any commendations it would be possible to give them.

“The major-general commanding feels, however, that his thanks are due to them, and, while thus publicly rendering the tribute so justly due, indulges the confident hope that every officer and soldier in his district will emulate the patriotic endurance and daring displayed by Captain Dickison and his command.

“By order Major-General Anderson.

“WM. G. BARTH,

“Assistant Adjutant-General.”

‘HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DISTRICT, FLORIDA.

“LAKE CITY, May 24, 1864.

“*Captain J. J. Dickison, Commanding :*

“CAPTAIN: Your dispatches of the 21st instant were received this morning. The major-general commanding, while appreciating the difficulties you mention, re-

grets his inability to picket Green Cove Spring and Bayard, with any other forces than those of your command. He, therefore, directs that you picket these points.

“Major Hamilton, quartermaster of Gainesville, has been instructed to send forage for the above post to Bayard. You will inform him for what number of animals.

“Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“W. M. G. BARTH,

“Assistant Adjutant-General.”

CHAPTER V.

“He fought, but not for love of strife; he struck but to defend;
He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led on.”

On the 21st of May, 1864, Lieutenant Mortimer Bates, with one section of artillery, one twelve-pound howitzer and one Napoleon gun, with twenty-five men from Captain Dunham's battery, reported to Captain Dickison at his headquarters near Palatka.

On the following day, while Captain Dickison and Lieutenant Bates were riding out, inspecting and looking for the most favorable point on the river to engage the enemy's gunboats, should they make their appearance, a courier was seen coming in great haste from our pickets on the river below Palatka. As he dashed up, under great excitement, he said: “Captain, the river is full of gunboats coming up.”

Our headquarters being some three miles from the river, Captain Dickison ordered Lieutenant Bates to proceed with all possible speed to the camp, bring up his battery, and report to him on the hill overlooking Palatka and the river, also sending orders to Captain Grey, who was second in command, to report with all the cavalry at the same place.

In a very short time, the full command reported. By this time the two gunboats and four transports were seen coming up near Palatka. Captain Dickison dismounted his cavalry, marched into Palatka, taking advantage of the well-arranged entrenchments made

by the enemy a short time previous, during their occupation of the town. They were scarcely concealed in the breastworks, when the transports moved to the east side of the river and commenced landing troops. Two regiments landed, moved out in the field and formed their regiments, then marched off in full view of our brave boys. Very soon one of the gunboats, loaded with troops, passed by, going up the river. Not being near enough to engage her with small arms, every man was ordered to lie quiet until she passed. This boat proved to be the Columbine.

Captain Dickison ordered fifty men to follow him up the hill, where they had left their horses, leaving Captain Grey in command within the breastworks with orders to report any movement of the enemy, while he would try and intercept the gunboat at Brown's Landing, about three miles distant.

He pressed on with fifty cavalry, and the artillery, with all possible haste, was too late by five minutes to engage the boat. Captain Dickison dashed ahead and reached the landing just as the boat passed. He concealed himself behind a large cypress tree, the boat passing within fifty feet of him, thus giving a full view of her and the command on board as she continued on her way up the river.

The captain, returning to Palatka, met a courier, sent by Captain Grey, with information that the gunboat Ottawa, the largest boat on the river during the war carrying twelve guns, two of them 200-pound rifle guns, and one of the transports, that had landed troops on the east side of the river, were then on their way up the river. Captain Dickison at once

ordered his command to follow, and pressed on with haste to meet the boats at Brown's Landing.

It was now sundown, and he ordered a halt about three hundred yards from the landing. Addressing Lieutenant Bates, he said: "Lieutenant Bates, can you unlimber your guns and with your men take them to the landing?" who replied: "We can." "Then move with all caution, that you may not be discovered by the enemy." The captain dismounted his men and ordered them in the swamp to protect the artillery.

At dusk they reached the wharf at the landing, Captain Dickison and the gallant young Lieutenant Bates arranged and put in position the two guns. The boats were anchored not more than two hundred yards from the landing. Just as we were ready to fire, the enemy lighted up their boats, making them a fine target for our little battery. Our guns being well arranged, one for the gunboat, the other for the transport, the order was given to fire.

This most untimely and unwelcome surprise created great confusion on board. The admirable management of our guns gave us the advantage of twenty-eight rounds before the enemy opened fire.

The transport, as soon as she hoisted anchor, being badly crippled, left without firing a gun.

By this time the Ottawa was ready for action, and at each round poured into us a heavy broadside.

The night was very dark, and the enemy could only see us by the flash of our guns.

Appreciating the great danger to our command, Captain Dickison ordered Lieutenant Bates to move his guns and carry them off, which was done, in the



CAPTURE OF THE GUNBOAT COLUMBINE ON THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER NEAR HORSE LANDING.

best order and with admirable coolness, by this brave and determined little band, who were justly proud of their brilliant achievement, and who certainly displayed a heroism that would have done honor to a veteran corps.

“ Such deeds are wreathed around with glory,
And will live in song and story.”

The injury to the Ottawa was such, she did not move off for thirty hours. The report of her loss was several killed and wounded. Not a man was hurt on our side.

The following day, May 23d, Captain Dickison ordered Lieutenant Bates to be in readiness to move with his battery at the shortest notice ; also made up a detachment of sixteen sharpshooters from his cavalry force, four men from each of the four companies, with one non-commissioned officer.

Leaving the gallant Captain Grey in command of the forces at headquarters, with instructions to report to him any movement of the enemy during his absence up the river, Captain Dickison proceeded on his march and halted at the landing known as “Horse Landing,” six miles distant from the place of his engagement the night previous, with the Ottawa and transport.

Our guns were put in position on the wharf at this landing, the limbers and horses sent to the rear for safety, and our sharpshooters placed each man behind a cypress tree a short distance below Captain Dickison, on his left.

The gunboat, Columbine, having passed up the river the night before, Captain Dickison determined to

await her return. Taking his position by the side of the wharf, in cheering words he encouraged his men with inspiring hope of a victory that would soon be realized. From his point of observation, the approach of the boat could be seen a half mile off. At three o'clock in the evening he reported her in sight, bidding his men be cool and not fire without orders.

The boat moved slowly on, and, though bearing dread missiles of destruction, was truly "a thing of beauty." It was soon seen that she would pass near the landing; and, as a caution that no mistake should be made in the engagement, she was allowed to come within sixty yards before a gun was fired. The order was then given to fire.

This most unwelcome surprise created the wildest confusion. By the time she was opposite our guns, we were ready to fire again. In this round the boat was disabled and floated down the river, about two hundred yards from our battery and one hundred yards from our sharpshooters.

She struck a sand bar; then a hot fight ensued. She carried two fine 32-rifle guns and one hundred and forty-eight men, with small arms. The fight lasted forty-five minutes, when she hoisted her flag of surrender.

Only sixty-six of the one hundred and forty-eight men were found alive when Lieutenant Bates went aboard to receive the surrender, and one-third of these were badly wounded. Several of them died that night. The officers were all killed or wounded, excepting their commanding officer. We were informed by this officer that his first lieutenant, who was killed, was one of the best officers in their navy.

He requested Captain Dickison to permit the remains of this officer to be brought to his headquarters for interment, and that his winding sheet should be one of the captured U. S. flags, which request was granted.

Captain Dickison reports: "Never did a command fight with more gallantry than the artillery and sharpshooters, every man displaying remarkable coolness and bravery."

In this daring affair we did not lose a man. One was slightly stunned by the explosion of a shell from the gunboat.

After removing the prisoners and the dead, the arms, etc., at sundown, Captain Dickison ordered the boat burned, as it was impossible to save her from the enemy, several gunboats being in the river below. The Columbine was almost entirely new and considered a very fast and superior boat.

In consideration of his valuable services, Captain Dickison presented one of the captured swords to the gallant Lieutenant Bates.

We record, for the gratification of all interested, what disposition was made of the two regiments of Federal troops that had landed on the east side of the St. John's river. The orders from Major-General Foster, captured on the Columbine, explained what they were directed to do. The gunboats were ordered to guard well each landing, to keep a lookout for our sharpshooters, and use all means to prevent Dickison from recrossing the river. The two regiments were to scour the country on the east side of the river for Dickison's command as Dickison had,

only a few days previous, crossed to the east side of the St. John's and captured two posts, returning all safe.

It would seem, from this plan, that the great trouble to the enemy was to locate Dickison, at any time, only when engaged in fighting.

“ HEADQUARTERS CAMP CALL.

“ May 23, 1864.

“ *Captain W. G. Barth, Assistant Adjutant-General,
Camp Milton :*

“ CAPTAIN: After a hot engagement of about forty-five minutes, I have succeeded in capturing the gunboat Columbine, carrying two fine 32-pound rifle guns and one hundred and forty-eight men. We have sixty-six prisoners, the rest killed and drowned. Among the prisoners are eight commissioned officers. We have sixty-five stand of arms and three stand of colors. No loss on our side. I was compelled to burn the boat to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy, as the gunboat Ottawa was anchored only a few miles below.

“ I am, Captain, yours respectfully,

“ J. J. DICKISON,

“ Commanding.”

“ HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DISTRICT, FLORIDA.

“ LAKE CITY, May 24, 1864.

“ *Captain J. J. Dickison, Commanding :*

“ CAPTAIN: Your dispatches of the 23d instant received, and the major-general commanding tenders

you his sincere thanks for the handsome captures you have made. Continue in your good work, and the navigation of the St. John's river, by the enemy, must soon be abandoned.

"You must use every effort to secure the two guns mentioned in your last dispatch. The major-general directs that all captured property be turned in to the proper staff officers, the horses to the chief quartermaster, the arms and ammunition to the chief of ordinance. If there are any soldiers in your command dismounted, special application must be made to these headquarters, when the major-general commanding will furnish them horses, until they can remount themselves.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"H. GOLDTHRATE,

"Major and Assistant Adjutant-General."

The following order, captured with the Columbine, will be read with interest by all who participated in the fight

"U. S. STEAMSHIP PAWNEE, OFF JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

"May 22, 1864.

"*To Acting Ensign F. W. Sanborn, U. S. Steamer Columbine, off McGirth's creek:*

"SIR: Information has been received that four hundred rebels have crossed the river and have captured the posts at Welaka and Fort Butler. General Gordon is going up the river with troops, and has asked for assistance. You will proceed at once to the Ottawa

and report to Lieutenant Bruce, commanding, who will also proceed up the river, for the purpose of co-operating with General Gordon in recapturing our men and capturing the enemy. As you will probably be fired into from the banks of the river, you will take every precaution possible, that your men are not picked off by the rebel riflemen. Protect your pilot-house, by all means, and also your men in every way possible. Should you go above the point where the Ottawa anchored, I have to request that extreme care be exercised that your vessel does not get aground, as it would be difficult to render you any assistance.

“Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
“GEO. B. BALCH.”

On the 23d of May, 1864, Acting Ensign F. W. Sanborn surrendered the Columbine to Captain J. J. Dickison.

“HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DISTRICT, FLORIDA.

“LAKE CITY, May 26, 1864.

“*Captain J. J. Dickison, Commanding:*

“CAPTAIN: Your official report of the capture of the Columbine, on the St. John’s river, on the evening of the 23d instant, is held in high esteem. The major-general commanding, in appreciation of your gallant conduct, directs that you will retain, for yourself, the best one of the captured swords, reserving the next best for Lieutenant Bates, of the artillery.

“Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
“H. GOLDTHRATE,
“Major and Assistant Adjutant-General.”

“ HEADQUARTERS SUB-DISTRICT FLORIDA No. 2.

“ CAMP MILTON, May 27th.

“ *Captain J. J. Dickison, Commanding:*

“ CAPTAIN: Colonel Turney, commanding, directs me to say that he takes pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your report of the 25th instant, of the capture of the steamer Columbine and sixty-six prisoners, etc. He can not commend too highly the gallant conduct of yourself and the brave men under your command.

He directs me to inclose one dozen blanks, tri-monthly returns, for the companies with you. In reply to your inquiry, as to the proper direction to give your official communications, he instructs me to say, they should be made direct through these headquarters. I have the honor to be, Captain,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ W. D. BARNES,

“ Lieutenant and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.”

“ HEADQUARTERS CAMP CALL.

“ May 27, 1864.

“ *Captain W. G. Barth, Assistant Adjutant-General,
Lake City, Fla.:*

“ CAPTAIN: I have the honor to report, from the best information I can obtain, that the enemy have about three regiments of infantry and one battalion of cavalry on the east side of the St. John's river, at or near the Haw creek ford, this being the principal crossing from Jacksonville and St. Augustine to Volusia.

“The gunboat Ottawa has moved down the river, near Cole Mills. I will watch her movements. I think they are more cautious how they navigate the river. We have succeeded in saving one of the guns from the wreck of the Columbine, and hope to get the other to-day. If I had these guns mounted, I could do much damage to the gunboats in the river.

“Yours respectfully,

“J. J. DICKISON,

“Commanding Post.”

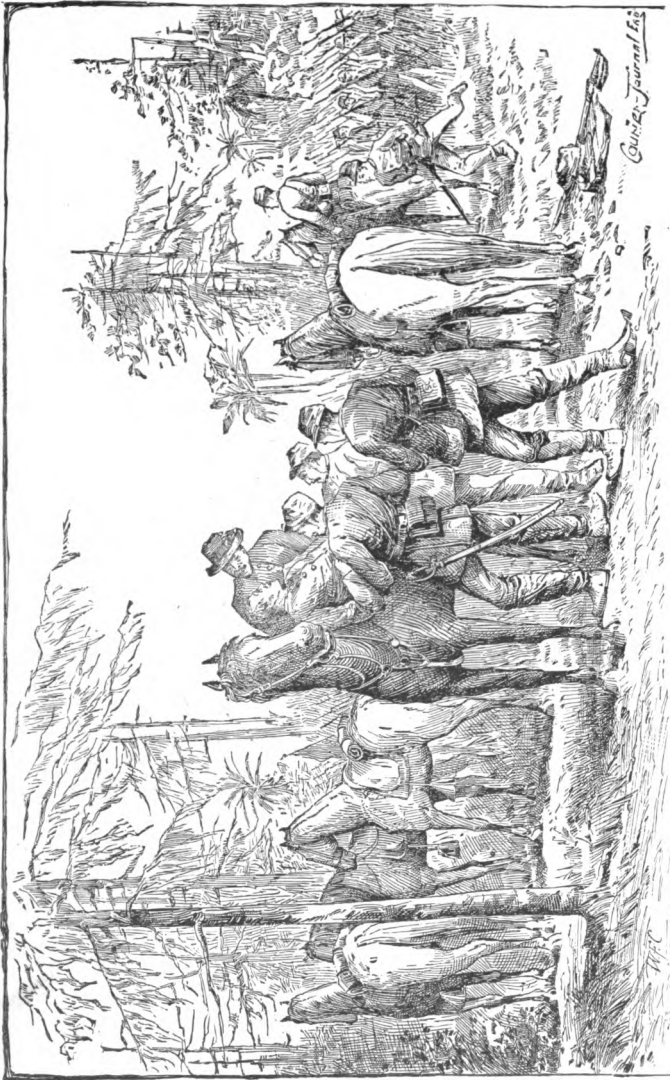
From the “Columbian,” Lake City, July, 1864.

A REWARD OF MERIT TO CAPTAIN DICKISON.

“We, between whom and the enemy stands the brave and energetic Dickison, with as gallant a command as ever faced a foe, have long been looking for something more than a formal paper acknowledgment of his untiring perseverance and successful operations, in keeping beyond the western bank of the St. John’s river a numerous host, excited by the hope of plunder.

“General Finegan, who is a judge of men, evidenced his sagacity in this selection of post commander, and as soon as it was apparent, as General Massene said of Napoleon, when he was sent to take command in Italy, ‘We have a man who will cut out some work for government, I think.’ He did, of a truth, cut out some work, and faithfully finished it.

“Could half the toil, perseverance, fatigue and suffering of his noble boys be known, in his frequent skirmishes around and about St. Augustine and up



FIGHT NEAR PALATKA. CAPTAIN DICKISON BEARING THE BODY OF HIS SON FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

the St. John's river, they would fill a page in history equal to any written of Carolina's Marion.

"Often were they without even the roasted sweet potatoes for subsistence, which never failed Carolina's noble son, yet they murmured not.

"Who is there that has known and read of his dashing exploits and repeated captures, accomplished without loss of blood or the sacrifice of a man, can but stand in awe, and wonder how, by what skill and stratagem, such feats were accomplished? Surely they were not commonplace. To the understanding of the citizens, they evince that he is a man of gifted military genius, born to command, and, if but placed so that the warrior could illustrate himself, we would soon hear of the evacuation of Lincoln's congressional district in East Florida.

"While we feel thankful that the sword he himself captured has been graciously rewarded to him, in the usual ceremonies of military honor, we, as a grateful people, and having the love of our soldiery and the best interests of our struggling country at heart, respectfully think that Captain Dickison deserves to be promoted. The advancement of this officer to some higher rank would be such an appeal to honor and bravery as to inspire the soldiers under his command with incredible ardor and enthusiasm.

"It was the accustomed magnanimity of Napoleon to attribute great praise to his officers and soldiers, and most signally to reward heroism. Marshal Devout was one of those whom he advanced for dauntless intrepidity, and such was the effect upon the soldiers in his division that on one occasion, when they

were being addressed by the emperor, they demanded of their general that he should step out and reply: 'Sire, the soldiers of the Third Corps will always be to you what the Tenth Legion was to Cæsar.'

"We, therefore, request, and in the name of the citizens of the Peninsula of Florida, whose homes and families have all along, and still are being by him and his valiant braves, protected, demand of the powers, military and civil, that the merits of this distinguished officer be rewarded by promotion to some higher rank.

"We do not ask that he be changed to other duties, for he is now 'the right man in the right place.'

"The name of 'Dickison' on the banks of the St. John's is a host of itself, and such is the confidence reposed in him and his command, that there is felt a perfect security from the advance of the enemy, in every bosom while they are between us and the river.

"Without setting up any military wisdom, we, as humble citizens living along the border, and having a larger personal interest at stake than those who reside at a more remote distance, humbly think that were Captain Dickison elevated to a rank that would give him command, and a separate division placed under him, very soon would that 'big cattle-pen' which is said to be enclosed with a fence reaching from Picolata to St. Augustine, be in his possession, and the beeves which are now feeding the abolition army be served out to our own noble boys.

"THE VOICE OF EAST FLORIDA."

CHAPTER VI.

“He poured his young heart’s blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country’s right.”

After a proper disposition of the prisoners, arms, etc., captured on the Columbine on the evening of the 23d of May, Captain Dickison returned to his headquarters near Palatka. During the month of June, and part of July, his command on the outposts on the St. John’s river continued to perform effective service, frequently engaging in skirmishes with detachments of the enemy and capturing their pickets.

Receiving orders from headquarters to report with his command at or near Lake City, on the march he was overtaken by a courier, sent by his pickets left on the river, with information that the enemy had landed a large force at Palatka. He sent his command on under Captain Grey, and returned to his encampment.

On his arrival, he assured himself that the report made by his picket was correct, and sent, with all possible haste, a dispatch to headquarters, reporting the occupation of Palatka by the enemy, and requesting the commanding officer to return his command at once and he would hold the enemy in check, and try and prevent them from moving out in the interior. While waiting the return of his command, he took a small detachment, under Lieutenant Dell, from Captain Rou’s company, and with fifteen of his pickets, made a reconnoiter. He met a battalion of cavalry

and skirmished with them, but, owing to their greatly superior force, fell back, pursued by them. They captured three of his pickets and took possession of our camp. The pursuit continued about half a mile, when the enemy halted.

Captain Dickison then sent Lieutenant Dell on to Orange Springs, with orders for Captain W. A. Owens to report with his command of militia.

Late that evening Company H returned, and by daylight next morning were ready to march to the front. Captain Dickison, being satisfied that the enemy would send their cavalry forward, moved with great caution, sending Lieutenant McEaddy in advance to ascertain the position of the enemy. Learning, from a lady at a farmhouse near, that they had just left, and were supposed to be at the next plantation, the lieutenant sent a courier reporting this fact, and waited for the captain to come up with his command.

The command was soon placed in position for a fight. He then moved forward very cautiously, with his advance to the front. In a few minutes his advance met the enemy's rear guard, and a hot skirmish commenced. Very soon Captain Dickison was up with the main force of the enemy, consisting of one battalion well-mounted cavalry, about two hundred and eighty strong, with the best improved arms, Spencer rifles, and the best six-shooting navy pistols and sabers.

The fight was soon very exciting. Charge after charge was made by our brave boys, the enemy fighting and giving away very sullenly. They were six miles from Palatka, where they had a large force of

infantry and artillery of not less than from three to four thousand strong.

The fight was very hot, often being almost in the lines of the enemy, though, at every charge of our dauntless men, they would give way, but soon rally, having great advantage over our troops in their arms. Our arms were Enfield rifles, muzzle-loaders, yet, with all the odds against us, our little band of determined men continued to press on, driving back the ruthless invaders of our homes, killing, wounding and capturing them, until the hill overlooking the city of Palatka was reached.

At this time, Captain Dickison, with about thirty of his men, was engaged in a hand-to-hand fight, the rest of his command having charge of the prisoners. At this juncture, the commanding officer, a lieutenant-colonel or major, ordered his men to cease firing. This indicated a surrender, the men coming down from half-speed to a walk threw our men more than half way down the enemy's lines. Captain Dickison, believing it was a surrender, gave an order to his men to cease firing, and dashed down the line to prevent any escape. Just at this critical moment, the enemy opened a deadly fire with their six-shooters, and our young sergeant, Charlie Dickison, son of the captain, was shot through the heart. He, with four of the bravest of our noble boys, was on the opposite side of the enemy's column from the captain. As he fell from his horse, he called to Sergeant J. C. Crews: "Joe, I am killed." This gallant soldier sprang from his horse and clasped him in his arms, calling to Captain Dickison that his son was killed.

At this time the enemy's column moved; as they passed, Captain Dickison advanced toward his dying son and received him from his grief-stricken comrades. The noble youth, his heart-blood flowing from his wound, still breathed, but never spoke again. In the arms of his beloved father, our young martyr hero's pure soul returned to God who gave it.

The victory was no price for such a loss—one of the bravest of that heroic band. With the heaviness of a sorely-wounded spirit, the bereaved father and gallant victor carried the lifeless form of his loved one on horseback to the encampment six miles distant.

Lieutenant McEaddy was ordered to form the command and guard well his rear as they marched out. The mournful cavalcade proceeded six miles before transportation could be secured; then our heroic captain, with a sublime fortitude, stifling the cries of nature, made a detail of six of his brave boys, under Sergeant Crews, and confided the precious remains of his idolized first-born to their care, to be conveyed to the ladies of Orange Spring as a sacred trust. True to his high sense of duty, and the grave responsibility resting upon him, he remained at his post to keep watch over the enemy, fearing they would move out in large force the next day.

All honor to our noble chieftain!

That night the Federal forces evacuated Palatka, taking with them a number of their wounded. The next day we buried their dead. Loss of the enemy, fourteen killed, about thirty wounded and twenty-eight captured. Our loss, one killed and one wounded, but in a few months again ready for duty.

The cause of the enemy evacuating their stronghold during the night was never fully known. The bold and dashing manner that Captain Dickison and his gallant command fought and repulsed them, no doubt led to the supposition that he was the advance of a large force that would attack them the next day.

Captain Dickison took possession of the town and held it for several weeks. The victory gained by his devoted command added fresh glory to their well-earned fame for gallantry and heroic daring, and inspired in them the hope that it was but a promise of future brilliant achievements to be crowned with success.

“ DICKISON’S MEN.”

[Inscribed to the Company.]

Gaily the bugler blew a note,
 And the horsemen swept by the St. John’s river ;
 Never a Cossack or shaggy capote,
 Who backs the wild steed of the darkling Dnieper,
 Never a Calmuck, Tartar or Croat
 Could ride like the men by the St. John’s river.

Bravely the bugler sounded a peal,
 As the troops dashed on the pine tags over ;
 Their reins were loose, and their sabers steel
 Flashed like the eyes of Freya’s lover ;
 They laughed as they told how soon they’d keel
 A hundred Yankees or so, straight over.

Laughing and jesting in careless glee,
 Each one joked with his smiling neighbor,
 As they swept on, under the tall pine tree
 With galloping hoof and clanking saber—
 “ Dickison’s Men ”—with bridles free,
 Each in line with his dashing neighbor.

One would whisper a word or two—
 They joke so hard, these frolicsome fellows—
 Hinting of something or other he knew
 About some comrade's piccadilloes ;
 And banter and jest and story flew,
 As they rode on, those frolicsome fellows.

With dimpled chin and downy tip,
 One—only a boy, the youngest with them—
 Trolled out over his soft, red lip
 A sweet love song, with a musical rythm ;
 So, carelessly singing, with saber on hip,
 Rode the captain's son, a favorite with them.

On they rode, 'till the captain turned,
 Then they shook their reïns for a tearing canter ;
 A look, a gesture, 'twas so they learned
 That down on the Yanks they'd be instanter.
 George ! how their dark eyes flashed and burned,
 As at them they went in a tearing canter.

Down in a swoop on the serried foe,
 Cutting into the flying picket—
 Down, 'twas only a word and a blow,
 And a score of dead men lay by the thicket—
 Down, and as many more would go,
 Close on the heels of the dying picket,

'Till the field was strewn with the motley crew,
 And " Dickison's Men " were mad with slaughter.
 The sunset flowers, in sickness grew,
 Black with the blood that ran like water ;
 Tho' the field was covered with coats of blue,
 Still " Dickison's Men " were mad for slaughter.

There's one, ah, me ! what sad surprise
 Falls on her face, as she watches gravely
 Out in the shadows, under the skies,
 And waits for her boy, who rode so bravely,
 A tender yearning within her eyes,
 As she sits in the shadows watching gravely.

The soldier who looks on her sweet, pale face,
 Knows that her heart will soon be broken.
 He gives the salute as he leaves the place,
 And his eyes grow soft with a prayer unspoken,
 "That Christ will heal, with pitying grace,
 The heart that he knows will soon be broken."

Loudly the bugler sounds a peal,
 As the horsemen sweep by the St. John's river;
 They have sworn an oath, and the foe shall feel
 Their captain's son is remembered ever.
 They have merciless hearts and pitiless steels,
 Those horsemen who sweep by the St. John's river.

A. DEM.

TALLAHASSEE, August, 1864.

 HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DISTRICT, FLORIDA.

"LAKE CITY, August 4, 1864.

"Captain J. J. Dickison, Commanding, Palatka, Fla.:"

"CAPTAIN: A telegram just received conveys the news of your encounter with the enemy on the evening of the 2d instant.

"Accept, for yourself and the brave men of your command, the thanks of the general commanding, so well merited by repeated displays of valor and skill.

"Accept, also, Captain, the assurance of his sympathy with you in the loss you sustained on that occasion. Your gallant son fell in a noble cause, and, it is hoped, will be nobly avenged.

"I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. G. BARTH,

"Assistant Adjutant-General."

“ORANGE SPRINGS, FLA., August 4, 1864.

“*Captain J. J. Dickison:*

“Permit us, the ladies of Orange Springs, to offer you our most tender sympathy in your sad, sad bereavement. We accepted the remains of the young hero-martyr as a sacred trust, confided to us by the noble Spartan father, who refused to leave the post of duty and danger to follow his beloved first-born to the grave. Would that all the sons of such a father could be spared to our country, in this her hour of need. Faithfully, to the best of our ability, have we performed our duty—for son or brother we could not do more. Gentle maidens kissed his calm, pale brow with sisterly affection, and twined a laurel-wreath. Kind matrons kissed him for his absent mother, and, while only those ‘whose hearts, like thine, have bled, know how the living sorrow for the dead,’ every heart throbs with deepest sorrow, that the first martyr in that brave band, who stand a living bulwark between us and a brutal foe, should be thine own heart’s blood.

“May God have thee in His holy keeping. May angels shield thee from every harm, and may thy avenging arm be nerved to deeds of still nobler daring.

With true sympathy and respect,

“SARAH E. FREYER.”

“HEADQUARTERS CAMP CALL.

“PALATKA, August 6, 1864.

“*Mrs. S. E. Freyer and Ladies, Orange Springs, Fla.:*

“Permit me to express to you my warmest thanks

for the burial of my son, and for the sympathy you so tenderly express for me in my sad bereavement. No heart can sympathize deeper than woman's, and I assure you, none can be more grateful than mine.

"With sincere gratitude, yours truly,

"J. J. DICKISON."

"OCALA, FLA., August 9, 1864.

"*Captain J. J. Dickison, Commanding Forces, Palatka, Fla.:*

"DEAR SIR: It becomes my duty to forward you the following resolutions, adopted this day, without a dissenting voice, by the Marion Guards.

"Be assured they express what meets the approbation of every member of the company.

"Please accept my sincere regards.

"Yours, most respectfully,

"F. A. Foy,

"Secretary."

"RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE MARION GUARDS."

"WHEREAS, We have heard, with sincere regret, of the death of Sergeant Charles Dickison, son of the accomplished gentleman and gallant soldier, Captain J. J. Dickison, who fell in the action of the 2d of August, 1864, near Palatka, after having charged and pursued the enemy five miles, compelling them to seek shelter within their breastworks, we can not withhold the expression of the deep grief we feel on so mournful an event; be it, therefore,

“ *Resolved*, That, while the urbanity of his manners and kindness of heart endeared him to all his comrades, his self-denial and heroic conduct on the field of battle have won our highest admiration, and his early death has filled our hearts with sadness.

“ *Resolved*, That we extend to Captain Dickison and his sorrowing family our heartfelt sympathy and condolence, in view of their sad bereavement.

“ *Resolved*, That a copy of the resolutions be sent to Captain Dickison and family, and that the editors of the *Cotton States* and the *Floridian and Journal*, be requested to publish the same.

“ JOHN M. TAYLOR,

“ F. A. Foy,

“ Chairman.”

“ Secretary.”

“ HEADQUARTERS COMPANY H.

“ PALATKA, FLA., August 7, 1864.

“ At a meeting of the members of Company H, Second Florida Cavalry Regiment, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted :

“ WHEREAS, Amidst the casualties incident to the fortunes of war, it was the sad fate of our brave, youthful brother soldier, Sergeant Charles Dickison, to fall while in a gallant charge on the enemy's forces, on the morning of the 2d instant, near Palatka ;

“ *Resolved*, That, in the death of Sergeant Dickison, this company has sustained the loss of one whose void can not be filled, and whose gentle manners and deportment greatly endeared him to his brother soldiers, and whose coolness and gallantry on the battle-

field challenge the admiration of all, and whose example should be our model and guide.

