

IOLA, OR, FACING THE TRUTH

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649372690

Iola, or, Facing the truth by J. Pressley Barrett

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

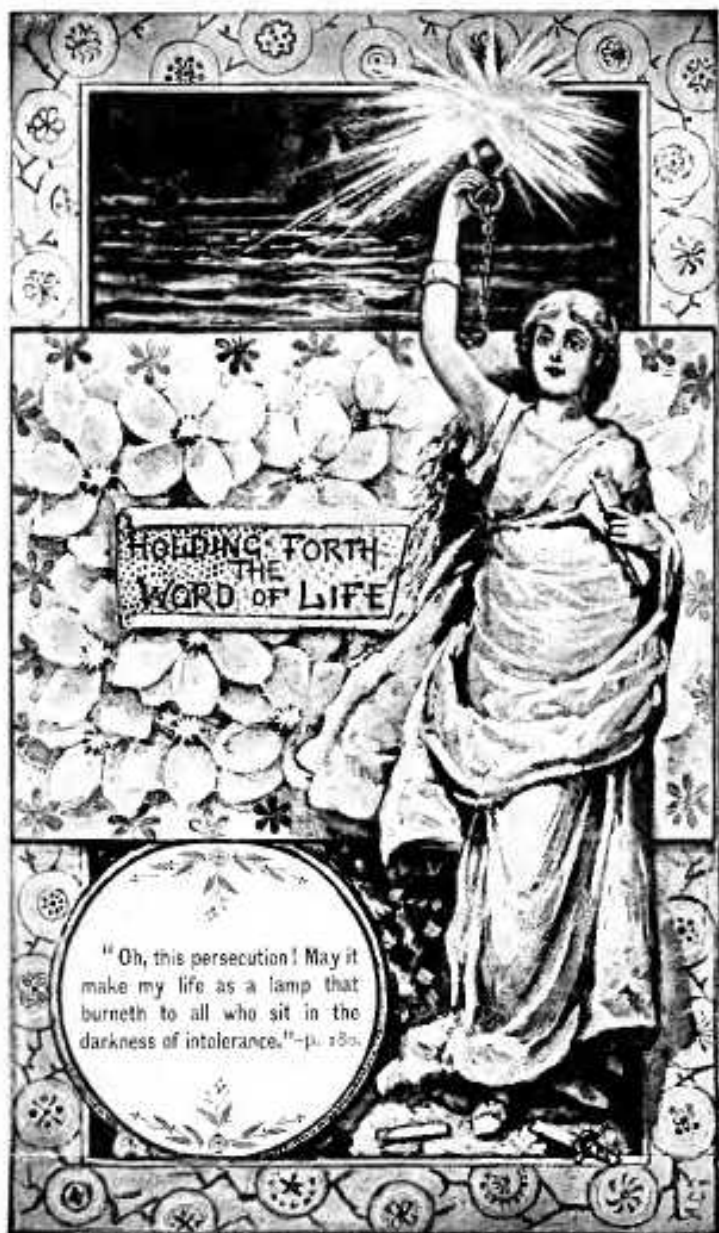
Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

J. PRESSLEY BARRETT

**IOLA, OR, FACING
THE TRUTH**



FRONTISPIECE.

IOLA;

OR

FACING THE TRUTH.

BY
J. PRESSLEY BARRETT.

"Boundless love to you and me."

RALEIGH, N. C.:
Presses of EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO.
1886.

What a fine day
I went to the beach
and saw the birds
and fish and the
people as well.
It is very nice
to see them
and to have
a good time.

PREFACE.

Life—bondage—freedom—what a picture! No painter's brush can portray,—it exists only in the heart. It cannot be seen, it must be felt. As in water, face answers to face, so in the great sea of human experience, heart answers to heart, mind to mind, till we live and feel and see as another. Then only can we see and appreciate the picture in all its varied features, its bold figures and delicate outlines, its master touches, here and there, till it becomes a scene of rare beauty and power.

The story of such a life is before you, dealing with a living, growing question. Iola Graham seeks the truth, walking through the terrible fires of persecution, unmindful of the sufferings she endures to obtain so rich a reward as the crown of her life.

I trust it may entertain and instruct you to follow along her rugged pathway, as, with

PREFACE.

true womanly courage, she meets error and fights her own battles to victory.

Do not call my story a fiction. It is founded on facts from real life. To this many an aching heart will bear willing testimony.

If persons, from whose lives and history these characters and incidents have been drawn, shall recognize themselves as the prototype in this narrative, I beg to assure them that love for such as are, or may be, in like perils, has prompted me to use them for so noble a purpose as the good of others. The thrilling, heart-reaching scenes through which the heroine passes, it is hoped, may awaken thought and point to a more excellent way. If I may thus prompt and help the creed-fettered man or woman to apply the balm of relief, before it is too late, my object will be accomplished and my reward gained; and then, as in the closing scene, may "Iphedeiah" be heard by thousands who now spend their days entangled in the galling chains of intolerance.

J. P. B.

Raleigh, N. C., April, 1886.

FACING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE day was dark and the smoke from the field of battle floating upon the air added to the gloom. The campaign of 1864 had been fearfully destructive to both life and property in Virginia. In no section was the damage greater than between City Point and Richmond, on the James.

The home of Gen. Pickett, the Virginia hero of Gettysburg, with many others, was burned. Among the few of the magnificent residences spared from the flames was the noted old homestead of "Shirley," commanding a fine view of the river. It was built of brick, it is believed, in 1642, and is yet in a fine state of preservation and is surrounded by fertile fields and lovely gardens. It is specially noted as the birthplace of Annie Carter, wife of Light Horse Harry Lee, a soldier of Revolutionary fame. She

was the mother of Gen. R. E. Lee, the hero of the Confederacy.

Here was the battle ground in some of the hardest fights of the war between the States. It was from this point that General McClellan took refuge under cover of his gun-boats after the never-to-be-forgotten Seven Days' Battle around Richmond. Here, too, Gen. McClellan met and repulsed Gen. Magruder at Malvern Hill, besides many others, making this section of the Old Dominion a field of blood.

The Union Army in its famous march on to Richmond, under the command of that chieftain of chieftains, Gen. Grant, was pressing hard upon the Confederates. The turbid waters of the historic James were streaked with blood from adjoining hillsides, where Carnage waved her red scepter mercilessly to the death of thousands.

On the hills adjoining Bermuda Hundreds many a poor soldier had fallen, some dead, others to die, and a few to recover, among whom was George Graham, of Co.——, in the —— regiment, under Col. S——, all of North Carolina. The cannons' roar had ceased, only occasional rifle shots from the