These Men She Gave tells the story of Athens, Georgia, during the turbulent years of the Civil War. John F. Stegeman details the many changes Athens and Clarke County underwent during the war. The community was highly involved with the secession movement and the formation of the Confederacy. Stegeman tells how the town was able to escape destruction on an August day in 1864 when the Civil War came to the area and how the town would eventually lose many men to the war. The book includes appendices that include information such as a list of the members of the Ladies Aid Society in 1961, a roster of Clarke County companies in the army of Northern Virginia, and mortality lists of Clarke County troops in major battles.

John F. Stegeman (1918–1997) is the author of numerous books including *Caty: A Biography of Catherine Littlefield Greene* and *The Ghosts of Herty Field: Early Days on a Southern Gridiron.*
THESE MEN SHE GAVE
To my mother

DOROTHEA WASHBURN STEGEMAN

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No community was more identified with the secession movement and the formation of the Confederate States of America than the Georgia village of Athens. Two of her citizens, who happened to be brothers, were largely responsible for leading their state out of the Union. Later the brothers were sent as delegates to the Montgomery Convention, giving Athens the distinction of having two men in the Congress of the original Confederate government. They were not only congressmen, however; one became the first leader of the organized seceded states and the other the principal author of the Confederate Constitution.

Later both brothers were appointed general officers in the Army of Northern Virginia. But they were only two of the hundreds of men from their community who went forth to fight the war, men who represented the heart and soul of their town. In this Athens was not alone; the same can be said of countless communities that sent their men to the battlefields of Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Appomattox. . . . Here the tragic story of the men of Athens is the tragic story of the South.

On an August day in 1864 the war, once so far away, suddenly came to the gates of Athens. How the town was saved from destruction is a chapter of this history, but the fact that she did escape gives Athens another distinction: there are few cities that have as many surviving reminders of the stirring days of the eighteen-sixties—of secession, war, and reconstruction. The college Chapel, for example, is one of many such reminders. In this building spoke the giants of secession; here were held great victory celebrations; here was a dormitory for war refugees; here was a Confederate hospital;
here was a barracks for Union prisoners of war; here were quartered Federal occupation troops. . . .

This story of Confederate Athens and the men she sent to war could not have been told without the help of many persons, and I am deeply grateful to them all. I owe a special debt of thanks to the following:

Mrs. James R. Warren, for a thousand favors, among them her monumental work, along with Miss Linna Barnes, Mrs. John Henkel, Mrs. Fayette McElhannon, and Mrs. Aileen W. Parks, in compiling the appendices;

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Athens, Georgia

John F. Stegeman
THE village lay on a ridge overlooking the meandering north fork of the Oconee, a thin river that ran almost clear in dry weather, but was caramel-brown that rainy January of 1860. The depot, at the terminal of a branch of the Georgia Railroad, the only rail connection to the outside world, was on the opposite side of the waterway, atop Carr's Hill to the east. From here, a dirt road led across the lower bridge near the cotton factory, ascended the western slope of the stream and, just opposite the Franklin House Inn, angled into Broad Street, the main business thoroughfare of the town. Broad continued westward between rows of hardware, dry goods, and grocery stores for three blocks, until, on the left, it ran adjacent to the Franklin College campus. On the right, the shops continued for two long blocks to Lumpkin Street, beyond which neither campus nor business houses extended.

Just opposite the campus gate was the center of the town's commerce, where College Avenue entered Broad Street from the north. On the northwest corner stood the Newton House Inn, with its shops on the ground floor. Extending for a single block northward to Clayton Street were stores, billiard halls, and saloons, all handy to the college students, but catering to the townspeople as well. Along the south side of Clayton, paralleling Broad, were a few livery stables and other unsightly wooden buildings; except for a smattering of shops here and there, this ended the business district of the town. Clayton and the streets to the north were mostly residential avenues, where handsome homes and fenced-in gardens of the wealthier citizens sometimes occupied entire blocks.
Market Street (now Washington) stood one block above Clayton. Here, just west of Lumpkin and occupying the middle of the street, was the Town Hall, with its market on the ground floor flanked by a calaboose on either side. On the floor above was the auditorium, the center of civic and night life for the townspeople. In the tower, a great bell sounded the fire alarms and rang the nine o’clock curfew imposed upon the slaves.

One block beyond Market, Hancock Avenue, with its handsome new churches, was considered the northern limit of the village proper, although gracious homes lined Jackson Street for several blocks beyond. South of the business district the Franklin College quadrangle appeared much the same as it does today; the Arch, most of the present Administration Building, the Chapel, Demosthenian Hall, New College, Old College, the faculty homes, and Phi Kappa Hall all occupied the same ground in 1860 as they would a hundred years later. Closely bound by the river on the east, the town had grown mostly toward the west, extending for several blocks out Prince Avenue, past Milledge, to the junction with Cobb Street. Along these avenues stood classic homes that would survive a century and bring renown to the city into which the village would grow.

The population of the town was five thousand, half of whom were white, half black.

This was Athens, Clarke County, Georgia.
Travelers to Athens in 1860 could be downright unflattering. They often arrived in a bad mood, for stage service was erratic, and the railroad station on the far side of the river was a long and uncomfortable omnibus-ride from the center of town. The hotels were handsome enough, but the accommodations were something less than first-rate, and the innkeepers were often accused of being more concerned with the thirst of the college students than the comfort of the guests. The streets were so bad in rainy weather that an Athens editor, seeing a wagon with four horses stuck fast on Broad Street, doubted that there was a muddier street in the United States. Strangers on short visits were likely to leave town unimpressed.

But to its residents, Athens was a village of charm. It had just completed a decade of remarkable growth, during which public buildings sprouted on the business squares just north of the college, and new and solid mansions sprang up along the residential avenues. The village had an inseparable twin, Franklin College (the University of Georgia), which had been born alongside it, near the turn of the century, above the cedar-lined shoals of the Oconee. The school was small and unprosperous, but its faculty was good, and its list of graduates included many of the state’s most substantial citizens. Athens retained a generous share of these men; many married well and raised their children in the cultural atmosphere of the college town. Gradually the tiny hamlet on the edge of the wilderness grew into a community of esteem.
There were no daily papers, but the two weeklies were excellent, edited by able and literate men. John Christy's *Southern Watchman* had the edge in circulation, but the *Southern Banner*, whose editors were James Sledge and Anderson Reese, had an equally enthusiastic following. The *Watchman* was an old Whig paper, and its counterpart, generally believed to be controlled by Howell Cobb, Athens' most distinguished politician, was Democratic.

In 1860 the rivalry between the papers became serious and unfriendly. Athens for years had been a Whig stronghold, and often its citizens supported the Union when the country's interests conflicted with those of the state. But now came earnest pleas for secession, and the *Banner* became a champion of the movement. The *Watchman* censured such outrages as those of hot-headed agitators, and called for an attitude of restraint. The names Democrats and Whigs were forgotten, and the people became either Secessionists or Unionists, splitting the town apart along its very seams. As the breach widened, it became commonplace to see lifelong friends meet on the street and pass without speaking.

In the national elections that year, the South was hopelessly divided in its attempt to defeat Republican Abraham Lincoln. The Secessionists supported John Beckinridge, a Democrat from Kentucky, while the Unionists of the South joined Northern conservatives to form the Constitutional Union party, with John Bell of Tennessee as their candidate. Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, the second nominee of the split Democratic party, also had a following in the South.

On June 18, the *Watchman* came out for Bell. "We have waited patiently to see whether any of the parties or factions into which the country is divided would adopt the only feasible plan of defeating the Black Republicans," wrote the editor; "we mean a compromise ticket, representing the sound men of the Democratic and Opposition parties. The Democrats have shown that they are only willing to save the country democratically. They wish no compromise and have therefore nominated a straight-out Democratic ticket. Be it so. . . ."

"We . . . 'nail to the mast' our banner, inscribed with the names of John Bell and Edward Everett [Bell's running mate],
names of which every American citizen feels justly proud. . . . If the divisions of the south should bring upon us a Black Republican President, it is no fault of ours. We have warned the country of the danger, and no one would heed it.”

The *Banner* endorsed Breckinridge and pummeled away at the Unionist leaders. On September 13, an editorial read: “In an address put forth not long since by the National Committee of the Bell party, the following declaration is found: ‘Come what will, we shall stand by the union as the precious jewel of our souls.’ Does the party in Georgia endorse this sentiment? Will it stand by the union ‘come what will’? We call upon the leaders to come out and let the people see where they stand. He who refuses to answer, squarely and plainly, let him be marked.”

As time went on, the *Banner* became even less charitable toward the Unionists. “If we have read history aright,” commented an editor on October 11, “there were just such men to be found during the war of the Revolution. They were called Tories in those days. Perhaps we shall have need before long, to revive the name, and also the appliances to be rid of them . . . viz: a stout rope and a short shrift.”

On November 6, the nation went to the polls in its most crucial election. A two-horse wagon was driven around the streets of Athens that day, taking people to the ballot boxes. The *Banner* charged that the vehicle was sponsored by the opposition, and that it was well supplied with whiskey. “Poor creatures were induced to get into it when their intellects were deadened with copious doses of tangle-foot,” the paper said, “and then dragged to the polls and made to cast their votes for Bell and Everett.”2 The Unionists won by a clear margin in Athens and Watkinsville, the total Clarke County returns giving 694 votes to Bell, 451 to Breckinridge, and 57 to Douglas. Lincoln’s name did not appear on the county ballots.

The next morning the telegraph brought news, however, that the country had swept Lincoln to victory. John Christy of the *Watchman*, anticipating the reaction at home, asked the people to restrain themselves. “How foolish to talk about dissolving the Union to protect slavery from destruction!” he wrote. “. . . All the Republicans combined cannot injure it in four years the one-thousandth part as much as Southern Agitators have done in the last four weeks.”3
But by then, a new voice was being heard, loud and clear: the voice of Thomas R. R. Cobb. Prior to November, Cobb was well known in Athens, but as a public figure he was completely overshadowed by his brother Howell, who was then in Washington as a member of President James Buchanan’s cabinet. Tom despised politics, had not sought office, and although he had long been loyal to the Union, was not strongly affiliated with a political party. Lincoln’s election changed all this; Tom had received his call. On election night, he gathered his wife and children around the family altar and led them in a prayer for the preservation of the Union and the defeat of Abraham Lincoln. His family went off to bed, but Cobb remained on his knees most of the night. The next morning, when the Republican victory was announced, a voice came to Tom, he later said, and urged him: “Be free! Be free!” This he interpreted as a summons from above to help liberate his people from the shackles of a government to which his state could no longer honorably belong.

Tall, erect, and thirty-six years old, Tom was probably the town’s most useful citizen. He had been graduated from Franklin College with first honors, after attaining the highest marks in the history of the school. Two years later he married the daughter of Judge Joseph H. Lumpkin, Chief Justice of Georgia’s Supreme Court since its inception. Cobb and his bride moved into a handsome house on Prince Avenue that stood next door to Judge Lumpkin’s home. In the Cobbs’ side yard, in a building that stood near the northwest corner of Prince and Pulaski, the father and son-in-law, along with William Hope Hull, established the Lumpkin Law School.

Tom had a large practice as an attorney, had already written an important work on the legality of slavery, had codified Georgia’s laws, and was regarded as the most active trustee of Franklin College. In 1854 he read an anonymous letter that appeared in the Banner decrying the fact that Athens had no school for young ladies, and urging some Athens business or professional man to take the lead in rectifying the situation. Cobb accepted the challenge, not knowing that the letter-writer was his own sister, Laura Rutherford. The female institute, named for Cobb’s daughter, Lucy, opened
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its doors on Milledge Avenue in 1859, and its founder became its personal director.*

Though he was in his physical prime, Cobb was a melancholy man. He was a devoted husband and father, but sorrow came often in his married life. His two sons were lost in infancy, and, when Lucy, a beautiful girl of thirteen, died of scarlet fever in 1858, it was a heartbreak from which he never recovered. Already a deeply religious man, he now became almost preoccupied with prayer, as if to bridge the gap between his lonesome world and the higher one that had claimed his children. His love and anxiety for his wife, Marion, and his surviving daughters, Sally, Cally, and little "Birdie," sometimes approached desperation. He found solace in his work, plunging into everything he undertook with a restless, unyielding enthusiasm, and dedicating himself, after Lincoln’s election, to the service of the South. “One figure in particular took the imagination and ruled the spirits of that susceptible people,” wrote Woodrow Wilson a half century later, “the figure of Thomas R. R. Cobb. The manly beauty of his tall, athletic person; his frank eyes on fire; his ardor . . . given over to a cause not less sacred, not less fraught with the issues of life and death than religion itself; his voice . . . musical and sure to find its way to the heart . . . made his words pass like a flame from countyside to countryside.”

In the nation’s capital, Secretary of the Treasury Howell Cobb was in a dilemma. After Lincoln’s victory he saw no future for the South as part of the Union, but he was torn between loyalty to his old friend, President Buchanan, and his desire to return to his state to preach secession. His term of office still had four months to run—Lincoln would not enter the White House until March—but Cobb knew Georgia’s disunionists would need his help long before that.

Forty-five years before, Howell Cobb had been born in Jefferson County, Georgia, but had moved to Athens with his parents at an early age. After graduation from Franklin

*The main building stands today, a memorial to the industry of the Cobbs and the Rutherfords, and to the bit of sisterly subterfuge that led to its creation.
College, he married seventeen-year-old Mary Ann Lamar, a member of a wealthy middle Georgia family, and built a stately home overlooking Prince Avenue. A successful lawyer, he was elected to the national Congress in 1842, and, after his third re-election, became Speaker of the House in 1849. Although he was an advocate of slavery, he ardently supported the Union's middle position in the Compromise of 1850, and returned to Georgia to argue its acceptance to a reluctant legislature. This caused a break with the Georgia Democrats, and in 1850 Howell joined a newly-formed Union party to run for the governorship of the state, defeating the Democratic candidate easily. After serving his term of office he recanted in 1853 and rejoined the Democrats, though he was never entirely forgiven by his old party friends in the state. After being beaten as a candidate for the Senate and resuming his law practice for a time, he was returned to his seat in the House of Representatives in 1855. The next year he worked vigorously for James Buchanan in the presidential campaign and when his candidate was elected, Howell became Secretary of the Treasury.

The Cobb home in Washington, presided over by the charming Mary Ann, was a center of social life in the capital. In spite of his pro-slavery sentiments, Howell, as a national figure, was at the height of his popularity. "Stout and shaggy and rumpled," a historian wrote, "[He was] one of the ablest and foremost of all the Southern leaders." In 1859 Howell was highly regarded as a Presidential possibility and in December of that year a special convention in Georgia agreed to nominate him. In March of 1860, however, anti-Cobb Democrats in the state were successful in rescinding the action of December, and his name was never placed in nomination at the national convention in Charleston. An old political grudge was satisfied.

On November 12, six days after Lincoln's election, two thought-provoking telegrams came to Howell, one of them from the state capital at Milledgeville, signed by five ardent Secessionists that included his brother Tom. It read: "Your friends and the friends of resistance wishes [sic] your presence here. They are confounded. We need your counsel. Come at once." The other message came from John B. Lamar,
Mary Ann's brother and a Secessionist leader in Macon: "I think you ought to resign and come here forthwith if you can do so consistently with your obligations." 9

On the sixteenth, Howell wrote Mr. Lamar that since he regarded Buchanan as a true friend of the South, it would be "unworthy and ungrateful" to desert him in his hour of need. 10 By the end of two more weeks, however, Howell had made up his mind that he could no longer remain in the Administration. He sent Mary Ann and the children back to Georgia and prepared a statement as to his belief that immediate secession was Georgia's only course. On December 1, he wrote Mr. Lamar that he had "no hope or wish to save the union" and that he was opposed to further delays and arguments. "These views I shall in a few days make public," he added, "and it will probably terminate my connection with the Administration, but in good feeling, I hope." 11

On the seventh, Howell gave a printed copy of his statement to Attorney General Jeremiah S. Black, and the next day wrote his letter of resignation to the President. On the tenth, in a letter to Mary Ann, he said he was once again a private citizen, and commented that he and Buchanan had parted "in a most friendly spirit." 12 A few days later, he left the capital, never to return to the government of the United States.

During the time Howell was searching his soul in Washington, Athens was in a turbulent mood. On November 10, Tom Cobb appeared before a mass meeting at the Town Hall and made his first public appeal for the dissolution of the union. There was scarcely a citizen of prominence who was not at that Saturday night gathering: lawyers, doctors, pharmacists, merchants, manufacturers, professors.* They were not all Secessionists, but all were thoroughly alarmed over the election of Lincoln. They officially deplored the Republican victory and pledged resistance to the Administration. They called for increased police protection against possible Negro insurrections and organized a vigilance committee among

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*For a list of those present, see Appendix A.
the townspeople. Before adjourning, they called for another meeting the following Saturday.

On November 12, at the invitation of the Georgia legislature, meeting in special session at Milledgeville, Tom Cobb spoke to an assembly of both houses. He reviewed the legal issues of the day, listed the grievances of the state against the Federal government, and concluded with a shout: "My voice is for immediate unconditional secession!" The response was deafening.