“*Resolved*, That, in his death, we have lost an esteemed and valued friend, the army a brave, efficient officer, and our country a promising and valuable laborer in the cause of liberty and freedom, and whose character as a soldier and gentleman will be ever cherished by those whose fortune it was to know him on the tented-field or in social life.

“*Resolved*, That we offer our deepest sympathies to his afflicted parents, and pray that their brave ‘Charlie’ has won a glory in heaven.

“*Resolved*, That these proceedings be published in the *Cotton States* and *Charleston Courier*, and a copy be sent to the bereaved parents.

“ W. M. COX,

“ Chairman.”

“ B. F. OLIVEROS,

“ Secretary.”

“ ANOTHER GALLANT EXPLOIT.”

[The “Columbian,” August 10, 1864.]

“ We have been politely furnished with the telegram, received at headquarters, announcing the highly gratifying intelligence of the repulse and shameful flight of a large force of the enemy, near Palatka, on the 2d instant, by Captain Dickison and his invincible band of heroes.

“ Whenever Captain Dickison’s name is mentioned, a thrill runs through every vein and gladdens every heart; and, while we rejoice that the noble victor has added another wreath to his brow, we are called

on to mourn with him at the heavy sacrifice it has cost him—a beloved son, who fell, gallantly fighting his country's battles, and gave his life in her holy cause, and added another name to the long list of martyrs for liberty.”

CHAPTER VII.

BATTLE OF GAINESVILLE, FLA.

“Strike 'till the last armed foe expires,
Strike for your altars and your fires,
Strike for the green graves of your sires,
God and your native land.”

After the fight at Palatka on the 2d of August, Captain Dickison continued to perform heavy picket duty on the St. John's river, and frequently engaged in skirmishing with the enemy, who were threatening to advance into the country.

On the morning of the sixteenth, they made a simultaneous movement from Jacksonville and Green Cove Springs with a force of about five thousand infantry, negro troops, several batteries of artillery and about four hundred cavalry.

They advanced on our forces at Baldwin, driving them back across the little Suwanee, thence made a flank movement in the direction of Lake City, up to Fort Butler, in Bradford county, then flanking around to Starke, a small town on the railroad, fourteen miles north of Waldo.

After plundering the town and citizens, they moved eastward, flanking Waldo, at which place Captain Dickison was with his command. In their raid, having cut the telegraph wires and torn up the railroad track, no communication could be held with the Confederate forces at or near Lake City. About sundown Captain Rou, with a small detachment of his com-

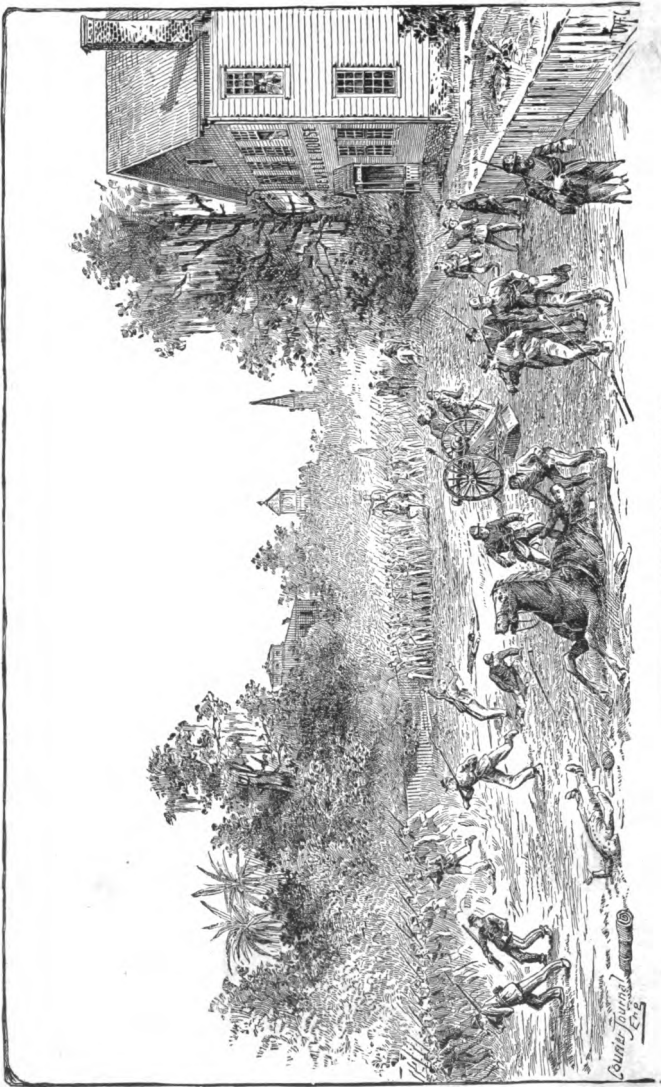
pany from the Second Florida Cavalry, came up to our headquarters at Waldo and reported the enemy were at Starke.

They remained there but a short time and moved on, flanking Dickison's command about ten miles below him. Just at dark Mr. Boulware and Dr. McCrea came with all possible haste to our headquarters, reporting the enemy in large force at their plantations, burning Boulware's mill, gin-house and other buildings, with about sixty bales of cotton.

Captain Dickison immediately prepared to follow them. His command consisted of about one hundred and thirty cavalry of his Company H, about twenty-five of Captain Starke's men from the Fifth Battalion of Cavalry, one section of artillery, commanded by the gallant Lieutenant Bruton, and about ninety infantry, known as the new recruits, having been sent to camps but a few days previously for Captain Dickison to organize and muster into the Confederate service.

Captain Rou had in his detachment about twenty men; in all, our cavalry force consisted of about one hundred and eighty men. At this important crisis, Captain Dickison rode up to Captain Rou and said: "You are my senior; this is my command, and I have orders to command all the South Florida forces, including the State Militia; what do you propose to do?" Captain Rou very generously replied: "I waive my rank in your favor and will follow you."

The order was then given to move on. The infantry ordered to move on the road leading to Gainesville, under Colonel Earle, staff-officer of Governor Milton.



BATTLE AT GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA.

Captain Dickison moved forward very rapidly, but with great caution, with the cavalry and artillery, as there was a large force of the enemy in front of him, and soon reached the scene of the vandals' destruction. The enemy's cavalry and one piece of artillery moved through the country in the direction of Gainesville, leaving in their camps, near the Boulware plantation, about five thousand negro infantry and several sections of artillery.

Captain Dickison reconnoitered as near their camps as possible, and could see they were there for the night. He then followed the raiding party with great rapidity. It was a lovely night; the moonlight was almost as bright as the sun.

On they pressed, the enemy moving rapidly and occasionally stopping at the plantations and farmhouses on their line of march, taking with them all the negroes, horses and mules. They completely sacked Colonel Edward Lewis' plantation, carrying off all the negroes, about one hundred and twenty-five in number. Mrs. Lewis being alone on the plantation (her husband and only son with our command), on hearing of the advance of the raiding party, with the assistance of her servants, loaded four large plantation wagons with her most valuable furniture, bedding, clothing, etc., ordering her teamsters to put in four mules to each wagon and drive them to a place of safety in the woods near by.

As soon as the enemy came up, by cruel and fierce threats the slaves were intimidated, and gave information where the wagons were concealed. They were

ordered to drive them on, and for all the negroes to follow.

Just at daylight Captain Dickison came riding up with his advance. Mrs. Lewis met him down the avenue, and, in heart-thrilling words, told of her great loss. She had been robbed of everything, only one decrepit slave left, who was not able to follow the others. The distress of this noble matron touched the tenderest feelings of our brave commander, and to comfort her, he said: "Be hopeful, and before the sun rises again I will send back all that you have been despoiled of." It would almost seem a forlorn hope, only two hundred men following not less than four hundred of the best troops, consisting of the Seventy-fifth Ohio and Fourth Massachusetts regiments; yet, from his past successes, she felt there was deliverance at hand.

Captain Dickison sent down his line for Mr. Lewis, and requested him to remain with Mrs. Lewis. With lofty patriotism, she said: "No; go on with the command and do your duty and help avenge this invasion of our homes." Only a brave spirit could have borne with such fortitude the harrowing distress of a situation so appalling—her peaceful and beautiful home desolated, while her beloved husband and only son were on the march to drive back the bold and cruel invaders of our fair land. We record, with proper pride, that by ten o'clock that night all of her property was safely returned—the only loss sustained, one of her fine carriage horses, killed in the fight.

Captain Dickison soon learned that the enemy

were moving on to Gainesville, about twelve miles distant, and continued his march, with his usual caution, at the head of his advance guard.

At this time Captain W. A. Owens, with a small detachment of about fifteen of the State Militia, reported to Captain Dickison. This officer is better known as General Owens. This gallant soldier was one of the first citizens, in Marion county, to raise the finest company of cavalry mustered into the Confederate service, known as the Marion Light Dragoons. His health failing, he was compelled to resign. He soon secured a commission as captain of militia, and enrolled a small force, composed of such as were not able to be in the regular service. Whenever the State was invaded, he promptly reported with his command to Captain Dickison. After the war closed, he said of our noble captain, that as he rode by his side, on this memorable occasion, in pursuit of the enemy, Captain Dickison said to him: "We will meet the enemy very soon; we must win this fight or the country is gone. I can see in my brave men a determination to sacrifice their lives or win the fight, and I know they will win it. They have seen their homes invaded, and the sore distress of their helpless families and neighbors. Such men may be killed, but never conquered."

As Captain Dickison rode on with his advance, his noble surgeon, Dr. J. A. Williams, as brave a soldier as ever followed a leader into battle, by his side, when within two miles of Gainesville he saw in the distance the enemy's rear guard. He ordered

a halt until they passed on. Their main force had reached the town.

When within one mile of Gainesville, he again ordered a halt and formed his line in position to fight, then moved cautiously until their picket line was discovered. He then rode up to Lieutenant Bruton, commanding the artillery, and directed him to throw two shells into the enemy's picket line, at the same time moving on, with his command, and driving in the pickets. He then dismounted all the command but one platoon, under Lieutenant McEaddy. The enemy held the railroad at each crossing and were in the depot. He ordered a detachment, under Captain Rou and Lieutenant McCardell, to move up on the left and take the depot, at the same time ordering Lieutenant McEaddy on the right flank and Lieutenant Dozier in the center, to advance and drive the enemy from the road.

Our artillery was in the rear, shelling with good effect. The fight soon became general, and orders given to press forward and drive the enemy from the railroad at any cost. Captain Dickison remained mounted, extending his orders by his gallant and intrepid couriers, and with inspiring words encouraging his brave men to press on. The enemy's artillery was near Beville's Hotel, shelling our battery at a furious rate, and continued to do so until their forces were driven from the depot and railroad. Then with our small arms we got a cross-fire on their gun, soon killing every horse but one in the caisson.

The fight grew very exciting, the right and left closing in around the town. After a fierce resistance of about two hours, the enemy, seeing we were flanking them on all sides, began to give way. Our gallant men charged them on all sides with a yell, and soon they were in full retreat in two columns.

Captain Dickison dashed through the streets, calling to his heroic men to mount their horses and follow, which was quickly done. Soon the enemy began scattering along the roads and through the woods, pursued on every side by our brave boys, whose shouts of "Victory," "Strike for our homes," "Remember Charlie Dickison," thrilled every heart and nerved every arm to strike for home and dear native land with dauntless intrepidity.

We followed the enemy for many miles, as far as Newnansville, fifteen miles distant, killing and capturing many on the road. Their main column, with one piece of artillery, led by Colonel Harris, of the Seventy-fifth Ohio, was followed by Captain Dickison and his command, who captured this gun one mile from town in front of Dr. McCaa's residence, Colonel Harris, with about seventy-five men just ahead of Captain Dickison, closely pursuing them. Many were killed and captured by our gallant dragoons.

The day being intensely hot, and our captain being greatly overcome with the heat, having fought for several hours, and his horse badly wounded from two shots, ordered a halt. It was supposed that Colonel Harris' command had been reduced to forty men during the pursuit. They had gone about four miles

when they were met by a scouting party of four men, who had been sent out the day previous to ascertain the movements of the enemy, and returning to our camp that morning found the command gone. Hearing our artillery in the direction of Gainesville, they dashed on toward the scene of action, and, at a most opportune time, passed through a long lane that turned abruptly to the right, and there met thirty men, with one lieutenant, in full retreat, coming upon them before either saw the other. These four daring young soldiers demanded a surrender, which was immediately made, the enemy naturally supposing they were the advance of re-enforcements on the way to Captain Dickison. The prisoners were ordered to throw down their arms. Just then Colonel Harris was seen riding up with about ten men. Sergeant Poer, who was in command of this daring little party, dashed off through the woods, ordering his prisoners to follow and giving order to his men to fire upon the first man who refused to obey. The colonel, seeing the capture of his men, made no attempt to rescue them, but turned in the opposite direction, around a plantation, and with the small remnant of his command made their escape, and reached the troops he had left encamped at Boulware's plantation the evening previous.

On his arrival at this place, though having a force of five thousand men to support him, they were ordered to return to their headquarters at Green Cove Springs, on the St. John's river.

Sergeant Poer, with his invincible command of only three of our brave boys, brought in their prisoners that evening to our headquarters at Gainesville.

For their gallantry and the wonderful coolness exhibited, Captain Dickison issued special orders complimenting them, in the highest terms, for their brave and daring deed.

On Captain Dickison's return to Gainesville, he found some two hundred prisoners, several of them commissioned officers. The only officer of the several commands who escaped to relate the story of their defeat was Colonel Harris, of the Seventy-fifth Ohio.

The enemy having retreated in several directions, our men pursued them until the evening of the next day. All were killed or captured.

The major commanding the Fourth Massachusetts Battalion of Cavalry was captured with two of his men, who were making their escape on foot, their horses having been killed in the fight. When captured, they had nearly reached the St. John's river, being about fifty miles from Gainesville. They were brought to Captain Dickison's headquarters. He met the major, whose name was Fox, and said, very pleasantly: "Major Fox, how is it you allow the 'Gray Fox' to outrun and capture the 'Red Fox?'" It was well known that this officer with his fine battalion had been sent on the St. John's river especially to capture Captain Dickison; therefore, it was his pride and ambition to capture this major and his battalion. This was not the only command sent on the St. John's river to capture Captain Dickison, but the fate of each command was similar to that of Major Fox's.

After the close of the war, Major-General Foster, who was in command of South Carolina, Georgia

and Florida, said to Captain Dickison: "It would be reported to me by my officers, "Dickison is at such a place and now is our time to get him." Scouts, battalions or regiments would be ordered to go in pursuit of him, the only result in every instance, a very mortifying defeat and only a few left to tell the story: "Captain Dickison has captured us.' Never were we able to ascertain the strength of Dickison's command."

The result of the fight at Gainesville and the surrounding country was a grand success. Out of a force of about four hundred cavalry, only Colonel Harris with his party of ten made their escape, and three or four of these were wounded during their retreat, as reported in their paper, then published at Jacksonville. Same report credited Captain Dickison with having a force of not less than twelve to fifteen hundred men, that they were ambuscaded from every house and palmetto thicket as they passed, that even the ladies in Gainesville fought like spirits from the land of fire and brimstone.

General Dickison's official report was one hundred and seventy-five men in the fight. The remainder of his command did not come up until the fight in Gainesville was over. They then scoured the country, doing most valuable service in capturing the enemy for over forty miles from Gainesville.

There were fifty-two of the Federals killed in the town. It was never correctly learned how many were killed on the retreat to the river. This glorious little victory saved East and South Florida.

The plan of the enemy, as shown by the orders captured, was to march the next day with the five thousand negro troops and several sections of artillery into Gainesville, confident of the successful occupation of the town by their large cavalry force, believing that Dickison had only a small detachment, and they could soon drive him back. Had such been the result of this invasion of our homes, by a bestial foe, all our property would have fallen into their hands, and soon thousands of our slaves would have been mustered into their service. They would have secured several thousand bales of fine Sea Island cotton as a rich prize, and inspired by the promise of booty thus emboldened in their defiance, untold horrors would have been enacted in our desolated homes.

Truly could our noble leader report, "never did men fight as our heroic little band." They were fighting for their homes and firesides, all that was dear to them in life; and their battle-cry, "Victory or Death," sent terror into the hearts of the embattled hosts.

One more record of the fight and we will close this little sketch of as brilliant an achievement as transpired during the war. While the enemy were retreating through Gainesville with Captain Dickison and his command in close pursuit, it became necessary for him to use his sword, having fired the last shot from his pistol—he always carried three of the best six-shooters, two in his holsters and one on his sword-belt. He dashed up to a cavalryman, who was in full retreat, and ordered him to surrender, which he refused to do. He fell, severely wounded, by an un-

erring blow of that trusty saber. Dickison never halted; he soon charged up to a captain on foot, who proved to be a deserter, but not known as such at the time, and ordered him to surrender or he would shoot. The reply was: "Shoot and be damned." Captain Dickison fired, and at this moment one of his brave boys, Seth Barnes, a noble youth, rode up. He also fired, and the officer fell. On they dashed, and in a few hours after, the victory was complete.

On the removal of the body of this officer, he was recognized by Judge Dawkins, one of our militia, as a notorious deserter, a very bad and desperate man, who had a company of twenty-eight deserters on his roll. The prisoners captured, including a number of officers, were about three hundred, many of them badly wounded. Several hundred stands of arms, one fine twelve-pound howitzer and two hundred and sixty horses fell into our hands. A number of their horses were killed during the fight.

Our loss was three killed, five wounded, of whom two died the next day. We had ten or fifteen horses killed. Several wagons were recovered, that had been stolen in the raid, loaded with plunder, some of it very valuable silver-plate, etc.; also over two hundred slaves that had been carried off from the plantations on the line of their raid.

This property was carefully guarded and turned over to the proper owners. We can not fully estimate the incalculable value of this glorious victory to our State.

Many interesting incidents can be recorded that transpired during the fight, one or two, in par-

ticular, that nobly illustrates the spirit that inspired every heart on this memorable occasion. Woman, though "uncertain, coy and hard to please," will be firm in her allegiance to what she recognizes as duty, and there burns within her heart a fierce antagonism against cruel persecution or tyrannical domination. She would rather die in vindication of right than live in submission to wrong. As Captain Dickison and our brave defenders charged the enemy through the streets, many of the ladies could be seen, whose inspiring tones and grateful plaudits cheered these noble heroes on to deeds of greater daring. While charging the enemy, near the residence of Judge Dawkins, Mrs. Dawkins and her lovely sister, Miss Lydia Taylor, passed from their garden into the street, and in the excitement of the moment, actuated by the heroic spirit that ever animated our noble women, united their voices in repeating the captain's word of command. "Charge, charge!" was heard with the musical rhythm of a benediction from their grateful hearts.

The enemy, halting, made a stand a few yards below the entrance to their residence, firing up the street almost a hailstorm of minie-balls from their Spencer rifles. Apparently indifferent to their danger, these heroic ladies stood unmoved, cheering on our gallant soldiers, among whom were many near and dear to them. Captain Dickison earnestly entreated them to return to the house, as they were in imminent danger of being killed.

Many ladies brought buckets of water for the heated, famished soldiers who had no time to give even to this needed refreshment.

Through all the desperate fight, not a citizen was hurt. The sweet incense of prayer arose from hundreds of agonized hearts to the mercy-seat, in behalf of husbands, sons, fathers and brothers who were in the battle.

Holy angels kept watch over them in the bivouac—the sad vigils and loving orisons of their loved ones a sacred panoply for them in the long, long hours of dread suspense.

We cull from the *Columbian* a few extracts from a report sent by their correspondent of the battle at Gainesville :

“GAINESVILLE, FLA., August 19, 1864.

“One of the most brilliant, successful and gallant affairs which has occurred since the inauguration of hostilities, took place in this town on the morning of the 17th instant.

“The enemy’s cavalry, reported to be four hundred strong, reached this place on the 17th, at four o’clock, a. m., with the view of sacking and burning the town.

“Upon their arrival, we had but one small company of militia cavalry and a few citizens, who had assembled suddenly upon the emergency, under command of Judge Thomas F. King, to repel them. Finding that they were unable, in consequence of the largely superior force, to successfully resist them, they retired before them, anxiously hoping for the arrival of our cavalry.

“The enemy, or, at least, a majority of them, were stationed at the railroad and depot, while the remainder began an indiscriminate robbery and plunder of the citizens of the town. Just in the midst of their thieving operations, and conduct such as would have been a disgrace even to the names and character of the Goths and Vandals, Captain Dickison, that great and gallant chieftain who has done so much to illustrate the gallantry and chivalry of the ‘Land of Flowers,’ with his noble command, dashed in the town from nearly every direction.

“When nearly opposite the residence of Colonel Dozier, Captain Dickison directed Lieutenant Bruton, of the artillery, to open upon the enemy with the two pieces under his command. The enemy replied briskly with the piece of artillery they had, but with little or no effect. A portion of our cavalry then charged upon the enemy, and opened such a terrific fire upon them that they scampered through the town in every direction like a flock without a shepherd.

“The fighting between our troops and the enemy then became indiscriminate and general. The Yankees tried to secrete themselves in and under the houses in town, while many of them sought to remain near the ladies for protection, knowing full well our gallant men would not aim their trusty rifles at them while thus situated. Finding that they were completely hemmed in by our brave boys, a large number surrendered.

“A number of the enemy, after being routed at Gainesville, started pellmell on the road leading to Newnansville, where they were met by a detachment

of militia cavalry, commanded by Captain Williams, who captured twenty-four of them. This company was on its way to join Captain Dickison.

“And now making a combination of this engagement with all previous ones that he has had with the enemy, what shall we say of J. J. Dickison? I feel quite sure and positive in the accuracy of the statement, when I assert that no officer of his rank in the army of the Confederate States, with his limited sphere of action, has inflicted more injury to the enemy than he has done.

“Beloved by his command for his gallantry and, indeed, every qualification which adorns the character of the soldier, patriot and true gentleman, Captain Dickison’s standard will never fail while one brave heart and stout arm in his command is left to uphold it. Captain Dickison, with his entire command, acted with unsurpassed gallantry on this occasion.” •

The following congratulatory order of Captain Dickison to the troops of his command was read on yesterday evening:

[SPECIAL ORDER No. 22.]

“OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS: Again we have met the enemy and signally routed him. The victory at this place is equal, if not superior, to any in the history of the war. We met an enemy of superior numbers, with all the improved equipments which Yankee ingenuity could devise; but, trusting in the aid of Divine Providence and the justice of our

cause, we have put him to shameful flight and confusion.

“Their purpose was evidently invasion and a permanent occupation, as evidenced by the papers of the colonel in command captured in the victory.

“For awhile your country has been saved from desolation and ruin. Only those of us who followed in his track of destruction and pillage can properly appreciate its importance. In their march, families were robbed with high-hand impudence, and homes made desolate. By your bravery and courage, this property was restored to them.

“But above all this, the victory which you have gained, by your coolness and gallantry, has saved your bleeding country from the polluting tread of the invader.

But, my brother officers and soldiers, let me, in parting with you, warn you not to become indifferent by your success; let me urge you always to be ready, keep your arms in your hands, preserve your organizations, and be ready upon the first sound of the tocsin alarm to rally to your country's cause. With such indomitable courage, coolness and bravery as you have exhibited, you may be killed, but never conquered.

“If your State should again be invaded, which I pray God to avert, I hope to be with you, and in my humble way, to contribute in saving our homes, property and beloved country.

“J. J. Dickison, commanding forces.

“WILLIAM COX,
“Assistant Adjutant.”

"FROM DICKISON'S COMMAND."

[Correspondence of the "Columbian."]

"TIMMONS CROSS ROADS, August 28th.

"The command of the gallant Dickison is encamped at this place, on the Etoniah scrub, intently engaged in espying the movements of the enemy.

"From the best information we have been able to obtain, through scouts and other sources deemed reliable, the enemy, ranging in numbers from three to five thousand strong, are stationed at Magnolia, a small town on the St. John's river, twenty-five miles from Jacksonville.

"A large portion of the troops are negroes. The only white forces at that point are: One regiment of infantry, one hundred and fifty cavalry and two companies of artillery of eight pieces. The present indications seem to be that the enemy anticipate a movement forward in this direction. Our troops are in excellent spirits and are awaiting eagerly the advance of the enemy.

"The result of the battle of Gainesville is cheering to the hearts of the people, it matters not in what respect it may be viewed. It is a striking, a noble illustration of the fact that a people so zealous in the defense of their rights, so resolutely determined to live as free men, can never, never be conquered. A righteous providence will never permit such a people to be the vassals of the mercenary hordes against whom they are contending with such Herculean might. The congratulatory orders, which

follow, were read on dress-parade to-day. The reading them in hearing of these brave men gladdened their hearts, for they felt that the services rendered by their commander, "who dares to lead where any dare to follow," as well as by themselves, had been properly appreciated by their commanding general.

"HEADQUARTERS SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA AND FLORIDA.

"CHARLESTON, S. C., August 20, 1864.

"*Captain J. J. Dickison, Commanding Forces:*

"CAPTAIN: I am instructed by the major-general commanding to tender you his thanks and to congratulate you upon your brilliant affair at Gainesville on the 17th instant. He has taken pleasure in bringing this and several other instances of successful gallantry, on the part of yourself and your noble command, to the notice of the president, and in recommending you for that promotion which your repeated acts of good service so justly entitle you to receive.

"He begs that you will make known to your officers and men his appreciation of their gallantry and good service.

"I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JNO. F. LAY,

"Major and Inspector-General.

"Through Brigadier-General J. K. Jackson, Commanding District Florida, Lake City."

" HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DISTRICT, FLORIDA.

[GENERAL ORDERS No. 44.]

" LAKE CITY, August 25, 1864.

" With pride and pleasure, the brigadier-general commanding announces, to the troops of this district, the brilliant victory of Captain J. J. Dickison and the forces under his command.

" After a forced march from Waldo, they met the enemy at Gainesville, and, undaunted by the superiority of his numbers, attacked and completely routed him.

" This unparalleled success merits for the gallant little band in South Florida the everlasting gratitude of their countrymen, whose homes and honor they have saved from a brutal soldiery.

" The brigadier-general commanding tenders to them his sincere thanks, and promises that every effort on his part shall be exerted to secure to their leader the reward of promotion which he so richly deserves, and which they have enabled him to win.

" By command of Brigadier-General J. K. Jackson.

S. A. MORENO,

" Assistant Adjutant-General

" WILLIAM COX,

" Assistant Adjutant."

CHAPTER VIII.

HEADQUARTERS WALDO—FIGHT NEAR GREEN COVE SPRINGS.

“Bravely the bugler blew a note,
And the horsemen swept by the St. John’s river.”

On the 23d of October, 1864, Captain Dickison received a dispatch from Lieutenant Haynes, of the Fifth Battalion of Cavalry, on the outpost near Green Cove Springs, that the enemy, in considerable force, had been out and driven back his command about three miles. He immediately prepared to move, with all haste, to the front. His command consisted of one detachment of Company C, Captain Chambers, one detachment of his own Company H, under Lieutenant McCardell, and one twelve-pound howitzer, in command of Sergeant J. C. Crews, in all about ninety men.

Arriving there on the morning of the 24th, and supposing that the enemy would again come out at or near the same place, he made immediate arrangements for an attack. They failed to come out. He then learned there was a crossing five miles above, on the creek, at a ford known as “Finegan Ford.” He sent a scout to ascertain the movement of the enemy, who soon reported that a cavalry command had crossed at that place and taken the road to Middleburgh on Black creek.

He immediately marched to meet them on their re-

turn. There being two roads to guard, he placed a detachment on each, at a distance convenient for rapid concentration, should it become necessary.

Captain Dickison, riding in advance, saw at a great distance that the enemy were approaching. They were driving in a large drove of fine cattle to enrich their commissary stores with what they called "rebel beef."

Captain Dickison soon concentrated his force ready for the fight. The enemy began preparing for the charge. On they charged, with drawn sabers; the polished blades flashing in the sunlight presented a brilliant spectacle, dazzling to the eye.

As they drew near, they were met with a telling volley. They halted, but quickly formed their line and charged again, our men meeting them with a heavy fire. Our artillery then opened upon them, and they fell back in great confusion, our intrepid men charging them, killing and capturing the entire command as they retreated.

The fight lasted an hour through an open woodland of nearly two miles in extent. Only three made their escape by leaving their horses and taking the swamp. One of them, a captain, was badly wounded in the head; as Captain Dickison passed him in the charge, he saw that he was covered with blood. On the return of our men to hunt up the wounded and dead, he was gone. As a courageous officer, before he would be taken a prisoner, he left his horse and pistols and concealed himself in the swamp. Night coming on, we could not find him. It was learned a few days after that he

reached his headquarters and soon recovered from his wound.

The enemy's loss was nine killed and sixty-five prisoners; twelve of them were wounded, one died that night.

We captured seventy fine horses and all their arms, consisting of Spencer rifles, pistols and sabers.

Though the engagement took place in the open woods, we did not have a man hurt.

This certainly was another evidence of the soldierly qualities of our gallant men and the admirable military skill of their leader.

This brilliant success, following so close upon their victory at Gainesville, inspired our men with fresh confidence in the ability of their commanding officer to successfully carry out his plans, and every man was ready to follow him to greater deeds of valorous daring.

FIGHT NEAR ST. AUGUSTINE.

“Then mount, then mount, brave gallants all,
And don your swords amain;
Death's courier's fame and honor call
Us to the field again.
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die.”

The extensive country to be guarded, kept our brave Dickison and his invincible men always on the alert. It might be truly said of our ever-watchful leader that “his headquarters were in the saddle.”

Only a short time elapsed when a scout from the east side of the St. John's river, where a small party was kept on the watch, reported the enemy coming out in considerable force every day to the Fairbanks place, two miles north of St. Augustine, situated between the San Sebastian and North rivers. Captain Dickison ordered fifty men of Company C—the gallant Lieutenant Reddick in command—and fifty men from his own Company H, to be ready to move at the shortest notice with four days' rations. He then made another of his secret moves, leaving at night, and reached the St. John's river early the next morning.

Having only one flatboat, it took some time to cross the river with one hundred cavalry. By marching all night, they were within a short distance of the place where the enemy was expected to come out.

Dividing his command, leaving a detachment in front of St. Augustine to guard against the enemy coming out at that point, to cut them off he proceeded to cross the San Sebastian river at its headwaters.

At sunrise he reached the Fairbanks place, and, in the best manner possible, arranged his command to surprise and capture the anxiously looked for forces of the Federals, leaving Lieutenant Reddick, with his detachment, to watch them as they came out, and not engage them, but allow them to pass until they reached the detachment he commanded, and while he engaged them in the front, the lieutenant would cut off their retreat and engage them in the rear.

The plan being well laid and a sentinel placed on guard, the most perfect quiet reigned.

