

**HOW IT WAS: FOUR  
YEARS AMONG  
THE REBELS**

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How It Was: Four Years among the Rebels by Mrs. Irby Morgan

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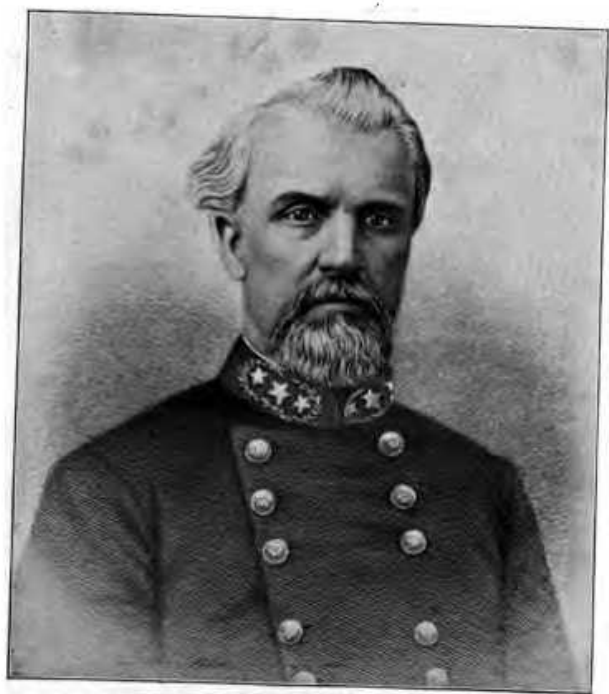
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**MRS. IRBY MORGAN**

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GEN. N. B. FORREST.

# HOW IT WAS;

FOUR YEARS AMONG THE REBELS.

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BY MRS. IRBY MORGAN,  
*Nashville, Tenn.*

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# HOW IT WAS.

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## CHAPTER I.

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THE people of Nashville for weeks before the fall of Fort Sumter were greatly excited, as the whole country was watching and waiting coming events. Fort Sumter fell; and no one can describe the excitement but one who witnessed it; and every one commenced planning and trying to do something to aid the South.

Drums were beating, fifes playing, the boys coming in troops to enlist for the war, and anxious fathers and mothers could be met at every point. All were earnest and anxious, as few had anticipated the result of the wrangling the country had had for years; and now war was upon us, and we totally unprepared for it.

All the old guns and muskets to be found were brought into requisition, and many consulted as to how to use them, how they could be remodeled, etc., and we of the South were in a dilemma what to do; but we went on the presumption, "where

there's a will there's a way," to get us out of difficulty, and the result proved it.

Mr. V. K. Stevenson and others formed a company to gather war materials, and my husband, Mr. Irby Morgan, was selected by him to go to New Orleans, Louisville, and other points to get sulphur and other material for making caps.

Col. Samuel D. Morgan took great interest in the cap factory, and it was a success, for in a short time they were making thousands. Mr. Morgan brought home two of the first perfect caps, and requested me to keep them as souvenirs of the war. The caps that were used at Manassas and Bull Run were made in our cap factory of the material bought by my husband. After this factory had proved a success, Mr. Morgan and others were sent to hunt wool to make clothes for our soldiers, and he went to Texas and other points and bought four hundred and fifty thousand pounds and had it shipped to Nashville, and from here he took it to factories in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and East Tennessee to be made in Confederate gray. He went to the factories and got the cloth, and the last he procured Gen. Rody had to send an escort to guard the wagons, and he delivered to the department in Atlanta five hundred thousand yards of Confederate gray



which he had had made at a cost of seventy-five cents a yard, when it was selling in the market at five dollars a yard. After he returned from Texas, then our work began.

Col. Terry's gallant command from Texas came through the marshes of Louisiana, in water and mud almost waist deep, and most of them took severe colds, and by the time they got to Nashville a number were sick. To add to their troubles, the measles broke out among them. Hospitals were hurriedly fitted up, and they were soon crowded. The citizens were greatly distressed, and the ladies went in troops to see them, to take delicacies, and to do all to alleviate their sufferings. Miss Jane Thomas, Mrs. Felicia Porter, and many others were untiring in their attentions; but the hospitals were so crowded and uncomfortable that a number decided to take them to their homes and nurse them. A great many were young, petted darlings at home, and of course they were wretched. I took Capt. Rice, a grand old man who lived on Trinity River on a large farm; also Frank Roan, Capt. Hunter, and Frank Kibbe, all four from Texas, and Levi Jones, of East Tennessee. All were very ill with measles and terrible coughs, and we sent for our family physician and did all we could for them, sitting up and nursing for two

months. I hired a nurse and got the boys from the store to help sit up with them. Capt. Hunter was delirious for two weeks, and Capt. Rice as ill as could be to live, and we watched and waited as tenderly as possible. After two months Capt. Hunter got strong enough to join his command, so did Frank Roan and Kibber; that left me with Levi Jones and Capt. Rice. Dr. Atchison told me he thought Capt. Rice would die. I was much distressed, for I had become greatly attached to the old man. I went to him and said: "Captain, you are very sick; I fear you will not get well." He said, with a great deal of earnestness and quiet dignity: "Madam, I am an old man. I have plenty at home, a large farm, negroes, no wife nor children, and the boys were all leaving, and I loved them and could not stand to see them go without me, and I thought a country that had done so much for me I ought to fight for it." I said: "My dear old friend, you must try to think of a better land, to which you are fast hastening. Look to God for help. We have done all we can for you; now beg God to help you to be ready to meet him." He said: "I have always been charitable, have ever been kind to my negroes, and old Master will deal kindly with me. I have no fears." And just as the glorious sun rose the old man's

spirit took its flight, I hope to a better world. We buried him at Mt. Olivet.

All were gone now but Levi. He seemed delighted with his surroundings; would come into my room and would sit for hours with the children and myself and tell me about his mother, sisters, and brothers, and wish he was at home with them. He said he wished he was at home so he could go to the singing school. He was tired of the war. He reverted to the singing school again and again, and said they made the prettiest music he ever heard, indeed they were powerful singers. One day I said I thought the fresh air would do him good: "I will have the carriage ready, and I want you to take a ride." He was delighted, and observed that he thought it would do him "a power of good." As he crossed the bridge he saw his first steamboat; and he was charmed, and told me when he got home that he thought "it was such a good idea, houses floatin' on water, and a feller could fish all the way down." He got to looking well and ate heartily, and I said: "Levi, I expect soon they will call on you to join your command." He said: "Yes; I am looking any day to be sent for, but I am powerful weak." He screwed up his courage enough to appoint a time to join his regiment, but when the fatal day arrived he came