There were present at the session other eloquent men who stood on the opposite side of the issue and were, at the time, better known than Tom Cobb. Alexander Stephens and Benjamin Hill argued that the South’s complaints could be arbitrated without the necessity of secession, and advocated a period of watchful waiting. "Their position is weak, very weak," Tom said of Stephens and Hill. "They plead for delay. They are trying to deceive the people and I am sure the people can and will see it."

The legislature unanimously passed a bill calling for a state convention on January 16, to be composed of delegates elected in the counties by popular vote on January 2, and who were to be given full responsibility in deciding the question of secession. Back to Athens went Tom Cobb to renew his personal campaign for dissolution. He arrived in time to intercede in behalf of a man who had been heard to express anti-slavery sentiments, and who was brought to the Town Hall by a group of citizens who threatened violence. Cobb saved the man’s hide, but afterward pro-abolition talk was not considered healthy conversation. On November 15, John Christy wrote in the Watchman: "We have a word of advice to all who entertain incendiary opinions—let them keep their lips hermetically sealed or else seek a more congenial atmosphere."

After the second Town Hall meeting of November 17, enough former conservatives had been converted to secession to make the issue appear no longer doubtful in Athens. But gradually other gatherings were held, attended by more and more people who opposed immediate secession and who denounced Tom Cobb as too radical. On December 6, the Banner said of these conservatives: "Our submission friends
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are very anxious for everybody to 'be calm.' . . . This would be curious advice given to a man when his house is on fire and his children sleeping almost in reach of the flames. A keg of gunpowder is under your floor and a lunatic [Lincoln] is holding the torch.”

John B. Cobb, brother of Tom and Howell, alarmed at the number and caliber of people voicing Union sentiments in his own district, urged Howell to hurry home from Washington. “If you do not come soon,” he wrote, “the submissionists will be certain to have a majority. . . . You are the only person that can have the ability now to bring them right.”15 The attitude of the mountain counties was also troublesome to the Cobbs, and, in a letter to John Lamar, Tom declared that these districts would “invariably go against secession” unless Howell could be persuaded to make a tour through that part of the state. “A bitter personal attack is being made on me,” Tom added. “I shall have to work hard to whip it.”16

Howell finally arrived in Athens late in December, only a few days before the scheduled election of delegates to the state convention. He spoke at the Town Hall, then hurriedly took a trip through the mountain counties, as Tom had suggested. At first he found submission sentiment overwhelming, but was soon able to report, in a letter to Mary Ann, that a “great change” in public reaction had been made.17 From Athens, Tom Cobb wrote Governor Joseph E. Brown on December 28 that although he was still being bitterly assailed from all sides, the “political signs” were clearing.18 Wilson Lumpkin, brother of Judge Lumpkin and a former governor, helped turn the tide. Long an upholder of the Union, he now came out for secession, declaring the nation was “already broken, never again to be re-united.”19

Clarke County was allowed three delegates to the convention, and the opposing parties each nominated three men. Asbury Hull, a former Whig, was named by both sides. The Seccessionists also chose Tom Cobb and Jefferson Jennings, while the Unionists nominated M. S. Durham and Isaac Vincent, from the nearby county seat of Watkinsville. When the county cast its ballots on January 2, 1861, Cobb, Jennings,
and Hull received more than 600 votes each, to 234 for Durham and 120 for Vincent.

When the delegates from every county convened at Milledgeville on January 16, the gathering was the most notable in Georgia history. Howell Cobb, though not an official representative, was given an honorary seat along with Governor Brown and visitors from other states. Alex Stephens and Ben Hill, abetted by former Governor Herschel V. Johnson, made pleas for delay. Tom Cobb and his allies, Robert Toombs of Washington and Francis Bartow of Savannah, demanded immediate secession. All the principal speakers were former Franklin College men whose orations had once rung out in the debating halls of Athens, sometimes seriously, sometimes in fun. Now the issues were as grim as any ever argued, and a visitor to the galleries recalled that the "air seemed filled with the gravity of the hour." The delegates listened to the hot words; the fate of Georgia rested with them.

On Friday, January 18, Judge E. A. Nisbet, to test the delegates, introduced resolutions declaring that Georgia had a right to secede, and authorizing the appointment of a committee to draw up an ordinance to that effect. Johnson, in cooperation with Stephens, offered a substitute resolution citing Georgia's attachment to the Union and declaring that while she had grievances she was not disposed to withdraw hastily. Long arguments followed, with Tom Cobb key-noting the sentiment of the Secessionists: "We can make better terms out of the Union than in it." When Johnson's substitute resolution was bypassed by a demand for the previous question, Nisbet's resolutions were put to vote. They were adopted by a slim margin, 166 to 130. But that was enough; the Unionists were beaten. A jubilant Howell Cobb wired his wife: "We will go out tomorrow."

On the following day, when the Ordinance of Secession was brought before the body, many of the Unionist delegates cast their votes with the majority. Howell wired his son Lamar: "Ordinance passed by a majority of one hundred and nineteen." Georgia was out of the Union.
The telegraph into town having broken down, news of secession did not reach Athens until Sunday, January 20, the day after passage of the Ordinance. The town received the tidings quietly, which the Banner hastened to explain was out of deference to the Sabbath. On Monday night the celebrations began with a torchlight parade by the college students, who hanged Union General Winfield Scott in effigy. Houses were illuminated and those of John B. Newton, on Clayton Street, and Tom Cobb, on Prince Avenue, were especially brilliant. The Troup Artillery, a Clarke County military unit, boomed a salute of a hundred guns. A balloon bearing the names of the seceded states was launched. "As it slowly sailed toward the Southwest, where the star of the Southern Empire must make its way," said the Banner, "tremendous cheers greeted the good omen."24

There were many in Athens who did not join the celebrations. Old ties were not easily broken and long-time lovers of the Union were not yet ready to rejoice over its dissolution. Secessionist John B. Cobb was infuriated to find so many die-hards and wrote his brother Howell: "I am rather inclined to the opinion that the hang-man will have to perform his duties in Georgia before we have a united people."25 Even John Christy called on his former Unionist compatriots to cast aside their old grievances. "Whatever may have been the differences among her people heretofore," he wrote in the Watchman, "it now becomes the duty of all to cheerfully and loyally sustain the old Commonwealth in her present attitude."26

When Tom Cobb returned to Athens from Milledgeville, he was given a hero's welcome. A crowd met him at the depot and, preceded by a band, accompanied him to his house. Here, as the gathering continued to grow, Captain A. A. F. Hill, organizer of the Troup Artillery, called for three cheers for the champion of secession. Tom appeared at the doorway to address the throng. "Next to the consciousness of having discharged a duty in the fear of God and in love for his country," he said, "nothing could be so gratifying to a public servant as to receive the cordial endorsement of those who had entrusted him with their confidence."27 Tom told his listeners he was certain there would be no war, that se-
cession had settled the differences between North and South, and that no coercion would be attempted on the part of the Union. When he concluded his remarks, Tom invited everyone inside, where a handsome buffet awaited them.

The Cobb brothers, Howell and Tom, had been named by the Georgia legislature as delegates to a convention of seceded states called in Montgomery for the purpose of forming a Southern Confederacy. Howell was chosen from the state at large, and Tom as a representative from his old Congressional district, giving Athens the singular honor of sending two delegates to the convention. Howell, whose family was still in Macon, preceded Tom to Montgomery. The younger Cobb, happy to be home again and dreading another long absence from his family, did not leave Athens until two days before the convention was scheduled to begin. He urged his wife, Marion, to go with him, but she declined, probably because she did not want to leave their year-old baby, Birdie. On Saturday, February 2, 1861, Tom entrained at the Carr's Hill depot for the overnight trip to Alabama.

At Union Point, where he transferred to the westbound train, Tom was joined by Robert Toombs and Alexander Stephens. As the three men made their way through the cars they found the South Carolina delegation aboard. At several stops along the way, more distinguished Montgomery-bound passengers boarded the train, and when it reached Opelika, Francis Bartow, Tom's close friend and secession ally, joined the caravan. As the train approached Montgomery on the morning of the third, Tom was chatting with Mrs. James Chesnut, the diarist and wife of the recently resigned United States Senator from South Carolina, when there was a sudden jolt that threw many of the passengers out of their seats. The train was derailed after striking an iron bar, and the trip was delayed for more than two hours. "This comes from Sunday travelling," Mrs. Chesnut told Tom.28

When the weary travelers finally reached the Alabama capital they were met by Howell Cobb, who rode with them to the Exchange Hotel, where the delegates from Mississippi and Florida were also stopping. Groups huddled here and there to talk over the business ahead of them and it was generally
agreed that Howell should be made president of the convention. But Tom was already homesick, and, while the others discussed politics, he made his way to his room to write the first of many daily letters to his wife from Montgomery, giving her a word picture of all that he thought would interest her, with messages of deep love. On this first evening, as in all his later letters to Marion, he seemed loath to say goodnight.

The delegates gathered the next morning at the Alabama Capitol, which had been turned over to the convention by the legislature. The Texas representatives had not yet arrived, but those of Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana signed the rolls. The first order of business was to elect a president of the body, and Howell Cobb was nominated by R. B. Rhett of South Carolina. “[He] has been illustrious in the arena of the general government,” Mr. Rhett said, “[and his] fame is co-extensive with the length and breadth of the whole country.”

“Howell was elected . . . by acclamation,” Tom wrote Marion, “and it was very flattering and very gratifying to him.” When the portly figure of Howell Cobb moved to the rostrum to accept the honor, there was a long round of applause to greet the first leader of the seceded states. “The occasion which has assembled us together is of no ordinary character,” Howell told the delegates. “We meet here today as representatives of sovereign and independent States, which by the solemn judgment of their people have dissolved all the political associations which have heretofore connected them with the government of the United States. . . . It is now a fixed and irrevocable fact; the separation is complete and perpetual. The great duty, therefore, now imposed upon us is to provide a government for our future security and protection. We can, and should, at the same time, extend to our sister states—our late sister states whose people are identified with us in interest, in feeling, and in institutions—a cordial invitation to unite with us in a common destiny. And we are also desirous at the same time of maintaining with our late confederates in the Union the most friendly relations—political and commercial.”

When Howell concluded his speech, the process of organizing the new government began. The Convention dele-
gates themselves became the members of the Provisional Congress, and Howell assumed the chair. Two days later, he wrote Mary Ann:

... Since my election as President of the Congress I have been engaged all the time and had no chance to write. We have gone into secret session—and on pain of expulsion not permitted to divulge anything that is going on. ... The newspapermen are annoyed at their expulsion from our sessions and hence you may expect to see all sorts of rumors in the papers. Our friends may rest satisfied that everything is going on well and will end well.

Little or nothing is said about the President of the Confederacy and yet we shall elect one in a day or two—perhaps before you get this letter. So far from making an effort to obtain that position I have frankly said to my friends that I greatly prefer not to be put there. All that I have seen and learned since I got here has satisfied me that it is a most undesirable position. I rather think Jeff Davis will be the man though I have not heard anyone say that he is for him. The truth is—and it is creditable to our public men here—there is no effort made to put forward any man. ... 32

Tom Cobb was placed on the committee assigned the task of drawing up the constitution of the new Confederacy. Red tape, something he would despise as long as he lived, began bothering him the first day. Some of the delegates from other states, whom Tom suspected were jealous of Georgia’s power, began delaying the proceedings on technical points. On February 8, Tom wrote Marion: “We are hard at work at last. ... I told some of the delegation I would quit and go home if something wasn’t done. But we are working today.” Tom was a master at drafting documents and early copies of the constitution appeared in his handwriting.

The election of the President of the Confederacy was scheduled for the ninth. On the preceding evening, Tom wrote, a “counting of noses” revealed that Jefferson Davis was favored by Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, and Howell, by Georgia and South Carolina. Florida’s delegates were split. An east-west fight loomed, but was forestalled by Howell. “[He] immediately announced his wish that Davis should be unanimously elected,” Tom said. 33
On the ninth, as Tom sat in the Capitol, he picked up his pen and shared the scene in a letter to Marion:

... The constitution for the Provisional Government of the "Confederate States of America" was unanimously adopted and we are now in the presence of a large crowd, electing a President. Jefferson Davis is elected President unanimously and Alexander Stephens Vice-president. The latter is a bitter pill to some of us but we have swallowed it with as good grace as we could. Davis is at home and can't be inaugurated before the last of next week. Can't you come by that time? ... I will send you a copy of the provisional constitution by next mail. The President of the Congress [Howell] and the members were sworn to support it in the presence of the crowd this morning. Howell seized the Bible on which he swore the members and says he intends to keep it. ... 34

Since Alex Stephens had led the fight against secession at Milledgeville, his election to the Vice-Presidency was a mockery to most of the Georgia delegates, particularly the two from Athens. Tom explained to Marion the political reason for Stephens' election. "[It] comes from a maudlin disposition to conciliate the Union men by giving the 2nd place in the Confederacy to a Co-operationist. ... So is the world; the man who has fought against our rights and liberty is selected to wear the laurels of our victory." 35

Tom knew now that he was not cut out for politics. He was disgusted with its contrivances. "I used to think the Court House presented human nature in its most repulsive form," he said, "but this political arena gives the darkest picture of frail humanity that I have ever witnessed." He promised Marion he would come home as soon as he signed the permanent constitution. There was talk of his likely appointment as Attorney General, but he wrote that he would "promptly and unconditionally decline it if offered." He was tired and lonesome, and sick of living alone in a hotel. "The prolific qualities of the Athens ladies certainly present the Athens men as engaged in much less objectionable and much more agreeable pursuits," he added. 36

Howell wrote his son, John A., that the election of Stephens was against his judgment and that he acquiesced only when he found opposition useless. "There was but
one way to defeat [him] and that was to run myself,” the elder Cobb said, “and this I could not consent to. . . . If you will read the constitution you will find that the Vice-president has nothing to do . . . and only in the event of the death or removal of the President has he any duties to perform. It was an empty compliment.”

Tom occasionally took a little time off from his Congressional duties. Once he went shopping for a suit for Marion, but finding the assortment meagre, settled for a dress that cost seventy-five cents. Another time he went riding with a Mrs. George Reese in her carriage, but his enjoyment of the outing suddenly vanished when he heard the notes of a calliope. It recalled to him the first Christmas after his daughter Lucy’s death, when he and Marion had broken down in tears upon seeing her toy calliope at her grave. “I find my eyes filling even as I write,” he told his wife. “God help me! The evil one tempts me to murmur even now when the vision of Lucy comes over me—but enough!”

One evening the Georgia delegation was invited to a party at the home of a Judge Bibb. Tom, Howell, and Francis Bartow, dressed in their best and wearing kid gloves, found to their mortification, when they walked in, that the gathering was informal, and that they had kept the meal waiting for an hour and a half. They were served oyster soup, fish salad, fried oysters, grated ham and beef, sardines with waffles, and coffee and tea. For dessert came cakes and jellies, charlotte russe, and ambrosia. Later in the evening, as the gentlemen smoked cigars, sipped champagne, and chatted with the ladies, Bartow and the Cobbs forgot their early embarrassment and enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

But there was little time for play, and the Congressmen spent many hours of the day and night at their work. Surely no new nation ever had more office-seekers and self-appointed advisors. Howell remarked that half the people of Georgia were in Montgomery looking for jobs and the other half were at home writing letters on the subject. An ever-enlarging mountain of mail poured in to the Cobb brothers, many of the letters postmarked Athens. Some were ludicrous, others had merit; all were answered respectfully. William L. Mitchell
A TOWN DIVIDED

urged Tom to put in the claim of Athens as the capital of the Confederacy and William N. White insisted that it be made a Port of Entry. “If Mitchell’s notion was carried out,” Tom wrote Marion, “I should be tempted to move away from the place—and to give much efficiency to White’s we should have to move the town to the sea coast.” Along with the other Congressmen, the Cobbs had to inspect more than a hundred designs for a Confederate flag. One model came from Lizzie Rutherford, their niece, which featured blue stripes with white stars fixed on a crimson ground in the form of a Maltese cross. Tom thought it was the most appropriate design yet submitted, but it lost out in the general competition.

The eighteenth of February was Inaugural Day, the most gala occasion in Montgomery’s history. Tom recorded the scene in notes he wrote to Marion throughout the day:

. . . The whole city is agog on account of the arrival of President Davis who reached here last night about eleven o’clock. The parlor of the hotel was crowded with ladies and the passages with men. I mingled with neither. Mr. Davis made a speech from the balcony of which I heard only a part. Mr. Yancey followed him in a few words well put up. Davis has remained in his room all day and is supposed to be preparing his inaugural. . . . Crowds are pouring in from every direction. . . . The President arrived in a suit of homespun. I hope he will be inaugurated in it. . . .

A crowd variously estimated from 3 to 10,000 are collected at the west end of the Capitol and are now cheering vociferously as the President-elect descends from his carriage to enter the Capitol. The ceremonies of inauguration will commence in a few moments and all is excitement but my thoughts and my heart turn to you at home. I would that you could be here. If I could take Sally and Cally by the hands and show them all the sights and see their glad happy faces in this throng—and know that you, too, were happy—I should be much more content than I am.

Well, Marion, the ceremonies are over and the crowd dispersed and I return to my desk to commune with you. The Inaugural pleased everybody and the manner in which Davis took the oath of office was most impressive. The scene was worth seeing and remembering and I regret more than ever that you were not here. . . .
I have not yet called on the President. I hate toadyism so much and especially, as you will see by the papers, that my name is connected with the Cabinet. . . . I repeat to you *I will not have any office whatever*. . . .