Soon the music of their drums was heard. Our sentinel, the brave and faithful Oliveros, true to his post of honor, signaled Captain Dickison that the enemy were advancing, and with intense anxiety, our intrepid soldiers awaited their approach. Unfortunately for us, but most happily for them, their advance guard was some distance in advance of their battalion.

When the advance reached Dickison, their main force had not passed Lieutenant Reddick near enough for him to get in their rear.

Captain Dickison concealed himself about twenty feet from the road, and allowed the advance to come within a few yards of him. He then arose and ordered them to surrender. They replied with a volley into his command, which drew the fire of our men who were dismounted. A charge was immediately made, which resulted in the killing and capturing of the entire advance. Their battalion wheeled around and dashed back in great confusion, Lieutenant Reddick bravely charging them through an almost impenetrable scrub, killing three and mortally wounding their commanding officer, the major of the battalion.

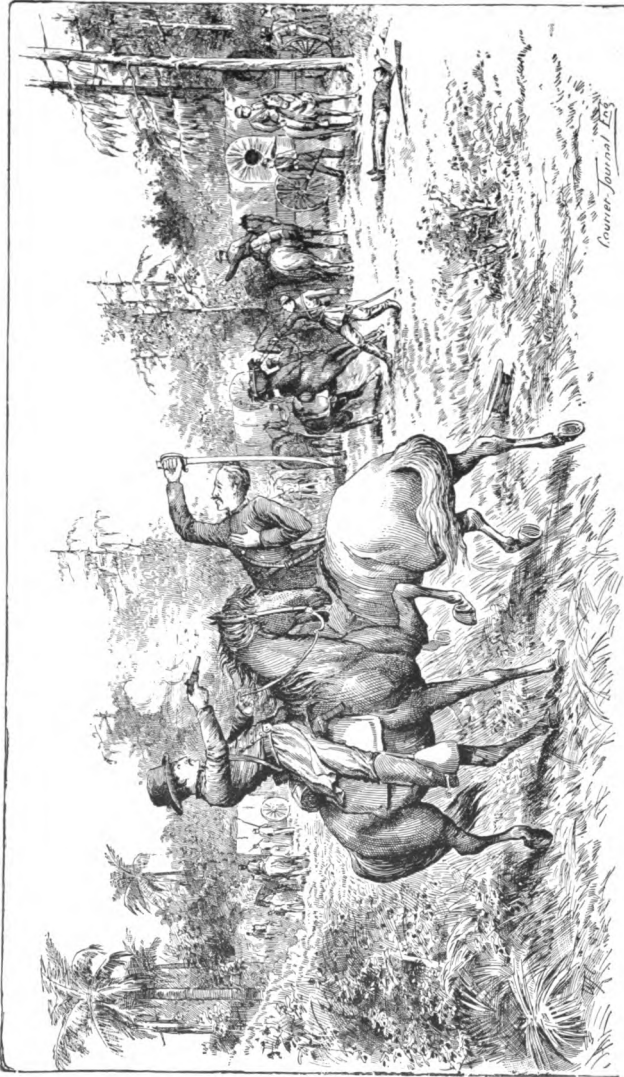
By this time Company H had mounted their horses, and some of them charged the enemy through their picket lines, capturing and bringing out several of their pickets. We captured in all, thirty-five prisoners.

Being only a mile and a half from the city, and knowing the enemy would soon be out in large force, the prisoners and arms were sent to the rear.

Captain Dickison and Lieutenant Reddick rode up to where lay a wounded officer, and near by him, one of his men mortally wounded. On examin-

ing the officer's wound, Captain Dickison saw it was mortal; and as his surgeon was not in attendance, he, with tender care, bound it with his handkerchief and made a pillow of his only blanket for the dying soldier. The wound being in the neck and shoulder, it was necessary to open his coat and vest and remove his gold watch and chain. In feeble accents he asked that they would not take his watch. Captain Dickison proudly replied, "we do not rob our prisoners," and very gently replaced it. Choice being given him to be paroled or carried off a prisoner, he accepted a parole, as also his wounded comrade. The next day, death, the last conqueror, claimed them for his own. •

Our gallant officers had barely time to regain their command, when the enemy came out to remove their wounded and dead. Had the enemy's advance guard not been good soldiers and well trained, our noble captain, by his well-laid plan, would have captured the entire battalion. The next day he recrossed the St. John's river with his prisoners all safe. Not a man hurt on our side.



FIGHT NEAR BRADDOCK FARM.

CHAPTER IX.

FIGHT NEAR BRADDOCK FARM IN VOLUSIA COUNTY.

“Gaily the bugler sounded a peal,
When ‘Dickison’s Men’ recrossed the river.

Until February, 1865, Captain Dickison, as post-commander, had heavy duty to perform—the enemy continually making demonstrations for another invasion, and requiring all the strategic skill of our little force to keep them in check. Our outposts, near Green Cove Springs, Palatka, and up the St. John’s river as far as Volusia county, were kept constantly engaged.

Learning from his scouts on the east side of the river that the force of the enemy’s garrison at Picolata was about four hundred strong, and were becoming very troublesome and insulting to our loyal citizens, Captain Dickison at once resolved on an expedition across the river if he could gain the consent of his commanding general, and arrange some plan for the relief and protection of these unfortunate people. He telegraphed the general, asking permission to cross the river with his command. The general replied that he would leave it to his good judgment, but to be very cautious as the enemy were in large force at Jacksonville, Green Cove Springs and St. Augustine, with their gunboats in the river.

He at once decided to cross the river and reconnoiter near the enemy's stronghold. He ordered his men to prepare five days' rations, as he could not take any transportation farther than the river. His cavalry consisted of detachments from his Company H of sixty-four men, under Lieutenants McCardell and McEaddy, thirty-three from Company B of the same regiment, under Lieutenant McLeod, and twenty-eight from Company H of the Fifth Battalion of Cavalry.

His destination was not confided to his command until he reached the St. John's river, as it was well known that danger and great risk attended this movement.

On the 2d of February, just at sunset, they reached the deserted city of Palatka, the objective point to cross the river. He then formed his men into line, and in a few words made it known to them that he intended crossing over into the enemy's lines.

He said: "My brave soldiers, we are going to cross the river to-night. I expect to lead you where there is danger. We must protect our friends on the east side of the river. The wagons will return to Waldo, and if there is a man who does not wish to follow me, he can return with the wagons."

Not one of that heroic little band faltered in their duty. Their prompt response had the ring of the true metal, and from that moment their destiny and his own were to be one and the same. This interesting event is finely commemorated by Florida's gifted poet, Columbus Drew, in his beautiful and heroic poem, entitled "The Gray Clad Partisan."

The distance across the river was one mile, their only transportation one flatboat, that could carry but twelve men and horses. They were all night and until ten o'clock the next morning making the passage over, where they all landed safe and in fine spirits. They had a long and circuitous route to march to reach Picolata, their march continuing until two o'clock that night.

When within one mile of the fort, Captain Dickison called a halt. He ordered that a young soldier in his command, whose father lived inside the picket lines, be summoned, and asked if he thought he could manage to pass through the picket line with a message to his father that he wished to see him. Like a truly brave soldier, he accepted the trust, and soon returned accompanied by his worthy parent, who, in conversation with the captain, informed him that the enemy had been re-enforced that day with about four hundred men, and had several pieces of artillery in position on the fort. With such reliable information, he knew it would be only a sacrifice of his brave little command to attack this stronghold without artillery. The same informant reported that, at a certain house on the road from Jacksonville to St. Augustine, also leading from Picolata, there was to be a large assembly of the people that night from St. Augustine and Jacksonville for a dance, and, as many of the fair sex would grace the occasion, there would be a goodly company of Federal officers and young soldiers in attendance, having no apprehension of an attack from "Dixie," the pet name given by them to Captain Dickison.

About twelve miles off, on the road to this house, was a station where several soldiers and horses were kept. The captain sent down his line to arouse his men, who, from loss of rest after a long and toilsome march, would often fall asleep as soon as a halt was ordered. Soon they were all ready to march, and moved on with great rapidity to reach, if possible, each respective place before daylight.

Arriving at the station, they came upon twelve Federal cavalry with as many horses; all were made prisoners in quick time. Then on they pressed toward the banquet hall.

Placing a detachment on the road leading to St. Augustine, and one on the road to Jacksonville, just at the dawn of day Captain Dickison moved up in the rear. As he drew near the house he saw two officers, a major with his adjutant, riding off. He dashed up to them and demanded a surrender, which was not refused. These officers belonged to the garrison at Picolata. Then on to the house our command rushed.

“ Ah! then there was hurrying to and fro
And there was mounting in hot haste,
While pale lips whispered—
‘ Dickison’s Men—they come, they come!’ ”

Several soldiers, with one captain and one lieutenant, were captured. Our boys, who were awaiting them by the roadside, next captured the band of musicians, composed of twelve young soldiers, in a fine four-horse ambulance, on their way to St. Augustine. They were ordered to halt by our young vigilants, who said: “We want that carriage

to take a ride." We captured at the two places about forty men, including four officers, also eighteen horses and one fine ambulance.

While at this place, Captain Dickison learned, through a reliable source, that Colonel Wilcoxon, with the Seventeenth Connecticut and ten large six-mule wagons had gone up the road, known as the old Government road, in the direction of Volusia county. Dividing his command, taking fifty-two men with one lieutenant to follow in pursuit of Colonel Wilcoxon, leaving the remainder, under the gallant Lieutenants Haile, Haynes and McCardell, with the guard in charge of the prisoners, with orders to move on by the way of Haw's creek and meet him at or near Braddock's farm, about six miles east of the river, he rapidly proceeded with his detachment, Lieutenant McEaddy commanding the advance guard.

They had marched but a few miles when Lieutenant McEaddy met a detachment of cavalry under Captain Staples, and a sharp engagement took place. He captured one man and two horses, the others making their escape in the swamp near by. Upon reaching the main road, it was very evident that the report given was correct, the road being cut up by the wagons, and signs of the enemy having passed.

A bright moonlight smiling upon them, they continued to press forward until midnight, when they reached a small farmhouse. Some of the command informed the captain that two of the occupants were deserters from our army.

He ordered a halt. Leaving Lieutenant McEaddy in command, he advanced with ten men to the house, and surrounded it before he was discovered.

The madam came out and met the captain, who passed for a Federal colonel, his ten men wearing blue overcoats. He addressed her as a rebel woman. She assured him she was a loyal Union woman, that her two sons had deserted from the Confederate army and were then concealed in the swamp, and would remain there until they could hear that Dickison had recrossed the river, as they had been routed by his men two nights before.

The captain informed her that he was then on his way with his cavalry to protect Colonel Wilcoxon in the rear. She replied that the colonel had rested there the day before and dined with her. Just then some of our command rode up who were not attired in blue overcoats. Fearing that she would discover the deception, as they were dismounting and coming in the yard for water, he called her attention to them, and remarked, "they are some of Dickison's men we have captured," at the same time ordering his men in blue to guard the prisoners well and not let one escape. With an earnest "God bless you, Colonel," from her patriotic heart, she threw her arms around him and begged him to capture "that man Dickison." He replied: "I will get him before he crosses the river."

Some of the men were at the barn getting fodder. She appealed to the supposed colonel to protect her stores. He walked to the gate, accompanied by her, and ordered his men not to take that fodder, as it be-

longed to a good Union woman. "Oh, if they need it, let them have it;" she said. He then promised her payment for the same.

When ready to leave the house, another difficulty arose. He had only Confederate money to offer her, and this currency had no value on that side of the river. He extricated himself from this dilemma by a promise that when the wagons returned, he would direct his quartermaster to furnish her supplies of flour and coffee as an equivalent. With reiterated blessings, she clasped him in another and warmer embrace, with all the strength of her two hundred pounds, honest weight. He then bade her a tender farewell, with a renewal of his promises. Alas! poor woman, to her sorrow, she soon learned that man's promises, like man's love, are too often written on sand.

An old Union woman embracing their captain for a Federal officer, was too amusing an incident not to be enjoyed by his men. Their sense of the ridiculous was too keen to be held in abeyance, and for the time their merriment gained the mastery.

Even during the years that have passed, the recollection of this romantic episode in the eventful career of their honored captain has always been a source of pardonable hilarity, not only to them, but to the principal actor in the interesting ceremonies on that occasion.

After moving on a few miles, a halt was ordered for an hour, and, with our scant rations, both men and horses were refreshed.

We continued our march, every few miles meeting deserters on their way to St. Augustine. Captain

Dickison riding at the head of his advance, his men still wearing blue overcoats, on coming up, would address them as rebels. They would deny the charge, declaring they had deserted from the Confederate army and were good Union men.

As they had passed Colonel Wilcoxon and his command, they gave all the information we desired to gain about the strength of his force, and were then sent to the rear as prisoners.

On the evening of the third day, when within two miles of Wilcoxon, we met two deserters in carts driving on the road to the ancient city. The captain, with a similar stratagem, learned that they were just from Colonel Wilcoxon's headquarters, at Braddock's farmhouse, only two miles distant, and that they were making ready to start with their wagons loaded with cotton.

They also stated that Wilcoxon had inquired of them if they knew anything of Dixie, and that they had reported him as last heard from at Waldo.

Captain Dickison then advanced a little nearer, halted, and arranged his little command for a desperate encounter, as he well knew the enemy outnumbered us two to one, and their regiment a fine and well disciplined one.

He said to his men: "We will, in a few minutes, meet a force superior to us in numbers; are you willing to follow me?" In proud tones they replied: "We will follow you wherever you lead."

He then gave order to Lieutenant McEaddy, the only commanding officer with him, except his surgeon, Dr. Williams: "Keep your men in good line



CONFEDERATE CAVALRY CROSSING THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER TO THE EASTERN SHORE.

ready for the charge. I will ride at the head of the advance, and at the signal, a wave of my handkerchief, you will charge up."

Moving on slowly and with great caution, his surgeon by his side, he saw the enemy at some distance moving down a long hill with a heavy train of wagons.

He could see them marching along in no particular order by the side of the wagons, having no advance guard, as they had just left their headquarters.

A branch being between the enemy and our men, he ordered our advance, consisting of ten men, under the gallant Sergeant William Cox, to dismount and take a position at the branch and await orders.

The enemy halted, not over one hundred and fifty yards distant, and our advance, under the excitement, fired into them without orders. Captain Dickison then ordered his brave boys to make a charge. The heart of any commander would have thrilled with proud delight at the splendid heroism they displayed. They fought as only brave men fight.

Charging up to the long line of wagons, under a heavy fire, they pressed on until the enemy gave way, and fell back to the woods pursued by our intrepid dragoons. The captain demanded a surrender, ordering them to throw down their arms. This was all done before they had time to learn the strength of our force. As we passed the wagons in the charge, Captain Dickison said to his sur-

geon: "Remain with the wagons, and stop our advance as they come up."

At this juncture, Lieutenant McEaddy, in making ready for a charge, struck a pond around which he, with a few of his command, made the charge, Colonel Wilcoxon, with his staff and a detachment of twenty cavalry, being at that moment ready to meet him. They charged down the hill upon our men, coming up near where the prisoners had surrendered.

Our command then fired into the colonel's escort, who dashed off on the road toward the wagons, where a lively fight ensued, our surgeon and Sergeant Cox, with ten men, killing and capturing every one except Colonel Wilcoxon. He fought fearlessly; after firing his last shot, he threw his pistol at one of our soldiers, then drew his sword and started down the road, where two or three men were guarding the prisoners. There was but one way for him to make his escape, between this guard and Captain Dickison, who was on the watch, fearing the prisoners would revolt. Seeing this officer approaching, not knowing who he was, he rode on to meet him, and demanded a surrender. Driven to desperation, he drew his sword and made a furious charge at the captain, who fired, the shot taking effect in his left side.

As their horses were moving rapidly, they passed each other. Captain Dickison quickly turned and soon gained upon his adversary, whose glittering sword flashed defiance. Again the captain fired with sure aim, the saber strokes falling heavy and fast. One more shot, and his antagonist fell. At this moment

one of our men rode up, and the wounded man was left in his care.

The fight ended. Captain Dickison, on inquiring, learned that Colonel Wilcoxon was not among the prisoners. He looked in the direction he had left the wounded officer and saw him approaching, leaning upon the arm of the young guard, who called to Captain Dickison that Colonel Wilcoxon desired to see him. The captain dismounted to meet him, with an emotion that stirs the heart of every brave man, for "the bravest are the tenderest," and addressed him: "Colonel, why did you throw your life away?" The colonel, with true manhood, replied: "Don't blame yourself, you are only doing your duty as a soldier; I alone am to blame."

Our noble surgeon soon came up and greeted the unfortunate officer as a brother, united by the "mystic tie." He was tenderly cared for and wrapped in the Standard of the Masonic Brotherhood, one of the noblest orders that ever enlisted the sympathies or engaged the services of mankind, bearing no stain of blood nor mark of carnage upon its fair folds, but consecrated to God and suffering humanity. He was faithfully ministered to by true and brave hearts until his ear was deaf to earth's rude alarms, and the weary spirit peacefully departed to its eternal rest. Our victory was a decided and brilliant one. The entire command was captured, about seventy-five in number; four were killed and a few wounded. Their wagon-train consisted of ten fine wagons, each with six mules and horses, with best equipments, all loaded with

Sea Island cotton that had been stolen and stored at Braddock's farm. We captured also, all their fine cavalry horses, some of them the best in the Federal army. Not a man hurt on our side.

We were about eight or ten miles from the St. John's river, and up to this time had heard nothing of Lieutenant McCardell's command, which had left us three days previous with instructions to meet our detachment at or near this place. Considerable anxiety prevailed in regard to their safety, increased by the great difficulty to be met in making a successful crossing of the river with our force, and so large a capture.

We moved on for about three miles. Night coming on, a halt was ordered. Captain Dickison then sent a detachment of four men to a crossing known as "Horse Landing," about six miles off, to order the flatboat brought over by the time he would reach the landing next morning. Before crossing the river, he had directed Captain McGahaghan, who was at Horse Landing with an infantry company of reserves, for the purpose of removing the machinery of the gunboat Columbine, we had captured at that point, to be ready to assist him, when he returned from his expedition.

Early next morning, on our arrival at the landing, we found the boat ready.

The position being a very critical one, apprehending that the enemy would soon follow with a large force to cut us off, an almost impenetrable swamp to our right and the broad St. John's in front giving them the advantage, called forth all

the military genius of our gallant leader to plan a successful accomplishment of so dangerous a transport. He accordingly sent a scout eight miles in his rear to watch the enemy's movements.

He fully understood the difficulties of the situation. He knew, should Lieutenant McCardell come up, he would then have about two hundred and fifty men and over two hundred horses, with ten heavily-loaded wagons and two ambulances, to be crossed over to the western side of the river, and his only transportation, one flatboat, with capacity to carry one wagon or twelve men and horses.

Fortunately, the infantry company of about seventy men, on the opposite shore, would render valuable assistance in unloading each transport. He then made a detail of three detachments, sufficiently strong to manage the boat, and respectively take command.

At ten o'clock a. m. they began their difficult and arduous task. The prisoners were first sent over, then the captured wagons and horses, until all were safely landed. Day and night these dauntless men worked with such caution and accuracy, not a mistake was made either in loading or discharging. The boat was never stopped until the last man, horse and wagon were safely landed on the west side of the St. John's river.

While this grand and most remarkable transit was going on, a courier reported that Lieutenant McCardell and command were all safe and would soon be up. On their arrival, they gave most efficient help to our tired men, who had so often

crossed and recrossed the river in performance of their arduous and perilous duty.

By eleven o'clock the next morning, a period of only twenty-five hours, the last boat landed, bearing our noble captain. Long repeated shouts of welcome greeted him, and glad hosannas arose from every grateful heart.

After ten days from the time Captain Dickison left his headquarters, he returned with his proud command, all rejoicing over their brilliant victory and feeling richly rewarded for the anxieties and privations of the toilsome march, and the dangers they had so bravely met in their adventurous and exciting expedition.

The good citizens on the east side of the river, who had lived in constant dread of raiding parties, were now greatly relieved, and enjoyed a happy security from their merciless enemies, who were now restrained in their vandalism by the brilliant and signal successes of our gallant and intrepid men in every expedition they had ventured upon in that section of country.

It is but a natural sequence, that during the absence of the brave defenders of our homes, a weary period of ten days' sad vigil, loved ones would suffer great anguish of heart, and every citizen feel the most intense anxiety. Appreciating the distress of such harrowing suspense, our thoughtful leader lost no time in sending dispatches to his telegraph operator at Waldo, our headquarters, a distance of fifty miles, to be forwarded to the department at Tallahassee, also to his family at Quincy.

The bearer of these dispatches was the gallant young Ambler, a member of Company H, whose fear-

lessness and remarkable executive ability admirably fitted him for any important trust. Loved and respected by his captain and fellow soldiers, he was, on many occasions, sent as courier where great promptness and fidelity were especially called for.

On this memorable occasion, as on every other, he was not found wanting, and soon the electric current did its heaven-directed work. The wires flashed joy into every heart, and loud peans were heard from every home in this "land of flowers," and the good tidings borne to our sister States made glad the whole Southland, for all hearts beat as one that were enlisted in our sacred cause.

In reviewing this campaign in all its bearings and distinctive results, the nature of the expedition, the country through which it led, the difficulties that beset and the time taken to complete it, with such brilliant success, it can be justly said that in all the annals of the war, there has been no more thrilling or remarkable feat of valor performed.

"THE GRAY CLAD PARTISAN."

BY COLUMBUS DREW.

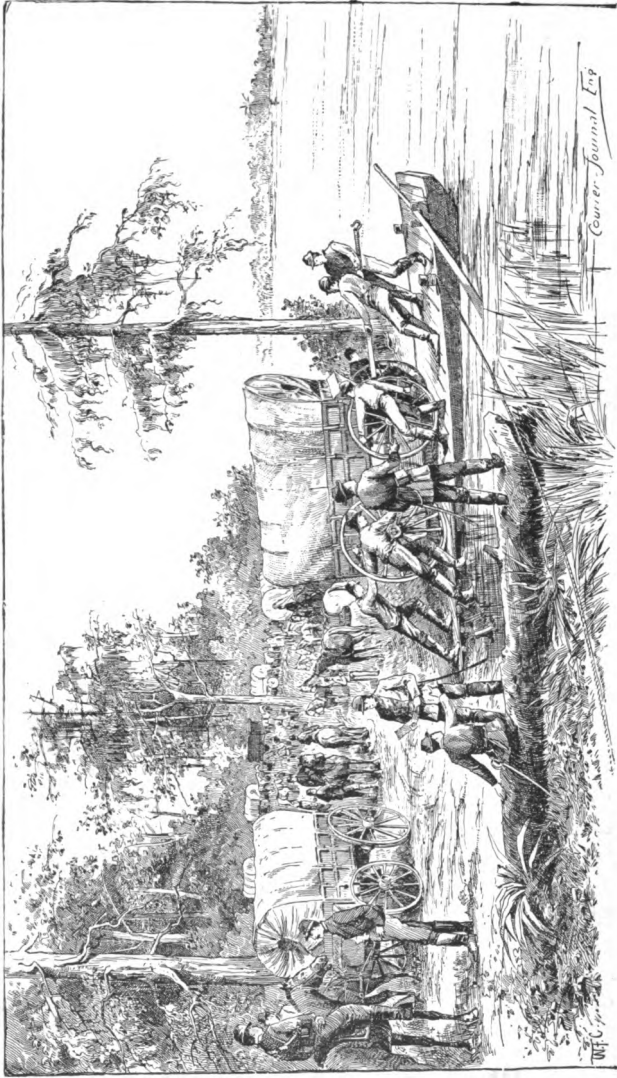
The camp was down at Waldo, the soldiers numbered more
Within its rude-built houses than five full valiant score.
It was a Spartan city embowered among the pines,
And men grew strong on frugal fare within its tented lines.
'Twas oft for days deserted, save by the guard, whose feet,
Now, that a lion watched the path, less careful trod his beat,
For Dickison was scouting, and once upon the track,
Well had the sentry learned to wait 'till triumph brought him back;

And true as comes the needle, long vibrating to its place,
 Came the leader back to Waldo from his hundredth warpath chase.
 And the fires of camp were lighted, and the harness of the field
 Was loosed from weary limbs and hung as ancients hung the shield;
 And the groups were scattered gaily where the scanty board was
 spread,
 And the cups of cool spring water, and the bacon and the bread,
 And the pipes were wreathing garlands in the gentle zephyr's wave,
 As love exhales its garlands 'round the gentle and the brave.
 Here one with tale of war beguiled the night's slow waning hours,
 And saw in dreams the look that smiled from Love's o'ershadowing
 bowers.
 There one sweet song's enchanting spell breathed fondly o'er the
 scene,
 And tuned the lay of hope to meet the maid of Augustine.
 Thus sung the valiant soldier boy, his face illumed that night
 With his soul's flash that rose to join the flickering camp-fire light.

CAMP SONG OF THE ST. AUGUSTINE CONFEDERATE.

I soon may see, no more to part,
 The maid who meets her lover—
 Who waits until, with trusting heart,
 This cruel war is over.
 She dwells in dear St. Augustine,
 Her hair is black and braided—
 She bade me go and stand to guard
 Our sunny soil invaded.

I soon may see my loved brunette,
 By San Sebastian flowing,
 Perchance her watching eyes are wet,
 Or brave and hopeful glowing.
 I soon may meet those deep dark eyes,
 May meet that heart ne'er doubting,
 Save when she hears the quick surprise,
 Or list's the mingled shouting.



RE-CROSSING THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER WITH PRISONERS, WAGONS AND OTHER CAPTURED STORES.

For when our "Eagle" swoops around,
 And rifle notes are ringing,
 That heart all still, to catch the sound,
 More close to mine is clinging.
 I'll clasp it yet—I'll clasp it true,
 That heart so bravely beating,
 That bids me dare, and bids me do,
 And nobly win the meeting.

The camp at Waldo slumbered, for the hundredth warpath raid,
 That led them—sweet betrayal—to the dreamer's ambushade.

II.

'Twas night again at Waldo, and the men were all alert,
 And Dickison was girding well his sword upon his skirt.
 A rumor vague was passing, by none well understood,
 Save by their valiant leader—the pine-grove Robin Hood.
 The hero band at Waldo was destined now to do
 Some duty full of peril, but of fear, not to the true.
 And ready to the summons, each rider was on horse
 And marching with his leader, on his early morning course.
 Through the deep sandy highway, through the cool hammock glade,
 While the great sun rolled westward, east marched the cavalcade;
 And as the night fell on them, paused they at last to bait,
 Rider and beast, a moment there, at the peril gate.
 One league 'twas from Palatka, this place of bivouac,
 An hour, and none that starteth can, craven-like, turn back;
 For once upon the river, the beautiful St. John,
 Their safety lay in finishing the work they set upon.
 By a few torches gleaming, the leader called his men
 Up in a line before him, reined they their coursers then—
 Each with a day's provisions, and corn blade sheaf well tied
 Upon the saddle rearward, with holsters at the side.
 Thus mounted well and ready, the torches' fitful gleam
 Made some romantic picture, the peril hunters seem.
 The great rebellion's "Marion," to lead, a captain born,
 Saw that his steed was well attired. and took his sheaf of corn.

His trusty sword well girded, his weapons all aprime,
 He sprang into his saddle like a knight of olden time.
 Then when the steeds were chafing, and fronted in the light,
 "Men," said the valiant Dickison, "we cross the stream to-night!
 Be silent going over, 'tis danger we must meet,
 To the eastward of the river that opposes our retreat;
 For when ourselves and friendship, it rolls its waves between,
 The foe may overwhelm us from the walls of Augustine.
 We go again to thwart him, to harass and to strike,
 To beard him in his stronghold, as the surf upon the dyke.
 If one be for the journey unwilling or o'erworn,
 Let him go back to Waldo with the wagons in the morn."
 He waited then in silence, but no faltering voice was heard;
 "March!" and the gallant boys of Dickison were moving at the
 word.

III.

Five score of hardy yeomen, though 'quiet was their tread,
 Wakened Palatka—desolate as the city of the dead.
 There in its lone deserted streets, the chargers and the men
 Waited the scanty transport o'er, in couples ten and ten.
 The oarsmen well were chosen, and labored through the night,
 Where lurked upon the river the peril of the fight.
 The morn broke bright upon them, and still upon the tide,
 'Twas noon before the rowers the last firm oar had plied.
 Strange chance! the band in crossing, by decimal relief,
 The foe had not discovered and brought to speedy grief,
 But there they stood together upon the hostile shore—*
 Each rider in his saddle, and away a moment more—
 Away for Picolata, like Cossacks of the Don,
 To spy or strike the barbican that frowned on the St. John.
 From wary reconnoiter, before the dawn had broke,
 The scouts report the battlements, would laugh to meet the stroke—
 Transplanted were the forest pines, in strong compacted square,
 Safe shielding thrice the riflemen who came to charge them there.

*The east shore of the St. John's river was often referred to during the war as the boundary of the portion of the State held by the Federals; hence, an expedition like that described was one of great danger and risk.

Such the report the scouts received, well-founded, that availed
 To save the risk assaulting, if the feebler force assailed.
 The leader turned well purposed, not to sacrifice the few,
 In many a 'vironed peril-path, had proved him doubly true.
 "Come as the wind, my men," he spoke; "it recks not where we
 fall,
 Whether on roving predator or badly-guarded wall;
 Swift be our work; the odds are theirs; we have no doubt to choose,
 We take the hostile eastward paths to win and not to lose."

IV.

There was danger where the "Marion band" trod in their march to
 those
 Who took the chance upon the way to wait or meet as foes.
 Twelve miles of march, or less, next morn, the "Marion" men took in
 Over half hundred of their quest in jubilating din
 Of dance and music—oh, 'twas wrong to do without a blow,
 This deed of marring horns and pipes and tuneful fiddle-bow;
 Of capturing "blues" with belts laid off for Terpsichorean prance,
 Finding the figure, "hands around all," to help them in the dance.
 O'er half the "Marion" men were sent as escort on the way
 With prisoners homeward bound, each set twin gallants of the day.
 But homeward bound to "Marion's men" meant westward for awhile,
 To the big river still to cross in merry picnic style.
 Thus, more than half of "Marion's men" for this were drawn aside,
 Leaving the other half to dare where dangers real betide.

V.

