

**IN AND OUT OF THE LINES: AN
ACCURATE ACCOUNT OF
INCIDENTS DURING THE
OCCUPATION OF GEORGIA BY
FEDERAL TROOPS IN 1864-65**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649750061

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

1905

TO THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTHERN
CONFEDERACY WHO YET HOLD DEAR
THE FOUR IMMORTAL YEARS OF OUR
PAST, THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED BY

The Author.

PREFACE

The account which is here presented was written in 1870, but circumstances made its publication at that time impracticable. It tells with absolute truth the experience of one Southern family during the year 1864-1865. There are to-day living witnesses who can testify to the accuracy of the recital.

The story of the war itself, of the battles which were fought and of the victories which were won by our fathers and brothers, has been carefully written up. There were officers on the field whose duty it was to make reports, and since the struggle ended men of ability in the interest of history have searched out these reports, have sifted the truth from the fiction, and have written up the story for those who come after us. But in the homes of the South, and particularly in those districts which were between the lines occupied at one time by Federal Troops, at another by the Confederates, there were no commanding generals or subordinate officers to submit reports of what occurred, and no historian to write out the happenings of each day, and yet in these homes were enacted some of the most heroic deeds and some of the grimmest tragedies of the war. Here the South was represented only by her women

and children, but they often suffered hardships as great as were endured on the field of battle, and in all their trials they showed an unfaltering devotion to the cause. Their story should be written out.

It should not be written in any hostile or unfriendly spirit, because to-day we are again a united people; the Southern States are once more a part of the Union, and the Southern mothers of to-day are ready to make for that Union every sacrifice which could be asked of true patriotism and loyal devotion. Only three years since, when we were involved in war with Spain, Southern mothers sent their sons to fight for the old flag, and the prayers of Southern women were offered on every hearthstone for its success. But as a matter of history, the events and doings of those years ought to be written out. As a matter of common interest the story ought to go down to future generations, so that in times to come the whole world may know, and particularly the people of the South may know, something of the sufferings of the Southern women in 1864-65, and something of the courage and devotion with which they did their part.

THE AUTHOR.

CEMENT, GA.

April 12, 1905.

In and Out of the Lines.

CHAPTER I.

IN the spring of 1864, about the middle of May, my father left the Confederate Army—then at Dalton, N. Ga., some thirty or forty miles distant—and came to tell us that the army was retreating, and that we must go before it. We begged him to let us remain, for we well knew what the fate of refugees was. To this he at length consented, then returned to his command.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 18th of May one of our servants awoke us to say that the army was passing. Dressing hurriedly we hastened to the upper gate, which opened directly upon the public road. A heavy gray mist at first concealed nearly everything from view, save objects only a few feet distant, but as the morning advanced the fog lifted, and as far as the eye extended nothing could be seen but a moving mass of men and horses.

The rail and wagon road—only a few feet apart at the gate—run parallel for a mile.

For that distance we could see clearly. Such a multitude! I felt inclined to agree with our old nurse, as she stood with uplifted hands, exclaiming, "I did not know dere was so much people in de worl'!"

The long night's march appeared not to have fatigued the men at all. They laughed and joked with each other as they passed, and occasionally gave us the cheering assurance that they were "going to lick Sherman and be back next week."

Several soldiers stopped at the creek and made their toilets, and one poor fellow, having scrubbed his face until it was scarlet, came up to Janet with a Bible in his hand. Stuttering horribly, he asked her to keep it for him as it was too heavy to carry longer, and he could not throw it away. On every available blank spot he had written "Levi Bartlett his Booke."

The advance of Hardee's Corps, to which my father and brother belonged, now came in sight, and just as we were asking for the 63d Georgia, my brother hailed us. He had hurried on to tell us to meet my father at the lower gate. We ran to the house to give him breakfast, then hastened to the gate and found my father already there.

Faint and exhausted with the night's march, splashed with mud and grimy with the smoke of the camp-fire, he looked what he was—

a thorough Confederate soldier, who had stepped from the ranks a moment to say good-by to his wife and children, whom he might never see again, and who did it with a brave spirit and cheerful voice that they might feel the parting less. We gave him some refreshment and then a last good-by was said.

There was no time to grieve. We had much to do, and but a short time to do it in. My father had told us to collect the stock and send them off, for if we were prompt there was yet time.

The negroes were perfectly wild with excitement and incapable of anything, so we undertook the task ourselves. Janet and Sophy ran up to the hill pasture after the flock of four hundred sheep, while Maria and I busied ourselves collecting provisions for the overseer and servants who were to drive the stock.

In a short time Janet and Sophy returned with the sheep, and after driving them to the upper gate Janet went to the house and Sophy and I to the stables. The overseer and house boy had packed the wagon and everything was now ready, but one of the men had gone to his mother's house, half a mile off, and must be sent after; so mounting the boy on my pony Gipsev we told him to bring the man back as quickly as possible.