Almost a month elapsed before the permanent constitution was framed. Finally, on March 16, 1861, the first session of the Congress of the Confederate States was adjourned. Howell Cobb made a speech-making trip to New Orleans, but his brother Tom came home.
In Athens, the townspeople began to adjust to their new and unstable status. After secession their state had become an independent republic, but now it belonged to the Confederate States of America. Pre-secession political antagonisms that had divided old family friends began to moderate as former Unionists transferred their allegiance to the new government. One of the oldest ties that had been broken during the secession arguments was that between the families of Howell Cobb and Alonzo Church, former president of the college. Now, once again, Sarah Cobb, the mother of Howell and Tom, was invited to the Church home. “They received me with a great deal of kindness,” Mrs. Cobb wrote her sons in Montgomery, “and I hope their bad feeling toward our family is giving way.”

Franklin College was in session, but its students, like those all over the South, were having a hard time keeping their minds on their books. Howell Cobb, Jr., was no exception. A handsome youngster with flowing auburn hair, he was full of life and friendly to everyone. He boarded in the house of his uncle, Professor Williams Rutherford, an arrangement his family thought would inspire him to greater scholastic efforts. But the times were too inflamed. When Professor Rutherford made his nightly rounds to check on his nephew’s work, Howell’s room was usually vacant.

Young Cobb began cutting classes as well, and at the weekly faculty meeting the college secretary often put “H. Cobb” at the head of the delinquency list. On February 12,
1861, the secretary wrote a letter to his father in Montgomery: 
"I regret very much to be ordered by the Faculty to announce 
to you that your son, Howell, has been assigned seven Demerit 
Marks for repeated neglect of his College duties after warning 
from the Chancellor. As two more . . . will suspend him from 
College, we write to beg your cooperation with us in en-
deavoring to induce him to attend to his studies." 2

The letter got to the senior Cobb during his busiest 
hour, but he took time to forward it with a note of his own 
to Howell, Jr. "I enclose to you a letter I have just received 
from the faculty," he wrote. "It is useless for me to say how 
deeply its contents mortify me. I send it with the simple 
remark that it is for yourself to decide whether you will 
continue a course of conduct which has filled your father 
with mortification. . . ." 3

When Tom Cobb arrived in Athens after the adjournment 
of Congress, he came with a promise to his brother that 
he would have a talk with Howell, Jr. An interview was 
arranged, and young Howell expected the worst. But there 
were more things to talk about that spring of 1861 than a 
college boy's delinquencies. "I understood I was to receive 
a lecture from Uncle Tom," Howell, Jr., wrote his mother, 
"but I was agreeably disappointed." 4

Not long after the interview, the town was rocked with 
excitement such as a Banner writer had never seen "equalled 
on any previous occasion." 5 News reached town on April 13 
that the Federal garrison at Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor 
had been under fire since the previous morning. The telegraph 
line into town was still out of service and manufacturer 
Robert L. Bloomfield, of the Athens (cotton) Factory, volun-
teered to go to Union Point and bring back the latest 
dispatches by special train that night. Practically the whole 
town was up until midnight, awaiting the train's arrival, but 
when it did not appear the crowd began to break up. Many 
youngsters, including Howell Cobb, Jr., stayed up much of 
that Saturday night before returning disappointedly to their 
neighborhoods. It was almost dawn before young Cobb went 
to the home of his close friends, Pope and Tom Barrow, on 
the far side of town. He soon fell asleep.

At seven o'clock that Sunday morning, Bloomfield's
special train arrived. "The yell of the iron horse echoed far and wide," the Banner reported, "breaking the calm stillness of the Holy Day. Every heart throbbed with excitement..." Howell Cobb, Jr., slept peacefully on. A little later he was awakened by "an unearthly noise" and looking out the window saw Captain A. A. F. Hill, his long beard blowing in the breeze, "driving at full speed in a one-horse buggy, braying like a jack... at the top of his voice" that Fort Sumter had been surrendered.

Momentous news having once again caught Athens on a Sunday, the tidings were accepted with considerable restraint. The Banner put it this way: "Nothing but the day prevented the wildest demonstrations of enthusiasm. Praise and thanksgiving was [sic] offered up in some of the churches by their ministers for the victory, and a deep thankfulness filled every heart at the manifold proof displayed by this intelligence that the 'Sword of the Lord and of Gideon' was on our side."

On the twenty-fourth, twelve days after the first shell struck Sumter, a train stood puffing at the Carr's Hill depot, ready to transport Athens' Troup Artillery to a training camp in Savannah. Across the bridge and up the slope, in orderly procession, marched half the citizens of the town. A band led the way, followed by the Oconee Cavalry, behind which rolled an open barouche carrying the orator, Chancellor Andrew Lipscomb. The Troup Artillery itself marched next, sixty-nine strong, smartly dressed in green uniforms trimmed in red. The company in turn was followed by the Athens Guards, the Fire Department, the Law School cadets, students from the college, and finally two thousand men, women, and children, on foot and in carriages.

During Dr. Lipscomb's farewell address, many of the citizen-soldiers of the Troup Artillery looked back across the river for a final glimpse of their beloved town on the opposite hill. "The separation of the members of the company from their relatives and friends was a scene easier imagined than described," reported the Banner. "There was scarcely a dry eye in that assemblage. Many were unable to utter the last goodbye." The troops piled onto the cars. There was a final whistle, and the train steamed away to the east.

The young soldiers leaving town represented the very
heart of Athens and Clarke County. The company had been created in 1859 as the National Artillery but later had its name changed to honor George W. Troup, an old governor and political leader. Its organizer was Captain A. A. Franklin Hill, former Navy physician, lawyer, Banner editor, and general favorite about town, the same Captain Hill who had roused the town from its Sunday morning sleep with the news of Fort Sumter. Hill was later called by the Georgia Regulars and had to relinquish his old unit, leaving it in command of Captain Marcellus Stanley.

Born in the community of Salem, in Clarke County, Stanley had been reared and educated in Athens. Although his qualifications as a soldier are not clear today, there remains no doubt as to his stature as a scholar and man of culture. Thirty-eight years old at the time of secession, he had already taught at the University of Georgia, Randolph-Macon College in Virginia, and Macon's Wesleyan Seminary, and had spent a year in Europe as secretary to Ambassador Henry Hilliard.

Stanley had as his first lieutenant Dr. Henry H. Carlton, a young Athens physician. His youthful second lieutenants, Pope Barrow, Edward P. Lumpkin, and Franklin Pope, were from leading families of the community. Barrow, the son of David Crenshaw Barrow, Sr., a highly respected citizen and landholder, was a lawyer; Lumpkin was the son of the Chief Justice of Georgia's Supreme Court and the brother of Mrs. Tom Cobb; Pope, Captain Stanley's brother-in-law, was the son of General Burwell Pope, whose military career extended back to the War of 1812. The surnames of the enlisted men were equally distinguished in Athens society and, although many other prominent families were represented in the other military companies of the county, no other unit was quite so identified with the town as that vanguard of young artillerymen.

Three days after the departure of Stanley's company, the Banks County Guards, dressed in gray jeans and armed with squirrel rifles, passed through town on the way to the depot. The men marched to the Lumpkin House on Jackson Street and enjoyed a hearty breakfast furnished by the citizens of Athens. After their meal, they formed outside the hotel, where they were presented with $250 raised by the towns-
people, and addressed by Thomas R. R. Cobb in behalf of the citizens. When the speaker proposed three cheers, first for the company, and then for the Confederacy, the response, said a Banner reporter, "made the welkin ring." The troops were accompanied to Carr's Hill by the same military escort that had marched with the Troup Artillery. "We noted one man in the company with but one foot," observed the Banner writer. "He was so anxious to measure strength with the Yankees that he would not allow this disability to keep him home."10

On April 29, the Athens Guards left for Virginia. Organized in 1854, this infantry company was five years older than the Troup Artillery, and had preceded it as the special pet of Athens. At all official occasions, its soldiers paraded the streets in their uniforms of blue coats with red trimmings, white trousers, and plumes of red and white. When war broke out, the unit was officered by Captain Henry Billups and Lieutenants Thomas M. Daniel, David B. Langston, and George E. Hayes. Before leaving for the depot, the company was lined up in front of the Lumpkin House and addressed by Intendant (Mayor) F. W. Adams and the Rev. Joseph S. Key, pastor of the Methodist Church. Later, as the soldiers marched over the bridge, they were accompanied by the faithful Oconee Cavalry, Hope Fire Company No. 1, and a large number of citizens. At Carr's Hill, the men found their cars decorated with flowers, and as the train moved out, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and a great cheer arose from those who had come to say goodbye. When the train disappeared in the distance, the citizens once more returned to their lonely and shrinking neighborhoods.

By the first of May, the papers said, Judge Joseph H. Lumpkin already had in the Confederate service four sons, two sons-in-law, two grandsons, and six nephews. Three sons of Howell Cobb were also in uniform, the two oldest, Lamar and John A., having enlisted in the Macon Volunteers, and Howell, Jr., in the Troup Artillery. All told, over a hundred young Athenians had already gone to war, and the loss of manpower was being felt. "Our junior editor, A. W. Reese, Esq., left last Wednesday with the Troup Artillery," a Banner editorial read, "and on Monday Messrs. Henry M.
Akin, Daniel McKenzie and Albert Smith, compositors, left with the Athens Guards. If any more of us leave, the paper will have to suspend. We are ready to make that sacrifice, however, if it should become necessary.”

Patriotism flourished in Athens. The citizens met at the Town Hall for the purpose of “devising means for the support of the families of such of the volunteers in Clarke County in the service of the Confederate States as are in need of assistance.” William Hope Hull proposed that papers be circulated for the signature of persons who would agree to pay one dollar when signing the certificates, and fifty cents per month thereafter, as long as necessary. A committee of successful business and professional men was named to administer the program, and was authorized to make such purchases as were deemed proper for the care of needy dependents.*

Athens Fire Department No. 1 organized itself into a Home Guard, and the town’s most prominent ladies formed a Soldiers’ Aid Society to furnish clothing to the volunteers from the county.** Concerts and other programs were arranged in Athens and Watkinsville with proceeds turned over as contributions to the organizations concerned with the relief of sick and wounded servicemen. The teachers and students of Lucy Cobb Institute raised $120 for the Confederacy and forwarded it to C. G. Memminger, the Secretary of the Treasury, at Montgomery. The donation brought an official reply in a letter to Miss Emmie Wray. “Whenever the children are willing to give up their little means to their country, and when the women ask to lay their contributions in its Treasury,” Memminger wrote, “the invader will be certain of a sharp answer from the rifles of the men.”

At Franklin College, members of the faculty “cheerfully agreed to remit 20% of their salaries in consequence of the reduced receipts of the institution.” Asbury Hull, the secretary-treasurer, asked that his entire salary be withdrawn for the ensuing collegiate year. The usual spring commencement ceremonies were suspended, and a simple service sub-

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*The committee was made up of Joseph Troup Lumpkin, R. L. Bloomfield, W. L. Mitchell, W. H. Dorsey, and James Camak.
**For the officers’ names, see Appendix B.
stituted. Twenty-two seniors received their A.B. degrees, and Benjamin Mell, son of Patrick Mell, a Baptist minister and vice-chancellor of the college, was awarded first honors. After the exercises, young Mell joined the infantry company being raised by his father.

"The company [the Mell Rifles] is composed principally of middle-aged, steady men, some of our most useful citizens," said the Banner, "—men who never engage in anything but from a sense of duty, and with the determination of discharging that duty regardless of difficulty or danger." On July 24, Dr. Mell was forced to resign from the company because of family affliction, and Thomas U. Camak, member of a well-known family and a veteran of the old Athens Guards, was named commander. John B. Cobb, brother of Howell and Tom, was appointed first lieutenant, and Robert Hope Goodman and Richard J. Wilson, second and third lieutenants, respectively.

Mell's company was only one of several being recruited in the Athens area.* Another infantry unit in the making was known as the Clarke County Rifles, under command of a fifty-three-year-old citizen-soldier, Captain Isaac Vincent of Watkinsville, a veteran of the Creek Wars, former legislator, and long-time sheriff of Clarke County. As a staunch Unionist, Vincent had offered as a delegate to the Milledgeville convention in opposition to Tom Cobb and the Secessionists. During his unsuccessful campaign, Vincent bitterly assailed his opponent and became Cobb's personal enemy. When war came, however, Vincent cast his lot with the Confederacy, and along with his lieutenants, James W. Hendon, Joe J. McRee, and Zadock F. Crenshaw, began raising troops in the Watkinsville neighborhood.

Two other citizens, William G. Delony and William S. Grady, were busy organizing companies.** Delony, a strikingly handsome lawyer whom the Banner called "as gallant a man as ever bestrode a horse," scouted Clarke, Madison, Jackson, and Hall counties for good men and mounts to join

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*For rosters of all Clarke County companies, see Appendix C.
**Delony’s lieutenants were James R. Lyle, Thomas C. Williams, and Jeremiah E. Ritch. Grady's were John R. Hayes, John M. Phinizy, and Benjamin F. H. Jackson.
his cavalry unit, the Georgia Troopers. At the same time, Grady, a prosperous businessman, recruited in Athens and in western North Carolina, where he had originally lived, for the infantry company he named the Highland Guards. As Grady made his rounds through Athens, he was sometimes accompanied by his eleven-year-old son, Henry, who was destined to bring literary fame to the family name many years later.

Throughout the summer, the Banner and the Watchman helped advertise for volunteers under such headlines as “HO! FOR VIRGINIA” or “HO! YOU LOVERS OF THE SUNNY SOUTH.” As more and more men joined the Confederate service, the papers directed an increasing number of editorials to the soldiers. The Banner warned of the temptations that would present themselves at the various camps, and urged the troops to refrain from profanity, obscenity, and the other “besetting sins of soldiers and all heterogeneous collections of men.” It would be a sad result of the war, said the editor, “if those who have so nobly stepped forward for their country’s defense should, after having fought their battles, return to their homes polluted in morals, addicted to liquor, broken down in health by vicious practices, and unfitted to resume the peaceful avocations of life.”

The papers were free with medical advice to the men away from home. “Let whiskey alone, except when prescribed by a physician,” the Banner urged. Quoting from Hall’s Journal of Health, it advised “... Let the whole beard grow, but no longer than some three inches—this strengthens and thickens its growth, and thus makes a more perfect protection for the lungs against the dust, and for the throat against winds and cold in winter, while in summer a greater perspiration of the skin is induced. ...” Never hesitating to lift medical counsel from Yankee journals, the Banner reprinted a cure for diarrhea that had appeared in the Philadelphia Enquirer: “Laudanum 2 ounces, Spirits Camphor 2 ounces, Essence Peppermint 2 ounces, Hoffman’s Anodyne 2 ounces, Tincture Cyanne Pepper 2 drachms, Tincture of Ginger 1 ounce. Mix all together. Dose: A teaspoonful in a little water, or a
half teaspoonful, repeated in an hour afterwards, in a tablespoonful of brandy."

People at home were continually prodded to contribute to the war effort and farmers urged to raise more food. "No one can compute the disaster and misery which will come upon us as a people should we fail to produce this year the most abundant grain crops," a Banner editorial read, "—not such crops as have been called abundant heretofore, but such a yield as will admit of waste in ordinary operations of war, and perhaps some considerable destruction from the enemy. A short crop or a failure may be our ruin as a people, for we cannot starve and fight. . . . The planter who is inanely neglecting his corn crop now is unwittingly fighting the battles of Lincoln.”

Corn speculators were the most reprehensible of all villains to the Banner editor, who scolded them regularly. During a drought in June, corn hoarders refused to sell, anticipating rapidly rising prices. On July 4, a steady rain began falling and the editor gleefully wrote: "Those friends of humanity who have been holding on to their corn for the purpose of screwing the last dime out of the needy, will now wish they had sold before the rain. By the goodness of God they will lose a few dollars. Verdict of mankind: served them right.”

There was little domestic news during the summer of 1861 that was not concerned with the Confederacy. But at five o'clock in the morning of August 31, a violent shock was felt in Athens, and many citizens were awakened with the sensation that they were about to be shaken out of their beds. It was an earthquake that was felt in many parts of the Carolinas and Georgia. No physical damage was done but many nervous systems were upset by the tremor. Some regarded it as a portent of doom.

When the Troup Artillery left Athens in April 1861, its first halt was the lunch stop at Union Point. Here the men were escorted by the Green County Rifles to the hotel of a Mr. Hart, who treated them to a welcome meal and received in return three cheers and a "tiger" from the departing troops. At Augusta, where the soldiers changed trains, they were welcomed by the Clinch Rifles, who marched with
them through the streets to the depot of the coast-bound express. After an overnight trip, the company arrived in Savannah at eight o'clock in the morning of April 25, taking temporary quarters at the Granite Warehouse. The Savannah Republican said of the Athens men: "Their fine appearance, soldierly bearing and unique service uniform attracted no little attention as they moved about our streets."  