There is a road that parteth, over two decades of miles,
 Southward from where the leader turned to trace its green defiles.
 Left is the old Tomoqua trail, by time and travel beat,
 And east Volusia, stream-laved, opes its ancient church retreat.
 The chieftain, timing well his task, swift scoured the southward score,
 And swept the right dividing path as fleet he sped before,
 Where shines the sun, where springs the flower, where spreads the
 forest shade,
 Between the old lakes Dunn and George, in beauteous esplanade;

Near where the Hau creeks pour their stream, all fringed with graceful
thorn,

Least like the spot where Fury's night too sadly veiled the morn.
There, as if fate, the hunters led and doomed the prey they sought,
Sudden, as cloud surcharged meets cloud, rebel with raider fought.
Raider with long and loaded train, the cotton's snowy thread,
Ten stalwart teams and sixty men by brave Wilcoxon led.
Wilcoxon and our Dickison! "met then as Greek meets Greek,"
In the old days when fights were poems, whose martyred heroes speak.
Wilcoxon's sword was brandished well, as face to face he stood
Before the "Gray Clad Partisan," unyearning for his blood.
But "life for life," each dread impulse, each motion quick implied,
And fatal was the aim that gave the triumph long denied.
The leader of the Union band before the "Man of Gray"
Felt the hot life-drops from his wounds were ebbing slow away.
He died not there, but captive died, where strangers watched his rest,
And stranger hands, the valley clod, heaped o'er his soldier breast.
And Chatfield near, his dauntless aid, as sure a fated mark,
Sank a torn nation's hero corpse, prostrate, stern and stark.
None fell of Dickison's command—the panic-stricken foe
Yielded all vanquished to the arms that laid their leader low;
And from the march to Augustine, in broken weary lines,
The captors with their affluent prize turned westward through the
pines.

Soon to the broad St. John's they came, and then with transport
rude,

The chieftain with his double charge essayed to cross the flood.
Little by little o'er the stream, in the frail barge that bore
The forest trained crusaders, eastward bound of late before,
Went vanquished men in fight-soiled blue, went teams of stalwart
mold,

Went wagons deeply laden with the tropic fleece of gold,"
And men in motley uniform, predominant of gray,
As victor guards the guerdon won, that crowned the bold foray.

VI.

Safe on the west Welaka's slopes, the victors looked not back;
"Ho, for the camp at Waldo, ere we make our bivouac!

For 'tis there we slumber sweetly, when our hard wrought work is done,

And the pine sprays, with the moonlight, weave or screen us from the sun.

We patient wait at Waldo, or we march as heroes trod—

Our cause is staked on battle, and the arbiter is God.

Whate'er may be the issue, Columbia be it thine,

To cull the wreath from each fair land, and call it, only 'mine!'"

In that one enterprise in all—'twas sad that any fell!—

'Tis left the muse of history, to chronicle and tell

As brave a tale of hero-deeds as e'er was writ or seen—

The capture of the soldier boys, one hundred and fifteen—

Ten wagons with six horses each, with cotton loaded down,

All set toward the river, with all faces turned from town,

And in San Augustine 'tis said, on that disastrous day,

The shadow of the "Eagle's" wing left darkness and dismay.

VII.

When faith in France was rendered, in days that long have gone,

A feeble band united, and Waldo led them on.

Keen words were their defenses, nor fire, nor moat, nor fosse,

The shield of faith supplanted—their banner was the cross.

Oft in the midnight darkness, oft when the starlight shone,

Burned the camp-fires of Waldo, in forest by the Rhone;

And ever burned as brightly as fires of faith had done,

The signal fires at Waldo that gleamed to the St. John.

FEBRUARY, 1865.

"ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., March 23, 1865.

"*Captain J. J. Dickison:*

"SIR: I have heard that you are a most kind and honorable gentleman and a Freemason. Believing this to be a fact, I, as the widow of an honored Mason and brave soldier, appeal to you for a great favor.

“The sword which my husband, the late Lieutenant-Colonel Wilcoxon, wore at the time of his capture by you, was presented to him by his brothers of the “Mystic Tie,” members of St. John’s lodge, of Norwalk, Conn., in token of the high esteem in which they held him. If you are a Mason, you will understand the value which he placed upon the gift, and why I so strongly desire to possess it, in order that I may re-present it to the lodge.

“Is it possible for you to return it to me? or, if it has passed out of your immediate possession, can you in any way effect the restoration of it to me? The centennial celebration of the St. John’s lodge takes place in May next. Earnest have been the entreaties from the brotherhood that the colonel would make an effort to be with them at that time. He will be present with them at that time in spirit, without doubt. What would I not give to be able to place in their hands the sword which, though it passed from my husband’s hands in such a manner, has never been dishonored!

Yours respectfully,

“MRS. ALBERT H. WILCOXON.”

“CAMP BAKER, WALDO, FLA., March 31, 1865.

“*Mrs. Albert H. Wilcoxon, St. Augustine, Fla.:*

“MADAM: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 23d instant, which reached me a few days ago by flag of truce.

“Previous to the receipt of your letter, at the request of your husband, I had concluded to send you

the sword which was worn by him at the time of his capture. It is unusual, in time of war, to return captures of this description, but, in this instance, I will deviate from that course, on account of the feelings I entertained for your husband as a brave officer. With this, I send you his sword, trusting that it may reach you safely.

“I am, madam, yours respectfully,

“J. J. DICKISON,

“Captain Commanding Forces.”

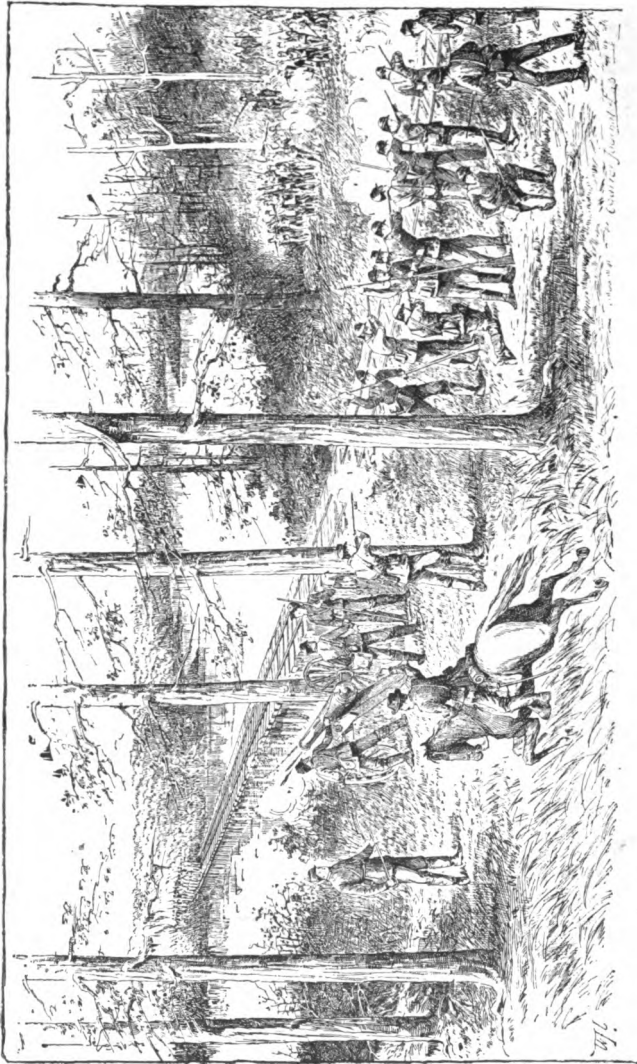
CHAPTER X.

FIGHT AT "No. 4," NEAR CEDAR KEYS.

"Here are men who fought in gallant actions,
As gallantly as ever heroes fought;
But, buried in the heap of such transactions,
Their names are seldom found, nor often sought."

On the night Captain Dickison returned from his expedition, on the east side of the St. John's river, he received a dispatch from Captain E. J. Lutterloh, on the outpost, near Cedar Keys, reporting the enemy landing in large force at Cedar Keys, under cover of their gunboats, and marching out in the interior, on the road to Levyville. A few hours later, another dispatch from this gallant and ever vigilant officer stated that they were at Levyville, and a portion of their command was moving in the direction of Lake City. He immediately telegraphed to headquarters at Tallahassee. Soon orders came for him to move forward with all the force he had, get in the rear of the enemy and harass them until General Millar could reach them with his brigade, which would soon leave by train for Lake City, and thence march through the country with all the ordnance stores needed.

Captain Dickison arranged his cavalry in detachments for an immediate move, consisting of fifty-two men from his Company H, under Lieutenants McCardell and McEaddy, eighteen men from Com-



FIGHT AT NO. 4, NEAR CEDAR KEYS.

pany B, under Lieutenant McLeod, and twenty from Company H, Fifth Battalion of Cavalry, in command of Lieutenants Haile and Haynes, with one twelve-pound howitzer, commanded by Lieutenant Bruton.

A strong guard being needed to accompany the prisoners to headquarters, they were forwarded to Tallahassee by daylight the next morning, and then our command was ready to move forward.

Having little rest, after their ten days' toilsome march over the river, they were almost broken down; yet when duty called, not one faltered, but were ready to march on to help drive back the ruthless invaders of our land.

We moved on with great rapidity. On our arrival, a scout reported that the enemy had left Levyville in a hasty retreat. Pressing on, Captain Dickison was soon up within a few miles of their rear, and found that it would be impossible to cut them off, but pressed them as close as possible. Just before sundown they reached "No. 4," near Cedar Keys. We were about four miles in their rear. Night coming on, a halt was ordered, and a very strong picket put out, that it would be impossible for the enemy to surprise us.

At daylight the next day, the following troops reported to Captain Dickison: Captain Lutterloh, with eighteen men, from the outpost; the militia, numbering thirty-seven men, under Captains King, Dudley, Price and Waterson, making our entire force one hundred and sixty men, including our artillery.

A courier brought in a dispatch that General Millar was about fifty miles in our rear on the

road leading from Lake City. Confident that the enemy would fall back to the island, under cover of their gunboats, a council of war was held. It was decided to engage them at once.

The enemy's force consisted of two regiments of white and negro troops, from six hundred to seven hundred strong, occupying a strong position on the railroad—the high embankment making for them good breastworks.

Captain Dickison, placing a strong picket on his right to prevent the enemy flanking him, left us only one hundred and forty-two men. Moving forward very cautiously, soon the enemy's pickets fired into his advance. He dashed up with his command, dismounted his men and moved forward. The enemy fired into them, and received a volley in return, followed by a daring charge. Truly was it a splendid charge! The enemy, in their stronghold, gave way before such dauntless bravery, and in a few minutes we held the road. The fight then became general, our artillery shelling them at a furious rate. They would give way, but rally again and again, and renew the attack.

Lieutenant Dell, who was well posted in regard to the enemy's position, informed the captain that they had been re-enforced, and were crossing the railroad trestle to flank him on his right.

Our left being well protected by our gallant Lieutenants Haile and Haynes, our center bravely holding their position, he called to Lieutenant Bruton, with ten of his command, to follow him to the trestle that crosses over to the island. They were soon at the place. Never

was artillery better handled, never more effective service rendered. At every attempt of the enemy to cross—a distance of three hundred yards—our gallant Bruton would throw a shell into their lines, and they would fall back. He would then turn his gun and shell the enemy where our men were fighting, our noble captain, like a true son of Mars, calling out in clarion tones: “A few more shell, Lieutenant, and the day is ours.”

Unfortunately, our ammunition was soon expended. Lieutenant Bruton reported only four more shells. Captain Dickison ordered him to the center, leaving Lieutenant McEaddy, with ten men, to hold the trestle as long as possible. As the heroic Bruton dashed up with his gun, the enemy making a desperate charge, he allowed them to come within a short distance, then opened fire upon them with a shower of grape shot. They fell back in the wildest confusion. There stood the invincible Bruton, calm and undaunted, until his last round was fired, when he turned and very coolly said: “Captain, I have fired my last shell; what shall I do?” “Remove your gun.”

While the captain was riding along the line, he learned that many of the men had shot their last cartridge; no man had over three rounds. Having about two hundred in his satchel, he rode down the line in the thickest of the fight, distributing them. In a few minutes every round was fired. He then ordered the men to fall back, which was done in good order about six hundred yards in view of the enemy. He formed his command and remained there some time, the enemy making no attempt to renew an attack.

Just then a courier came up and reported the wagons within six or eight miles, with ammunition for artillery and small arms. It was some time after dark before they reached our camp.

Placing a very strong outpost to guard against a surprise, we remained here for the night, every man eager to renew the contest.

The next day at an early hour we moved forward, and learned that the enemy had left in great confusion, not removing a portion of their dead from the battle-field. During the fight many undertook to retreat across the bay to the island, being cut off from the trestle. Some were seen wading up to their necks, others trying to swim. Not a few found watery graves.

Had our ammunition come up in time, we would have captured the entire force. It is said by an eyewitness of this most unequal fight of one hundred and sixty men battling against not less than six hundred, that the cool determination, heroism and intrepid daring exhibited by every man was too wonderful to describe. The Confederate troops and militia fought side by side. "They fought like brave men, long and well." They were fighting on their own soil for their most sacred rights—many of them in sight of their own once peaceful homes, knowing that the hearts of their loved ones suffered the most terrible agony, as the sound of the distant cannon reached their ear.

The enemy had advanced some distance in the interior, plundering the unprotected citizens, and were so insulting and brutal in their threats, that the bravest hearts among our fair women trembled, and sweet lips grew pale at their approach.

Had it not been for the timely arrival of Dickison with his little band, and the noble militia soldiery, who so gallantly hastened to his assistance, fearful, indeed, would the result have been. Thank God, who alone giveth the victory, "the battle was not to the strong," and the horrors that had again threatened every home were averted by His overruling love.

The slaves, horses and several hundred head of cattle, with other stolen property, were recaptured and returned to the owners.

The enemy's loss was seventy, killed and taken prisoners. No loss on our side. We had six severely wounded. Like the old guard of Napoleon, "they knew how to die, but not to yield to the foe." Three of these gallant young soldiers, Joseph C. Crews, Edwin L'Engle and J. M. Johns, have never recovered from their wounds. During the years that have gone by, they have often been reminded of their heroic deeds on that memorable occasion by their sufferings and the scars left as a lasting memorial.

All honor to our brave and patriotic defenders! They will live, enshrined in the hearts of their grateful countrywomen.

"Give them the meed they have won in the past;
Give them the laurels they won in the strife."

On our return to headquarters at Waldo, we met General Millar and command at Gainesville, also a detachment of cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel McCormick. The noble matrons of the town gave us a most kindly welcome, and richly rewarded us with a

very sumptuous dinner which they had prepared in anticipation of our arrival.

The following complimentary report, made by Captain Dickison to the department at Tallahassee, from which the particulars of this fight have been drawn, and in which he expresses his pride in the gallantry of the troops he had the honor to command, will be very interesting reminiscences to the survivors of that brilliant victory, and afford much gratification to their children and grandchildren. It will be read with tender interest by those whose dear protectors have been called from this life to "that rest which endureth forever."

"HEADQUARTERS SOUTH AND EAST FLORIDA FORCES.

"WALDO, February 17, 1865.

"*Major H. C. Goldthrate, Assistant Adjutant-General,
Tallahassee, Fla.:*

"MAJOR: I have the honor to submit the following statement of an engagement with the enemy at No. 4, on the morning of the 13th instant:

"On my return, on the evening of the ninth, from an expedition on the east side of the St. John's river, I received intelligence from Captain E. J. Lutterloh, on the outpost, near Cedar Keys, that the enemy had emerged in large forces from the cover of their gunboats, and were advancing rapidly from Cedar Keys into the interior. At daylight the next morning, I moved forward with a cavalry force of ninety men, and one twelve-pound

howitzer. On my arrival at a point about four miles from Levyville; I learned from my advance guard that the enemy were retreating toward No. 4. We pressed forward as close as possible, but could not cut off their retreat.

“Early on the morning of the thirteenth, we were re-enforced with a detachment of eighteen men, under Captain Lutterloh, and thirty-seven militia, under Captains King, Dudley, Price and Waterson. We took up our line of march, and at seven o'clock a. m., the enemy's pickets fired upon my advance. The engagement became general and lasted about four hours, during which time the enemy were defeated at all points. The entire force, numbering about six hundred, would have been captured, but for the fact that the ammunition for my artillery and small arms was exhausted. The enemy occupied a position decidedly superior to ours, and though there was great disparity in our numbers, they were utterly routed by the intrepidity and superior prowess of our troops.

“They made a precipitate retreat—their loss, seventy killed and wounded. No loss on our side. We had six severely wounded, none mortally. We recaptured all the valuable property stolen and returned it to the owners.

“I desire to make special mention of the gallantry and good conduct displayed by Lieutenant Bruton, commanding artillery, and the heroic men under his command. Their conduct upon the field, under the most trying circumstances, was all that I could have desired.

“Sergeant William Cox, of Company H, Second Florida Cavalry, acting adjutant, was conspicuous for his gallantry, and is entitled to the highest commendation for the efficient services rendered by him. Indeed, the entire command, both officers and men, behaved in such manner as to entitle them to the grateful thanks of their commanding officer, and the plaudits of their countrymen.

“I have the honor to be, Major,

“Yours respectfully,

“J. J. DICKISON,

“Commanding Forces.”

CHAPTER XI.

Such were the heroic soldiery whose praises have been sounded, and who will never have cause to regret that they were among the gallant troops, known as "Dickison and his Men," whom

"No force could tame
And no toil could tire,
And if they perished, they would perish great."

The surrender at Appomattox Court-house, April 9, 1865, of our noble chieftain, Robert E. Lee—the incorruptible patriot and brave defender of his country's rights—soon followed by the surrender of that faithful, devoted patriot and grand hero, Joseph E. Johnston, was the death-knell to our long cherished hopes, and sealed the fate of the Confederate States.

As a proud and honorable people, we accepted the arbitration of our leaders, and as heaven willed it, we resigned ourselves to the inevitable.

Our beloved Lee, the hero of many hard-fought battles, has joined the innumerable caravans that have passed into realms of light, beyond the silvery shore, his "robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb."

"Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorned
Forever honored and forever mourned."

As a people, we have now but to endure and

conquer. "For they can conquer, who believe they can," sustained by the comforting hope, that

"God will soon dispose, to future good,
Our past and present woes."

Sons and daughters of noble sires, let me beg you to remember their heroic deeds, their undying devotion to a just cause, and ever cherish, to your latest hour, the sacred memories of the past. Though overpowered by superior numbers, our proud battle-flags never trailed in the dust, but were held aloft by our true-hearted, brave defenders, who fell devoted martyrs in freedom's cause, "with their face toward heaven and their feet to the foe."

"Furl that banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently, it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead."

Ah! it was a sorrowful and ever to be remembered time, when our noble defenders sheathed their swords and left the tented field to return to their once bright and prosperous homes, to meet the loved ones who were waiting with such tender yearning to welcome their heart-stricken wanderers.

After years of heroic struggle to establish a government such as freemen revere and are ever willing to give their lives to uphold, they turned their faces homeward, with such despair brooding over them that even visions of loved ones, with a sweet welcome awaiting, could not banish.

Mournful the sight that met them on their weary march, as they passed through once peaceful towns and villages, many of which were laid waste by the hand of the despoiler. Not only were they worn with travel, but, ah! so blighted in their hopes, many of them crippled for life—all, all wrecked in fortune; yet, with the fortitude of heroes, they were struggling to subdue the natural rebellion of their proud hearts that were writhing under disappointment, and, with a mighty effort, submit to the Divine will. Thank God, they were unconquered in spirit, by aught of human kind!

Who can divine the anguish of our beloved Lee, when the hour came, and retreat was a stern necessity, soon to lead to a surrender! When the remnant of that grand army, so heroically resisting fatigue, constant watching and starvation, who so implicitly trusted him, that even in the hour of defeat, the surrender of their once invincible corps, soon to end the great drama, proved their unfaltering confidence in their illustrious, though fallen leader, by shouts of loyal greeting, and tears of undying love and fidelity. Such tears as only true, brave men weep! How touching and pathetic such confidence and affection, in the hour of disaster!

But the sublime fortitude displayed on that momentous occasion casts a halo around, that forms a brighter diadem than ever encircled a victor's brow. His lofty serenity, when crowned by success, was surpassed by his majesty of bearing during this solemn ordeal, and made the name of Robert E. Lee immortal, as a Christian warrior.

Grand in defeat, his heart free from guile, his honor untarnished, he stands beside his noble paladins, Longstreet, Gordon and Fitz Lee, in their last council of war, held around a bivouac fire in the woods, the grand central figure in an imperishable picture, which will be looked upon with admiration by the chivalrous and brave in every land, and cherished with reverential love by every man, woman and child in our Southland.

Fear not, noble defenders of a lost cause! We reply to the question asked: "What will history say to our surrendering, if there is a possibility of escape? Posterity will not understand it." Posterity will understand it and honor you, if every mother in our land will do her duty faithfully and teach her sons and daughters the truth, that such course must have been right, even though the thought was worse than the bitterness of death.

We will do our duty toward you, and early instill into the minds of the rising generation, that you would have rather died a thousand deaths, but you lived to succor and protect the dear women and children of your beloved land.

"Twine gratitude a wreath for them,
More deathless than the diadem,
Who, to life's noblest ends,
Gave up life's noblest powers."

The youth of our Southland must ever revere these illustrious heroes, dead and living, of a lost, but just, cause. They were not only great as valorous soldiers, but as patriots; and with their peerless leader,

emblazoned on their shields the watchword, "duty"—in the language of their chieftain: "The sublimest word in our language." With a proud consciousness of having conscientiously performed their duty, they bore with fortitude the accumulated agony of defeat and despair, proving that "human virtue can be equal to human calamity," and, while submitting to an overwhelming force and yielding to all exactions, could never forswear the "great principles which were embalmed in the struggle, and which, as the convictions of a lifetime, no honest man could release."

In the eloquent eulogy on the death of General R. E. Lee, by that distinguished divine, Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, he speaks of one controlling trait of his character, which added luster to his fame as a soldier—duty was the supreme object of his life. "He recognized duty as the only ensign he would follow, and, tearing away all the associations of his early life and abandoning the reputation gained in the old service, made up his mind to embark in the new, and with that modesty and that firmness, belonging only to the truly great, expressed his willingness to live and die in the position assigned him."

I accept this noble chieftain equally as the representative of this Southland in the spirit of his retirement from the struggle. All over this land of ours there are men like Lee—not as great, not as grand in the proportions which they have yet reached, but who, like him, are sleeping upon memories that are as holy as death, and who, amid all reproach, appeal to the future and to the tribunal of history,

when she shall render her final verdict in reference to the struggle closed for the vindication of the people embarked in that struggle. We are silent, resigned, thoughtful, sleeping upon solemn memories; but as said by the poet preacher, in God's word: "I sleep, but my heart waketh," looking upon the future that is to come, and powerless in everything, except to pray to Almighty God, who rules the destinies of nations, that those who have the power may have the grace given them to preserve the constitutional principles which we have endeavored to maintain.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary,
 Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary,
 Furl it, fold it, it is best!
 For there's not a man to wave it,
 And there's not a sword to save it,
 And there's not one left to lave it
 In the blood that heroes gave it,
 And its foes now scorn and brave it;
 Furl it, guard it, let it rest!

Take that banner down! 'tis tattered,
 Broken is its staff, and shattered,
 And the valiant hosts are scattered
 Over whom it floated high.
 Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
 Hard to think there's none to hold it,
 Hard that those who once unrolled it,
 Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner, furl it sadly,
 Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,
 And ten thousand wildly, madly
 Swore it should forever wave—
 Swore that foemen's swords could never,
 Hearts like theirs entwined, dissever,
 And that Flag should float forever
 O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
 And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
 Cold and dead are lying low.
 And the banner, it is trailing,
 While around it sounds the wailing
 Of its people in their woe.
 For though conquered they revere it,
 Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
 Weep for those who fell before it,
 And, oh, wildly they deplore it,
 Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner! True, 'tis gory,
 Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
 And 'twill live in song and story,
 Though its folds are in the dust!
 For its fame, on brightest pages
 Penned by poets and by sages,
 Shall go sounding down the ages—
 Furl its folds, though now we must.

Furl that banner, softly, slowly,
 Treat it gently, it is holy,
 For it droops above our dead.
 Touch it not, unfold it never,
 Let it droop there, furled forever,
 For its people's hopes are dead.

While the sovereigns of Europe stood with folded
 arms, apparently indifferent to the rivers of blood

that flowed over our land, and the sensitive heart of our people beat with pain and indignation at the conduct of our Transatlantic brethren, there were thousands of their noble subjects who gave us their hearts' truest sympathy.

One, an English baronet, Sir Henry Haughton, has given utterance to his noble and generous feelings toward us in his soul-stirring poem :

“REPLY TO THE CONQUERED BANNER.”

Gallant nation, foiled by numbers,
 Say not that your hopes have fled,
 Keep that glorious flag that slumbers,
 One day to avenge your dead.
 Keep it, widows, sonless mothers,
 Keep it, sisters, mourning brothers—
 Furl it with an iron will,
 Furl it now, but keep it still,
 Think not that its work is done.
 Keep it 'till your children take it
 Once again to hail, and make it
 All their sires have bled and fought for—
 All their noble hearts have sought for—
 Bled and fought for all alone.
 All alone! aye, shame the story,
 Millions here deplore the slain.
 Shame, alas, for England's glory,
 Freedom called and called in vain.
 Furl that banner, sadly, slowly,
 Furl it gently, for 'tis holy,
 'Till that day, yes, furl it sadly,
 Then once more unfurl it gladly,
 Conquered banner, keep it still!

CHAPTER XII.

“Dark falls the tear of him that mourneth
Lost hopes, or joy that never returneth,
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er a hero's bier.”

IN MEMORIAM.

“Land of the brave! thrice hallowed land to those
Who mourn the cause that perished as it rose;
Whose voiceless grief proclaims a nation's woes,
Unheard, unpitied by relentless foes.
What task so sweet as thine, to tell the tale
Of matchless deeds, whose luster ne'er shall pale
To tell the tale! Repeated o'er and o'er,
The world has blazoned what it knew before.
And ere a Stewart's or a Forrest's name,
A Jackson's brilliant and undying fame,
A Fabian Johnston or immortal Lee.
In Lethean currents shall forgotten be,
Thyself, bright land, beneath that fatal tide,
Will from the memories of thy children glide!

“Thus fame established by the world's decree,
Nor words nor deeds can glory add to thee;
But love bespeaks a tribute, nobler far
Than fame bestows upon the sons of war—
A tribute worthy the heroic dead,
Who for the cause of country freely bled.
Oh! hapless remnant of a struggling band,
Oh! weeping daughters of a stricken land,
Oh! gray-haired fathers of each martyred son,
Who gained, at least, the sod his prowess won,
Now sleeps in glory by the Olustee tide,
Or where Potomac's darker waters glide.

Oh! sorrowing matrons of the noblest cause
 That budded, perished, with a world's applause,
 Who weep for jewels—such Cornelia's love
 Had given Rome—a gift approved above.
 Come each, come all, a nobler work remains
 Than vain repining at what God ordains.
 Mourn not the hope entombed in woe that sleeps,
 Since fortune with the tearful never weeps.
 But cease your tears, your fruitless grief resign,
 Let votive marble be your heroes' shrine.
 Then raise the shaft of tributary fame
 Inscribed with Jackson's thrice hallowed name.
 Thus tell how Johnstone's spirit, plumed for flight,
 In deathless glory soared above the fight.
 How Pelham's soul, amid the sulphurous cloud
 That wreathed his cannon, found a fitting shroud.
 How Bee and Bartow shed their martyr'd blood,
 Where sternly Stonewall with his comrades stood,
 And; ere the thunder of their guns had died,
 Hurl'd back the billows of their fiery tide!

"Oh! could Monroe's embattled walls that rise
 With frowning aspect to the azure skies,
 But tell the suffering of our shackled chief,
 His shame repeat, his woe, his bitter grief;
 Or breathe the prayers from honored lips that fall
 In accents pure for land beloved by all.
 Or speak to those whose hearts bereaved have bled,
 His treasured memories of their cherished dead—
 Oh! surely, ye for whom that captive bears
 Our woes descending on his hoary hairs,
 Would breathe the burden of that prayer again,
 If thrill your hearts, the souls of Southern men!
 Thou peerless chieftain of a nation dead,
 Illustrious sufferer in that nation's stead,
 While sinks her soul amid the wrathful gloom,
 And swells the dirge that chants that nation's doom,
 That country mourns not more her fate than thine,
 Condemned in dreary prison walls to pine!

Yet sadly bowing to the stern decree,
 A new 'Niobe' seems that land to thee!
 Her sword has fallen from her palsied hand,
 Her chief is 'prisoned in a cheerless land,
 Her murdered children fill a thousand graves,
 Her standard droops amid the tempest's waves!
 The hands that erst with fiery ardor bore
 That 'starry cross,' each field of carnage o'er,
 And stemmed the tide that soon, too soon obscured
 The gleaming light which countless storms endured,
 Shall never raise the tattered remnants more
 To lead its votaries thro' the battle's roar.
 For borne amid the stubborn shock of arms,
 Its snowy folds, their gushing life-blood warms.
 It draped the pure, the cold, the marble brow
 That once was throbbing, yet is deathless now!
 It wept o'er Pelham, kissed in fond embrace
 The smile of death that hung on Jackson's face.
 And then with legions that beneath it fell,
 They drooped in death the conquered banner's knell!
 With saddened spirits gently furl the flag
 That flashed o'er plain and dell and mountain crag,
 That brightened hopes for which its stars were born,
 And 'neath their gleaming laughed the foe to scorn.
 Yes, 'furl that banner,' for its hopes are fled,
 The fearless arms that bore it high are dead,
 And cold and pulseless on the silent field,
 Their courage knew not but in death to yield.
 Aye, furl that banner! let it shroud each son
 Who rests beneath this monumental stone.
 And if some vandal should perchance seek to trace
 The lifeless dust within that hallowed place,
 Oh! nerveless be the accursed hand that dare
 Disturb the slumbers of immortals there!

 Lamented Ward! thy stricken State shall write
 Upon that scroll thy name in living light,
 To tell the story of the fatal day
 That swept in death thy gallant life away,

And gave Virginia in immortal trust
 The glorious keeping of thy hallowed dust.
 And there, if aught of eloquence may dwell
 In words, shall breathe thy laureled name a spell,
 'Till turned below the reverent eye shall fall
 Upon the bright, the classic name of Call,
 And weep the genius that his valor gave,
 Consigned too early to a soldier's grave.
 Here, too, the peer of many a gallant son—
 Lamar has gained the niche his courage won.
 No prouder name in marble sleeps enshrined,
 No nobler soul a hero's grave can find.
 Yet when the youth in coming years shall trace
 (For these reserved not less an honored place)
 The sculptured names, Floridian "Gracchi" leave,*
 To reap the tribute that their deeds receive.
 The scroll of Fame will e'er be incomplete,
 'Till Parkhill's name the tablet shall repeat;
 And Reid and Bailey, Pope and Simmons add
 Successive glories to the record sad.
 While Butler, Anderson, Bradford and Dickison tell
 How youthful heroes in the struggle fell,
 And left prized relics of the crimson flood,
 Their memories written with their deeds of blood!