The Artillery established its camp on the old parade ground off Bull Street, naming it in honor of General A. H. Lawton, then in over-all command of the Georgia troops. The enlisted men pitched their tents in two rows of ten each, leaving a space fifty yards wide for the guard tent, around which stood the three six-pound cannon. At the rear of the area, under a row of moss-laden live oaks, were the three tents of the officers. Captain Stanley and Lieutenant Pope occupied the center tent, flanked by those of the other lieutenants. Henry Carlton and Ed Lumpkin bunked together in one of them, while Pope Barrow and his brother Jim, who was on temporary duty with the Troup Artillery as drill instructor, were quartered in the other.

Undoubtedly the busiest man at Camp Lawton was Lieutenant Carlton, the second in command, who doubled as camp surgeon. A graduate of Jefferson College of Medicine and Surgery in Philadelphia, he had returned to Athens to practice his profession, until war interrupted his career. He was a rugged, combative man, well suited to the life of a soldier. In his first letter home, on May 3, he apologized for not writing earlier. "I act as officer and physician to the Corps and as they are undrilled and a great many of them sick, my hands are full."  

The soldiers were awakened at daybreak, lined up in the center of the parade ground for roll call, and, after a thirty-minute break to wash up and clean their tents, were drilled for an hour before eating breakfast. "Then dismissed, we prepared to satisfy our appetites," Carlton wrote, "... by no means a small one, I assure you." After breakfast the ritual of relieving the guard of the previous day was always duly performed, followed by another drill. On the first day, Jim Barrow, who had resigned from the Military Academy at West Point to accept a commission in the Confederate Army,
let it be known that there would be no monkey business at drill time. After looking over the troops, he ordered all who had quids of tobacco in their mouths to step forward and spit them out. One of the offenders was Private Tom Barrow, Jim's brother.26

Afternoons were devoted to general camp duties until half-past five, when the last drill was scheduled, just before supper. At nine o'clock "tattoo" was sounded, followed by another roll call, and finally "taps" at 9:20. "Then all is still and quiet," Lt. Carlton wrote; "... naught heard save the rattling of the guard's swords as they pass the tents up and down their lines and their calls to the officer of the guard."27

The soldiers were quick to name their cannon for their sweethearts at home, and Athens' charming Newton sisters, Helen and Olivia, who between them held the hearts of several artillerymen, were the first to be so honored. Pope Barrow mentioned another nomination in a letter home, not knowing he was referring to his future wife. "You have, I suppose, seen accounts of Miss Sallie Craig's defying a whole regiment of Lincoln's troops at Bethlehem [Pennsylvania]," he wrote. "It appeared in the Charleston Courier where I saw it. There is some talk of naming our new howitzer for her."28 It seems that Sallie, attending school in the North, had run in front of a regiment of Federal soldiers, daring them to shoot her as she flaunted a Confederate flag in their faces. Sallie was whisked off by her horrified teachers and locked in her room, but not before she had made a name for herself and for a brand new cannon of the Troup Artillery.

Between drills at Camp Lawton there was plenty of time for horseplay. Enlisted men Howell Cobb, Jr., and Tom Barrow, inseparable friends, were at once the pets and pests of the artillery company, frequently getting in the hair of the officers. "[Howell] has been here since I have been writing," Lieutenant Pope Barrow said in a letter to young Cobb's mother. "[He is] sprinkling water on me on pretense of keeping the floor of the tent moist to avoid dust. He and Tom sleep in my tent now almost every night. Theirs is next door and they generally drop off to sleep in mine every night after supper—get up to roll call at tattoo and then are in high glee.
for about an hour in a general ‘scuffle’ with Jim. It’s a rare life we’re leading.”

Anderson Reese, junior editor of the *Banner* and now a private in the Troup Artillery, became the official correspondent of the company. An accomplished writer, he frequently spiced his informative articles with anecdotes and personal sketches of his Athens friends. As a soldier, Reese had his troubles, and once wrote that he dreaded doing the “double quick time” because it made a man “at all inclined to corpulency pant like a racer after a sharp burst home on the final quarter.” Reese loved Savannah and wrote glowingly of the coastal city, even advocating that the Troup Artillery remain there for the protection of the port and waterways. When his articles were published, and copies of the *Banner* sent back to the soldiers at Savannah, those who disliked the city were considerably annoyed. Tom Barrow, for one, said he had “rather fight the Yankees than sand flies and mosquitoes.”

While the Troup Artillery was in Savannah, a controversy raged between Governor Brown and Confederate authorities concerning the question of jurisdiction over Georgia troops and arms. The governor wanted to keep them within the state’s boundaries. The argument delayed the transfer of the company to Virginia, and the men fretted in the hot summer sun of the Georgia coast long after they felt ready to fight a war. Finally, on June 26, orders came transferring the unit to Richmond, which, Lt. Carlton said, “met the high approval of all the company.” In their last drill on the Savannah plain, the elated troops put on a superb performance.

The company left Savannah by train at two o’clock in the afternoon of July first. At Charleston, as the men changed trains, their spines tingled as they marched through crowds that sang “Dixie.” But at Florence the next day, after a delay of five hours, the soldiers were assigned to box cars, the floors of which were covered with rosin. Private Edgar Richardson of Watkinsville wrote his mother: “When I [woke] up next morning, I was stuck to the floor.”

At Wilmington the weary soldiers changed trains again at two o’clock in the morning, and departed for Petersburg, where they had another long wait before embarking on
the final leg of the trip to Richmond. Finally, on the fourth of July the company arrived in the Virginia capital and marched out to Camp Toombs, near the Reservoir, two miles from the center of the teeming city.

Spirits were high as the sun-burnt soldiers pitched their tents. The open camp life at Savannah had transformed most of them into the healthiest state they could remember. The Virginia weather was hot, but most of the soldiers found it more tolerable than that of the humid coast and more like that of north Georgia. Correspondent Reese was an exception and complained that there was “not a particle of shade . . . and not breeze enough to ruffle a lady’s ringlets.” On all sides of the camp were the tents of many thousands of soldiers. “Morning and evening the air is resonant with music,” Reese added in his report to the *Banner*. “. . . The trains in all directions come and go loaded with troops. I had no idea, until coming here, of the military spirit and resources of the South, and never was I so confident of the triumph of our cause.”

Edgar Richardson was assigned to the howitzer “Sallie Craig” under the command of Lt. Frank Pope. “Fonny [Johnson] and a man named Thurmond is our gunners,” he wrote. “I think we have the best gun in the crowd. We are given up to be the best drilled Artillery company (the Washington Artillery excepted) in the Confederate States.”

Another Clarke County company was then in Virginia. The Athens Guards had arrived two months previously, establishing headquarters near Portsmouth. The company was assigned to the Third Georgia Regiment of Colonel Ambrose R. Wright, in the division of General Benjamin Huger, commandant of the Norfolk-Portsmouth area. The Guards lived well and enjoyed the abundant seafood afforded by that section of the state. The troops were separated by only a small body of water from Fortress Monroe, which was occupied by a Federal force, and the nearness of the enemy protected them from boredom. On June 10, the Athens men heard the crack of muskets across the bay, where a Union sortie from Fortress Monroe ran afoul of a Confederate force at Bethel Church. Other than that, the main excitement was produced by the arrival of a train bearing new recruits from Athens during a flag-presentation exercise. “They were
welcomed with cheers,” wrote a *Banner* correspondent, “and when we returned to camp, [we] soon surrounded them while they delivered letters, etc. and gave accounts of themselves and our friends in Athens.”

On June 19, Congressman Howell Cobb came to Portsmouth, reviewed the regiment, made a short address, and renewed acquaintances with friends from home. Three weeks later Judge Joseph H. Lumpkin and his wife arrived from Athens and visited the Guards. At five o’clock the following afternoon the entire Third Regiment marched to the Ocean House, where the Lumpkins were stopping, and the Judge appeared on the balcony to address the troops. “He spoke encouragingly to the soldiers,” said the *Banner* correspondent, “referring to the cause in which they are enlisted and predicting a glorious destiny in store for the Southern Confederacy.” When his remarks were concluded, there followed the inevitable three cheers, and the regiment marched back to camp.

There were no Athens companies in the northern part of Virginia, where two opposing armies were poised, seething for battle. But several Athenians, members of other Georgia units, were in the area. Two of them, both from prominent families, served as correspondents to their newspapers back home. One was George Stovall, who was now an editor of the *Rome Southern*; the other, George Hillyer, was a company captain, whose letters were carried in the *Banner*. Both were attached to the Georgia Regiment of Colonel Francis Bartow, Tom Cobb’s friend and fellow delegate at the Milledgeville and Montgomery conventions. Bartow’s command was a part of General Joseph E. Johnston’s force near Winchester.

Hillyer looked ahead at the advance columns of his regiment, which was on the move. “Oh, it was a splendid sight!” he wrote. “The long tortuous column winding out in the four-rank order to the right, another to the left of the highway, through wheat and clover fields. The dark mass was relieved by the gleam of gun-barrels and steel bayonets—and what added zest to the sight was that we expected the enemy was almost upon us. . . . There will
certainly be a great battle between the two armies before long.”

On July 20, Hillyer told of a sudden forced march from Winchester. “We are at a little station,” he wrote from Manassas Junction. “... I do not know the name of the place but that is not material.”

On the twenty-first, Tom Cobb arrived in Virginia to attend the first session of the Confederate Congress at its new capital in Richmond. As he stepped off the train, he was told of a great battle being fought at Manassas. He found a room and, before retiring, sat down and wrote a letter to Marion:

Richmond, July 21, 1861

Dearest Wife,

I am here, tired and rather sad, chiefly because I am so far from you. As the engine brought me farther and farther from you my heart gave way, and many a time I could have wept freely. ... I had a fatiguing ride, and one unpleasant incident made it even more so. A train in front of us had on board the Florida regiment. Some of the men would get on top of the cars. As the train came into Weldon they passed under a bridge and killed two of them. We found their bodies in Weldon when we reached that place. At Wilmington your dinner came in well. Charley [Lumpkin] and I and two other Georgians made a hearty meal of it. Some of the biscuit were left and I put them away in my carpet bag. Last night a little child was crying most piteously. I asked the man what was the matter and he said the little fellow was hungry, and had nothing to eat since morning. I gave him two of the biscuit and really felt happy in seeing him enjoy it.

... Nobody fears anything from the approach of the enemy. Beauregard has plenty of men to repel them, and has already given them a good thrashing. Rumor says that President Davis went to Manassas [sic] today and Howell thinks it is true.

... The soldiers are pouring in here. I came from Petersburg with 600 and left 2000 waiting there for cars to come on. ... God bless you and the darling children. Kiss them for me. Do pardon all I have done wrong to you and still love your devoted husband.

Thos. R. R. Cobb
On the following day, Tom telegraphed home the news of Manassas and of the death of his long-time friend, Francis Bartow. "The last interview I had with him," Tom said in a letter that followed, "he seemed deeply impressed with the conviction that he would fall in his first engagement. I tried to remove it from his mind, but he reiterated it to the last. He said to me that he was ready and willing that it should be so." 40

Tom recalled another incident that occurred during the last days at Montgomery. Bartow had been chairman of the Military Committee, and a point came before the body that brought, for the first time, a difference of opinion between the two friends. "Afterwards as we left the capitol and passed to our rooms," Tom said, "jestingly I made a remark to him. Instantly I perceived it had wounded him and as instantly I . . . begged that he would never remember it." 41 Tom supposed the matter had passed from his friend's mind, but at a social gathering late that evening, Bartow told Tom how deeply the remark had hurt him. Tom could not sleep that night, and in the small hours of the morning slipped across to Bartow’s room, quietly opened the door, and whispered his name. When Tom saw his friend was awake, he walked over to his side. The two men embraced each other and "wept without a word." 42

Now Bartow was dead, and his widow, who was staying with her brother at Tom's hotel, had not yet been told. Because she was ill, the brother decided to conceal the news from her for a while, and, to Tom, each passing hour deepened the dread. Finally Varina Davis, wife of the President, was given the task of breaking the news to Mrs. Bartow, and called at her room. The widow knew the nature of the visit the moment she looked into her caller's eyes. 43

When Bartow's body was brought to Richmond and placed in one of the rooms at the Capitol, Tom Cobb stood before the Congress and gave the eulogy. Later, at the funeral, he saw Mrs. Bartow collapse, and when the long day finally ended, Tom, in a note to Marion, said he felt physically sick. "One of the saddest feelings to me," he added, "is the conviction of the unpleasant effect this death will have upon you. There is no reason why you should feel so, and yet I know
you will connect this event with me and imagine it diminishes the chances of my safety. Dearest Marion, do not render yourself unhappy with such thoughts."44

For several days Tom received dozens of telegrams from anxious Georgia friends asking for news of loved ones known to have been at Manassas. Tom checked on all that he could, and when the wounded were brought to Richmond, he visited them daily and wrote the news home. "Edward Hull is safe," he reported to Marion after a visit to the hospitals. "I met last night Dun Bass about whom his father was so uneasy. He is perfectly well. Col. L. Lamar (reported killed) is safe. Winder Johnson . . . is safe. . . . Bill Wilson is here, wounded in the heel. He goes to Georgia tomorrow. He is a great talker and tells a huge number of wonderful stories. . . . Poor George Stovall is dead. . . ."45

Judge and Mrs. Lumpkin, having left Portsmouth, were visiting Richmond at the time of Manassas, and Tom called on them at their hotel. The Judge, though quite ill, wanted to have a look at the battlefield, but his wife would not hear of it. She had her way briefly, but the next time Tom called she was in her room alone, and Judge Lumpkin was on his way to Manassas.

Tom rode out to Camp Toombs to visit the boys of the Troup Artillery and found Ed Lumpkin and Pope Barrow "bronzed above all the others." He told the company of his plans to leave Congress, obtain a commission, and lead a regiment he was in the process of raising, of which the Troup Artillery would become a part. On July 21 he wrote home: "[The artillerymen] are ordered off today to the North-West Army, but Secretary [of War] Walker has positively promised me to attach them to my [regiment] just as soon as I get into the field."46

Tom's own views on the significance of Manassas were given in a letter to Marion. "As the smoke rises from the battlefield," he told her, "the consequences of the victory become more manifest. It is one of the decisive battles of the world and will be so estimated in history. . . . Their troops are demoralized and discouraged by defeat while ours are roused to the heroic standard of Victory or Death. The battle of Manassas, therefore, has secured our Independence."47

Tom Cobb would never write so optimistically again.
The Troup Artillery remained at Camp Toombs near Richmond for less than a month before receiving orders to join the North-West Army at Monterey, in the mountains of western Virginia, in late July 1861. The route to the mountains took the battery through Staunton, in the Shenandoah Valley, where Captain Marcellus Stanley became ill and had to be left behind. Lieutenant Henry Carlton assumed command and led the Athens men on the progressively rugged trip, on foot, to the hill country.

"Such a country and such roads you never saw," Carlton wrote his family. "Mountain after mountain. . . . Rock after rock. We had some five or six baggage wagons besides our cannons and when we would strike a mountain if steep it would take us 2 or 3 hours to get up. We would take the guns up and then take the horses from them and go back and pull up the wagons, and thus we worried most of the way. . . . It rained a great deal of the time."

After a march of several days, the troops arrived at the Monterey command post of General Henry R. Jackson of Savannah, who had once been offered, but had declined, the chancellorship of Franklin College. The artillerymen had scarcely caught their breaths when Jackson ordered them to continue on to Huntersville, forty-five miles farther to the southwest, to report to the force commanded there by General W. W. Loring. The soldiers repacked their gear and resumed their weary march. "I assure you the roads and country got no better fast, but awfully worse," Carlton wrote. "Mountains, rocks, rain and mud."
At the camp near Huntersville, the soldiers met for the first time a general, previously unheard of by most of them, who had just arrived from Richmond to take command of the western Virginia area. The men heard that this officer, who had recently resigned his commission in the United States Army, had never before directed a military campaign. Anderson Reese wrote home that he was a “splendid looking man, with a heavy iron-gray moustache and a most classically shaped head.” His name was Robert E. Lee. For the next three and a half years, the Troup Artillery would seldom be far removed from his command tent.

When the artillery company pitched its camp, Lt. Carlton inspected his troops and found many of them sick. He applied to the corps surgeon for medical assistance, since he was needed for command duties, but instead of receiving it, was himself appointed assistant corps surgeon. Between his two jobs, there was little time to rest. “I have often thought I had a great deal to do and a hard time,” he said in a letter home, “but not till now have I realized that my lot has heretofore been an easy one. I have worked and worked until I am almost broke down.”

As a doctor, Carlton had more to do than prescribe medicine. Finding his patients miserably situated in tents without cots or floors, he and his personal slave, Cyrus, hitched their horse to a wagon and scoured the mountainside for planks and straw. Bringing their load back to the hospital tents, they put in flooring and constructed makeshift beds, rendering the patients “pretty comfortable.” The doctor’s duties also included planning meals for his patients and supervising the cooking, which was done by Cyrus. Often, when rations were short, Carlton and the Negro foraged the hills for chickens. Once, after a successful hunt, the lieutenant sent home a hospital menu which included chicken soup thickened with rice, and smothered hen. “I will be quite a useful boy when I return home,” he wrote his parents.

The slave was a great favorite with the soldiers, according to his master, and was the best cook in camp. “Cyrus is a good boy indeed,” said Carlton. “He has not had the first short word of dispute with a man since he left home. He gives me no trouble at all. Attends well to my horse and things general.
I ask him sometimes if he does not want to go home—he replies not without I go. Him, I and Beauregard [the horse] form quite a trio. I will have to have our picture taken all together.”

In September began the campaign intended to drive the enemy out of the mountains. The Federal troops were fortified along the slopes of Cheat Mountain, some thirty miles to the north of Huntersville, in a position that overlooked and dominated the principal passage to the west. The Confederate command found a little-used road that led toward the enemy’s position and began to move its forces along the muddy lane to an advanced point on Valley Mountain, just opposite the Union lines on the next eminence. On the twelfth, while the Troup Artillery remained at Huntersville, an abortive attack by a portion of the Confederate forces was easily repulsed.

Later that month, the Athens company was moved up to Valley Mountain where it spent several days while men were recruited and horses shod. Then the soldiers marched along an almost impassable road toward the Federal lines, about fifteen miles distant. They could make only five or six miles a day, but as they inched along, they could hear the rifle fire of the pickets skirmishing a few dozen yards in front of them. Finally the Federal advance posts were driven back to fortifications along Elk Run, a stream flowing through a beautiful valley between the opposing mountainsides. Here the enemy had a strong defensive position held by several thousand men and thirty pieces of cannon. “We marched to within musket-shot of them,” Lieutenant Carlton wrote his brother. “The pickets on outpost commenced firing at us. We stood some half hour under their fire, balls whistling all around us. Not one of us was hurt. They threw dirt up all around us. Cut the limbs of trees off above us. Shot amongst us etc.—so you can see I had a fine opportunity of hearing and learning the peculiar hissing sound of musket balls.”

Presently, General Loring rode up and ordered the rifled cannon of the Troup Artillery fired at the enemy. “I had it rolled up on a prominent point,” Carlton said, “and aimed it at a company of them in an orchard . . . Let drive at them and such a scampering you never saw. They were just behind a fence. It tore the fence all to pieces. There was an officer
there on horseback. . . . You ought to have seen him put whip and spur and leave.” Scouts in position to see the effects of the Troup Artillery’s first shot of the war reported to Lt. Carlton that several men and a horse were killed. “John Hughes was the man who pulled the trigger on those scoundrels,” Carlton added. “Our boys stood like brave fellows indeed, perfectly cool—nothing daunted—a little put out because Gen. Loring would not let them on the charge.”

Loring held back the attack to await the arrival of other units of his command, but they failed to appear and the advance had to be called off. Such was the story of the western Virginia campaign. General Lee’s strategy was to have various units arrive on the battlefields simultaneously to overwhelm the enemy, but the impossible weather and impassable roads seemed always to conspire against his plans. The troops marched and counter-marched incessantly, but were never able to launch a decisive attack. On one occasion the Troup Artillerymen pushed through rough country for three days to a post on a distant mountaintop, then, without seeing action, retraced their steps. One Athens soldier was reminded of a Mother Goose poem that he quoted in a letter to Helen Newton: “The King of France with ten thousand men marched up and down a hill; the King of Spain with ten thousand more marched up and down the same.”

Measles and diarrhea were rampant in the camps. Provisions became progressively scarce, and, worst of all from a morale standpoint, mail was grossly irregular and often lost. One evening when the Troup Artillery was bivouacked several miles removed from its base and near the enemy lines, a large bundle of letters and papers recently arrived from Athens was brought up. For many of the soldiers it was the first news from home, and although the men were in an exposed position within easy range of the enemy guns, a great shout went up, and the mail was “devoured.”

When winter weather set in, the wretchedness of the men was complete. They were cold, hungry, homesick, discouraged, and above all, bored. Anderson Reese, in a dispatch to the Banner, begged the people of Athens to send books, “novels, histories, biographies, anything in fact,” to the men. “It is
better to read even what some call trash than nothing at all," he added.  

Lieutenant Pope Barrow became dangerously ill, but was nursed back to health by his father, who made the long trip from Athens to be near his son. Depression complicated many of the ailments. Walter Taylor, a military observer, was always haunted by his memories of that miserable fall of 1861. "Never did I experience [such] heart-sinking emotion as when contemplating the wan faces and emaciated forms of those hungry, sickly, shivering men of the army of Valley Mountain," he wrote.  

When the blizzards came, all hope of a successful offensive was ended. General Lee and his troops were forced to quit the mountains, leaving the enemy in control of that portion of western Virginia that eventually went over to the Union. Lee returned to Richmond almost in disgrace, but the troops themselves, largely oblivious to the political implications of their defeat, were delighted for the opportunity to return to civilization once more. "A more cheerful set of fellows you never saw," Lieutenant Ed Lumpkin wrote to his father in Athens, "knowing that soon we will leave for a more hospitable clime. . . . Day before yesterday we received orders for Yorktown. . . . When the order was read before the company, the joyous shout which we sent up might have been heard a mile. It made more well men among the sick than all the medicine in the Confederacy could have cured."  

As the Troup Artillery prepared to leave, General Loring warmly shook the hand of every man in the battery, and said that he "never gave up a company with more regret." The soldiers left in a snowstorm, marching forty-five miles to Millboro on the Virginia Central Railway, where they piled into box cars for the trip to Richmond. As there was only a little straw on the bottom of the cars and no way to make a fire, the men almost froze. "Such are the accommodations afforded soldiers by the railroad officials," said Anderson Reese.  

Richmond was teeming with soldiers, civilians, government officials, war prisoners on parole, prostitutes, and thieves. The Confederate capital had changed so much in the five months since the men had left that it was scarcely recognizable to the Troup Artillerymen. "It is now, I think, the worst governed,
most disorderly place I ever saw," Anderson Reese said in a report to the Banner. "I never in my life witnessed such scenes, anywhere, as were enacted one night in the theatre. Just think of men whooping, yelling, fighting and firing off pistols in the theatre during the performance! (There is a bar, though, on every tier, and that probably accounts for it). All this, too, without the slightest interference by police." 15

The Artillery company left Richmond for the Peninsula in two sections, on the thirteenth and fourteenth of December. The men took steamboats down the James River as far as King's Mills, and then proceeded overland to Yorktown where they moved into tents in a handsome pine grove not far from the spot of Cornwallis's surrender in the Revolutionary War. The weather was delightful and the food plentiful. "We have as many oysters as we want at fifty cents per pound," a happy Edgar Richardson wrote his mother. "We are living high on potatoes and pork. Six of us bought a hog the other day weighing 135 lbs. at 12½ cents per pound. We dried up a good deal and we have some of the nicest biscuits you ever saw." 16

The men felt almost as if they had returned home, for they were now united with other troops from Athens in the Legion of Colonel Thomas R. R. Cobb.

Tom Cobb had received his commission in August 1861, shortly after the Troup Artillery left for the mountains of western Virginia. On the nineteenth he spent his first night in the field at Camp Cobb ("so the boys have named it") 17 near Richmond, sharing his tent with Zach, his slave, who "snored away in one corner." 18 The camp was near enough to the city to encourage visits from so many of his civilian friends, and others, that he sometimes found it difficult to get his soldierly duties done. Once he wrote Marion of finding his tent full of strangers. "One of my visitors was Mr. Day, the correspondent of the morning Herald, London," he told her. "After complimenting us, he asked for a drink of brandy, when I informed him he was in a temperance camp. Instantly, he took out his notebook and said 'This will be good news to Father Matthew but very poor to me.'" 19
Tom was busy organizing a legion, the name given to a regiment composed of infantry, cavalry, and artillery units. The Georgia Legion was to be composed of twelve companies from his home state, three of them from Athens. The Troup Artillery being in western Virginia at the time, Tom was temporarily without a battery, but several companies had already arrived from Georgia. William Delony of Athens was on hand with his cavalry unit, and the Mell Rifles arrived from home in early September, marching out from the Richmond depot to join the Legion. After the first drill, Tom wrote that the Athens infantry company promised to be one of his best units. Another company, recently arrived from west Georgia, called itself the T. R. R. Cobb Invincibles. The complimentary name was not enough to impress the commander, however, for Tom told Marion it was the poorest company in camp. “They are untaught and unteachable,” he complained.

Sharing Camp Cobb with the Legion was the Sixteenth Georgia Regiment of Colonel Howell Cobb, who took charge of his new command upon the adjournment of Congress in Richmond on August 31, 1861. James Barrow was the staff adjutant, and Howell’s two older sons, John A. and Lamar, were transferred from the Macon Volunteers at Portsmouth to become aides-de-camp. Most of the enlisted men had been recruited from middle Georgia counties.

Howell’s corpulent figure was not well suited for the life of a soldier. After his first night in a tent, he confided to his brother Tom that he had gone to bed at eleven and got up at four in the morning. “But I felt certain that I had been in bed a fortnight,” he said, “so long did the night appear.” An epidemic of mumps and measles struck the camp and took a heavy toll in Howell’s command, but the Legion was strangely spared. On September 11, Tom received orders to move his command to Yorktown, and Howell’s regiment followed in October.

At the new camp on the Peninsula, the Legion was assigned to the division of General John B. Magruder. The Revolutionary village of Yorktown, overlooking the river that gave the town its name, was considered the key to holding the Peninsula and protecting Richmond from the east. The Federals, having
control of the sea, had landed a force at Fortress Monroe at the Peninsula's tip, and were making moves toward the Virginia capital. The Union Navy was prepared to support a ground attack by running its gunboats up the rivers to the environs of Richmond, but before such a campaign could succeed, Magruder's Confederates would have to be driven out of Yorktown. The Southern soldiers thought they could hold their ground.

Tom Cobb came in conflict with his commanding general almost at once. On the last Sunday of September, Magruder ordered a review of six regiments, including the Legion, at eleven o'clock in the morning. Tom was outraged. "It was our hour of preaching, but I was compelled to obey," he wrote his wife. "It took . . . an hour and a half to get through the Review, and I thought then we would be dismissed, but to my amazement and grief the old 'fuss and feathers' kept my men until four o'clock. . . . I was angry to sinfulness. It . . . broke us all down to satisfy his peacock pride. And all this on a Sunday. Heaven-daring, God-defying sin." 22

Tom was often depressed during the days on the Peninsula, and his gloom was aggravated by news from home. His baby, "Birdie," was chronically ill with an undiagnosed disease, and thoughts of losing another child kept the soldier-father almost beside himself with anxiety. He tried to conceal his despair from his wife, but when he was tired, his sadness seeped through. "Birdie with her pale face and poor shrunken limbs has been before my eyes all the while," he wrote one night, "and I would rather weep than write. Kiss her little lips for me and tell me the whole truth about her. I can bear it, Marion, though it breaks my heart." 23

There was other news from home to make Tom unhappy. Marion confided she had heard Athenians whisper that his Legion was a long way from the fighting. Tom asked her not to let the lies of the stay-at-homes disturb her. "Every man that backs out tries to slander every other man who does his duty," he said. 24 Another time he responded to some hearsay that had bothered Marion by assuring her his regiment had no "vivandieres" attached to it. "I have never heard of such appendages on this peninsula," he wrote. "The Louisiana and No[rth] Ca[rolina] regiments had some camp-women who
were said to be soldier’s wives. But I confess I asked no questions.” In an apparent moment of despair, he added: “Do you know that I have heard so many unkind things said about me in Athens since I left there and so few acts of kindness or words of cheer to the loved ones left behind me, that my heart is weaned away from the place to a large extent.”

The one thing that elated Tom was the excellence of the Athens companies and their commanders. William Delony’s Troopers, and the Mell Rifles, under Thomas Camak, delighted him above all the others. “I must say,” he told Marion, “that Delony and Camak have never worried me with a request or a suggestion. They and their companies combined have given me less trouble than any other company in the Legion. Another fact—there has been less sickness among the Athens boys in the Legion than in any other equal number of men. I have never had to punish one of them nor has a complaint been made against any.”

When the Troup Artillery was in western Virginia, Tom wrote letter after letter to officials at Richmond, urging the transfer of the Athens battery to his command, as had been the promise of the Secretary of War. He wrote Marion that he intended to give the authorities no peace until the company was brought to his Legion. This precipitated a skirmish between Tom and his father-in-law, Judge Lumpkin, who felt the Artillery should stay where it was, since it was taking part in the fighting in the mountains. The Judge expressed his views through Marion’s letters, and Tom’s answers were in firm but diplomatic disagreement. The debate simmered down. Tom continued his letters to Richmond, but it was not until November 12, 1861, after the western Virginia campaign was doomed, that he received a message from General Robert E. Lee that the Troup Artillery had at last been transferred to Tom’s command.

In mid-December, Tom wrote Marion of the arrival of the Artillery. “I have them comfortably located,” he said, “and their cheerful faces are refreshing to me.” But troubles began to arise the first week. Captain Stanley, though back in command of the company, was in feeble health and threatened to resign. Although Tom had heard that Stanley was not altogether popular with his men, he regarded the
captain as a good officer and felt his resignation would “ruin the company.”

On December 18, Lieutenant Henry Carlton, second in command of the Troup Artillery, squabbled openly with Stanley, whom he strongly disliked. Colonel Cobb backed Stanley, but the ailing captain had had enough; soon afterward he relinquished his command and returned to Athens. Carlton evidently cleared himself with Tom Cobb, for the rugged doctor now assumed permanent command of the Troup Artillery.

Correspondent Anderson Reese walked around the Yorktown camp and renewed his friendship with old Athens comrades and Colonel Tom Cobb. The Legion was now at full fighting force, consisting of seven infantry and four cavalry companies in addition to the Troup Artillery. “The Legion, taken altogether, is one of the finest bodies of men I have seen in the service,” Reese reported to the Banner, “and attests in every particular to the eminent industry and ability of its distinguished commander. He is the same model of energy and thoughtfulness here as at home, and shines as brilliantly in his new profession of arms as he ever did at the bar or in the forum. No detail, however trivial, escapes him.”

Howell Cobb, whose Sixteenth Regiment was also at Yorktown, spent much of his time going back and forth to Richmond to attend the sessions of Congress. While in camp, he visited his brother often, and one day rode with Tom eight miles to visit “White Marsh,” the magnificent estate of their maternal grandfather. Howell was an admirer of “Prince John” Magruder, his commanding general, and Tom, in spite of his earlier impression, began to share his brother’s respect for the officer. One afternoon Tom met Magruder riding near the Legion headquarters and invited him to have supper at his regimental mess. After the meal, Tom offered his guest some peach preserves that Marion had made for him, and Magruder declared them “the most delicious and superior preserves” he had ever eaten in his life. A week later Tom wrote Marion: “I am much pleased with him. He is a fine officer and at heart a noble man.”

In January of 1862, Howell and Tom Cobb both returned
to participate in the law-making of the Confederacy for the last time. The Provisional Congress was in its final weeks, and was to be superseded by the permanent government in February. These were Tom's most dismal days. To him the Southern cause was divine, but now he found his government being run by ordinary mortals who he felt were not only unholy but undedicated to the South. Previously, upon hearing the results of a Congressional race in his own district, he had written Marion of his “mortification at the thought of a drunk-en dissolute fool” being his representative in Congress. “Am I fighting for this?” he asked. “What a mockery!”

Tom had a strong personal dislike for Jefferson Davis, and had already written Marion that his patience with the President was exhausted. When Davis gave Henry C. Wayne a commission as brigadier-general while the Cobb brothers remained colonels, Tom informed Marion that the appointment was “intended as an insult to Howell and myself and it is as mean and low as it is contemptible.” On January 13, Tom spent two hours with Davis at the President’s request, and the next day wrote Marion: “[He] has at least awoke to the fact that he has to look for friends or he will go down under the increasing opposition. He was extremely cordial to me.” Two weeks later, however, Tom told Marion that Davis had “treated Howell like a dog” and himself “with utter indifference.”

On February 17, Howell Cobb stood before the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States of America, delivered his valedictory, and pronounced the Congress adjourned. Five days later, he called into session the House of Representatives of the newly reorganized government, and administered the oath to its Speaker, Thomas S. Bocock of Virginia. It was the last duty of Howell’s long political career. After receiving his promotion to the rank of brigadier-general, Howell returned with his brother Tom to the fresh air of the Peninsula. Neither would ever again return to public life. They were only soldiers now.

By April 1862, Federal General George B. McClellan had landed a powerful army at the tip of the Peninsula and had begun the campaign to seize Richmond. General Magruder, of
the Southern forces, established his defensive line south of Yorktown along the western side of the Warwick River, a small stream flowing southward across the Peninsula from near Yorktown to the James River. On the upper reaches of the stream were four dams, known in order as Wynn's Mill, Dam No. 1, Dam No. 2, and Lee's Mill, all of which backed up enough water to partially inundate the area and make the terrain difficult for the enemy to traverse. The dams were defended by the Georgia brigade of General Howell Cobb, whose new command consisted of his old Sixteenth Regiment, his brother Tom’s Legion, and three other regiments, the Twenty-fourth Georgia, Fifteenth North Carolina, and Second Louisiana. Guns of the Troup Artillery were placed in the vicinity of all four dams.

By mid-April the Federal and Confederate armies were drawn up on opposite sides of the swollen Warwick, within shouting distance of each other. “We hear their bands of music distinctly,” Tom said in a letter to Marion. “One of them played ‘Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming’ most beau-

Landmarks of the Peninsula Campaign, showing position of Howell Cobb's Brigade, April 1862.
tifully. Our pickets converse with theirs across the river. . . . They offer to exchange whiskey and coffee for bread and meat. . . . They try to find our strength and ask the number of the regiment of our picket. He answers ‘the ten thousandth Georgia, what is yours?’ He replies ‘the eighty-seven thousandth six hundredth and seventy fifth Vermont.’ They taunt each other . . . with all such stuff.”