"Thus countless martyrs to a fallen cause,
 And nameless heroes, in this war of wars,
 The sad survivors of the shattered wreck,
 In sorrow raise this shaft, your graves to deck.
 Your loved ones twine the cypress wreath around
 The tomb that marks the consecrated ground;
 And Fame leaves there her autograph to show
 How died our brave; how honored here below!"

The names of George T. Ward, George W. Call, Thompson B. Lamar and George W. Parkhill, and the

*Captain Daniel B. and Major Pickens Butler Bird. The patriotism of their venerable father, and words which he is said to have uttered to them, will justify the classical appellation used.

gallantry with which they gave their lives for the "Lost Cause," are too well known to need comment here. A word, however, may be appropriate with regard to the rest.

Lieutenants Jenks Reid and C. A. Butler fell upon the crimsoned soil of the "Old Dominion;" Captain William Bailey, Jr., perished amid the gloom of prison at Hilton Head, Lieutenants A. S. Pope and L. A. Anderson were killed, respectively at Missionary Ridge and Shiloh, and Captains Richard Bradford and H. H. Simmons fell, the one at the battle of Santa Rosa island, the other at that of Natural Bridge. Charlie B. Dickison, son of Captain J. J. Dickison, gave his young life in a hand-to-hand fight, repulsing the invaders of our soil near Palatka.

In the language of Moina,

" They were slain for us,
And their blood flowed out in a rain for us,
Red, rich and pure on the plain for us ;
And years may go,
But our tears will flow
O'er the dead, who have died in vain for us."

TO THE HERO.

" Thy wrath was like the storm ; thy sword in battle, like lightning in the field. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow !"

" How dreadful, O warrior ! how dreadful the ire
That flashed from thine eye, like a meteor of fire ;
And dreadful thy sword, as the lightning that flies,
When gathering storm-clouds have darkened the skies.

“ But when battle had ceased, with death thrilling groan,
 And the foe to the land of his fathers had flown,
 Peace beamed from thy brow in her silvery light,
 Like the moon, when she smiles on the silence of night.

“ Thy soul was as calm as the lake’s waveless breast,
 When the loud wind is laid and the waters at rest ;
 And the glance of thine eye, like the sun after rain,
 When he looks with delight on the flowery plain.”

L'ENVOI.

“ O'er her fair pure brow were wrought
 The intersected lines of thought ;
 Those furrows, which the burning share
 Of sorrow ploughs untimely there,
 Scars of the lacerated mind,
 Which the soul's war doth leave behind.”

ACROSTIC.

Mild, yet firm and steady in thy aim,
 Around thy brow a hallowed circlet claim,
 Reaping for thee a rich reward untold,
 Youth, beauty and all the graces to unfold.

Ever joyous, yet not mirthful to excess,
 Loving words spontaneous from thy lips express.
 In the deep recesses of thy pure heart
 Zealously you ever strive, some goodness to impart.
 And may thy dream of purity and bliss
 Be to thee a light that shines through every mist,
 Ever bring with it the dew of heavenly love
 That falls on thy pure heart from hallowed springs above.
 Hope, virtue, simplicity and grace

Dwell like a supreme light upon thy face,
Infusing peace where naught but dark despair *
Could linger in the hearts of those to whom thou art so dear.
Keen in thy bright, perceptive glance,
Inspiring all with love, oh, dearest one, thy beauty to enhance.
Since heaven-born traits within thy heart doth blend,
Oh! may thy path be strewed with flowers below,
Naught in eternity's realms, but joy bestow.

BELLE M. LOPER.

TALLAHASSEE, 1870.

*Thy frail health saddens the hearts of all who so tenderly love and admire
you.

CHAPTER XIII.

In perusing my narration of the principal engagements of "Dickison and his Men," I find that many minor events have been overlooked. Then there are a few interesting little incidents that will be pleasing to my friends, many of whom can not fail to recall, with pride and gratification, the time of their occurrence, having taken a noble and active part in the ceremonies, and by their patriotic ardor and untiring services, rendered valuable assistance to our soldiers—ever inspiring them to deeds of heroism with bright smiles and loving words of cheer. Therefore, to make this little volume more complete for the satisfaction of myself and friends, I add an appendix.

Perhaps, among my readers, there may be some who feel no personal interest in these life-sketches, yet they may be beguiled of a weary hour, and a little word, "striking the electric chain, wherewith we are darkly bound," may bring them in unison with our spirit.

When the wires flashed the thrilling news that South Carolina had seceded, then Mississippi—two stars taken from the "Star Spangled Banner"—as a daughter of Carolina, I was true to my allegiance. Assured that the State of my adoption would in a few days follow, I anticipated her action and unfurled the first private flag that floated to the breeze in Marion

county. It was planted at the entrance-gate of our plantation home, at "Sunnyside."

The design was a Palmetto tree on the left, emblematic of the dear "old Palmetto State;" on the right, a silver crescent with three stars, significant of the young Confederacy and her attendants. Other stars were added as each State seceded.

Proudly its azure folds waved over my peaceful home, its comforting and soul-cheering watchword, "In God we trust," smiling upon a happy wife and mother. Alas! the sad, sad changes that followed, these reminiscences only very faintly reveal.

With prayerful hearts, the devoted women of Marion formed themselves into societies for united efforts in behalf of our gallant defenders.

At Orange Lake, we formed a soldiers' relief association, playfully called the "Thimble Brigade;" and, with earnest faith in the blessing of God upon our work, we began our mission of love.

With grateful hearts we labored to provide comforts for the brave soldiers, who around their camp-fires were keeping watch for us.

The following notice will be read by our sisterhood with mingled emotions of pleasure and sadness:

"THE LADIES OF ORANGE LAKE."

"In this number of the *Ocala Home Journal* will be found the proceedings of a meeting of the ladies of the neighborhood of Orange Lake, held for the purpose of organizing a 'Soldiers' Friends' Association.' They have not only succeeded in perfecting their organization, but have already accomplished a

great deal for the benefit of the soldiers. They have made thirty pairs of pants for the soldiers at Fernandina, the ladies furnishing the material from their own private stores, besides knitting socks and making other garments. The manner in which they have commenced this patriotic work is, indeed, encouraging to all who have the soldier's welfare at heart, and we know that they will labor as long as the necessities of the soldier require it."

ORANGE LAKE SOLDIERS' FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION.

Early in September, 1861, the ladies in the vicinity of Orange Lake held a meeting for the purpose of organizing a "Soldiers' Friends' Association," the result of which is as follows:

The meeting was called to order by appointing Mrs. Samuel Owens, chairman, and Mrs. J. J. Dickison, secretary.

The object of the meeting was then explained, after which the following preamble and resolutions were submitted and unanimously adopted:

"We, the ladies of the neighborhood of Orange Lake, have this day assembled to organize a society to be known as the 'Soldiers' Friends' Association,' and agreed to be governed by the following

CONSTITUTION :

"WHEREAS, In the withdrawal of the people of the Southern States from a government rendered intolerable by repeated outrages and usurpations, though

with one hand we severed the political bands which united us as a nation, yet with the other we presented the olive branch; but our late Confederates, with threatening sword, spurned all overtures for an honorable and amicable adjustment. Thus a cruel war has been forced upon us, and our patriotic citizens, to secure our independence, have buckled on their armor and gone forth to meet and drive back the ruthless invaders, who would desolate our beloved land and desecrate the homes so dear to us, and trample upon the rights of our unoffending free people; be it, therefore,

“Resolved, That we pledge ourselves with united hearts to be ever ready to render all aid and comfort to our gallant defenders, assured they will battle on until the last bold intruder is driven back and our homes safe from their polluting presence. As the soldier’s life is at best an uncomfortable one, we will do all in our power to smooth its ruggedness. How cheering to our brave soldiers will be the thought that loving hearts are united in plans for their comfort! While seated around their camp-fires, partaking of the fruits of our providence, will not hardships be borne without a murmur; and when the battle-cry rings in their ears with renewed strength, will they engage in the contest—our love their watchword, our prayers their shield!

“Resolved, That as the season is approaching when warm clothing will be needed, as a society, we will help to meet this requirement. With busy fingers will we ply the needle, grateful that we, too, can ‘be up and doing’ our part in the noble cause for

which our fathers, husbands, sons and brothers are battling.

“Resolved, That as we engage in our mission of love, the sweet incense of prayer shall unceasingly rise, that the windows of heaven may be opened, and that God will shower upon us and the dear ones on the tented field His richest blessings.”

In accordance with the foregoing resolutions, the society, being organized, proceeded to elect suitable officers. The following were unanimously elected:

MRS. WILLIAM A. OWENS, President.
 MRS. M. A. YOUNGE, First Vice-President.
 MRS. E. D. PAYNE, Second Vice-President.
 MRS. SAMUEL OWENS, Treasurer.
 MRS. J. J. DICKISON, Recording and Corresponding Secretary.

COMMITTEE ON WORK :

MRS. JAMES B. OWENS,	MRS. M. A. YOUNGE,
MRS. S. F. ROU,	MRS. C. ATKINSON,
MRS. WM. A. OWENS,	MRS. E. D. PAYNE,
MRS. SAMUEL OWENS,	MRS. HENRY HUGGINS.

COMMITTEE ON PURCHASES :

MRS. A. McCORMICK,	MISS MARTHA OWENS,
MRS. SAMUEL OWENS,	MISS C. PAYNE,
MRS. J. S. LEWIS,	MISS C. HARRALL.

ROLL OF MEMBERS :

Mrs. Wm. A. Owens,	Mrs. J. B. Owens,	Mrs. Samuel Owens,
Mrs. M. A. Younge,	Mrs. E. D. Payne,	Mrs. H. Huggins,
Mrs. S. F. Rou,	Mrs. Geo. Houston,	Mrs. M. Burleson,
Mrs. J. S. Lewis,	Mrs. A. McCormick,	Mrs. C. Atkinson,
Mrs. J. J. Dickison,	Miss Martha Owens,	Miss C. Payne,
Miss S. Payne,	Miss B. Payne,	Miss C. Harrall,
Miss S. Williams,	Miss Wincie Williams,	Miss Susan Williams,
Miss Mollie Williams,	Miss L. Studley.	

CHAPTER XIV.

“And still o’er many a cottage door,
We see the horse-shoe’s curved charm.

It is said some are “born under a lucky planet,” or bear a “charmed life.” The adventurous life of the hero of my little narrative during our four years of desperate struggle was truly a verification of this aphorism, as the following sketches will illustrate. His hair-breadth escapes were, indeed, marvelous to contemplate; but to the believer in an overruling providence, effected alone by the direct agency of His almighty power.

In the early part of Captain Dickison’s services as a cavalry officer, while stationed at Camp Finegan, about six miles from Jacksonville, a courier reported to General Finegan that the enemy were landing in force at Jacksonville. In order to make a reconnoiter, the general ordered detachments of cavalry, under command of Captain Chambers and Captain Dickison, to move forward with him. Passing the old brick church, a half mile from the river, he took a position on a hill, in good view of the city and the enemy’s picket line. He ordered Captain Dickison, with a detachment of twenty men, to drive in a strong picket that could be seen on the plank-road, at the same time ordering Lieutenant McCormick to reconnoiter on the right, through an old field, with his detachment.

Captain Dickison moved forward on the plank-road at half speed. The enemy held their position until he came within close range, then fired into him. He ordered a charge which he led, and followed them up to the first street, down which he dashed, expecting to come out by the old depot. There he was cut off by a regiment of infantry concealed behind the railroad track. They fired into his intrepid little band, who halted and returned the fire very effectively. He then wheeled around to come through the streets where numbers of the enemy could be seen, having but a few hours before landed from their gunboats.

He halted with his men, and after loading their Enfields, they rode out very quietly, expecting every minute to be fired into. They safely passed through the picket line with only the loss of one horse.

It was learned the next day, through a citizen moving out, that our men had killed four and wounded a number of the Federals.

The most painful anxiety and intense excitement prevailed among the officers and soldiers at headquarters, fearing the entire command were either killed or captured.

As Captain Dickison came up, General Finegan, with his chief-of-staff, Captain W. Call, rode forward and complimented him and his heroic command on their daring venture and gallant charge, also heartily congratulating them on their very fortunate escape.

NOT A GILPIN RIDE.

A few days after the occurrence of this little event, Captain Dickison was ordered with his company to

the outpost, to relieve the pickets whose headquarters were at the old brick church. Being familiar with the surroundings, and our picket line in sight of the enemy's pickets, he at once saw the insecurity of the position. In relieving the officer commanding this post, he stated to him that it was unsafe to picket at the church, as the enemy could and would capture it—a branch being very near that was impassable for cavalry, if cut off from the line of railroad. Permission being granted for the removal of his pickets, they were promptly transferred to the opposite side of the branch. After they had been placed in a position of more security, the captain rode along quietly viewing the surroundings; and, as he looked upon the cottages that were on the line of railroad, the peaceful scene brought to him sweet memories, and while indulging in pleasant reveries of his own bright fireside and the "dear bairns" at home, his attention was attracted by the words "halt! halt!"

He looked around and saw a battalion of the enemy arresting some of the citizens. Just then he was seen. They called to him to halt, enforcing their order with an intimidating fire.

There was but one way of escape, to make his horse jump the branch, and if he failed, then trust to the agility of his own strong limbs for deliverance.

Being well mounted, he put spurs to his spirited animal, and kind "fortune favored the brave"—his good steed leaped the branch. A high plank fence in front seemed a formidable barrier, but spying an open gate, he dashed into the grounds of a private

residence and safely made his exit through a smaller gate that led into the street.

Riding on as if pursued by the "headless horseman," he soon reached his pickets, quickly rallied them, and held the enemy in check until our reinforcements came up, when they fell back to the city. Truly "there's a Divinity who shapes our destiny."

The following report will show the reader the character of the invaders of our peaceful homes, and convey a better idea of the extensive and rich country through which they passed in their raiding expeditions to destroy and cut off the supplies needed for our soldiers and their helpless families.

On the east side of the St. John's river, we had no troops, and on the west side, no artillery at the time of General Birney's raid, by which to interrupt their passage up the river; so they had almost undisputed sway in their depredations, carrying off, as reported by their own correspondent, large numbers of slaves, horses, cattle, and immense supplies of cotton.

Occasionally, expeditions under Captain Dickison would cross the river and reconnoiter near their stronghold, invariably driving them back, killing and capturing many detachments, as his official reports show, and this without the loss of a man. He made frequent calls on the commanding-general for sufficient re-enforcements with suitable appliances, to enable him to successfully break up the large raiding parties that were constantly making incursions through that portion of the country. The enemy's

success on these occasions can be easily explained. The secret of it was their security in knowing they would meet no forces on that side of the river, on their line of raid to oppose their progress. Then they had a greater security in the protection of their gunboats from the mouth of the St. John's river to Lake George.

The report referred to is copied from the *Peninsula*, published in Jacksonville, May 12, 1864:

“Joseph Remington, as United States Marshal for the Northern District of Florida, advertises the property of Hon. D. L. Yulee, General J. Finegan, A. W. Cole, Jacob Cohen, Dr. D. P. Beatty, F. Clark, Jas. E. Broome, Daniel Calahan, Colonel B. Timanus and Captain Felix Livingstone, in the town of Fernandina, to be sold as sequestered property.”

GENERAL BIRNEY'S RAID.

“On Tuesday, April 26th, General Birney, having received information from scouts and deserters of an intended rebel movement across the St. John's, and having collected accurate details as to the localities where cotton and cattle were to be found, left Jacksonville and ascended the river as far as Welaka, one hundred and ten miles from the mouth. On his way up he stationed strong pickets at every point where the enemy could have possibly crossed the river, to protect his communication and to guard against the laying of torpedoes.

“At Welaka he quitted his vessels, which, from the draft, could get no further, and moved in the interior with a strong body of cavalry and infantry, collecting cattle and cotton until he reached Lake Harney, two hundred miles from Jacksonville. From thence he crossed the country to Smyrna, on Mosquito inlet, where he captured two blockade-runners and a large quantity of cotton. From Smyrna he proceeded northward to St. Augustine, and from thence to Jacksonville, where he arrived on Friday, May 6th, after an absence of ten days. The main result of this raid, besides a large amount of cotton, is a supply of not less than five thousand head of cattle.”

The following details of this raid are from a private letter written by Hon. A. G. Brown, United States Treasury Agent, who accompanied General Birney to look after captured property and that abandoned by the owners:

“The expedition started from Jacksonville a little before midnight, on Tuesday, April 26th, followed by the transport steamers, Mary Benton and Harriet Weed. The Mary Benton carried a considerable force of negro troops, and six large boats in tow. At Picolata, the Harriet Weed took on board a detachment of the Seventy-fifth New York and some mounted infantry. As we went up, we took possession of every boat on the west side of the St. John’s river, including a small sloop, which was, no doubt, the boat used by the rebels in laying torpedoes in the river.

“At Welaka, which is on the east bank of the river, about ninety miles above Jacksonville, we arrived on Wednesday afternoon, and immediately landed the

troops. We seized here a quantity of cotton and put it on board one of our steamers. The next night, reached Sanders, where we quartered ourselves on an old hoary-headed, virulent rebel, who said, if he were young, he would fight us twenty years. The next morning we confiscated his slaves and carried off the old traitor's horses.

"The next day we were joined by a few Union men, and spent the night at the house of a farmer, who had deserted from the rebel army. Next day, stopped for dinner at the house of a rebel beef contractor, whom we had hoped to catch, but who was, very unfortunately, absent. At Garden Spring we admired the magnificent spring, that gives its name to the place, with its water as clear as crystal, and running out with such force that it carries a grist-mill and extensive cotton-gins, and yet appears capable of doing more.

"Our object here was to capture the proprietor, Starke, a notorious rebel, but he had removed with his slaves and corn only a few days before. We captured here, however, nineteen bales Sea Island cotton, besides as much more unginning.

"At this place we met, by appointment, Colonel Harris, who had crossed over from St. Augustine with a large force of the Seventy-fifth and Twenty-fifth Ohio Mounted Infantry. A detachment of the Seventeenth Connecticut also joined us from Volusia.

"We captured, next day, a rebel messenger with important letters, relating to blockade runners, the perusal of which determined the general to push on rapidly to Smyrna on Sunday evening, May 1st, where we camped.

“ A detachment was ordered to advance at daylight upon the place, to secure the cotton stored there. A considerable quantity was captured, and, in a lagoon a short distance from the town, we took two schooners—blockade runners from Nassau. They were both crammed with cotton, and their decks loaded with it.

“ These vessels, the Fannie and the Shell, were eventually sent to Jacksonville, and the cotton taken in charge by the treasury agent. I took passage on one of them from Smyrna to the St. John's river, and, consequently, ended thus my connection with General Birney's raid.

“ And, of this raid, I wish to say that no enterprise was ever better planned and carried out. It has cleared the country east of the St. John's of rebels, and has put into the hands of the government not less than two hundred thousand dollars worth of property, in cotton and beef-cattle.

A. G. B.”

CHAPTER XV.

“Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The Federal soldier trembles,
When Dickison’s name is told.”

The want of artillery at this time—not a lack of vigilance or ardor in the performance of duty—prevented our brave defenders from clearing the waters of the St. John’s from the profaning presence of the bold fleet that rode so defiantly upon its bosom.

Our subsequent capture of the gunboat Columbine, also the disabling of the Ottawa and a transport, conclusively prove the high soldierly qualities of the heroic men, who, like the noble Spartan band, were keeping watch, faithful watch, over our beloved homes.

A few days after the Birney raid, a small steamer, the Governor Milton, that the enemy had captured at Black creek, having been left there for safety by her owner, was returning to Jacksonville loaded with cotton without the protection of the gunboats. Captain Dickison with his command was about one mile from the river. Hearing a boat whistle, he recognized it as that of the Governor Milton, and at once determined to intercept her, and, if possible, make a capture.

With a detachment of thirty men he pushed on

to the river, wading through the swamp in water and mud nearly waist deep, to reach the bend by the time she was near. The intrepid little band secreted themselves behind the friendly cypress trees. On the opposite side of the river was a high bluff, known as Rollston. The enemy, fearing we had sharpshooters there in rifle pits, avoided that point, and passed where our men were awaiting them, near enough to be within good pistol range.

She carried about thirty men—only the pilot in the pilot-house. Captain Dickison ordered his men to aim well and fire. The pilot-house was riddled with minie-balls, killing the pilot and several on deck. The boat floated along for some distance before any one came to steer her. Our men kept firing volley after volley, the enemy, behind the breastworks of cotton, returning our fire with explosive shells, yet not one of our men was hurt.

It was never correctly learned how many were killed and wounded. It was reported that a number were killed, the pilot among them. Having no means to board her, she was permitted to float along down the river.

Very soon after this engagement, a section of artillery was furnished, and the capture of the Columbine on the 23d of August, preceded by the disabling of the Ottawa and a transport, were the distinctive results—also restraining the gunboats from again venturing so high up the river.

The bend at which this engagement took place was known as the "Devil's Elbow," a short distance from Palatka.

CHAPTER XVI.

SPECIAL ORDERS—CONGRATULATORY ORDERS—SELECTIONS
FROM THE PRESS—ADDRESSES—LETTERS, ALL CONNECT-
ING LINKS IN THE CHAIN OF EVENTS RECORDED.

Address of Captain J. J. Dickison at the organiza-
tion of Company H, Second Florida Cavalry, August
21, 1862:

“Brother Officers and Fellow Soldiers:

“I am unable to express my gratification at the
successful organization of the respectable corps which
has been mustered into the Confederate service. You
will accept my sincere thanks for your earnest efforts
in facilitating the accomplishment of the trust commit-
ted to me by our commanding-general.

“In electing me as your captain, you have bestowed
the highest mark of your confidence and esteem—a
compliment for which I can find no words to express
my appreciation. My conduct toward you will alone
attest my gratitude.

“The Secretary of War has called for the enrollment
of every man liable to military duty. So, as many of our
noble volunteers have fallen in battle, or been cut off
by disease, the demand for additional troops is a stern
necessity. In the formation of this cavalry corps, we
have testified our obedience as loyal citizens. Every
exertion must be made to strengthen our armies. Now
is the time for action, and nobly have you responded
to your country's call.

“Florida may justly be proud of her gallant sons ; wherever her standard has been borne, they have covered it with glory, and, with their heart’s blood, secured for her an honorable position among her sister States.

“Two years have not elapsed since the first gun was fired, that proclaimed our resolve to be a free and independent people. Our enemies, in their greatness, bid defiance to our noble efforts for redress, and hope to subdue us through our supposed weakness. Their actions prove that they would extinguish the last spark of freedom that burns in our hearts, and trample upon every right dear to freemen. Yea! in their arrogance, they call us ‘rebels,’ and would doom us to the halter. They have brought upon us all the horrors of a civil war. Our soil is made doubly sacred by the blood of thousands of our patriotic countrymen, who have gloriously fallen—noble offerings at the shrine of liberty.

“Soldiers! I need not tell you of the perils that surround us at this time. It appeals eloquently to our patriotism, and your own brave hearts realize its truth. The hand of carnage is still desolating our land. We have a cruel, malicious and crafty foe to contend against, whose forces outnumber us, and who are better supplied with the appliances of war, yet all their embattled hosts can be put to flight if we make one bold, determined effort to oppose their advance. While they are putting forth all their powers to accomplish their wicked designs, let us rally, every man to his post, and, trusting in the God of battle as our guide, we will drive back, and secure the rights that a despotic usurpation has ignored. One more mighty struggle, and the final

blow will have been struck, which shall deliver us from Northern aggression.

“ We have proof of this, in our late battles in Kentucky, and on the memorable plains of Manassas, which resulted in achieving glorious victories over their combined armies. True, we have lost many of our brave soldiers, and the battle-fields of Manassas have been made sacred by the blood of thousands of our brave men, who have fought their last fight in freedom’s cause. Let us follow and imitate them, and achieve for this corps an honorable position among our country’s heroes.

“ I need not ask your hearty co-operation when we enter upon our role of duty. Courage, obedience and endurance are the distinguishing qualities of a soldier, and I am assured there is not a man whom I have the honor to command, but will faithfully perform every duty incumbent upon him.

“ Discipline must be maintained, and privations endured; then, as brother-officers and fellow-soldiers, let us pledge never to forget our mutual dependence, or the glorious cause in which we are engaged.

“ The justice of our cause is approved on high—our enemies, in all their pride and power, are not invincible. In the darkest hour, when the battle rages fiercest, the hand of the Eternal will shield us from their most deadly fire, and lead us on to victory.

“ The blood of our noble dead, the wail of bereaved widows and orphaned children, cry aloud for vengeance. Our peaceful homes have been invaded and laid waste, and our most sacred rights violated by a brutal soldiery. Let us be up and doing, and never rest until

we have driven back from our fair land the base tools of a baser despot, and prove, by our valor, that no tyranny can crush the spirit of a Southern patriot.

“My fellow-soldiers, we will conquer or die. If we fall in battle, our children will have no cause to blush for their sires, who will have nobly illustrated the patriotism and courage of a free-minded people.”

[From the “Cotton States,” April 14, 1863.]

“On the 27th of March, 1863, Captain J. J. Dickison engaged the transport *Mary Benton*, having on board five hundred negro troops of General Montgomery’s command, under Lieutenant-Colonel Billings. This officer was wounded, and about twenty-five negroes killed and wounded.

“The city of Jacksonville was evacuated the next day.

“The miserable white, black and gingerbread-colored troops have now evacuated Jacksonville and burned a portion of the city. We hardly expect, after the repeated repulses so gallantly and persistently given them, that the enemy will return immediately; and, if they do come, they will be met by a determined resistance from our noble and heroic soldiery, who stand a living wall of defense between us and a brutal foe.”

[“Cotton States.”]

“Captain J. J. Dickison, whose gallant corps of dragoons is stationed at Palatka, has given us, as us-

ual, an excellent account of his stewardship. We are informed, by an eye-witness, that, on the 26th of March, the Federals landed a large force on the east side of the St. John's river, near Palatka. Captain Dickison and his men waited in ambush, at a point selected by him at Palatka, and the next day, the 27th, the transport Mary Benton crossed the river and landed and sent out a hireling to see if any of our forces were there. He was allowed to go through the town unmolested, and returned to the boat at pleasure. As soon as he returned, Captain Dickison ordered his vigilant and intrepid men to fire on them, which they did with telling effect. It is reported by the captain and others that about twenty-five were killed and wounded, the officer in command receiving a wound in his back.

“The Yankees left in great haste, and did not stop until they reached Jacksonville, which city was evacuated the next day. The accounts, as stated by a deserter, fully corroborate the report by Captain Dickison, in regard to their loss. No loss on our side.

“This cavalry corps has done extraordinary duty, and is styled by many the ‘Banner company of the State,’ having killed and captured a large number of the enemy, with many stolen slaves, without the loss of a single member of the company. The only fault we hear urged is that the captain allows his bravery to carry him too far and risk too much. We only wish that all the officers in the Confederacy had the same fault, for then our battles would be transferred from Southern to Northern soil.

“Three cheers for Captain Dickison and his brave men! He deserves a larger command. It seems to

us, if it can possibly be done, that where such a great talent is manifested by a captain, that his command should be enlarged. We are satisfied, if Captain Dickison had five hundred troops under his command, that he would soon make St. Augustine too hot for the enemy to remain there with the least satisfaction to themselves, or the 'powers that be' at Washington."

["Cotton States," April 11, 1863.]

"Woman in all ages has eclipsed man in the zealous pursuit of right, and it has been the case in our present noble struggle to establish the independence of the South and gain permanently the mastery over the graves and altars of our fathers. We are free to admit that but for the zeal, energy and devotion of Southern women to our cause, it would have long since perished with the ruins of time; but, with woman, noble woman, acting as comforter and guide, we will be certain to succeed, and write out, not only the epitaph of the United States, but the nationality of the Confederate States on the highest peak of the pinnacle of fame.

"Mrs. J. J. Dickison has kindly furnished us a list of the names of the kind donors of the generous supplies of choice viands, provided for the members of the Leo Dragoons, commanded by her noble husband.

"Mrs. Forward, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. L. A. Lane, Mrs. Munroe, Mrs. G. W. McRea, Mrs. McCade,

Mrs. M. Morton, Mrs. J. M. Price, Mrs. N. W. McLeod, Mrs. G. W. McNabb, Mrs. C. C. Ashley, Mrs. J. Shierhouse, Mrs. J. Barrington, Mrs. L. Saunders, Mrs. Zeigler, Mrs. E. B. Timmons, Mrs. M. N. Strickland, Mrs. S. Hicks, Miss L. Johnson, Miss L. McNabb.

“We take the liberty to ‘nip a bud’ from the beautiful and eloquent note of our fair friend accompanying this honored list.

“It will be gratifying to your readers to learn that the noble-hearted matrons and maidens in the neighborhoods of Putnam and Alachua counties have, with their wonted generosity and high appreciation of the valuable services rendered by their devoted defenders, presented to the members of the Leo Dragoons a generous supply of the choicest viands, providing a collation most acceptable after their recent privations and the hardships so patiently borne.

“All honor to them! Their names have been enrolled with those of my album’s valued votaries, and are engraved in imperishable characters on the tablet of my heart, there to be cherished with purest emotions of gratitude. Such deeds of thoughtful kindness fall very gratefully, not only upon the heart of the soldier far removed from home and all its sacred endearments, but, to the loved ones from whom they are severed, there is a rapture in the thought that gentle hearts are united in plans for their comfort, and with untiring care prepare for them these delicacies whose silent language breathes of ‘home, sweet home.’

“Our noble ladies fully appreciate the brave men who have risked their lives to protect them and the country from the advance of a savage foe, and who especially, on the 27th of March, met the enemy, who were disembarking in large force at Palatka, and drove them back badly hurt. If the wishes of the ladies could prevail, Captain Dickison would soon be promoted for his gallantry and bravery.

“This company is worthy the partiality shown them, and well deserves the appellation of the banner company of the State. But a few days since, it stood our only shield between a largely superior force of the merciless foe and our homes and families. This devoted band met the enemy at the cannon’s mouth and unaided by artillery, with only their trusty rifles, sent them back badly hurt, and this repulse has, at least, saved our homes and, it may be, the lives of our families.”

“HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DISTRICT, FLORIDA.

“LAKE CITY, April 24, 1863.

“*Captain J. J. Dickison, Commanding, Palatka :*

“CAPTAIN : I herewith inclose you, by order of Brigadier-General Finegan commanding, an official copy of a complimentary letter from department headquarters, of the conduct of yourself, your officers and men, in your recent engagement with the enemy at Palatka.

“I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. CALL,

“Assistant Adjutant-General.”

“HEADQUARTERS
DEPARTMENT SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA AND FLORIDA.

“CHARLESTON, S. C., April 20, 1863.

“*Brigadier-General Finegan, Commanding District East Florida:*

“GENERAL: The commanding-general desires that you will convey to Captain J. J. Dickison, and the officers and men engaged in the affair with the enemy at Palatka, on the 27th of March, his high sense of the soldierly conduct of all concerned—conduct worthy emulation by their fellow-soldiers in the department.

“Respectfully, your obedient servant,

“THOMAS JORDAN,

“Chief of Staff.”

“HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT EAST FLORIDA.

[GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

“LAKE CITY, January 4, 1864.

“The brigadier-general commanding has again the pleasure of calling the attention of the troops in this district to another brilliant exploit of Captain J. J. Dickison, with Lieutenants Reddick and McCardell, with detachments of Company C and Company H of the Second Florida Cavalry Regiment.

“This little force, on the morning of the 30th of December, made an attack on the superior force of the enemy, and, even within the limits of his own lines, not only defeated him, but captured thirty-five and killed and wounded six, including their commanding officer, and secured all their arms and accouterments, without any casualties to our own soldiers.

“Were this the first of these achievements, their success might be attributed, by those ignorant of these gallant men, to chance or circumstances, but time and time again have these men been the subject of praise from their district commander, and their many acts of heroism evince how easy it is for willing and resolute men to annoy and injure our enemy.

“For his gallantry on the occasion, the sword captured in the fight will be presented to Sergeant J. S. Poer, of Captain Dickison’s company, and with it, he will receive the thanks of the whole people of the district, for there are none, however craven, who do not love to honor brave men.

“By order of Brigadier-General Finegan.

“R. B. THOMAS,

“Colonel and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.”

“HEADQUARTERS CAMP CALL.

“May 8, 1864.

“*Captain W. G. Barth, Assistant Adjutant-General,
Camp Milton:*

“CAPTAIN: I have the honor to report that while Colonel Tabb commanded at Waldo, he ordered a picket of five men from my detachment at Orange Springs, to be kept at Morrison’s Mills, between Orange Springs and Waldo. From the knowledge I have of the country, I can see no good to be accomplished at that point. Will you allow me to order them back to join their detachment at Orange Springs, as they are much needed at that place? I

would respectfully ask if my detachment at Gainesville could not be returned to this command. I need them very much, in order to perform the heavy picket duty imposed on this command. Do not think me complaining, Captain, but I am too short-handed, and it is my earnest desire to perform every duty with credit to my country and to my district commander. All I ask is the men, and I shall give you a good account.

“I am, Captain, yours respectfully,

“J. J. DICKISON,
“Commanding Post.”

[Correspondence of the “Columbian.”]

“MR. EDITOR: On Thursday, 19th May, Captain Dickison, at the head of a small, but gallant party of his fine command, started from his encampment for the purpose of ascertaining the precise location and strength of the Federal forces in the southern portion of the State. After a long and fatiguing march they reached Welaka, a small village on the eastern bank of the St. John’s, at which, and at Fort Butler, a Federal post contiguous, he captured the entire garrisons.

“It would appear that our forces surrounded the points captured under cover of night, and that the commanding officer of the enemy’s forces, upon hearing that he was hemmed in, made an unconditional surrender to Captain Dickison and the brave men of his command without firing a gun. The result of this victory will be found in the official report in our columns.

“The occasion is a fitting one to express thus publicly a word of commendation for the very efficient service rendered the country and the cause by this gallant and meritorious officer and the heroic veterans whom he commands. At the commencement of this unholy crusade against the people of the Confederate States, induced by feelings of the loftiest patriotism, Captain Dickison promptly volunteered as an avenger of his country’s wrongs. Since that time, no man in the Confederate army has been more diligent or energetic in the performance of the duties pertaining to his vocation than he has been.

“When the limited sphere of action, which he has necessarily possessed, and the number of men in his command is taken into consideration, I do not hesitate to express the opinion and the belief that the gallant band under the leadership of Captain Dickison has inflicted as much injury to the enemy as any company in the service has done.

“There is a peculiar vim and dash and energy about the captain, and his gallant followers go with alacrity and zeal wherever he leads. If any man deserves promotion for gallantry and good conduct, Captain Dickison does. We would like to see this dashing officer at the head of a regiment. He is the ‘Forrest of Florida.’”

CAPTAIN DICKISON’S BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENT.”

[“Cotton States,” May 28, 1864.]

“Captain Dickison seems to be one of the fortunate persons who was ‘born under a lucky star.’ After

the successful capture of two very important posts on the St. John's river, where the enemy considered themselves securely located for the summer, he planned an attack on one of their gunboats and a transport, that had passed up the river. On their way down, he engaged them with one section of artillery with twenty-five men from Captain Dunham's battery, commanded by Lieutenant Mortimer Bates, and sixteen sharpshooters, selected from four companies of the Second Florida Cavalry. The fight lasted about forty-five minutes, and the unflinching sharpshooters would pick off the gunners as fast as they would man the guns.

"The gunboat Columbine carried two fine thirty-two-pound rifle-guns, and one hundred and forty-eight men, with small arms. Of this number, sixty-six prisoners, sixty-five stands of arms and three stands of colors were captured; the rest were killed or drowned. No loss on our side.

"The undertaking was bold, arduous and hazardous, and the intrepid men who so bravely followed their leader deserve all praise from the grateful hearts of our people. If any man deserves promotion, the gallant Dickison does. The officer who accomplishes the most in military affairs is the one entitled to the greatest credit, as 'one born to command.'

"Long live Captain Dickison and the brave men who know so well how to do their duty! Over one hundred Federal prisoners have passed through this place during the week, who were captured by the command under Captain Dickison on the St. John's river.

“HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DISTRICT EAST FLORIDA.

“LAKE CITY, July 31, 1864.

“*General S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector-General,
C. S. A., Richmond, Va.:*

“GENERAL: I respectfully request that the rank of Colonel in the Provisional Army may, if possible, be conferred on Captain J. J. Dickison, Second Florida Cavalry.

“Captain Dickison, in his recent operations against the enemy in South Florida, displayed, in an unusual degree, the qualifications necessary for an efficient cavalry leader. Operating with a force varying from one to two small companies of cavalry, and a section of artillery, he has destroyed one of the enemy’s gun-boats, captured two Parrot guns, about one hundred and fifty prisoners, with many horses, arms and equipments, and has killed and wounded and drowned nearly as many more of the enemy’s troops and hostile deserters. These results he has accomplished without the loss of a man from his own command—a fact which has given his troops and the citizens of South Florida the most unbounded confidence in him.

“His want of rank debars me from fully availing myself of his services, as he is one of the junior captains of the cavalry under my command. Should the War Department see fit to confer upon him the rank asked, I feel well assured that the best results will follow. The citizens will rally to him more freely than to any other officer, and with the command to which I can assign him, as colonel, the richest cattle and sugar regions of this State can probably be protected.

“I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN K. JACKSON,

“Brigadier-General Commanding.”

“HEADQUARTERS
 “DEPARTMENT SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA AND FLORIDA.

“CHARLESTON, August 5, 1864.

“Respectfully forwarded, ‘approved.’

“SAM JONES,
 “Major-General Commanding.”

“BUREAU OF ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR-GENERAL, }
 “APPOINTMENT OFFICE. }

“August 15, 1864.

“Respectfully returned through Major-General Sam Jones.

“However desirable the conferring of such promotion as is here asked for, and however deserving the officer named, it is not seen how the request can be granted, as there is no power to make appointments of colonel ‘at large’ in the Provisional Army C. S. No regiment is named for him to command, or any intimation that one can be formed in such manner as to leave the power to appoint in the hands of the department.

“By command of the Secretary of War.

“ED A. PALFREY,
 “Lieutenant-Colonel and Acting Adjutant-General.”

“HEADQUARTERS
 “DEPARTMENT SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA AND FLORIDA.

“CHARLESTON, August 20, 1864.

“Respectfully returned. Prior to receipt of this, a second recommendation had been forwarded.

“By order of Major-General Sam Jones.

“CHAS. STRINGFELLOW,
 “Acting Adjutant-General.”

“HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT, FLORIDA.

“LAKE CITY, August 28, 1864.

“Respectfully referred to Captain J. J. Dickison for his information. The second recommendation has been forwarded, and I hope will result in promotion.

“JOHN K. JACKSON,
“Brigadier-General Commanding.”

[Correspondence “Columbian,” August 15th.]

“The ‘War Eagle’ of Florida has again been in the path of the incendiary hordes delegated by Lincoln to crush out the rebellion in the ‘land of flowers.’

“In this instance, as he always does, Dickison and his gallant men came off victorious and without the loss of one of the heroic band, whose pleasure it is to follow that chivalrous warrior to deeds of glory and renown. The cavalry force captured by our brave men is represented to have been the finest mounted cavalry ever seen in Florida.

“For particulars of this engagement, see official report.

“All honor to our gallant defenders! Their heroic efforts, coupled with the gallantry, untiring energy and devoted patriotism of their renowned chieftain, will long be cherished as household words by the grateful people whose lives, fortunes and sacred honor they have contributed so vastly to protect.

“It is a fact worthy of note, that in every engagement our gallant Dickison has had with the

enemy, he has been victorious, and in all of them he has never lost but one man from his own company. This was his beloved son, a noble and promising young gentleman, who fell near Palatka, on the 2d of August, while gallantly contending with the ruthless invaders of his adopted State. Peace to the ashes of the youthful martyr, and all honor to the memory of one whose devotion and zeal to our righteous cause were instrumental in consigning him, ere he had reached maturity, to his lonely sepulcher.

“Our people may truly ‘be of good cheer,’ so long as J. J. Dickison and his noble followers stand between them and the hated foe. Vigilant, active and possessed of a heart which knows no danger, he has ingratiated himself deeply, ineffaceably in the affections of our people on account of the incalculable loss which he has inflicted upon the enemy, and the efficient service which he has rendered the cause and the country.”

IN MEMORIAM.

CHARLIE B. DICKISON.

“In the long catalogue of gallant youth whose valor has raised the Confederate arms to the highest pitch of glory, and whose blood has hallowed the soil of the South, Sergeant C. B. Dickison claims an honorable place.

“This brave boy was the son of Captain J. J. Dickison—a name now among our household words—a member of the heroic Company H, Second Florida Cavalry.

This celebrated company is called to mourn, as its first loss, Sergeant C. B. Dickison.

“ Though it has been engaged in twenty-two successful actions with the enemy, and has performed such heavy duties, yet, through God’s mercy to East Florida, it has never lost a man, until at that ever memorable engagement with the enemy near Palatka, on the 2d of August, when it received its baptism of blood.

“ Charlie Dickison was born in Georgetown, S. C., and was nineteen years old at the time of his death.

“ At the first call to arms, he entered the service, though but sixteen years old, in the cavalry company of Captain W. B. Owens, one of the first companies formed in the State. When the health of that gallant officer compelled him to resign, he continued with the company, under Captain W. Chambers, until Company H was raised, and then got a transfer to join his father’s command, with which he continued, sharing in all its toils and dangers, and contributing his full share to win the proud name which that glorious band now enjoys, until the very moment when the God of battles called him, in the arms of victory, from time to eternity. He fell by his noble father’s side, and in the presence of others of his brave companions in arms, in the very line of the enemy, fighting as gallantly as ever man fought.

“ This brave youth, whose death we mourn, was baptized in infancy in the Episcopal church of his birthplace. He had received a moral and religious training, and, from parental testimony, he was a good and obedient son, obeying the commandment, ‘ Honor thy father and thy mother.’

“In bringing this brief notice to a close, we may add, that the whole country of East Florida sympathizes most sincerely with its heroic defender in this heavy stroke of Providence, and his sad bereavement. But they would say: ‘While we sympathize with thee, oh! stricken father, yet we at the same time congratulate you upon having given so noble a contribution to your country’s service, and upon being the parent of such a gallant youth.’

“Our hearts are deeply moved when imagination pictures you, too, bearing from the blood-stained field before you on your charger, for the space of six miles, the lifeless body of your beloved son. And, again, while we weep with you, sorrow-stricken chieftain, as we see you resigning the charge to other hands, and, strongly suppressing your natural sorrow, address yourself strongly and faithfully to the duties of your command, your country would add, we admire you more as the father of a brave warrior who fell with his face to the foe, than him who is the father of a son who owes his safety to the fact that he is a dastard skulker from the field, and who shall die ‘unwept, unhonored and unsung.’

“Go on, then, thou and thy command, followed with the prayers and blessings of thy country, until the ‘Lord of Hosts’ shall give us peace, and you may lay off the battle-harness and enjoy in repose the gratitude of your country.

F. C. JOHNSON.

“AUGUST 9, 1864.”

CHAPTER XVII.

On the 13th of August, 1864, a few days prior to the invasion of the enemy in their raid from the St. John's river to Gainesville, the command of all the State troops was given to Captain Dickison, as the following reply to Governor Milton's letter will explicitly show:

“ HEADQUARTERS SOUTH FLORIDA FORCES.

“ WALDO, September 5, 1864.

“ *To his Excellency, John Milton, Governor of Florida:*

“ SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your communication of the 2d instant, handed me by the Hon. John C. Pelot.

“ In reply, I have to state that, in obedience to instructions from headquarters Military District of Florida, under date of August 13th, I assumed command of all the State troops called into service by virtue of the provisions of General Orders No. 11, Adjutant and Inspector-General's office, Tallahassee, July 30, 1864, turned over to me by Colonels Elias Earle and Samuel Owens, aids-de-camp to your Excellency.

“ I appreciate, very fully and sensibly, the following remark in your communication: ‘That the forces raised and to be kept as State troops are only to be in the service when absolutely necessary to aid in resisting invasion. It is desired to make them efficient without interfering injuriously, if it is possible to avoid it, with the industrial pursuits of the country.’

“Deeply impressed as I have ever been with the importance of permitting the agriculturists, mechanics and artisans of the country to remain at home and contribute in their way so greatly to the attainment of that object which we all so much desire, I caused to be issued, on the 27th of August, an order upon the subject, a copy of which I have the honor herewith to submit.

[GENERAL ORDERS No. 50.]

“Some misapprehension existing in the minds of some of the officers and men of the State troops in this command, as to their status while in the service, the captain commanding takes this occasion to state that, during the emergency and while the troops are in the field, they are under his command and subject to his orders. It is not the design nor the object of the Governor of the State, or of the Confederate authorities, to keep these men regularly in the field; they are only required to remain under arms so long as the emergency continues, and of this the commanding officer must be the judge.

“When the threatened invasion shall have been repelled or abandoned upon the part of the enemy, the officers and men of the State troops will be privileged to return to their homes to resume the usual avocations.

“By order of J. J. Dickison, commanding forces.

“ARCH T. BANKS,

“Acting Adjutant.”

[*"Columbian," Lake City.*]

"The following congratulatory order was issued by the heroic Dickison to the troops under the command of Captain E. J. Lutterloh and Lieutenant Dell, on the occasion of their attacking one of the enemy's gunboats in the Suwanee river a few days since :

" HEADQUARTERS SOUTH FLORIDA FORCES.

[SPECIAL ORDER No. 12.]

" CAMP DICKISON, WALDO, August 30, 1864.

"The captain commanding has heard with pride and gratification of the result of an engagement on the Suwanee river between the troops under the command of Captain Edward J. Lutterloh and Lieutenant John B. Dell, Company F, Second Florida Cavalry, and one of the enemy's gunboats, on the 28th instant.

"Though necessarily absent upon another field, the commanding officer has the strongest assurance, as well from the result as the known prowess and chivalry of the officers and gallant men of the command, that they acquitted themselves in a manner alike creditable to them and their country.

"The officers and men of the respective commands have the hearty congratulations of their commanding officer upon their brilliant achievement, and he sincerely trusts that this is but an augury of the renown which awaits them in the future.

"By order of J. J. Dickison, commanding forces.

"ARCH T. BANKS,
"Acting Adjutant."

[Correspondence "Columbian."]

"CAMP DICKISON, September 5, 1864.

"Since I last addressed your readers, nothing of special interest to the public has transpired.

"Three Yankee prisoners, stragglers from the recent raiding expedition which suffered such a disastrous defeat at the hands of the intrepid Dickison and his devoted and chivalrous followers, have been captured within the past few days by the troops of this command. The enemy is known to be in large force at Jacksonville and Magnolia. All that can be said thus publicly is that a hearty reception awaits them upon their arrival. The troops of this command are as ready and as eager now as they have ever been to confront the foe and to administer to these merciless invaders the same chastisement they were wont to repeatedly give in days past.

"The State troops in this command are doing much to entitle them to the sincere gratitude of their country. Truly, such an exhibition of patriotism has never been witnessed, certainly never excelled in the annals of warfare, as has been demonstrated in this glorious little State of ours.

"The grandfather vies with his offspring in deeds of valor, and the silver-haired patriarch, bowed with the weight of years, stands firmly by the side of his fair-haired boys in forming that solid phalanx, contending for all that is near and dear to them, and against which the combined forces of the enemy can not successfully combat. At Gainesville, though suddenly and hastily assembled, the citizen soldiery emulated the ex-

ample of their comrades, the sturdy veterans and victors on many fields of carnage, and by their valor and intrepidity contributed much to the glorious result.

“Captain Dickison has a fine command, and no officer is more universally beloved by the officers and men under him than he is. I will endeavor to keep your readers advised of anything of interest which may transpire as the campaign progresses.”

“ EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

“ TALLAHASSEE, September 7, 1864.

“ **CITIZENS OF FLORIDA:** The response made by you to the proclamation and order issued on the 30th of July, to organize yourselves into military bodies, and report for service in the defense of the State, affords cumulative evidence of your patriotism, courage and fixed purpose to maintain, at every sacrifice and all hazards, your rights as freemen and the sovereignty and independence of the State. Doubts were entertained of the possibility, under the existing status, of compelling into military service all capable of bearing arms, without regard to age; but no doubts were entertained of your willingness and patriotism.

“ With the evidence before you of the conduct of raiding parties of the enemy, in a sister State, I did not hesitate to issue the orders necessary for your protection, individually; and, for the safety of the State, resolved that, with your assistance, the orders should be executed. Much credit is due to the enrolling officers of the several counties for the prompt and efficient

manner in which they discharged the duties entrusted to them. No force was threatened, none has been used; nevertheless, our men and boys, without regard to age, have formed volunteer companies and reported as ready to obey orders. Some of the companies have already engaged the enemy, and have honorably distinguished themselves.

“As governor of the State, I thank them and you. Your prompt action has inspired confidence in your ability to protect your personal rights, to preserve your families from insult, and to maintain the dignity and honor of the State.

“It is possible that a few individuals may be found who, although physically able to bear arms and not exempt from military service, have not volunteered, and have shirked the service, both of the State and the Confederate States. If any such, they should be enrolled at once in the nearest company and required to do military duty. Their names should also be reported to the adjutant and inspector-general.

“In the revolution of 1776, no man was allowed to occupy a neutral position. Those who attempted it were considered as Tories, and many such were hung as traitors by our revolutionary fathers, and infamy was thereby entailed upon their offspring. Others escaped hanging, but they incurred the hatred and contempt of all brave and honorable men, and were ever sensible of their degradation.

“The time has now arrived when no man enjoying or claiming the protection of the State or its laws should be permitted from cowardice, treachery

or a want of patriotism to occupy with impunity a neutral position, or to encourage desertion or harbor deserters. Many severely contested battles have yet to be fought. We may have to submit to occasional reverses and our prospects become gloomy, but let none despair; let each do well his part and we will triumph. The Confederate States will achieve their independence, secure the enjoyment of civil liberty, and occupy a distinguished position among civilized nations. To assist in the accomplishment of these noble ends, Florida, having entire confidence in the administration of the government of the Confederate States, cordially supports it, and co-operates promptly and fearlessly with her sister States.

“Your fellow citizen,

“JOHN MILTON,
“Governor of Florida.”

“CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, WAR DEPARTMENT, }
ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR-GENERAL'S OFFICE. }

“RICHMOND, September 22, 1864.

“*Major-General Sam Jones, Charleston, S. C.:*

“GENERAL: Your communication of date August 20, 1864, recommending the promotion of Captain J. J. Dickison, Company H, Second Florida Cavalry, has been received and duly considered.

“In reply I am directed by the Secretary of War to inform you that the services of this officer are highly appreciated by the department, but there is no position known to which he could be appointed.

“I have the honor to be, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“ED A. PALFREY,
“Lieutenant-Colonel and Acting Adjutant-General.”

“HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT.

“September 28, 1864.

“States that the War Department, though highly appreciating the services of Captain Dickison, know of no position he could be assigned.

“Respectfully referred through Brigadier-General Jackson to Captain J. J. Dickison for his information.

“By order of Major-General Sam Jones.

“H. W. KILDEN,
“Acting Adjutant-General.”

“HEADQUARTERS SUB-DISTRICT FLORIDA No. 2.

[GENERAL ORDERS No. 16.]

“BALDWIN, October 26, 1864.

“The colonel commanding is pleased to acknowledge, in general orders, the signal service rendered in another brilliant victory achieved by Captain Dickison and his gallant command, and to urge the troops in this district, when they shall confront the enemy, to emulate their valor. Incited by this spirit, you will be invincible, and your State secure against the efforts of her invaders.

“By order of Colonel P. Turney, commanding.

“R. H. McLEOD,
“Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant-General.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

ORDERS AND CIRCULARS FROM CAPTAIN J. J. DICKISON, COMMANDING SOUTH FLORIDA FORCES.

“HEADQUARTERS, GAINESVILLE.

[SPECIAL ORDERS No. 21.]

“August 20, 1864.

“Commanders of companies in this command will furnish to these headquarters a list of all public property captured from the enemy at the recent battle of Gainesville.

J. J. DICKISON,
“Commanding Forces.”

[CIRCULAR No. 1.]

“Company commanders are required to furnish to these headquarters, without delay, a list of commissioned officers of their respective companies, giving names in full, rank and date of commission.

[No. 2.]

“It is announced to the troops of this command that Rev. Frank C. Johnson will act as chaplain, until further orders.

By order of J. J. DICKISON,
“Commanding Forces.”

“HEADQUARTERS SOUTH FLORIDA FORCES.

[SPECIAL ORDER No. 24.]

“WALDO, September 23, 1864.

“The officers and men composing the companies of

Captains King, Price, Dudley and Richard, will, on tomorrow, the 24th instant, proceed to their respective homes on furlough, until further orders from these headquarters.

“The captain commanding fully appreciates the prompt response made by the gallant officers and men of the State troops in this command, and tenders them, each and all of them, his sincere thanks for the valuable and efficient services which they have rendered the cause of their country in her hour of peril.

[SPECIAL ORDER No. 64.]

“In future, it will be expected that all companies in this command will have a commissioned officer present, or within sound of the company’s bugle, at all times.

“By order of J. J. DICKISON,
“Commanding Forces.”

[SPECIAL ORDER No. 28.]

“WALDO, October 22, 1864.

“In accordance with Special Order No. 199, from headquarters Military District, Florida, Company C, Second Florida Cavalry, is hereby relieved from duty with this command, and will rejoin its regiment, without delay, at Baldwin.

By order of
“J. J. DICKISON,
“Commanding Forces.”

[SPECIAL ORDER No. 39.]

“WALDO, December 13, 1864.

“Captain J. W. Johnson, with his command, will

report, without delay, to these headquarters. You will hire a wagon and team to transport your camp equipage, and if you can not hire one, you are authorized to impress one for the occasion. By order of

“J. J. DICKISON,
“Commanding Forces.”

“EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

“TALLAHASSEE, FLA., December 9, 1864.

“*Captain J. J. Dickison, Company H, Second Florida Cavalry, Gainesville, Fla.:*

“SIR: I have the honor to inclose to you a resolution passed by the General Assembly of the State of Florida at its last session.

“Very respectfully,

“JOHN MILTON,
“Governor of Florida.”

“RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS TO CAPTAIN J. J. DICKISON.”

“WHEREAS, Captain J. J. Dickison, Company H, Second Florida Cavalry, by his high soldierly qualities and daring acts as a military leader, has challenged the admiration of the people of Florida and won their confidence to the utmost extent; and,

“WHEREAS, Captain Dickison has repeatedly defended and protected the people of Florida from the harassing and destructive raids by the public enemy; therefore, be it

“*Resolved*, By the Senate and House of Representatives, in general assembly convened, that the

thanks of the people of Florida are eminently due, and are hereby cordially tendered Captain J. J. Dickison and his brave command, and that we do recommend Captain Dickison for that promotion he has so gallantly won and richly merits, and that the Governor be requested to have a copy of these resolutions transmitted to Captain Dickison and his command.

“Passed the House of Representatives, November 24, 1864.

“PHILIP DELL, Speaker.

“WILLIAM FORSYTH BYNUM, Clerk.

“Passed the Senate, November 25, 1864.

“A. K. ALLISON, President.

“F. L. VILLEPIGUE, Secretary.

“Approved, November 30, 1864.

“JOHN MILTON, Governor of Florida.

“A true copy from the rolls.

“B. F. ALLEN, Secretary of State.”

“HEADQUARTERS, WALDO.

[SPECIAL ORDERS No. 46.]

“February 10, 1865.

“Captain J. L. McGahagan with his company of reserves will report, without delay, to headquarters. It is important that you should make all possible haste.

By order of

“J. J. DICKISON,

“Commanding Forces.”

[SPECIAL ORDERS No. 8.]

“BROTHER OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS: Again have you won fresh laurels. In your expedition across the St. John’s river and your engagement with the Federals, under Colonel Wilcoxon, you have achieved a brilliant victory. Receive, my brave men, the grateful thanks of your commander for your vigilance and the undaunted courage you have exhibited, having undergone the fatigues of the campaign with patience and determination without a murmur.

“J. J. DICKISON,
“Commanding Forces.”

“HEADQUARTERS SOUTH FLORIDA FORCES.

[SPECIAL ORDERS No. 9.]

“February 15, 1864.

“By the blessing of God, the captain commanding has the pleasure of congratulating the troops under his command upon the victory achieved by them over the enemy at No. 4, near Cedar Keys, on the morning of the 13th instant.

“By your intrepidity and undaunted heroism, you have driven from their stronghold a vastly superior force of the enemy, completely routing them and driving them to the cover of their gunboats. Not one now remaining on the main land.

“Brother officers and soldiers, your conduct on the battle-field was viewed with pride and admiration, and your commanding officer takes this occa-

sion to thank you, in the name of the country, for the gallantry and good conduct displayed by you.

“Such valorous men can never be conquered.

“By order of J. J. DICKISON,

“Commanding Forces.

[CIRCULAR No. 3.]

“HEADQUARTERS, February 15, 1864.

“The companies commanded respectively by Captains King, Underwood and Waterson are hereby relieved from duty for the present.

“In parting with that portion of his command, the captain commanding desires to express his thanks for their promptness in rallying to the defense of the country, and to add the hope that the example set by them will be emulated by all the State troops in this command. Hereafter, when an invasion of the country is threatened or attempted, we feel confident these officers and men will rally at once to its defense, without awaiting orders from the commanding officer.

“By order of J. J. DICKISON,

“Commanding Forces.”

CHAPTER XIX.

“HEADQUARTERS SOUTH FLORIDA FORCES.

“WALDO, March 20, 1865.

“*Lieutenant-Colonel W. K. Beard, Tallahassee, Fla. :*

“COLONEL: I have the honor to submit the following report: On the evening of the 10th instant, I received information from Marion county, through Colonel Samuel Owens, that the enemy was advancing by way of Marshall's bridge, and had advanced twelve miles in the interior, burning the bridge. I immediately ordered my command, and in two hours was on a rapid march in that direction.

“While near Silver Springs, a courier reached me with a dispatch, stating that the enemy had burned the Ocklawaha bridge, and were retreating toward the St. John's river. I then ordered my command to march in the direction of Palatka, and sent an advance guard to have the flatboat in readiness. On arriving at the river the wind blew very high, which delayed our crossing about ten hours. After much difficulty, hard labor and great peril, we succeeded in crossing fifty of my command, leaving the remainder, with one piece of artillery, to guard and picket other points on the river.

“On my arrival at Palatka, hearing that the enemy had gone up the river in barges, I marched my men all night, and at times at half speed, and reached Fort Peaton, distant from St. Augustine about seven miles,

where I overtook three negroes. We continued in fast speed toward the city, and, within a mile of their picket line, I captured twenty-one more, making twenty-four; also, a small wagon and six ponies. Three of these ponies have since been claimed by private individuals and delivered.

“The enemy, on hearing we were in pursuit of them, left wagons, mules and provisions at the river, where they had crossed near Fort Gates.

“The march was truly a hard one; we marched four days and nights, with but little forage or provisions. My men were resolute, and showed a determination to pursue the enemy to the very gates of the city. All praise is due them for their unflinching spirit and resignation, having endured every hardship without a murmur.

“I am, Colonel, yours respectfully,

“J. J. DICKISON,

“Commanding Forces.”

“FROM EAST FLORIDA.”

[Correspondence of the “Dispatch,” Quincy, Fla.]

“BALDWIN, EAST FLORIDA, March 22, 1865.

“*Editor ‘Dispatch’* :

“Captain Dickison recrossed the river St. John’s a few days since with twenty-four negroes, several deserters, wagons, mules, etc., which he had recaptured from the enemy within a mile of St. Augustine. The negroes and wagons belonged to Mrs. Marshall, of Marion county. She is the widow of Colonel Fos-

ter Marshall, who commanded one of the South Carolina regiments of cavalry of Hampton's Legion, and was killed in 1862, in one of the battles around Richmond. She was one of the largest sugar planters in East Florida, and made, last year, at least two hundred hogsheads, all of which was destroyed by the raiders, except twenty, which they endeavored to carry with them, and pressed her mules and wagons for that purpose. A portion of these bold raiders were met by some of our militia, and, in an unfortunate engagement, two of our men were killed.

"Captain Dickison, receiving information of their raid, and that they had retreated in the direction of the St. John's river, started in pursuit of them. Pursued by this heroic and intrepid officer, with a detachment of his brave men, they recrossed the river, burned the bridge, and had nearly made their escape, but were overtaken in the very suburbs of St. Augustine.

"The cavalry, discovering themselves so closely pursued, put spurs to their horses and galloped into town, leaving their 'colored brethren' to fall a prey to the 'War Eagle' of Florida. He made them right-about, and marched them back to the 'old plantation home,' having it in his power to restore with them much stolen property to the owners. E. O."

[Captain Dickison has not only the applause and thanks of every true man and woman in Florida, but the still higher satisfaction which attends him in the consciousness of having done his duty faithfully from the beginning of the war to the present hour, and reflected honor upon his country in the noble station assigned him.—EDITOR.]

“ HEADQUARTERS SOUTH FLORIDA FORCES.

“ WALDO, April 5, 1865.