Early in the morning of April 16, Federal cannon began pounding the Confederate center at Dam No. 1, and in mid-afternoon a Union brigade left the banks of the stream and began to cross it near the dam. The Confederates gave ground, slowly at first, then broke in confusion. Howell Cobb rode upon the scene, and according to General Magruder’s official report, re-established his line by “his voice and example.”

The battle roared until dusk before the attackers were finally driven back across the stream, leaving two hundred casualties behind.

On the following day, Tom Cobb wrote home from Lee’s Mill:

. . . Yesterday, my wife, I was in my first battle. . . . I cannot describe to you the sensations I experienced. I was never cooler, calmer, or less excited in my life, nor do I think I ever had my heart more submissive to God’s will. My Legion was stationed on the extreme right of the line . . . most of the time exposed only to random shots. For four hours the battle raged without intermission and the roar of the artillery and the thunder roll of the musketry exceeded all my anticipation or imagination. I never saw men cooler than mine were. At once the whole line wavered except the Legion and for a few moments my feelings were agonizing, but Howell rode along the lines and rallied them and in ten minutes or less order was restored. . . . Bill Wilson with the 7th Georgia made a gallant charge and drove back the enemy, a portion of whom had cropped our lines. The assault of the Yankees was daring and brave and was well-sustained and repeated by them. But we repulsed them successfully and kept them in check until night closed the conflict. The loss on our side was 21 killed and 61 wounded. The enemy’s loss was certainly much greater. The [Troup] Artillery won golden opinions for their gallantry and coolness; one of the six pounders commanded by Frank Pope was in the thickest of the battle. No casualty occurred to the company
until about night when a cannon ball shot off one of Mealor's legs. He behaved like a soldier and is doing well...

For two weeks after the engagement along the Warwick, Howell Cobb's Brigade remained in positions along the line of the stream, while McClellan's artillery kept up a constant fire. These were days of hardship, aggravated by biting weather and the inability of the men to keep dry in their muddy trenches. More and more pressure was put on the defenders, not only by the superior numbers of the enemy in front, but by the gunboats which were run up the York River to positions behind the Southern lines. Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston, who had assumed command of all forces on the Peninsula, found the Yorktown position untenable, and on May 3 pulled Magruder's division out of the line. Cobb's Brigade retreated toward Richmond and by the thirteenth was placed on a new line a few miles east of the city, near the Chickahominy River. Here the men prepared to defend their capital, as McClellan's Grand Army of the Potomac insidiously closed in.

Sergeant Benjamin Mell, honor graduate of Franklin College and now a sharpshooter in the Mell Rifles, the Athens company named for his father, liked to point out the positions and strategies of the Army in his letters home. On May 30, he wrote his father from Richmond:

...The enemy are just beyond the Chickahominy within sight. Our position is one of the strongest I ever saw. From the river a level field one mile in width extends to a chain of heights on the other side. Here is where our army is posted. The enemy in making an attack would be obliged to charge across the plain and up the heights, two or three hundred feet in the face of a raking fire from cannon, the rifles of sharpshooters and musketry...

Two days later, on the first of June, another Clarke County company arrived near Richmond and took its place on the line east of the city. This unit was known as the Johnson Guards, of the Forty-fourth Georgia Regiment, in the brigade of General R. S. Ripley. The company was composed of country boys from the neighborhoods of Watkinsville and Bishop, then part of Clarke County. The captain was Dr. Samuel P. Lumpkin, who had been a physician in Watkinsville
for six years before the onset of the war. Lumpkin’s lieutenants were James S. Griffeth, William B. Haygood, and John W. Reaves. The company had been recruited in March 1862, and had first gone to Griffin for training with the remainder of the regiment. After a short stay at Goldsboro, North Carolina, on the way north, the troops were sent to Richmond; here, less than four weeks later, they were involved in one of the most ghastly slaughters of the war.

General Robert E. Lee, now in command of the entire force defending Richmond, set June 26 as the day for a great attack to drive the enemy from the area. The morning dawned fair and pleasant. The soldiers on the near side of the Chickahominy waited impatiently for the battle to open, but little was seen or heard on the far side of the river to indicate that the enemy was engaged. Suddenly, in mid-afternoon there came the crashing sounds of war. Many thousands of Confederate soldiers crossed the Chickahominy, advancing eastward toward the village of Mechanicsville, driving the enemy steadily before them. The town was taken, and the advancing troops moved swiftly on toward the slopes of Beaver Dam Creek, beyond the village, where the Federals had their strongest position.

It was after four o’clock in the afternoon before Captain Samuel Lumpkin led the Johnson Guards across the Chickahominy. The bridge had been almost destroyed, but planks were laid down, and the men rushed to the opposite side. Scarcely had they crossed before a group of civilian horsemen appeared from behind the same bridge, riding behind the soldiers advancing in the direction of the battle. Some of the men recognized the leader of the cavalcade; it was President Jefferson Davis, trying as ever to get nearer the center of action. 39

Lumpkin’s men hurried toward Mechanicsville with their regiment; they rushed through the village, and beyond. Suddenly they found themselves on the west bank of Beaver Dam Creek, exposed on open ground to the raking fire from the heights beyond. Some found cover; others could only protect themselves by lying down prone. There was no chance for a direct assault on the Federal lines, and the Southern commanders could only hope to flank the Union left. The
Forty-fourth Georgia, that included the Johnson Guards, was given the task, but was not led far enough to the right to turn the enemy's position. When the troops attacked, they did so in the face of the concentrated fire of Federal muskets that poured bullets into them from the easiest point-blank range. The Georgia lines were shattered, and the attack utterly crushed. Of the five hundred men of the Forty-fourth Regiment that entered the battle, less than fifty escaped unharmed; nine-tenths of the command were shot or captured. Of the three hundred Georgians that lay dead in the tangled swamp of Beaver Dam Creek, eleven were country boys from the Watkinsville area, shot dead on their first day of battle, hundreds of miles from home.*

On the following days the Confederate command, rallying all along the line, regained the initiative it had lost at Beaver Dam Creek. At Gaines' Mill, Savage Station, and Frayser's Farm, in one bitter battle after another, the enemy was gradually pushed back from the gates of Richmond. On the last day of June, McClellan's Federal Army occupied the slopes of Malvern Hill, now fighting a desperate defensive battle to save itself from destruction. The Confederate command hoped to crush the enemy in a final decisive battle, and prevent its reaching its protected base on the nearby James River.

In the early morning hours of July 1, the war once again caught up with the Johnson Guards, when the weary survivors of Ripley's Brigade were thrown into the attack against the hill. Before the day was over, the six other Clarke County companies were joined in the fight, all occupying the same battle line. The old Athens Guards and Clarke Rifles, now merely companies "K" and "L" in their regiment of A. R. Wright's Brigade, were on hand. So were Captain William S. Grady's Highland Guards, of Robert Ransom's Brigade, and the three Athens companies of Tom Cobb's Legion, of his brother Howell's Brigade. At one time, all the Athens companies were on the move simultaneously in the Army's desperate attempt to make headway up the murderous slope. But the onslaught was useless; the defensive positions were too...

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*For Clarke County mortality lists for this and all major battles, see Appendix D.
strong, and the attackers were driven back with great loss. As night came on, the Federals still held the hill. When the artillery of both sides finally ceased firing at ten o’clock that night, only the agonized cries of the wounded and the dying could be heard from the hillside.

At daylight on the following morning, Wright’s Brigade of Georgians was one of only two Confederate commands that had not been swept off the hill. As the men of the Athens Guards and Clarke Rifles looked up the slope, the only soldiers they could see were the writhing wounded and the shattered bodies of the dead. Eleven of their comrades were among the killed. Everywhere was the debris of war: weapons, caps, knapsacks, canteens, keepsakes, playing cards. Out of sight, behind the crest of the hill, a Federal force of cavalry and infantry waited for a time, but withdrew at the first fire of the Confederates. By ten o’clock in the morning, the last Union soldier had disappeared from the hill. The field belonged to the South at last, but the victory had not been won. The enemy had successfully got away.

Tom Cobb’s correspondence with his wife was interrupted for the week of battle, but was resumed on July 3, when Tom wrote from a former Federal camp:

... I got hold of a Yankee candle and camp candlestick today and although I am very tired and can’t tell when I shall get a chance to send you this note, I have determined to scribble a line on the ground to you tonight. The battle is about over. The Yankees have retreated and in good order. We are catching stragglers and hope to cut off their wagon train and its escort tomorrow. ... The Yankee loss is very heavy. The number of men cannot fall short of twenty-five thousand ... and the stragglers have thrown away a great number [of guns] which we are picking up. The amount of ammunition and stores destroyed and thrown away by them is incredible. ... Their army is whipped but not cowed. They fight well and their discipline is admirable. ... I have continued perfectly well though I have been drenched in the rain and slept in a pool of water. My horse became bogged yesterday and in her efforts to extricate herself reared up and fell over backward, landing me in the pond but not injuring me at all. You never saw a dirtier man than I was and am. ...
Edgar Richardson, of the Troup Artillery, walked over the Malvern Hill battlefield, looked at the bulging eyes of the dead, and wrote his sister he never wanted "to behold such a sight again." Tom Cobb wrote Marion: "It is very unpleasant to go to [the battlefields], not only on account of the stench, but also the flies which . . . cover the whole earth and trees in a dense mass."

Benjamin Mell sent his father news of the Legion. "[It] has escaped, up to this time, almost miraculously," he reported. "We have been under the most heavy fire and have had but four or five wounded, two in the Troup Artillery and two in the infantry. The Troup Artillery was in the thickest of the fight Sunday evening. . . . Dr. Harrison and Jimmy Ellis have both been wounded and each has had to have his leg amputated."

Ben was a witness to a common sight of that time: battlefield surgery in the open air. "The poor fellow was lying on a platform under a tree in the edge of a field," he told his father. "I saw the leg cut off and thrown aside. . . . I believe I had rather be shot dead than mutilated in that way."

Ben's company, the Mell Rifles, took three prisoners, and one of them said that Federal officers had warned their men that the Confederates would shoot everyone they captured. Ben watched by the roadside all day as crowds of prisoners were conducted toward Richmond. He saw one Federal soldier going along the road with his coat inside out. "He had no guard over him," Ben wrote, "but was going along voluntarily to Richmond apparently in high glee." The soldier told Ben that General McClellan had been promising the troops they would soon be inside the Confederate capital, and now, sure enough, they were on their way.

Thus ended the Seven Days. The enemy was gone, withdrawn to its James River base, and Richmond was saved. But the Confederacy could scarcely rejoice; too many men had been lost that could never be replaced. And McClellan's Grand Army, though driven away and badly mauled, was basically intact. It would return to fight again.
DURING the fall of 1861, while the Troup Artillery was struggling in the western Virginia mud, news began to arrive in Athens of the loss of several of the town's sons who had died of disease in the various camps.* In September, the citizens were shocked to learn that Captain Isaac Vincent, the old Indian fighter and commanding officer of the Clarke Rifles, had suffered a stroke at Portsmouth. As Vincent lay unconscious, Tom Cobb wrote Marion: "I forgive him and leave him to his fate,"1 thus ending the long antagonism between Cobb, the Secessionist, and Vincent, the Unionist. On the last day of the month, Vincent's family was summoned to the Carr's Hill depot because of the arrival of his body, the first they knew that the soldier had died.

The Banner and Watchman were at each other's throats once more. The trouble began on October 16, with the publication of a letter to the Watchman editor, signed "A Farmer," that cited multiple grievances against the Confederate government. Farmers, the letter said, had to finance the war. "The trap is already set for that purpose," it read. "[We] are taxed up to the hub. First a state tax, then a county tax, then a tax for the support of the families of those who are gone to war—last of all a war tax, the most burdensome of all, fifty cents for every one hundred dollars of property."

*Up to that time there had been but a single battlefield death, that of George Stovall at First Manassas, July 21, 1861.
The following week, the *Banner* called the article treasonable and said it would have been "more suitable to the columns of the New York *Tribune.*" How, the paper asked, could a war be fought without money, and where could a government get money except from the holders of property? "Out upon the hoary-headed grumbler," the editor wrote. "Let his neighbors nose him out and mark him, for all he wants is a chance to betray his country to Lincoln. For 'thirty pieces of silver' he would sell his soul. . . ." ²

Later, the *Banner* ferreted out another man it called a traitor. Henry Coppee, son of an Athens couple and at the time a professor at the University of Pennsylvania, had been dubbed a Southern sympathizer by the *New York Herald.* Coppee wrote an angry card to the *Herald* editor: "... I desire you to favor me by announcing that neither in thought, word, or deed am I a rebel, but a loyal citizen of the best government in the world."³ The *Banner* reprinted Coppee's message, and lit into him: "... There is a house and lot and valuable family of negroes in this place belonging to Coppee's mother . . . which will be inherited by her son, and that will doubtlessly be sequestrated. The Professor's card will cost him some eight or ten thousand dollars."⁴

Afterward, the *Banner* seldom passed up a chance to describe the fate of spies and saboteurs who betrayed the Confederacy elsewhere in the South. Hangings were regularly reported, each with vivid details: the facial expressions of the doomed man as the rope was adjusted; his last cries for mercy; the sound effects caused by the springing of the trap; the twisting at the lower end of the rope; the length of time before the struggling ceased; and, finally, the description of the dangling and discolored corpse.

Perhaps for comic relief, a joke sometimes found its way into the *Banner.* Once the editor told of an elderly woman from the country that came to town inquiring if Stonewall Jackson was dead. When asked the cause of her anxiety, she produced a clipping that announced that the General had captured a Federal supply depot and had taken 500 gallons of castor oil along with a large volume of other stores. "No one could take that much oil and live," giggled the old woman.⁵

The papers promoted the sale of bonds being sold locally
for the benefit of soldiers’ families. In December, the Banner reported: “. . . A few have come forward and taken these bonds. . . . We regret to think there are large property holders in Clarke County who have not furnished from their families a man for the war—and who have not advanced one dollar to the support of the families of men who have gone. A majority of bonds sold have been bought by poor men. . . .”

The same edition quoted food prices which had risen to new highs. Bacon sold for thirty cents a pound; salt, eleven dollars a sack; coffee, forty cents a pound; and meal, eighty cents a bushel. Butchers refused to sell meat except by the quarter. “God help the poor soldier’s wife and his little children in our county,” the editor wrote.

The men on the battle fronts were sent a steady stream of parcels from the people at home, who received in return resolutions of appreciation from the various companies. In one week’s time, the ladies of the Soldiers’ Aid Society were thanked for sending clothing; employees of the Princeton Mill, for eighty-one pairs of socks; John White, of the Georgia Factory, for a bolt of tent cloth; and Mrs. P. W. Thomas, for “beautiful, tasty and useful comforters.”

In early 1862, the Confederate draft became front-page news, and speculation began as to whether Clarke County could provide its quota of soldiers by voluntary enlistments, and re-enlistments, when the original terms of those already in service expired. On March 4, the county militia assembled at Watkinsville, and the battalion was found to be considerably short of its required strength of ninety-four men. Volunteers were called for, and after the initial response, a quick count revealed only ninety-two men in the ranks. The Reverend John Calvin Johnson made an appeal to the crowd gathered around, and thirty-two more volunteers stepped forward. In addition, more than a hundred men joined companies already in active war service. Most of the recruits from the Watkinsville and Bishop areas joined the company being raised by Dr. Samuel Lumpkin and named for the Reverend Johnson, the same unit that, four months later, would be fighting in the slaughter-pen of a place called Beaver Dam Creek. Others joined the Athens companies already in Virginia. The day was an immense success for the recruiting officers; conscription, for the moment, was forgotten.
That spring, the citizens of Athens began raising funds for the purchase of a gunboat for the Confederate Navy. The lady directors of the Soldiers' Aid Society solicited subscriptions and collected funds which, the first week, amounted to $666 and included a donation of 50¢ from "Abner and Eleanor, servants of Mrs. Jane Stephens." Surrounding areas began to send donations and Jackson County became a heavy contributor. By June the fund had reached $1866 and was forwarded to the shipbuilder, who, because of security reasons, was unnamed by the papers.

In April, casualty lists began to trickle in from the Peninsula, but they were encouragingly small. Then in July, during the Seven Days' battles near Richmond, telegrams began to arrive in the Athens area from soldiers anxious to assure their loved ones and friends that they had survived. Mrs. Tom Cobb and Mrs. William Delony had wires from their husbands, reporting that they were unharmed, and Dr. J. C. Orr received a message from Captain Ben Crane containing the names of all their mutual friends known to be safe. Then, as the mortality lists began to arrive, Athens had its first taste of wholesale death. Twenty-two families in the county shared the ultimate heartbreak of war: news that a husband, or son, or father, or brother had met death on a far-away battlefield. Nothing was said as to how their man had died; there was no hint of final act, or word of last farewell. There was only his name on a list of the dead.