“ *Lieutenant J. M. Galphin, Assistant Adjutant-General, Lake City, Fla. :*

“ I have the honor to report that my picket, consisting of two men on the east side of the St. John’s river, intercepted the courier line between St. Augustine and Jacksonville, killing four of the enemy and wounding the fifth, capturing two horses and the mails from St. Augustine and Jacksonville. The mail will be forwarded by to-day’s train.

“ I have allowed the gallant party to retain these horses for their use, and hope this reward to brave men may meet with approbation from the department.

“ I am, yours respectfully,

“ J. J. DICKISON,
“ Commanding Forces.”

“ CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, WAR DEPARTMENT.

“ GREENSBORO, N. C., April 5, 1865.

“ *Colonel J. J. Dickison, Provisional Army, C. S. :*

“ SIR: You are informed that the President has appointed you a Colonel of Cavalry in the Provisional Army, in the service of the Confederate States. Should the Senate at its next session consent thereto, you will be commissioned accordingly.

“ Should you accept, you will report for duty to Major-General Sam Jones, commanding district of Florida.

“ Respectfully your obedient servant,

“ JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
“ Secretary of War.”

[CIRCULAR No. 3.]

"HEADQUARTERS, WALDO,

"May 1, 1865.

"The armistice heretofore existing between the two governments will cease on the 2d instant, at 2 o'clock p. m., when hostilities will be again resumed.

"HEADQUARTERS SOUTH FLORIDA FORCES.

[SPECIAL ORDER No. 64.]

"WALDO, May 5, 1865.

"*Captain E. J. Lutterloh and Captain L. Williams:*

"You will report in future to Lieutenant-Colonel Munnerlyn, commanding special battalion at Brooksville, making duplicate muster rolls of your companies to him. The captain commanding, in taking leave of his fellow-soldiers, feels a deep sympathy for them. It is, however, our duty to be cheerful and hopeful with the consolation and satisfaction of feeling that we are not whipped, but overpowered by vastly superior forces. You will go home, my brave men, with unconquered hearts and honorable names. May the blessings of God protect you forever, is the farewell wish of your commander,

"J. J. DICKISON,

"Commanding Forces."

CHAPTER XX.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."

"MADISON, FLA., April 5, 1865.

"*Captain Dickison* :

"We have had the good fortune to receive the sword the ladies had made for you. They are desirous that you will appoint some day, which will be convenient to you, to visit us at Madison and receive it at their hands. Please notify me what time you can be here. If you could name the 20th, it would be very suitable to the ladies, as they will have, on that day, a concert for the soldiers' benefit.

"Yours truly,

"WM. H. JOHNSON."

PRESENTATION OF A MAGNIFICENT SWORD TO CAPTAIN DICK- ISON BY THE LADIES OF FLORIDA.

That sword now sheathed once flashed in hero's hand,
Who ever led to victory his brave, unconquered band.

ADDRESS BY HON. E. J. VANN.

"*Captain Dickison* :

"The valuable services which you have rendered the Southern Confederacy, in her struggle for independence, and more particularly those which you have rendered the State of Florida, entitle you to the sincere thanks and warmest expressions of gratitude from

all your countrymen. These they cordially extend unto you, appreciating, as they do, your skill and ability as a military leader, the energy and promptness with which you have guarded the interests of your State—strongly advancing your country's cause—and the faithfulness with which you have discharged the sacred trust confided to you.

“This expression of thanks, and exhibition of the gratitude of those for whom you have been fighting, I feel assured, must be particularly gratifying to you, as they are the richest reward which the true and faithful soldier can receive at their hands. There are none who more highly appreciate the services of the gallant soldier than the ladies of our beloved Confederacy. When he goes forth to meet the enemy of our country, she follows him, with blessings on his head, and prayers for his welfare and safety. In the camp and on the campaign, she anticipates his wants, and with ready hand supplies them. In the day of battle, she encourages him with her winsome smiles and words of cheer. In the hospital, she cools his fevered brow and binds up his honorable wounds. In the vicissitudes of war, she stands by him a guardian angel, and should his proud banner be trampled in the dust, and with it his heart's blood, she waters his grave with her tears, and embalms his memory in her great feeling heart. Should he, as you have done, come forth from the field of carnage unscathed, with victory ever perched upon his banner, she wreathes for him the laurel chaplet, and places it upon his heroic brow.

“This the mothers and daughters of Florida have done for you.

“As a feeble testimonial of their thanks and gratitude for your gallant services in the defense of the State of Florida, they present you with this sword, feeling assured that with it in your hands, they will still have that security and protection guaranteed unto them, which they have hitherto enjoyed; and, should the flickering ray of peace, which we would fain persuade ourselves may be seen occasionally to dart athwart the black clouds that encompass, no longer light up the gloom, and leave the bloody pall of war to settle upon our devastated country, they are confident that its blade will never rest or rust in its scabbard, but will flash defiance and death into the face and hearts of our enemies until the last armed foe shall be expelled from all our borders, and honorable peace shall be secured to the Southern Confederacy.”

“CAPTAIN DICKISON’S REPLY.”

“LADIES: When I look around on this assemblage of noble matrons and fair maidens, I am at a loss for words to express the gratification your presence gives. In the kindness of your gentle hearts, you have presented me with a gift of inestimable value, as a token of your appreciation of the soldier’s earnest endeavors to do his duty as becomes a man, battling in a sacred cause.

“What thought more inspiring to the soldier, than woman, in all her purity and glorious beauty, watches his actions in the drama of life, and with

her approving smiles leads him on in the path of honor?

“When glory crowns our deeds, her voice is the first to greet our ear, pouring forth the sweet incense of praise from a grateful, loving heart.

“On an occasion like this, no language can convey to you the gratitude which fills my heart.

“To you, my fair friends, who have honored me with this splendid gift, which so brightly records your patriotic remembrance of my humble services, I make the assurance, that while my country needs my services, it shall have them. May no act of mine cause you to regret the high compliment this day bestowed upon me, for I sacredly pledge you that this good sword shall never rest in its scabbard, until the last armed foe is driven from our land.

“We need your prayers and words of cheer—with these we can be invincible, for our cause is just, and God will, in His own good time, give us the victory. Ladies, farewell! May God bless you! Smile ever on the soldier, and he will do his duty, his whole duty.

“KNIGHT OF THE SILVER SPURS.”

[From the Palatka “Daily News.”]

“May 20, 1887.

“The Florida *Herald*, of the 18th instant, has a graphic description of General Dickison’s capture of the gunboat *Columbine*, at Horse Landing, near Palatka, and recalls the day when a hostile fleet patrolled the river daily—not in pursuit of an alien

enemy, as did the French and Spaniards, but in defiance of men of the same race, speaking the same tongue, and animated by the same zeal, for a common sentiment. The farmer still plows up evidences of this fratricidal strife, and houses in Palatka bore deep scars inflicted by shot and shell until our great fire covered these mementoes with the gray ashes of oblivion, as the rush of new duties and changed relations have swept all bitterness from our hearts.

“But, in these troubled times, General Dickison was to Florida what Forrest was to Alabama and Mississippi, and Mosby was to Virginia. The camp-followers of the enemy ranged the country to plunder and terrify the weak, and from these incursions the presence of Dickison and his little band was the only safeguard. He struck in knightly fashion, wherever the odds were not too great, on land or water, but his name to the pilferers became an abiding terror. To them he seemed ubiquitous, and the weak saw in him and his followers their strongest earthly hope.

“To such a man the hearts of the devoted women of the South went out in love and admiring faith, and an episode of those days is too touching to be lost, and will, perhaps, be thought too trivial for history. Therefore, it finds its fittest place among the memories, which are too deep for the lips, and is now first exhumed for the public.

“The women and children of Palatka and its vicinity had left their homes, and were living as refugees at Orange Springs. General Dickison had

twice driven back the forces that would have disturbed their 'city of refuge,' and the heart of matron and maiden sought expression for the feeling of gratitude and trust with which his services had inspired them. So each contributed some bit of silver—a spoon or a comb, in some instances—and a physician, Dr. Geo. E. Hawes, turned silversmith and melted down these offerings and hammered from the mass a handsome pair of spurs. These were presented to General Dickison by a committee of matrons, and the answer of the old hero has been drawn by the daughter of one of these from among the heirlooms of the family, and given us for publication, with the strictest injunction for its careful preservation and speedy return.

"It lies before us in a faded envelope of brown Confederate paper, which was the best we could make at that time, and it is written upon a blue page, torn from an old account-book. Yet such as it is, it is priceless, and the venerable man, who yet lives, will be glad to know that a reminder of his warrior life is so tenderly cherished.

"This is the note accompanying their offering, and the acknowledgment made by the noble soldier to the patriotic women who emulated that entire devotion of their sex, which has inspired the poet and animated the page of the historian so often in the past, and will become more valuable in its influence, but not purer at its source, as our race climbs upward in the path before us, by enlarged developments and grander possibilities of the future."

“ORANGE SPRINGS, FLA., May 7, 1865.

“*Captain J. J. Dickison:*

“Please accept, from those you have so long and so bravely defended, the accompanying package—a tribute of gratitude.

“Never were spurs more nobly won—never would they have been more gallantly worn, had ‘fortune favored the brave.’

“Your name has long been a household word, our prayers and blessings have followed, and will continue to follow, you through life. In the sacred endearments of home, may you forget the hardships of war. Not for their intrinsic value would we offer them—made in our little village, from old heirlooms and relics of silver long preserved with scrupulous care, melted in a crucible cut from a firebrick, fashioned entirely with a hammer by our kind friend, Dr. Geo. E. Hawes—but as a parting gift. God bless our own brave Dickison!

“MRS. H. L. HART,

“MRS. J. W. PEARSON,

“MRS. F. L. FREYER and others.”

“CAMP BAKER, WALDO, May 12, 1865.

“*Mrs. F. L. Freyer, Mrs. J. W. Pearson, Mrs. H. L. Hart and others, Orange Springs, Fla.:*

“LADIES: I am the honored recipient of your very interesting favor of the 7th instant. From my heart of hearts, I thank you for the beautiful gift you have presented me as a ‘tribute of gratitude.’ This tangible evidence of your kindly remembrance is, indeed, most gratefully received, but the touching expressions

of your friendship, and the sweet breathings of sympathy that rise from your pure souls, in the pious and heart-thrilling refrain, 'God bless our own brave Dickison,' are peculiarly soothing to man's spirit in an hour like this, when Fate, treacherous to Nature, seems to have conspired with the powers of Darkness, and given to Might the sacred privilege of Right.

"The sudden and crushing blow which has fallen upon us as a people, though it causes a physical enthrallment, yet, thank God, the free spirit wears no shackles, and, with unconquered souls, we can wait and watch. As 'Knight of the Silver Spurs,' I owe, and now vow allegiance to the noble ladies of Orange Springs, and, 'should fortune favor the brave,' what has been awarded me for past devotion to our country's cause shall be sacredly preserved as a trust from fair women, and as such honorably worn.

"The star of peace sheds no beauteous light upon our darkened pathway. Can it be that the war-cloud has, indeed, rolled away from the Southern horizon!

"If after tempest comes such calm,
May the winds blow 'till they have wakened death."

"Ladies, your prayers and words of encouragement have been my inspiration in time of danger. When victory crowned my efforts, your gracious smiles and generous plaudits were ever my most precious guerdon. Your dear hands twined a laurel chaplet for the cold, fair brow of my noble boy—the young martyr hero, whose grave your loving care has made to bloom with sweet flowers—bright emblems of God's love and the soul's immortality. Such memorials of your virtue

will be engraved forever upon my heart, and that your names may be recorded in the 'Lamb's Book of Life,' is the earnest prayer of your loyal friend and obedient servant,
J. J. DICKISON."

Nobly "our own brave Dickison" won his knightly spurs,
 And proudly wears them through life's passing hours.

"TRIBUTE TO WHOM TRIBUTE IS DUE."

[*"Cotton States,"* February, 1865.]

"Colonel Lewis, one of our most patriotic citizens, has presented a fine horse to our gallant Dickison."

"GAINESVILLE, February 17, 1865.

"Captain J. J. Dickison, Commanding South Florida Forces:

"SIR: As a slight token of my respect for you as a man, and in high appreciation of the efficient and meritorious services which you, as an officer, have rendered the cause of our country, I desire to present you this horse. Trusting that you may long be spared to that country, whose valor and intrepidity you have illustrated on many hard-fought fields, I have the honor to be, with sentiments of high regard,

"Your obedient servant,
 "EDWARD LEWIS."

"CAMP BAKER, February 18, 1865.

"Colonel E. Lewis, Gainesville, Fla.:

"SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 17th instant, in which you state

that, as a token of your respect and appreciation of my services as an officer, you present me with a horse. This token of your friendship and approval of my conduct as an officer is peculiarly gratifying to my feelings. I accept, with warmest thanks, the valuable present which you have tendered me, and have only to add that, in the future, as in the past, I shall endeavor to so comport myself as to retain the confidence which you repose in me.

“I am, Colonel, with high regard, yours truly,

“J. J. DICKISON.”

“ANOTHER TRIBUTE OF REGARD AND ADMIRATION.”

[“Cotton States,” April, 1865.]

“Lieutenant A. H. Johnson, of the Florida Militia, has presented Captain Dickison with a fine pair of spurs, as a slight token of regard. Spurs, like horses, are indispensable to the ‘War Eagle’ of the East.”

“A DESERVED GIFT.”

[“Cotton States.”]

“General Wm. A. Owens, of Marion county, has presented Captain J. J. Dickison with a fine blooded young horse. We are glad to see so noble and commendable a spirit. No one deserves more from the country than our ever victorious and modest patriot Dickison.”

"CAMP BAKER, WALDO, April 8, 1865.

"*General Wm. A. Owens:*

"DEAR SIR: I have received the splendid horse presented me. For this and other expressions of your kind feelings toward me, please accept my most grateful acknowledgments. Endeavoring, as I am, to discharge the duty I owe my country, this manifestation of your approbation, as well as those received from others of my countrymen, affects me most sensibly.

"As long as life lasts, I will be ready to strike for the freedom and independence of a people so eminently worthy to preserve it.

"I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"J. J. DICKISON."

CHAPTER XXI.

INTERESTING EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF KENTUCKY'S PEER-
LESS SON—GENERAL JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, SECRE-
TARY OF WAR OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

"A few years since, a friend of General Breckinridge, while on a visit to Florida, called on General Dickson, asking to be favored with a recital of the events connected with the departure of his noble compatriot from the United States, after the fall of the Confederacy. The following communication gave the desired information :

"DICKISON PARK, October, 1884.

"DEAR SIR: I regret that I have not been able to give an earlier attention to your courteous request for an account of a few historical events connected with an eventful period in the life of General J. C. Breckinridge. I have the honor to inclose you a short sketch of his departure from the United States, and safe arrival in Cuba.

"Thinking it would interest you, I inclose a copy of his note, signed, 'Confederate officer,' also his first letter written from Havana.

"In May, 1865, while at my headquarters, at Waldo, Fla., two days before my command was paroled, I received, about ten o'clock at night, a note signed, 'Confederate officer,' asking my presence, as early as possible, at Gainesville, ten miles distant. I started immediately, with a small escort.

On reaching the town, I was met by Judge Dawkins and accompanied him to his house, where General Breckinridge was awaiting my arrival. I had the pleasure, for the first time, of meeting this distinguished gentleman. He was attended by two of his staff officers, Colonel Wilson, chief-of-staff, and Captain Wood, a grandson of General Zach Taylor, also his body servant.

“The general soon made known his purpose in sending for me. It was his earnest desire to reach the trans-Mississippi department and join Generals Kirby Smith and Magruder before they surrendered, and thought the safest route to this objective point would be by the way of Cuba, and wished to know if I could arrange to send him at once. The only means of transportation that I could offer was a lifeboat I had captured with the gunboat Columbine, on the St. John's river. This I had secured by sinking it in a lake.

“I informed him of its capacity, twenty to twenty-five men, and told him if he would make the venture, this craft was at his service, and that I would do all in my power to aid him in carrying out his heroic plan. The preliminary arrangements were soon made, and I returned to Waldo.

“The general and his party were escorted to the plantation home of Colonel Samuel Owens that night, a distance of twenty miles.

“The next day my command was paroled. I left late in the evening of the same day, and rode all night, meeting the party at Colonel Owens' the next day at daylight. I had sent three of my paroled soldiers,

Sergeant Otoole and Messrs. Russell and Murphy, to the St. John's river near Palatka for the boat.

“The general and his party, escorted by one of my officers, Lieutenant McCardell, started to the St. John's by the way of Silver Springs, where they met the boat. Bidding farewell to his escort, the general and his brave little band sailed up the river as far as it was navigable for their boat. They then employed parties to haul it some twelve miles, to Indian river, and sailed to the mouth of the river, where they discovered a blockader. The general and officers were put ashore, while the boat's crew sailed out as a fishing party. The blockader sent to know who they were—reported, ‘only paroled soldiers out fishing.’ They then steamed up, and were soon out of sight, ‘distance lending enchantment to the view.’

“After night the little band, with their noble leader, set sail for the Bahama Islands. They encountered several gales, but on they tossed, from island to island, until they reached the Cuban shore, where they were welcomed by friends to our cause.

“The young soldiers, who acted as mariners, remained some time in the city of Havana, then returned to Florida. The general's servant came with them, leaving his master very reluctantly.

“On his arrival at Havana, General Breckinridge learned of the surrender of the trans-Mississippi army. He and his staff visited England. He returned to the United States by the way of Canada, thence to his old Kentucky home.

“I could say more on this subject, but have given you the particulars.

Yours respectfully,

“J. J. DICKISON.”

LETTER FROM GENERAL J. C. BRECKINRIDGE.

“HAVANA, CUBA, June 26, 1865.

“*Colonel J. J. Dickison, Florida:*

“DEAR SIR: From the kind feelings which you had for me, I am sure it will gratify you to know of my safe arrival in Cuba; nor can this note compromise you in any way, since, when I saw you, I had ceased to be a belligerent. The young men who came with us will give you an account of our adventures, which may be termed both singular and perilous.

“In regard to these young men, by the way, on no account should they be disturbed because of their temporary association with me, for I found that they had no idea of going out of the country, and they yielded, at last, when near the coast, to an appeal which it would have been hard for a manly and generous nature to resist. Besides, they could not in any proper sense, at that time, be said to be giving aid to an enemy of the United States, and this I fully explained to them. Please remember me warmly to the friends in Florida from whom I received hospitality, and believe me, with sincere good wishes for your health and happiness,

Yours truly,

“JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.”

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE—KENTUCKY'S GLORIOUS HERITAGE.

“The Southland mourns! Kentucky’s statesman lies
In cold oblivion’s final dreamless sleep,
Forever sundered from terrestrial ties.
The sentinel no more his watch shall keep,
Like some tall Pharos, towering o’er the deep.
In legislative halls, no more the sage
From the deep wisdom of experienced years
Shall speak in tones to move and mold the age.

“Amongst his country’s brightest stars he shone,
Surpassed in regal power of mind by none—
In argument profound, conclusive, clear,
In language simple, chaste, concise, severe.
He spoke—the nation leaned upon his word,
And listening Senates, with admiring silence, heard.
His service, fraught with life-consuming cares,
Demand the gushing tribute of a nation’s tears.”

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SURRENDER AT WALDO OF THE SOUTH FLORIDA FORCES, COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN J. J. DICKISON, AND A FEW EVENTS THAT FOLLOWED.

When the summons came for our heroic soldiery to assemble at Waldo to be paroled, and their honored captain advised them of the painful ordeal through which they must soon pass, it was a bitter trial, indeed, to these dauntless men to accept a situation so hard to realize.

With one voice they exclaimed, "Why must we, who have ever been victorious, surrender? We have not been defeated." One word from their leader, and every man would have marched westward to join the trans-Mississippi army under General Magruder, and Florida's noble son, our brave General Kirby Smith. Owing to the uncertainty of the strength and disposition of that military department at this momentous crisis, such movement might prove precipitate and only end in the humiliation of a forlorn hope.

By an earnest and well-directed appeal, these resolute spirits yielded to the mandate—laid down their arms, received their parole, and with the proud consciousness of having done their duty, bid farewell to their beloved captain and brave companions in arms, and returned to the enjoyment once more of the endearments of home.

It was fortunate for the "Grand Army of the Republic" that the parols did not extend to the "power behind the throne." What a scene of insubordination would have ensued!

Do men ever make mental reservations? They are to be pitied if they do not know how to use this pleasant and soothing unction for a discontented mind. It is a fact, beyond dispute, that the weaker sex, in the subtle strength given by this balm, are stronger than their manly protectors. It is their "dernier resort," under all unpleasantness. A formal utterance of meaningless words to a masterful dictation invariably soothes a tortured spirit and brings peace to troubled hearts.

As Virgil—with the cynical spirit unworthy a poet—speaks of woman as "a various and a changeful thing," the Roman ladies must have been perfect in the practice of this little art.

Whenever I recall this episode of our brave soldiers, entering their spirited protest against a surrender, I am reminded of a similar protest by Carolina's illustrious son, General Martin Witherspoon Gary, just before the surrender at Appomattox. Sheathing his sword, he turned over his fine command to his gallant brother, Colonel S. M. G. Gary, of Florida, and cut his way through picket lines and foes, and safely reached Charlotte, N. C., at that time the headquarters of the Southern Confederacy. This fearless soldier, who had entered the Confederate service with the rank of captain, after four years' devoted service on the battle-field, returned home with the meritorious title of major-general adorning his name, and had he

lived, he would have been crowned with all the civic honors a grateful people could have bestowed upon so faithful and noble a citizen.

When "life's fitful dream" had ended, and this noble chieftain was laid in the burial place of his fathers, a high-souled Northern lady—all honor to her—paid a touching tribute to our honored dead. The mayor of Cokesburg, S. C., received from her a beautiful wreath of flowers, to be placed upon his grave. Truly a most delicate manifestation of womanly sympathy with true manhood and bravery! We revive so rare a memento as a bright connecting link in the chain of humanity.

" To the Mayor of Cokesburg:

" DEAR SIR: May I request that one of your lady friends will place this wreath of immortelles upon the grave of General M. W. Gary, as a slight tribute of respect from a Northern lady to the memory of a brave man.

Yours truly,

" BROOKLYN, N. Y.

" APRIL 14, 1881."

As a daughter of Carolina, I now twine a wreath for this chivalrous son of the dear old "Palmetto State," that he loved with such filial devotion. His heart ever beat true to the proud blood which flowed through his veins. My own spirit is *en rapport* with one who bore so "bold a spirit in a loyal heart." He could not yield patiently to disaster, and, having no ties of wife or child to bind him, recked not what his fate might be, as he

essayed to pass the warlike "cordon." Such nature could not

"Bow his crested head, nor tame his heart of fire."

The family name—an historic one—of this renowned soldier will never be extinct. Large families of deceased brothers, also two younger brothers, survive him—Major W. Gary, a distinguished lawyer of Augusta, Ga., and Dr. Thomas Gary, of Ocala, Fla. The devoted service rendered by him during the war, as a skillful surgeon, will be ever gratefully remembered. This eminent physician, after careful and patient research, has discovered a remedy for the cure of a painful disease, once thought incurable, that will be a great blessing to the suffering. May his useful life be prolonged two score years to bless the people he so kindly and faithfully ministers to, and to enjoy the honors he has so nobly won.

I esteem it an honor that I have it in my power to give a glowing illustration—selected from "The Falling Flag," a historical narrative that every boy and girl in the Southland should read—of the heroic defense made, and the heroic spirit that animated our gallant defenders in the hour of their defeat. It will not only thrill the hearts of our readers with pride and gratitude, but will also prove highly instructive to our young people, who may not have had the privilege of reading this noble work, in which the writer—a true son of Carolina, and a member of the gallant Seventh South Carolina Cavalry, an officer of the rear-guard at that time—gives a graphic and thrilling account of the evacuation of Richmond, soon followed by the surrender at Appomattox court-house.



COLONEL S. M. G. GARY,
C. S. A.



GENERAL M. W. GARY,
C. S. A.

In words that burn upon the heart's altar with as sacred flame as the fire kept bright by vestal hands in the temple consecrated to pure womanhood, he lights up that "last desperate struggle made by that glorious remnant of the army of Northern Virginia, with its skeleton battalions from every Southern State, illustrating their own fame and that of their noble leader mile by mile on that weary march from Richmond to Appomattox.

"April 9, 1865.

"The sun rose clear on this, the last day practically of the Southern Confederacy. We gathered the brigade on the green, on the Richmond side of the village, most of the men on foot, the horses not having come in. About eight o'clock a large portion of our regiment had their horses, they having been completely cut off the night before by the charge of Custer's cavalry on the turnpike, and to save them, were carried into a county cross-road. Then the 'Hampton Legion' got theirs. My impression is that the Twenty-fourth Virginia lost the most, or a good many of their horses.

"The men built fires, and all seemed to have something to eat and to be amusing themselves eating it. The woods on the southern and eastern side swarmed with the enemy and their cavalry; a portion of it was between us and the James river, which was about twelve miles distant.

"General Fitz Lee's division of cavalry lay over in that direction somewhere. General Longstreet,

with General Gordon, was in and on the outer edge of the town on the Lynchburg side, so we waited for the performance to commence.

. "Looking at and listening to the men, you would not have thought there was anything special in the situation. They turned all the responsibility over to the officers, who in turn did the same to those above them—the captain to the colonel, the colonel to the brigadier and so on. Colonel Haskell had not yet returned, having sent in all the horses he had gotten, and was still after the balance.

"About ten o'clock, artillery firing began in front of General Longstreet, and the blue jackets showed in heavy masses on the edge of the woods.

"General Gary, riding up, put everything that had a horse in the saddle, and moved us down the hill just on the edge of the little creek, that is here 'the Appomattox,' to wait under cover until wanted. I then lay down, with my head like the luxurious Highlander, on a smooth stone, and, holding my horse's bridle in my hand, was soon in the deep sleep of a tired man. But not for long, for down came the general in his most emphatic manner—and those who know Gary, know a man whose emphasis can be wonderfully strong, when so minded. 'Mount, men, mount!' I jumped up at the sharp ringing summons, with the sleep still in my eyes, and found myself manoeuvring my horse with his rear in front. We soon had everything in its right place, and rode out from the bottom into the open field about two hundred and fifty strong to see the last of it.

"Firing was going on, artillery and small arms, beyond the town, and there was General R. E. Lee himself, with Longstreet, Gordon and the rest of his paladins.

"When we rode into the open field, we could see the enemy crowding along the edge of the woods, cavalry apparently extending their line around us. We kept on advancing toward them to get a nearer view of things, and were midway on the Richmond side, between the town and a large white house with a handsome grove around it.

In the yard could be seen a body of cavalry, in number about our own. We saw no other troops near. Two or three hundred yards to the right of the house, an officer, apparently of rank, with a few men, his staff probably, riding well forward, halted, looking toward the town with his glass. Just as he rode out, General Gary had given the order to charge the party in the yard. Some one remarked that it looked like a flag of truce. 'Charge!' ordered Gary in his roughest tones, and on we went. The party in the yard were taken by surprise; they had not expected us to charge them, as they were aware that a parley was going on (of which, of course, we knew nothing), and that there was a suspension of hostilities.

"We drove them through the yard, taking one or two prisoners—one little fellow who took it very good humoredly; he had his head tied up, having gotten it broken somewhere on the road, and was riding a mule. We followed up their retreat through the yard, down a road through the open woods beyond, and were having it, as we thought, all our own way, when, stretched

along behind the brown oaks, and moving with a close and steady tramp, was a long line of cavalry some thousands strong—Custer's division—our friends of last night. This altered the complexion of things entirely; the order was given instantly to move by the left flank, which, without throwing our back to them, changed the forward into a retrograde movement.

“The enemy kept his line unbroken, pressing slowly forward, firing no volley; but dropping shots from a line of scattered skirmishers in front was all we got. They, of course, knew the condition of things, and seemed to think we did not.

“We fell back toward a battery of ours that was behind us, supported, I think, by a brigade of North Carolina infantry. We moved slowly, and the enemy's skirmishers got close enough for a dash to be made by our acting regimental adjutant—in place of Lieutenant Capers, killed the night before—Lieutenant Haile, who took a prisoner. But, just as it was done, one of our couriers—Tribble, Seventh Regiment—mounted on a fine, black horse, dashed between the two lines, with a handkerchief tied upon a switch, sent by General Gordon, announcing the suspension of hostilities.

“By this time our acting adjutant had, in turn, been made prisoner. As soon as the orders were understood, everything came to a standstill, and, for awhile, I thought we were going to have, then and there, a little inside fight on purely personal grounds.

“An officer, a captain—I presume the captain in command of the party in the yard, that we had attacked and driven back upon the main body—had, I rather expect, been laughed at by his own people for his prompt

and sudden return from the expedition he had set out on. He rode up at once to General Gary, and with a good deal of heat (he had his drawn saber in his hand), wanted to know what he, Gary, meant by keeping up the fight after there had been a surrender. 'Surrender,' said Gary; 'I have heard of no surrender. We are South Carolinians, and don't surrender. [Ah, General, we did, though.] Besides, sir, I take commands from no officers but my own, and I do not recognize you, or any of your cloth as such.'

"The rejoinder was about to be a harsh one; sabers were out and trouble was very near, when an officer of General Custer's staff—I should have been pleased to have gotten his name; his manner was in striking contrast to that of the bellicose captain, who seemed to belong to the snorting persuasion—with the language and manner of a thorough gentleman, said: 'I assure you, General, and I appreciate your feelings in the matter, that there has been a suspension of hostilities pending negotiations, and General Lee and General Grant are in conference on the matter at this time.'

"His manner had its effect on General Gary, who at once sheathed his sword, saying: 'Do not suppose, sir, I have any doubt of the truth of your statement, but you must allow that, under such circumstances, I can only receive orders from my own officers, but I am perfectly willing to accept your statement and wait for those orders.'

"Almost on the instant, Colonel Blackford, of the engineers, rode up, sent by General Gordon, with a Federal officer carrying orders to that effect. We

drew back to the artillery and infantry that were just behind us, and formed our battered fragments into regiments.

“Desperate as we knew our condition to be, since last night’s affair, still the idea of a complete surrender, which we began to see was inevitable, came as an awful shock. Men came to their officers, with tears streaming from their eyes, and asked what it all meant, and would at that moment, I know, have rather died the night before than see the sun rise on such a day as this. And so the day wore on and the sun went down, and with it the hopes of a people who, with prayers and tears and blood, had striven to uphold that falling flag.

“It was all too true, and our worst fears were fully justified by the result. The suspension of hostilities was but a prelude to surrender, which was, when it came to a show of hands, inevitable.