After driving the enemy from the gates of Richmond, the reorganized Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by General Robert E. Lee, prepared to invade Maryland, a stroke intended to win that state over to the South. As the troops moved toward the border in early September 1862, they walked with the swagger of confidence that befitted a victorious army. Howell Cobb's Brigade marched with the division of General Lafayette McLaws, of which it was now a part. On the night of the fifth, as the troops paused on the southern shore of the Potomac, near Leesburg, they could hear heavy reports of artillery from the direction of Harpers Ferry.

As the men of the Troup Artillery took their final rest south of the river, Howell Cobb, Jr., got himself "tight on
cheap whiskey”; George Newton greased his boots; and Tom Barrow sat down and penned a note to his sweetheart in Athens, Helen Newton. “The men are cooking up 3 days rations now expecting to leave for Maryland about 3 o’clock this morning,” Barrow wrote. “The Potomac is about three miles off. I expect to be in a fight on the other side of the river in less than two days.”

The Legion, in high spirits, waded across the Potomac at a rocky ford on Saturday, September 6. “As [the troops] crossed,” wrote Anderson Reese, “they sang ‘Maryland, My Maryland’ in almost every style and key imaginable, broken only by loud shouts and laughter as some luckless Confederate missed his footing and took an impromptu bath.” The Legion marched without its commander, Tom Cobb, who was on leave in Athens.

The first night on the Maryland side of the Potomac was spent on the banks of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, and on the following day the troops marched to Frederick City. The few inhabitants that showed themselves displayed varied reactions to the invaders. Some women brought food to the men; others held their noses or waved Union flags. The men of the village “rather stood aloof,” Anderson Reese reported.

On Friday the twelfth, the Legion marched with the other regiments of Howell Cobb’s Brigade to a valley seven miles north of Harpers Ferry, which town, though still in the hands of the enemy, was under siege by other elements of Lee’s Army. The Legion pitched tents at the foot of heights that overlooked Harpers Ferry to the south, the camp being located several miles west of a long ridge called South Mountain. Beyond the mountain, to the east, lay the Union Army of General McClellan—Lee’s old adversary—which threatened to swoop down through the gaps in the ridge, drive off or destroy the Army of Northern Virginia, and relieve the siege of Harpers Ferry.

On Sunday, September 14, an urgent message came to Howell Cobb, informing him that the Federals were storming Crampton’s Gap, one of the South Mountain passes, and that his help was needed at once. Cobb ordered the Legion infantry and three other regiments to the gap and rode off with them. He found the Southerners already at the pass had momentarily
driven back the enemy, but the center of the Confederate line had advanced too far down the eastern slope of the mountain and had lost contact with the troops on either flank. Cobb sent two of his regiments to the left, and two to the right, in an attempt to re-establish the continuity of the line, but before they had bridged the gap, great numbers of Union soldiers were seen swarming through the center. The Confederate regiments on either side broke and ran down the western side of the mountain in wild confusion. Cobb called on his troops to rally, and, as a color bearer rushed past, the General grabbed the standard himself. A moment later, a shell ripped the flagstaff from his hands.\(^\text{13}\)

During the flight of his regiment, Tom Barrow saw displays of courage, and cowardice, and pathetic humor. One soldier, running to the rear, was stopped by a comrade and asked why he was hurrying so. When the fleeing soldier replied that his

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March of Cobb’s Legion (broken line) to Crampton’s Gap, Sept. 14, 1862.
ammunition was gone, the friend handed over his own cartridge box and ran headlong to the rear himself. Barrow thought of a passage from Julius Caesar that went round and round in his head: “Cowards die many times before their death; the valiant never taste of death but once.” Not far away, Benjamin Mell lay in a pool of his own blood, a bullet having passed completely through him. When his friends came to his side, he waved them away, knowing he was beyond help. He was one of eight Athens men to die in the mountain pass that afternoon.

During the confusion, Generals McLaws and J. E. B. Stuart rode upon the scene and found Howell Cobb beside himself with grief and anxiety. Cobb urged the commanders to dismount and take cover. “The enemy is within fifty yards of us,” he shouted. “What can be done? What can save us?” A moment later, two guns of the Troup Artillery, which had been summoned from the valley, arrived. Edgar Richardson was with one of them. “When we got within about a mile of the battlefield,” he wrote home afterward, “we met our men running back saying we were whipped and that our Brigade was all cut to pieces but we went on as fast as our horses would carry us. We come up to General Cobb. . . . He and his staff were doing all in their power to rally the men but it was too much of a bull run stampede to stop them. . . . We run up in a hundred yards of the Yankees and unlimbered our guns and stood there ten or fifteen minutes. . . . I fired 3 rounds at them and could see their ranks open every time. The last time I fired at them they were within 75 yards of my gun. I shot at their colors and cut them down. We then limbered up our piece and brought it out safe with only one man wounded and that one Bob Thomas. He was shot through both legs. Fonny [Johnson] limbered up his piece and was carrying it off when the axle broke and had to leave the piece and horses the Yankees were so close on them. . . .”

Before the Troup Artillery left the field, the company had delayed the break-through at Crampton’s Gap long enough to allow two regiments of General Paul Semmes’ Brigade to arrive. The enemy was held off until nightfall, and by the following dawn two Confederate reserve brigades had arrived to bridge the gap. The threat of disaster was over, the main line un-
broken, and the siege of Harpers Ferry saved. The town fell to the Confederate Army.

The battered Legion infantry retreated across the Potomac to Charles Town, Virginia, to recuperate. A shaken Howell Cobb wrote to Mary Ann the tragic details of Crampton’s Gap, and of the death of her brother, Colonel John B. Lamar. “I need hardly, my dear wife, say how my own heart has bled,” Howell said in his letter. “[He] fell in the hottest of the fight, struggling to rally our broken columns. He lived until the next day and suffered no great pain. . . . My brigade and about 700 other men, making my whole force about twenty-one hundred men, encountered more than fifteen thousand of the enemy. We were . . . overwhelmed, but our troops generally fought well. The odds were too great and we were driven back. . . . Of the two hundred and fifty men [of the Legion] who went into battle, only eighty-three have returned to camp. Some we know are prisoners—among them Capt. Camak. . . . I carried into the fight of my brigade about 1300 men and the next morning only three hundred answered to their names. The number increased to 800 and I hope others may yet come in. . . . The enemy on the morning after our fight . . . surrendered Harper’s Ferry with 14,000 prisoners and ammunition and stores innumerable. The two armies still face each other and a decisive battle may be looked for at any moment.”

Most of the Army of Northern Virginia remained in Maryland. General Lee decided to move his troops westward to excellent defensive positions on the far side of Antietam Creek. Here the Army established its lines, with a crook of the Potomac at its back and right flank, and low land along the Antietam to its front. It was from this direction, the east, that the Federal Army advanced.

The Troup Artillery, detached from the beaten Legion infantry, marched with the remainder of McLaws’ Division. On Monday the fifteenth of September, the day after the fight at Crampton’s Gap, the artillerymen began a march of two days and most of a night as changing orders sent them first to one point, then another. They recrossed the Potomac into Virginia, and when a halt was ordered on Tuesday night, the exhausted and footsore men fell wearily to the ground, expect-
ing the night's rest they all longed for. But after two hours, the “wake-up” order was given, and the march resumed. The ford below Shepherdstown was crossed in the early morning and the troops were once again on Maryland soil, marching in the direction of Sharpsburg. The Athens Guards and Clarke Rifles, of Wright’s Brigade, though they belonged to a separate division (R. H. Anderson’s), were on the same road. “The deep notes of artillery and the rattle of musketry told us what was coming,” Anderson Reese reported. But the soldiers did not know they were moving through the dawn of the bloodiest day of the Civil War.

Positions of the Clarke County companies at the Battle of Sharpsburg, Sept. 17, 1862.
INAUGURAL CEREMONIES IN MONTGOMERY, FEBRUARY 18, 1861
Howell Cobb presiding
Courtesy Mrs. Howell C. Erwin, Sr.
THE DOUBLE-BARRELLED CANNON

COOK'S ARMORY
Courtesy Mrs. W. C. Greer
HODGSON BROTHERS IN HOME GUARD UNIFORMS
Bill, Prince, and Bob, ages 18, 16, and 14 respectively
Courtesy Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Hodgson, Jr.

HOWELL COBB AFTER THE WAR
Courtesy Goodloe Y. Erwin
When the Troup Artillery reached the vicinity of Sharpsburg, two Clarke County companies were already engaged in battle. The Highland Guards, of Ransom’s Brigade, occupied the extreme right of the line, where the company was engaged in diversionary action. On the left, however, the long-suffering men of the Johnson Guards, of Ripley’s Brigade, were in the midst of the hottest part of the fight. The Federals had broken the extreme left of the defensive line and were streaming down the Hagerstown Road from the north. The Johnson Guardsmen, now captained by William B. Haygood since the promotion of Samuel Lumpkin to major the previous July, were placed in the vicinity of a large barn and several outhouses. When the buildings caught fire from enemy shells, the men almost roasted alive. Amid the confusion, General Ripley was wounded and was carried from the field, leaving in command of the brigade Colonel George Doles, of Milledgeville. Doles immediately issued the order, “Charge bayonets!” The brigade rushed from the area of the burning buildings and, wildly screaming, charged into the Federal lines before it, hurling the enemy back in great disorder. This was but one of countless attacks and counterattacks that swept back and forth across the plain, from one end of the line to the other, through the interminable day.

Arriving during the height of the battle raging north of the town, the Troup Artillery, after a short rest south of the village, was ordered through Sharpsburg to the hard-pressed left of the line. The Athens company was assigned a position on a wooded eminence, unaware that it was within easy range of three Union batteries. The first shot of the Troup Artillery was the signal for the Federal guns to open upon it. The Athens men could hold their position for only a short time but, before they withdrew, they had a share in the day’s suffering. George Atkisson was hit in the chest almost immediately, but staggered back to his post where he managed to keep his feet, though he continued to bleed until he was stark white. Another shell struck him, breaking his thigh, and this time he had to be carried to the rear. Captain Henry Carlton’s brother Benjamin was also struck in the chest, and when he fell his friends carried him to a grove, gently placing him in the shade of a large tree.
The two Clarke County companies of Wright's Brigade had come onto the field during the morning and fought near the center of the line for the remainder of the day. They suffered heavily, each company losing eight of the twenty-seven men from the Athens area who fell, dead or wounded, before night. All told, in the space of sixteen hours, there were twenty thousand casualties, North and South, and most of them still lay on the field as the day finally closed.

After dark, lanterns of the litter-bearers flickered in the night as the ambulance crews tracked down the cries of the wounded and tried to distinguish the bodies of the living from those of the stiffened dead. Captain Henry Carlton set out to find his brother and, coming to the tree where his friends had laid him, found his lifeless body as if in peaceful slumber at last. The captain and his comrades buried him there, under the tree, close by the bank of the Antietam.

In the way of decision, there was little to show for the awful day. Neither side could claim victory; both were battered to the point that further attack was out of the question. On the following day, the two broken armies glowered at each other from opposite sides of the meandering creek, but neither had the strength to renew the fight. During the afternoon, General Lee decided to withdraw his troops, and during the night they once again crossed to the Virginia side of the Potomac. The men that sloshed across the river at the rocky ford were the same soldiers that had so light-heartedly crossed into Maryland two weeks before. Now, on their return, they wore the expressions of utter defeat.

The Army went into temporary camp at Martinsburg, and here Tom Cobb, back from leave, was re-united with his troops. "My meeting with my Legion today has cast a gloom over me," he wrote Marion. "Their faces are still overcast although they tried to be cheerful and seemed happy to see me... Howell extolls the Troup Artillery. He thinks they saved the whole army from disaster on Sunday afternoon [at Crampton's Gap]." Tom found a third of his men without shoes, and even more without blankets. "Not a dozen of them have a change of clothes," he told Marion. "Many of them are without guns. Never were poor fellows in greater need."
Edgar Richardson wrote a bitter letter to his mother:

... I reckon the 45-year-old men about W[atkinsville] are 50 or 60 years old now since the conscript was extended, ain't they? It would do me good to see some of them march out and try camp life for awhile. ... I don't believe there can be much patriotism about the people of W. or they would not let them stay about there with any peace. I believe I would be willing to serve three years longer just to get them all stuck in. ... I think it should be an everlasting disgrace on them, ... big, healthy lazy men laying there at home when we are needing men as bad as we are at this time. ... 21

Tom Cobb estimated the number of killed in his Legion at fifty, the captured at approximately the same number, and the wounded at seventy-five to a hundred. “But these were the flower of my [regiment], my best and truest men, never sick, never off duty, always ready. A nobler little band never gathered.” 22 Tom found his cavalry companies had been detached from the Legion infantry and artillery, and assigned to the division of General Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson at nearby Bunker Hill. Thus Tom was the commander of a regiment that had units in two separate divisions, and he spent much of his time dashing between their two camps. He confided to Marion that he was not rankled by his failure to receive a promotion, but felt it was a disgrace to have his command so divided. He was certain President Davis was responsible.

At Bunker Hill, Tom met General Jackson for the first time. “[He] told one of his aides he was anxious to make my acquaintance,” Cobb wrote home. “I went yesterday to see him. He was extremely kind and pleasant and made a very agreeable impression on me.” 23 Later he told Marion that the General was a “plain and simple man, having little conversational power.” His two elements of greatness, said Tom, were his self-reliance and absolute faith in God. “I like him very much,” he added, “and his conduct to me evinced a mutuality of feeling on his part.” 24

At the cavalry camp Tom renewed his friendship with the command he loved best of all, William Delony’s Troopers. “I wish you and Mrs. Delony could have seen and heard Major D[elony] and myself last night,” Tom said in a note
to Marion. "We lay on the grass in the dim moonlight long after all the others were asleep, and talked about home and the dear ones there and the hopes of peace and our plans and wishes for a quiet life by our firesides. You would have concluded that we were sick of war."28

Back at the infantry camp once more, Tom had a conference with General Lee to discuss the possible transfer of the Legion to Georgia that winter. "I am happy to write you I have succeeded," he wrote his wife on October 4. "I have in my pocket the written order to that effect... So by the first of January I am sure I shall have my command reunited and returned to Georgia."

By mid-October, General Howell Cobb was already on his way to Athens. Three days after the Crampton's Gap disaster, he had written Mary Ann that he was sending Howell, Jr., home. "I wish all three boys would be content to remain in Georgia," he added. "They have all done their full part in this bloody war."26 The senior Cobb left Virginia, on leave, a few weeks later. On his way south, he stopped at Richmond where he conferred with William M. Browne, aide-de-camp to President Davis, on the subject of his permanent transfer to Georgia. On October 27, Howell, under War Department orders, reported to the Charleston, South Carolina headquarters of General P. G. T. Beauregard, and received his assignment to the Georgia-Florida theatre of defensive operations.27 Howell sent word to Virginia for his staff, servants, and horses to be sent south to him, and the caravan was shortly on the way. It included John and Bob Thomas, and Jim and Pope Barrow, who joined Howell's three sons as the General's aides-de-camp.28 Cobb and his staff were assigned to the Middle Florida District in Quincy, never to return to Virginia.

After Howell's departure, General Lee called Tom Cobb to his headquarters at Winchester for another conference on October 14. The two officers, one a West Pointer and the other a civilian-soldier, had once had a cool relationship, but by now were firm friends. Only a week before, Lee had complained to Cobb that he had a craving for pickles but had not been able to find any. Tom sent him a jar of peach pickles that had come from home, and the commanding General responded with a warm note of thanks. "Gen'l Lee
has taken pains to show and express his confidence in me as an officer and personally has been as kind as I could ask or desire,” Tom wrote. On the occasion of the conference, Lee ordered Tom to take command of Howell’s brigade. Tom accepted reluctantly, realizing that his new duties might well prevent his early return to Georgia.

Morale slowly returned to the rested Army of Northern Virginia under the masterful leadership of General Lee. Winter provisions had arrived and the men were warmly clothed once more. Lee reviewed his troops at Winchester. “The old fellow paid no attention to the officers' salutes,” Tom said in a note to Marion, “but whenever a tattered battle-flag, pierced with bullets, passed by him, he uncovered his head. It was rather theatrically done, but its effect was very fine.” After the review, the officers were offered whiskey. “It was quite cold,” Tom said in a letter home, “and I was tempted to strengthen the inner man.” But he didn’t. Instead he took care of General Joe Kershaw, who had one too many, and Tom was “glad enough to get him back to camp.”

To one soldier, the review at Winchester meant little. Captain Henry Carlton, still depressed over the death of his brother at Sharpsburg, wrote home after the exercise that he had lost all taste for the things he once took pride in. “Everything here wears to me a gloomy aspect,” he told his family, “so much so in fact that I am . . . constrained to ask the question—will this life ever again be cheerful? Will this gloom ever be dispelled?”

In November the Army, once more fit and confident, was again on the march, in the direction of Fredericksburg. It stopped for several days near Culpeper, and Tom Cobb set up his tent in the mouth of a cave to escape the cold wind. “I wish you could have a Daguerreotype of my Hd Qrs.,” he wrote Marion. “A space forty feet in diameter is surrounded by a screen of pinetops with a single entrance. . . . In the center is a blazing fire, and all around on the ground, in every conceivable posture, are my staff. On the other side of the screen are my horses and kitchen fire. The tent opens on this amphitheatre and just inside I am writing my letter. The glare of the fire on the pines, the faces, the tent, the horses, etc. make quite a picture.”
At breakfast on the fourteenth, Tom noted a great deal of whispering going on at his mess, and later he was asked to delay the afternoon drill for an hour. When he sat down to eat his mid-day meal, instead of the usual fare of bread and beef, he saw spread before him turkey with oyster sauce, a slice of shoat, stewed and fried oysters, pickles, potatoes, sauces, and preserves. "To cap the climax," he wrote, "[there was] some excellent pastry, with a magnificent pound cake, all brought up from Richmond. The mess had prepared this dinner for me in honor of my promotion." Tom Cobb was now a brigadier-general.