“General Lee’s army had been literally pounded to pieces at the battle of ‘Five Forks,’ around Petersburg, which made the evacuation of Richmond and the retreat a stern necessity. When General Longstreet’s corps, from the north bank, joined it, the army of northern Virginia, wasted and reduced to skeleton battalions, was still an army of veteran material, powerful yet for attack or defense, all the more dangerous from its desperate condition. And General Grant so recognized and dealt with it, attacking it as before stated, in detail, letting it wear itself out by straggling and the disorganizing effect of a retreat, breaking down of men and material. The infantry were almost starved.

“It was not until the fourth day from Richmond, at the high bridge on the Appomattox, the battle of Sailor’s creek was fought, in which, with overwhelming masses of cavalry, artillery and infantry, our starved and tired men were ridden down, and in military parlance the divisions of Kershaw, Ewell, Anderson and Custis Lee destroyed.

“The fighting next day was of the same desultory character as before, and the day after there was no blow struck until we encountered with the artillery, Custer’s cavalry at the depot of Appomattox court-house, as has been described—all their energies being directed toward establishing their ‘cordon’ around that point.

“The terms of the surrender and all about it are too well-known to go over in detail here—prisoners of war on parole, officers to retain side-arms, and all private property to be respected. That was favorable to our cavalry, as in the Confederate service the men all owned their horses, though different in the United States army, the horses belonging to the government.

“General Gary, true to the doctrine he had laid down in his discussion with the irate captain, ‘that South Carolinians did not surrender,’ turned his horse’s head and, with Captain Doby and one or two others, managed to get, that night, through the ‘cordon’ drawn around us, and succeeded in reaching Charlotte, N. C., which became, for a time, the headquarters of the Southern Confederacy. Colonel Haskell, who had been separated from us the night before while gathering up the horses of the brigade by the charge of cavalry on

the turnpike, and had joined and been acting with General Walker and his artillery, came in about two o'clock. All the Confederate cavalry at Appomattox, some two thousand or twenty-five hundred, were under his command as ranking officer.

“The brigade crossed the road and bivouacked in the open field near the creek, within a few hundred yards of the town. Our infantry, and what was left of the artillery, was scattered along the road for two or three miles toward Richmond, the enemy swarming in every direction around us and occupying the town as headquarters.

“The articles of capitulation were signed next morning, under the famous ‘apple tree,’ I suppose; what we saw of it was this: General Lee was seen, dressed in full Confederate uniform, with his sword on, riding his fine gray charger, and accompanied by General Gordon, coming from the village and riding immediately in front of where we were lying. He had not been particularly noticed, as he had gone toward the town, for, though with the regiment, I have no recollection of his doing so. As soon as he was seen, it acted like an electric flash upon our men; they sprang to their feet, and, running to the roadside, commenced a wild cheering that aroused our troops. As far as we could see, they came running down the hillsides, and joining in along the ground and through the woods, and up into the sky there went a tribute that has seldom been paid to mortal man—‘Faithful, though all was lost.’

“The Federal army, officers and men, bore themselves toward us as brave men should. I do not recol-

lect, within my personal observation, a single act that could be called discourteous, nor did I hear of one. On the other hand, much kindness and consideration were exhibited when circumstances made it warrantable—such as previous acquaintance, as was common among the officers of the old army, or a return of kindness when parties had been prisoners in our hands, as was the case with a portion of the Seventh Regiment, when it was the cavalry battalion of the ‘Holcomb Legion,’ under Colonel Shingler, and the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry. Success had made them good natured. Those we came in contact with were soldiers—fighting men—and, as is always the case, such appreciate and are too proud to bear themselves in any other way. They, in the good nature of success, were more willing to give than our men, in the soreness of defeat, to receive. They were proud of their success, and we were not ashamed of our defeat, and not a man of that grand army of one hundred and fifty thousand men but could, and, I believe, would testify, that on purely personal grounds, the few worn out, half-starved men that gathered around General Lee and his falling flag held the prouder position of the two. Had politicians left things alone, such feelings would have resulted in a very different condition of things.

“We stacked eight thousand stands of arms, all told: artillery, cavalry, infantry, stragglers, wagon rats and all the rest, from twelve to fifteen thousand men.

“The United States troops, by their own estimate, were one hundred and fifty thousand men, with a railroad connecting their rear with Washington, New

York, Germany, France, Belgium, Africa—'all the world, and the rest of mankind,' as General Taylor comprehensively remarked, for their recruiting stations were all over the world, and the crusade against the South, under the pressure of the 'almighty dollar,' was as absolute and varied in its nationality as was that of 'Peter the Hermit,' under pressure of religious zeal upon Jerusalem.

"Those of us who took serious consideration of the state of affairs, felt that with our defeat we had as absolutely lost our country—the one we held under the constitution—as though we had been conquered and made a colony of by France or Russia. So far, it was all according to the order of things, and we stood on the bare hills, men without a country. General Grant, it was said, offered us rations and transportation, each man to his native State—now a conquered province—or to Halifax, Nova Scotia. Many would not have hesitated to accept the offer for 'Halifax and rations,' but in distant Southern homes were old men, helpless women and children, whose cry for help it was not hard to hear. So, in good faith, accepting our fate, we took allegiance to this our new country, which is now called the 'United States,' as we would have done to France or Russia. With all that was around us—the destruction of the army of Northern Virginia, and the certain defeat of the Confederate States as the result—no one dreamed of what has followed."

We now return to our own brave little band of heroes at Waldo, who, after they were paroled, gathered around

their beloved captain to bid him farewell. The officer who paroled them remarked that he had never witnessed such devotion from soldiers to their commanding officer.

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

“ Brother Officers and Soldiers :

“ The time has arrived when, with sorrow, your commanding officer must bid you farewell. Many of you have, for nearly three years, been my pride and admiration. Your noble deeds of heroism have crowned you with glory and renown, and whatever honor I have won, you have proudly shared it with me. To separate myself from such men, after the relationship which has existed between us, is a severe trial. Although many reverses have attended us during the past thirty days, I am proud to know we are not whipped—only overpowered. We stand firm, unshaken, united. Want of ammunition and provisions compelled our noble armies to succumb—deeply do we sympathize with them.

“ In separating from you, my brave companions, I feel as if the nearest ties of brotherhood were to be severed forever. Farewell, my brave soldiers; return to your homes, and take with you the assurance that, whatever may be my destiny, I shall ever look to this command with gratitude and pride.

“ Farewell! affectionately farewell!

“ J. J. DICKISON.”

CONCLUSION.

When the war closed, and our paroled soldiers returned to their peaceful avocations, hope beguiled us with the promise that peace was restored.

Alas! how evanescent so blissful a dream!

Owing to the lamentable death of our patriotic governor, John Milton, General A. K. Allison, President of the Senate, filled the gubernatorial chair for a short time. We were not allowed the right to elect our chief executive. The Hon. William Marvin, by appointment of the President of the United States, was made provisional governor, and held the office until the winter of 1865, when we were granted the privilege of an election by the people for our State officers.

One of our supreme judges, the Hon. David S. Walker, by the unanimous voice of a proud constituency, was made governor. His message to the Legislature was said to be equal in style with the celebrated composition known as the "Vision of Mirza," and the first paragraph in "Rasselas," and in the subject treated, it was what the times demanded—calm, dispassionate, firm.

Not long, a little over two years, were we permitted to enjoy the blessings of his wise and peaceful administration. The red planet Mars was in the ascendant, and eclipsed the pure lambent light of the beauteous star of peace. Our courtly governor was deposed by the order of a military satrap, and a new regime es-

tablished, most destructive to our prosperity, and inexpressibly galling to the proud spirit of our citizens to the "manor born."

The despot's heel was upon our beloved land. We were deprived of all civil and political rights. We had neither law nor order; there was no protection of life, liberty or property. As a conquered province, we were treated and held in "durance vile."

With military dictators in authority at every city, town and village—the "Bureau" for the "wards of the nation" and that valiant cohort of "carpet-baggers"—a corps of renowned politicians, fraternizing with the "brother in black," a scene of degradation followed that presented so appalling a picture no pen can portray.

Ah! how black that picture!

With such rulers over our State, corruption, fraud and profligacy held high carnival. From every wronged heart the cry arose, "How long, oh, Lord, how long wilt thou delay thy vengeance!"

After a weary decade of bitter humiliation, our noble leaders made a bold charge—as grand as that of the famous Light Brigade—and completely routed their political opponents.* The great Seal of State once more passed into their hands, and from that time until the present hour, sacredly have they guarded it.

How bright the picture! peace now smiles upon us, cheerful wealth gladdens the heart, and blighting want is unknown in this fair land of ours.

* Read speech of Governor D. S. Walker, in the Conservative and Democratic State Convention, at Quincy, Fla., on the 8th of June, 1876.

These are the two pictures that hang on Memory's walls. Each one teaches a lesson that all should learn. The one for us to treasure in our hearts, and by which to govern our lives—"Righteousness exalteth a people."

OUR DEAR OLD SOUTHLAND.

The deepest, noblest passion implanted by God in the heart of man—next to that of filial love—is love of the land that he can call "my own, my native land."

To recall days of "auld lang syne," and preserve the associations that cluster around the halcyon days of our youth is a pleasure, though tinged with sadness, the purest, dearest, keenest the heart is capable of.

It was this love burning in the hearts of the Israelite captives that called forth that sad, sweet, tearful wail: "How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Let us often revive in our minds the memory of this beautiful and tender refrain, and, while we live under our own vine and fig-tree shade, never forget to keep bright this sacred fire upon our home altars, or ever be beguiled into even a momentary forgetfulness of this filial duty.

I am daily reminded of a grievous error that is creeping into the minds of our young people, and it is one that those who lived in ante-bellum days must unite in trying to root out. It is a word—the "new" South—coined from alien brain, and should be blotted from our vocabulary.

A new era in the history of the domestic relations existing between master and servant—the establish-

ment of a new form of servitude—no more indicates a “new South,” than the dismantling of a dear old homestead of its ancient furniture and refurnishing with that of modern style makes that dear sanctuary a new home. Let us never give such misnomer to our dear Southland. For us there is no “new South.”

We have not been enriched by the misfortunes and the spoils of war, nor amassed colossal fortunes and expended millions of dollars in building palatial homes. Neither have we, in imitation of the nobility of distant lands, clothed ourselves with the insignia of royalty, and launched floating palaces to bear us upon the bosom of the mighty waters for a summer's outing. No! no! Such grandeur, such superfluous decorations would stamp us as a new people, and we would well deserve the name of “new South.”

The death-knell of the cause we so bravely defended did not destroy the vital powers of our dear Southland, nor was she buried beneath her blood-stained battle-fields, or the desolation of her ruined cities and once prosperous homes. Impoverished as she was, despoiled of her wealth, her productive rice lands and fertile cotton-fields laid waste by one stroke of a despot's pen, she has nobly come forth conqueror in the battle for life.

With that mastery of mind that has ever characterized our people in every noble work and great enterprise, they have built up the waste places, restored order where all was disorder and misrule, and, with indomitable will, called up their hidden forces from the “vasty deep”—the grand resources that our magnificent old Southland offers in her rich mines, long hid

in the mountain regions, and her inexhaustible beds of gypsum, phosphate and lime-rock found in her lowlands.

With untiring energy are they toiling to make for the rising generation a future of such rich promise as will grandly illustrate the spirit of the old South—true to her heritage of brain and transcendent moral courage. We can never forget our time-honored customs, or the traditions of our people—their generous, whole-souled hospitality, and the courtly dignity that marked the native-born Southern gentleman. Such memories are the “sweet chimes that sound through the haunted chambers of the heart like some old poet’s rhymes.”

The great roll of illustrious names, from Washington down to our own day, will have added luster, when other names are enrolled—those of our noble rising young men—if they will but prove worthy sons of their noble sires, and keep sacred the honor and fair fame of our dear old Southland.

Mý loved and fondly cherished home!
 From thy sheltering borders I ask not e'er to roam.
 “Yet beautiful the broad earth 'round,
 To minds attuned aright;
 And wheresoe'er my steps have turned,
 A smile has met my sight.”

“HOLY LOVE OF COUNTRY GIVES COURAGE.”

“In memory of our brave compatriots, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, whose cause is dead, but whose deeds live on.

“A memorial ode, delivered at Norfolk, Va., by the



GOVERNOR DAVID S. WALKER,
OF FLORIDA.

Rev. B. D. Tucker, rector of Old St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal church :

VINCTI SED VICTORES.

- “ From hearts of men, from off the country's face,
Whose beauty once the stains of blood did mar,
Long years of peace have labored to efface
The cruel tracks and vestiges of war.
- “ Each spring has brought its tender wealth of green
To hide the gory battlements of earth,
'Till now the barren mounds, that once had been
The place of death, to flowers and grass give birth.
- “ The dusty plains, once trampled by the feet
Of angry hosts, whose battle shout was heard
Above the canon's roar, are fields of wheat,
Or meadows, where we list the song of bird.
- “ On ships that sail the seas, in churches' aisles,
In busy marts, in country and in town,
They meet, and greet with kindly words and smiles,
Who once in battle faced with warlike frown.
- “ To God be praise ! for Passion yields her sway,
And cloud no longer veils the sky above.
As storm to calm, and night to day gives way,
So war gives place to peace, and hate to love.
- “ Gone is the bitterness that once we knew,
Tho' still the woe is traced in many eyes ;
Gone are the dreams of yore, and ended, too,
The old heroic life of sacrifice.
- “ Gone like a meteor through the cloudless skies,
The hopes with which we sought the stubborn fray ;
Gone like the music when the singer dies,
The fancies that beguiled us for a day.

“Gone like a harvest swept by cruel hail,
The hard-won fruits of each victorious fight;
Aye, country, flag and cause! gone like a sail
That dots the seas and passes out of sight!

“Is this, then, all that’s left, these many graves
Which far and wide are found in mount and plain,
In valleys fair and where the ocean waves
Sing requiem—do these alone remain?

“Nay, surely nay; but like as Samson drew
The honey from the lion he had slain,
So from our lion war we comrades, too,
May draw the strong and sweet, ah! not in vain.

“’Twas not in vain, that these in camp and field,
And women brave as they ’mid dark’ning skies,
Endured and suffered, would not cringe nor yield,
But gave their all, and taught of sacrifice!

“More fair these fruits we gather from defeat,
Than some which grow on Victory’s highest tree;
That duty’s self, that sacrifice is sweet—
Ah! this to learn, is more than victory.

“This much is left of all our fateful strife,
These names that shine in Honor’s glorious sky;
The dead to teach us how to live our life,
Or show us how, if duty calls, to die!

“And now, because they, dying, left this gift
Of names untarnished and of memories bright,
Whose glory made in leaden skies a rift,
And bathed fore’er our Southern land in light;

“Because they gave us all they could, we bring
This tribute wrought of flowers, of verse, of tears,
And vow to keep from dark Oblivion’s wing
Their names and deeds thro’ all the changing years.”

During the yellow fever scourge that swept over the South soon after the close of the war, the generous sympathy of the people of the North toward us in our dire affliction was truly a peace offering laid upon the altar of homes that had been desolated by the more dreadful scourge of war.

The *Mobile Evening News* offered a prize for the poem, by a Southern writer, which should be judged most meritorious—expressive of the gratitude of the Southern heart toward the people of the North, for the benevolence and magnanimity so freely and nobly displayed in the time of our calamity.

There were seventy-seven competitors, widely scattered, and their work was carefully examined by a competent committee, who decided that a poem entitled, "Conquered at Last," by Miss Maria L. Eve, of Augusta, Ga., for its brevity, directness, spirit and force, most truly represented the real sentiment of the Southern people.

As the only known medium of its circulation was through our newspaper columns, and, however beautiful the publication, there is rarely ever given to it more than a passing notice—occasionally it is preserved among the cherished souvenirs of a scrap-book. This poem is too pure a gem to be lost; therefore, I give it a place in the pages of my little narrative recording the heroic deeds of brave men, as the beautiful heart effusion of one of Georgia's loveliest maidens—"a typical Southern girl."

" CONQUERED AT LAST."

- " You came to us once, O, brothers, in wrath,
 'And rude desolation followed your path.
- " You conquered us then, but only in part,
 For a stubborn thing is the human heart.
- " So the mad wind blows in his might and main,
 And the forests bend to his breath like grain,
- " Their heads in the dust and their branches broke
 But how shall he soften their hearts of oak ?
- " You swept o'er our land like the whirlwind's wing,
 But the human heart is a stubborn thing.
- " We laid down our arms, we yielded our will,
 But our ' heart of hearts ' was unconquered still.
- " ' We are vanquished,' we said, ' but our wounds must heal ;'
 We gave you our swords, but our hearts were steel.
- " ' We are conquered,' we said, but our hearts were sore,
 And ' woe to the conquered ' on every door.
- " But the spoiler came, and he would not spare—
 The angel that ' walketh in darkness ' was there !
- " He walked thro' the valley, walked thro' the street,
 And he left the print of his fiery feet
- " In the dead, dead, dead, that were everywhere,
 And buried away with never a prayer.
- " From the desolate land, from its very heart,
 There went forth a cry to the uttermost part.
- " You heard it, O, brothers ! with never a measure,
 You opened your hearts and poured out your treasure.
- " O, Sisters of Mercy, you gave above these !
 For you helped, we know, on your bended knees.

- “Your pity was human, but oh! it was more
When you shared our cross, and our burden bore.
- “Your lives in your hands, you stood by our side;
Your lives for our lives, you lay down and died.
- “And no greater love hath a man to give,
Than lay down his life, that his friends may live.
- “You poured in our wounds the oil and wine
That you brought to us from a Hand Divine.
- “You conquered us, brothers; our swords we gave;
We yield now our hearts—they are all we have.
- “Our ‘last ditch’ was there, and it held it out long;
It is yours, O, friends! and you’ll find it strong.
- “Your love had a magic diviner than art,
And ‘Conquered by Kindness,’ we’ll write on our heart.”
-

South Florida troops—Company B, Second Florida Cavalry Regiment, Captain H. A. Gray; Company H, Fifth Battalion Florida Cavalry, Captain M. Haynes—attached to Company H, Second Florida Cavalry Regiment, commanded by Captain J. J. Dickison, and paroled at Waldo, May 20, 1865:

OFFICERS OF COMPANY H, SECOND FLORIDA CAVALRY:

J. J. DICKISON, Captain.
 W. H. MCCARDELL, First Lieutenant.
 W. J. MCEADDY, Second Lieutenant.
 H. C. DOZIER, Third Lieutenant.

WILLIAM COX, First Sergeant.
 J. J. WARD, Second Sergeant.
 J. S. POER, Third Sergeant.
 S. S. WEEKS, Fourth Sergeant.
 J. OTOOLE, Fifth Sergeant.

R. RUSSELL, First Corporal.

W. B. STEVENS, Second Corporal.

C. L. WRIGHT, Third Corporal.

J. GEIGER, Fourth Corporal.

J. HARDEN, Bugler.

W. HICKS, Bugler.

PRIVATES :

Ambler, D. G.	Dell, Maxey	Millar, R. W.
Andrew, L. M.	Fewell, H.	Murphy, P.
Bankman, L.	Futch, E.	Miranda, W. B.
Banknight, J. P.	Gibson, Charles	Osteen, W.
Barnes, Seth S.	Hinson, H.	Osteen, L.
Barber, M. D. F.	Hicks, H.	Oliveros, B. F.
Baldwin, L.	Hernandez, E.	Poer, D. N.
Baisden, J. H.	Hasel, J. B.	Price, E.
Bell, Joseph B.	Harrison, E. L.	Piggott, T. G.
Bobo, B. A.	Hall, W.	Prudens, H. J.
Blunt, J. L.	Haile, John	Pacetti, P.
Braddock, H. E.	Ives, W. T.	Pearson, Charles
Bates, O. B.	Johnson, F. A.	Randall, A. R.
Brown, J. O.	Johnson, J. J.	Rivers, J. P.
Cason, J. B.	Johns, J. W.	Rogers, A. C.
Carruthers, W.	Johns, E.	Rogers, J.
Cain, W. D.	Johns, R.	Shaw, J. D.
Clifton, D. J.	Jones, W. H.	Sparkman, P. W.
Clifton, F. M.	Kelly, M.	Sparkman, James
Clifton, J.	Kite, J.	Sparkman, S.
Connor, W.	Lewis, W. E.	Smith, F. W.
Crews, J. C.	Lannier, J. S.	Scott, M.
Curry, L. D.	Lannier, J. W.	Starke, Reuben
Cooley, Charles	Love, S. L.	Sikes, R.
Donaldson, W. H.	Laminie, W.	Strickland, J. B.
Douglas, W.	Lovell, B.	Stringfellow, Wm.
Durrance, W.	Markey, J.	Tatem, J.
Denton, James	Markey, R. L.	Taylor, A.
Dancy, D. Y.	Moore, S.	Thomas, J. F.

Thomas, C.	Turner, W. A.	Weeks, J. A.
Thomas, J. W.	Turner, W. B.	Weeks, B. B.
Thomas, J. R.	Tyer, B.	Wright, H.
Tillis, Y.	Waterman, A. E.	Weeks, S. T.
Tillis, J. B.	Weathersby, C.	Weathersby, J.

Captain Dickison promoted to Colonel Provisional Army C. S.,
April 5, 1865.

COMPANY B, SECOND FLORIDA CAVALRY.

OFFICERS :

H. A. GRAY, Captain.
 R. H. McLEOD, First Lieutenant.
 S. B. W. STEPHENS, Second Lieutenant.
 M. SMITH, Third Lieutenant.

W. P. TOMPKINS, First Sergeant.
 R. METTS, Second Sergeant.
 C. L. REELINGSWORTH, Third Sergeant.
 T. J. BRANNING, Fourth Sergeant.
 J. WILKISON, Fifth Sergeant.

J. H. SHALLY, First Corporal.
 M. J. TROUELL, Second Corporal.
 L. D. WALL, Third Corporal.
 F. B. SMITH, Fourth Corporal.

G. W. PREIST, Bugler.
 L. METTS, Bugler.

PRIVATES :

Alvary, J. R.	Barratte, A.	Dardis, J.
Alvarez, D. G.	Bagley, T. C.	Donaldson, F.
Becks, J. L.	Baya, J.	Dukes, J. J.
Bryant, D. H.	Brower, G.	Dykes, D.
Beasley, E.	Cannon, P. R.	Dellaberry, W.
Branning, D. L.	Connell, J. R.	Dellaberry, F.
Broer, John	Cook, G. W.	Eubanks, W. N.
Bradley, R. H.	Cook, E.	Fleming, D. A.

Glisson, W. R.	King, A. J.	Sparkman, G. W.
Glisson, D. W.	Lancey, J. R.	Sibley, L. G.
Granger, H.	L'Engle, E.	Sanders, M.
Granger, J. A.	Mallette, F. F.	Tompkins, J. A.
Granger, M. D.	Monroe, P.	Tynor, J. C.
Grooms, J.	McLeod, D. C.	Tynor, W. R.
Griffis, H.	Metts, A. J.	Wall, B. S.
Griffis, S.	Oglesby, C.	Wall, S. J.
Gaines, J.	Oglesby, D.	Waterbury, H. W.
Hopkins, H. T.	Purdon, J.	Weineer, J. D. A.
Houston, D. P.	Preist, J.	Wingate, J. A.
Hunter, A. H.	Preist, W. M.	Wingate, W. H.
Houston, J. R.	Pennir, J.	Wilkeson, H.
Jennings, E. S.	Penvils, W. E.	Wingate, Isaac
Jones, W. T.	Roberts, N. E.	Yelington, R.

COMPANY H, FIFTH BATTALION FLORIDA CAVALRY.

OFFICERS :

M. HAYNES, Captain.
 THOS. E. HAILE, First Lieutenant.
 B. F. S. BRANTLY, Second Lieutenant.

J. M. BRYEN, First Sergeant.
 S. A. CURRY, Second Sergeant.
 B. E. DUPONT, Third Sergeant.
 J. M. HARDY, Fourth Sergeant.
 J. STARKE, Fifth Sergeant.

J. M. THOMAS, First Corporal.
 J. W. FUSSELL, Second Corporal.
 W. G. ROWLAND, Third Corporal.
 N. DAVIS, Fourth Corporal.

E. H. CROWE, Musician.

PRIVATES :

Adams, R. J.	Brooks, R.	Brantley, W.
Brooks, J. D.	Bryan, W.	Bennett, D. L.



MAJOR-GENERAL J. J. DICKISON.
SECOND DIVISION STATE TROOPS, 1888.

Caldwell, F. S.	Harper, F.	Rawlemn, W. H.
Collins, H.	Hart, J. D.	Robertson, S. M.
Colter, A.	Hart, C. C.	Robertson, R.
Chalker, J. B.	Hull, E. J.	Rogers, M. H.
Crane, H.	Jones, J.	Sligh, J. M.
Davis, E. G.	Kirley, H. J.	Sligh, S. P.
Davis, W. A.	Lovell, W. A.	Smith, P.
Dial, G.	Meddow, A. N.	Sturmans, W. D.
Drawdy, D.	Meddow, J.	Tillman, J. B.
Dupont, J. B.	Marsh, R.	Thompson, John
Elerber, R. P.	Nesbet, T. G.	Tucker, W. J.
Fort, A.	Newman, M. J.	Vaught, A.
Fort, J.	Parish, J. A.	Wofford, J. T.
Griffin, B.	Peters, A. H.	Ward, W. J.
Gough, J. E.	Peters, G. H.	Whidden, J.
Grantham, D.	Perry, A. H.	Yates, J. B.
Haile, J. C.	Piles, T. S.	Young, J. B.
	Rawlemn, J.	

TO OUR DEAR AND HONORED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

This little volume—a work of love—is a tribute of gratitude from one whose hopes, like yours, were dashed to earth by the surrender of our noble armies. For the success of the cause so dear to every heart, the dearest, tenderest ties were severed; and, had the price of victory been my own heart's blood, freely would it have been given. The sweet incense of grateful praise will be ever around you for your chivalrous and heroic defense of our rights, and the fair fame of our dear Southland, while pure-hearted, loyal women live to fill the sacred censer.

Though I bear no scars from flesh wounds—the badge of honor so many of our brave soldiers proud-

ly wear—yet the heart was often sorely wounded; and, though its tender lacerations have been healed by the kindly hand of time, there are times when my wounds, like theirs, break out and bleed afresh. Then may this, my heart offering, be given a place with your heroic deeds upon the altar of a just, though “Lost Cause,” made sacred by its baptismal of blood.

MESSAGE TO THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR FIRST REUNION, AT OCALA, FLA.,

MARCH 12, 1890.

“LOUISVILLE, KY., March 3, 1890.

“*Colonel John M. Martin, ex-Captain Marion Light Artillery, Ocala, Fla. :*

“I read, with inexpressible pleasure, a notice in the *Ocala Banner* that there would be a reunion of the dear old Confederates, at that place, on the 12th instant.

“How very interesting such an event will be; and I sincerely hope that the selection of so central a location will enable every veteran in Florida to assemble on an occasion so grand, so inspiring in all its bearings. I deeply regret that the pleasure will not be mine to be with you on that memorable day. While my heart pours out a full tide of gratitude for every veteran present within its inner sanctuary, the Leo Dragoons, Company H, Second Florida Cavalry, and the Marion Light Artillery, are enshrined. I feel that I have a rightful membership with them. The precious memory of our dead heroes I have embalmed with my

tears. 'In the urns of our hearts their ashes shall lie;' and, as my prayers followed you, from the hour you went forth to battle proudly for your country's rights until you returned to your homes, grander in defeat than if crowned with victory, for

"Noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger,"

So to the present hour my heart is loyal in its proud allegiance.

"When your noble ranks shall wheel once more into line, and comrade greets comrade with a glad shout of patriotic welcome, my spirit will be with you, and breathe a benediction upon the brave survivors of your gallant command and that of my warrior husband.

"Though in 'battle array,' not to face a cruel foe, but to meet the bright smiles and sweet glances of noble matrons and gentle maidens, who cherish in their heart of hearts a devoted love for the heroic men who so bravely fought in defense of right, and the fair fame of our dear Southland.

"You did not, my gallant friends, give way when the artillery guns, manned by the blue-coats, poured a deadly fire into your columns; but this I predict, that, when reports reach me, in my home in this grand bluegrass country, I shall learn that the oldest veterans—even the 'Knight of the Silver Spurs,' whose beautiful hair gleams like silver, as he rides in advance of the line—were made captives by that invincible army of good and beautiful women; and that, too, 'without firing a gun.' Happy prisoners! May you ever wear such golden fetters!

“Three cheers, each wafting a benison for our noble Confederate veterans. You have a brilliant record. Your well-earned fame, for gallantry and heroism, will be handed down to your children’s children. It has been my work of love to record your deeds of dauntless intrepidity. Such brilliant achievements shall live in song and story—

“These are deeds that should not pass away,
And names that must not wither.”

“Since the death of our beloved and devoted chieftain, ex-President Davis, I have draped the flag of the Marion Light Artillery in crape, encircled by a wreath of evergreens—one expressive of our bereavement, the other, emblematic of our fidelity. His memory will be ever green in the hearts of his people.

“Permit me to suggest that a wreath of bay be twined and now placed upon the staff of the flag, where once the spear flashed. I should delight to weave this garland and present it to the command. There is a lovely child—a niece of Mr. Leonard Dozier, the color-bearer elect, and daughter of Mr. John Dozier—who would be a bright connecting-link between the rising generation and the one that is passing away. How touching the incident, how beautiful the picture, to have this lovely little girl, the child of a long line of patriotic ancestors, add this floral decoration to the flag that will be unfurled for the first time since its crimson folds, with the starry cross—a distinctive glory of the Southern heavens—waved in all its rich beauty over the battle-field at Richmond, Ky.

“And now, a parting reminder to your brave com-

panions-in-arms. On an occasion so inspiring as this meeting of the gallant survivors of a 'Lost Cause,' a yearning tenderness (not of earth) will creep into your hearts. Memories of your brave comrades, who fell with their 'face to the foe,' and whose manly forms rest on distant battle-grounds, will cast a halo around. Then forget not that 'this mortal must put on immortality.' In every soul the thought of immortality is a natural germ, put in by God's own hand; and, as our reasoning and perceptive powers develop, the comforting belief comes to us, that there is a purer, higher life beyond the grave.

"May this earthly reunion with your old comrades-in-arms be suggestive of the eternal reunion which awaits you in the spirit world.

"How grand the thought of that glorious reunion with the great army of martyr-heroes who have 'crossed the river,' and who now, clothed in snowy vestments, are singing sweeter, loftier notes than ever victor sang on earth. These noble martyrs to a just cause, made sacred by its baptismal of blood, will be the first to greet you on the blessed and shining shore. There the deep and generous ties of earth will be renewed and strengthened and glorified.

"God's blessings rest upon our brave defenders and dear protectors during life's pilgrimage, and may we all meet in that beautiful home that is prepared for us—the 'home of the soul'—is the parting prayer of your friend and grateful countrywoman,

Mary E Dickison

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