Soon the troops were on the wintry road once more. Tom Barrow watched his commander with amazed admiration, and wondered if anyone outside the brigade could distinguish the new general from the other soldiers. While the sick and the footsore shared his horse, Tom Cobb walked to Fredericksburg.
Death on the Sunken Road

When the Rappahannock was reached, the Confederate troops established themselves on the high ground west of the river. Between the heights and the waterway, along its western slope, lay the picturesque village of Fredericksburg, a town already full of history. On the near bank, John Paul Jones had lived and Mary Washington had died; on the far side George Washington had spent his boyhood and Robert E. Lee had courted his future wife. Now, in November 1862, the same Lee was in the vicinity again, his Army of Northern Virginia occupying the Fredericksburg side of the Rappahannock, while the Federal Army of General Ambrose Burnside massed on the opposite bank.

Tom Cobb's Brigade pitched its camp on Marye's Heights, a hilltop dominating the ridge behind and west of the village. The remaining Clarke County units, belonging to other brigades, were not far away. Directly behind Cobb, in support, was Ransom's Brigade, to which belonged William S. Grady's company, the Highland Guards. To the left, as always side by side, were the Athens Guards and Clarke Rifles, of Wright's Brigade. Far to the right, near the southern extremity of the Confederate line, for once removed from the anticipated center of action, camped the Johnson Guards of Doles' Brigade. Between Wright's and Doles' positions were lined most of the other brigades of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Straight ahead of Cobb's post, dominating the next eminence toward the village, stood the residence "Federal Hill," where Tom's mother had been born and reared and where
his father had come to marry her. “Tell Ma my camp is now on the hills immediately in the rear of old ‘Federal Hill,’” Tom wrote Marion. “I can see the house plainly, there being a level plain between it and my headquarters.”

Tom got an immediate reply from his mother. “Oh my dear son,” she wrote from Athens, “when I read your letter to your dear wife and about your removal to dear old Fredericksburg and your camping place it almost broke my heart. . . . God I hope in mercy will prevent your having to fight over my . . . mothers, sisters, grandmothers and nieces graves, for though the old place is sadly changed, yet it is dear to my heart.”

On the night of November 21, Federal officers gave notice to the villagers that the town would be shelled the following morning at nine o’clock. Tom Cobb watched most of the night as women and children thronged the road toward Richmond. “It was a pitiable sight,” he said in a letter home, “nice ladies dressed in furs, trudging through mud, poor little children huddled in go-carts and ox-wagons, many of them with little bundles of valuables.”

Nothing but the river, little more than a hundred yards wide at Fredericksburg, separated the two armies. The pickets of both sides walked around in plain sight of each other. “I saw the rascals eyeing me through a spy-glass as I walked down the lines today,” Tom wrote Marion on the twenty-seventh. “By a tacit agreement, there is no firing along the picket lines.” He was confident the position held by his men was the best on the line. “I think my brigade can lick ten thousand of them attacking us in front,” he added.

On December 10, Tom got a letter from home containing some scribbling from his baby daughter, “Birdie,” who was now restored to health. “Bless her little heart,” Tom wrote back to Marion the same day. “I wish I could tell from her hieroglyphics what was passing in her heart when she was writing to ‘Me Pa.’” Tom closed the letter: “I feel as if I could talk to you all night, cold as my fingers are. . . . God bless you, darling. . . .”

Two days later, the main Federal Army succeeded in crossing the Rappahannock on pontoon bridges, and occupied the village. Here the troops re-formed and prepared for their
attack against the Confederate lines, less than a mile beyond the town. On the night of December 12, Tom Cobb’s infantry was sent forward to the base of Marye’s Heights, to a sunken road bordered by a rock wall. As the men marched down to their new positions they passed by the troops they were to replace. “You will see sights at daybreak!” the retiring soldiers taunted. Filing along the road behind the wall, Cobb’s men recited portions of the Ninety-first Psalm: “. . . Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day. . . .”

On the following morning the Union troops left the protection of the village and marched out a road that took them directly past “Federal Hill.” Just beyond, they halted and

Position of Tom Cobb’s Brigade behind rock wall at the Battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862. (Broken line indicates Georgians’ position.)
formed their battle lines in sight of the men waiting behind the rock wall. Confederate General James Longstreet, in command of Cobb's segment of the line, sent word to Tom to have his men withdraw to the heights behind him if the pressure by the enemy became too great. "If they wait for me to fall back," Tom told an aide, "they will wait a long time." To General Lee he sent word that his line would be held "to the last."

For the remainder of the day the principal Federal assault would be hurled against the men on the sunken road. Pale but calm, Tom Cobb watched as the first wave of Union soldiers swept across the plain, and standing only a few yards behind his men, he cautioned them to withhold their fire. R. K. Porter, the brigade chaplain, as always near Tom, later wrote: "By his powerful presence, counsel and order, he was felt at every point of the line."

The blue wave was almost upon the wall when Tom, in his trumpet voice, finally gave the order to fire. The musketry rang out and the attacking forces reeled. One volley was enough. When the smoke cleared, the surviving Federals were seen making their way back to their own lines, while hundreds of their comrades lay on the ground, writhing in pain, or already still in death. Soon fresh enemy troops were lined up to make another attack, the second of many that would be hurled against the rock wall before the day ended. As each succeeding line moved ahead, the men had to make their way around and over the piled-up bodies of those that preceded them.

From the heights behind the wall the Richardson brothers, Bobby and Edgar of the Troup Artillery, watched the drama on the plain below. "It was the grandest sight I ever saw," wrote Bobby. "You could see great columns of Yanks charge . . . and they were repulsed every time with great slaughter." Edgar saw the attackers move up in orderly waves, "but when they went back it looked like every [one] was trying to see which could get back first." The brothers could see the Federal officers vainly trying to rally their retreating men.

On the sunken road Tom Cobb moved about among his troops, giving encouragement here or a word of caution
there. As he paused under a tree to speak to a fellow officer, a shell exploded nearby, and a fragment tore into Tom's thigh. With a gasp, the General dropped to the ground. Blood spurted forth from a jagged wound and Tom, as calm as ever, helped adjust a tourniquet. But his friends were aghast to see that the bleeding was not controlled and after a hurried conference they decided to move him to a roadside home, even though the dwelling stood in front of the wall and was under constant fire. Here the owner of the house, a widow named Stevens, who had long refused to move out of danger's way, ministered to dozens of wounded men. Tom Cobb was carefully placed upon the floor. Surgeons, finding the femoral artery severed, did all they could to stanch the flow of blood. Chaplain Porter sat down at his commander's side and, lifting the General's head into his lap, soothed it with applications of cold water.

Behind the wall Ransom's Brigade came to the support of Cobb's exhausted men, the Athenians of the Highland Guards taking their places among their fellow Georgians. The assaults by the enemy continued, but were hurled back again and again. No single Union soldier reached the wall. The Army of General Burnside was routed.

Word was brought to Tom Cobb that the enemy was beaten and the chalk-white commander said "Thank God." They were his last words. The great heart could beat no more.

The Battle of Fredericksburg was over. On the frigid night of December 15, remnants of Burnside's shattered Army retreated to the far side of the Rappahannock, across the pontoon bridges, in total defeat. The battered town of Fredericksburg once again belonged to the South.

Anderson Reese walked along the sunken road, the spectre of death and destruction his only companion. This was the scene of the Confederacy's most overwhelming victory, but for Reese there was not the slightest feeling of exaltation. He came to the locust tree under which the shell fragment had struck General Cobb, and paused there for a time, his thoughts going back to the last hour of his commander's life. He took out a pencil and jotted a note to the Banner:
“. . . It was the darkest day and the saddest sight of all my eyes have witnessed to see him lying in the little house on the roadside and to know that he must die; that there was no hope this side of the grave; that no more would we hear his loved voice; no more see his noble form at our head; no more grasp his hand in that cordial friendly greeting which he had for all—the humblest private as well as the highest officer. . . .”

Both Richardson brothers wrote home that the troops felt as if they had been orphaned. “. . . He treated us like a father,” Edgar wrote. “He was one of the kindest men I ever saw. . . . But alas he is gone and we have lost our best friend.” Tom Barrow had “never seen a whole Brigade in such heartfelt sorrow.” Cobb’s superiors were equally struck. General McLaws said: “His devotion to his duties, his aptitude for the profession of arms, and his control over his men I have never seen surpassed.” General Longstreet wrote: “We have lost one of our most promising officers and statesmen.”

The commanding General of the Army of Northern Virginia wrote Tom’s brother:

Camp near Fredericksburg
18th December 1862

General Howell Cobb

General:

I beg leave to express my deep sympathy in your great sorrow. Your noble and gallant brother has met a soldier’s death, and God grant that this army and our country may never be called upon again to mourn so great a sacrifice.

Of his merits, his lofty intellect, his accomplishments, his professional fame, and above all his Christian character, I need not speak to you who knew him so intimately and well. But as a patriot and soldier, his death has left a deep gap in the army which his military aptitude and skill render . . . hard to fill. In the Battle of Fredericksburg he won an immortal name for himself and his brigade. Hour after hour he held his position in front of our batteries, while division after division of the enemy was hurled against him. He announced the determination of himself and his men never to leave their post until the enemy was beaten, and with unshaken courage and fortitude he kept his promise.

May God give consolation to his afflicted family, and may the
name and the fame of the Christian statesman and soldier be cherished as a bright example and holy remembrance.

With great esteem,

Your obedient servant

R. E. Lee

In Richmond a southbound train left the station with Tom Cobb's casket and a silent escort aboard. Chaplain Porter, in whose arms Tom had died, was on the train. So were Tom's brothers-in-law, Charley and Ed Lumpkin; his nephew, Johnny Rutherford; and his body servant, Jesse. "As we made our mournful way," Porter later wrote, "the heart of the people was moved. No unmeaning display or empty pageant adorned the homeward march. . . . Incidents of affecting love and sorrow met us everywhere. Here and there along the route little girls . . . brought their tribute of flowers."17

When the train arrived in Augusta on December 17, it was too late to make a connection with the Georgia Railroad to Athens. The mayor and council, members of the bar, military units, and citizens of Richmond County met the funeral party and accompanied the remains to the Augusta City Hall, where the body lay in state in the Council Chamber overnight. The next morning the casket was escorted to the Georgia depot for the last leg of the trip to Athens, where, that night, a large number of citizens met the train as it pulled into the Carr's Hill depot. The casket was placed in a hearse, and accompanied by the townspeople across the lower bridge, through the town, and out to the Cobb residence on Prince Avenue. "In solemn and tearful awe [the residents] followed the bier of [their] favorite son," wrote Chaplain Porter. "... We gave back the splendid remains of this strong, humble, earnest, faithful son . . . to the aged arms of her who bore him, [and] to the broken hearts of wife and little ones, dearer to him than all of earth. . . ."18

At ten o'clock on Friday morning, December 19, the funeral was held at the Presbyterian Church, on Hancock Avenue. It was conducted by the Rev. Nathan Hoyt, pastor of the church, who was assisted by Chaplain Porter. "The citizens turned out en masse to pay the last sad tribute of respect," reported the Banner, its columns lined in black.19

The congregation was given the opportunity of having its
last look at the body; then began the slow journey to the cemetery on Oconee Hill.

"Never in the history of our town was such a funeral procession seen," reported the *Watchman*. "All the citizens, old and young, male and female, black and white—aged sires and matrons and prattling children—all, all, followed the honored remains of the Christian hero to their last resting place. . . . Never did any community more sincerely mourn the loss of any citizen."\(^{20}\)

After Tom Cobb's body had been lowered in its grave, an editor of the *Savannah News* urged the people of Georgia to accept the tragedy without lapsing into a state of despondency. "God grant that nothing may take the heart from the people," he wrote. But he told how, in Athens, the shock had been felt "with . . . crushing effect."\(^{21}\)

The stricken town tried bravely to return to the routine of wartime living, but new privations added to the difficulty of the task. Prices had soared to new highs and many commodities were unobtainable. Fuel became scarce that winter, and the newspapers challenged the Georgia Railroad to bring in wood free of freight charges, a service rendered elsewhere in the state by other railways. When the kerosene supplies dwindled, terebene oil was advertised as a replacement, and the staff at Smith's Drug Store offered to make the necessary adjustments in its customers' lamps so that the substitute oil would glow. Coffee could be bought only at exorbitant prices through questionable dealers, and the *Banner* suggested okra seed as a substitute: "Parch the seed over a good fire and stir well until it is dark brown. Take off the fire and before the seed get cool put the white of one egg to 2 teacups full of okra, mix well. Put the same quantity of seed in the coffee pot as you would coffee, boil well and serve as coffee. . . . We find it better than pure Rio and almost equal to Old Java. Try it."\(^{22}\)

Diphtheria and smallpox made their appearance along with the usual winter respiratory epidemics, and but few drugs could be obtained. The *Banner* published a formula for a gargle that could be made at home: equal parts of dogwood root, alder root, and bark of persimmon root, to be added to a pint of vinegar, boiled down to a half pint, after which a
small lump of alum, water, and a little honey were added. George Newton, the brother of Helen and Olivia, arrived home on furlough during the epidemic. He was in the pink of health; his family had never seen him look better. He developed a cold, then pleurisy, and within a week was dead.

Because of the instability of Confederate currency, factory thread became a medium of exchange. Once, shortly after it was first put on public sale at the Athens Factory, a feminine riot occurred. Hundreds of women had assembled at the office long before the eight o'clock opening time. "So great was the pressure," reported the Banner, "that many females fainted, and . . . the scene was occasionally enlivened by rough and tumble fights. Persons frequently put their money on the end of a pole to reach it to the agent. To some the scene was ludicrous, to others it was sad. . . ."

On Christmas Day 1862, a new industry began operations. The Cook and Brother Gun Factory, removed from Louisiana and re-located in a new armory built on the east bank of the Oconee at the foot of Broad Street, began turning out rifles for the Confederate armies. It was an amazing enterprise. Only eight months previously the factory was in New Orleans, but during the siege of that city, the Cook brothers, Ferdinand W. C. and Francis L., moved their machinery from the original building and escaped with it on a Mississippi River barge. Landing at Vicksburg, the brothers hauled the equipment overland to Selma, Alabama, where they began to make inquiries regarding a suitable place to build a new armory.

Athens was a logical selection. Removed from the combat area, the town boasted an excellent foundry, and two other iron furnace mills were in the near vicinity. Power was furnished by the nearby Trail Creek dam, and building and gun materials were readily transportable on the Oconee barges. Necessary land was purchased and work rushed on the stone armory, the specifications calling for a building 300 feet long, 150 feet deep, and a three-story "shot-tower" in the center. The out-buildings included a saw and planing mill, a wood finishing shed, blacksmith shop, smokehouse, and provision room. Within a year the factory was turning out several hundred rifles a month in addition to such by-products as bayonets, cavalry horse shoes, and farm machinery. The
principal products were infantry rifles, cavalry rifles, and carbines, all .58 calibre, with barrels of twisted Swedish iron.

As more and more townsmen joined the army, manpower became the factory's greatest problem. Women were employed wherever possible and workers were recruited from as far away as Atlanta. When conscription threatened to deprive the factory of essential employees, the Cook brothers obtained permission to organize the personnel into a reserve battalion, the brothers being commissioned as officers of the command: Ferdinand as major, and Francis as captain. A cannon was obtained and fortifications were erected on Carr's Hill and the hill north of the factory, the single gun being alternated from one eminence to the other during the daily drills. A network of breastworks was built on all sides of the armory for protection against enemy raids.

In the spring of 1863 it was known that marauding Federal cavalry units were operating in Tennessee, and on May 4 passengers debarking at the Athens depot brought news of a raid on Rome, Georgia. Athens citizens became alarmed, and John Christy of the Watchman pointed out the vulnerability of Athens and the armory to raiders who could march down upon the town with virtually no opposition. A meeting was organized at the Town Hall "for the purpose of fixing upon some organized means of defense against Yankee cavalry raids or any other peril" which might threaten the area. At the meeting, ex-Governor Wilson Lumpkin was given the chair and Professor Williams Rutherford the secretaryship. Ferdinand Cook, of the armory, reported on the efficiency of his factory battalion, and a letter was read assuring the group that more cannon and ammunition were to be supplied by the state. There was a considerable difference of opinion as to how the town was to procure sufficient infantry, artillery, and cavalry troops to protect itself, and the usual parliamentary problems had to be surmounted. When Dr. Richard Moore made a motion concerning the organization of the town's defense, Dr. Henry Hull proposed an amendment, and Lawyer William L. Mitchell wanted to amend the amendment. Finally a committee was appointed with power to act on questions of arming the town, and John Billups, president of the state Senate, was named chairman. Those assigned to
work with him were the community’s most solid citizens above military age. Among them were Doctors Hull, Moore, and H. R. J. Long, brother of Crawford W. Long, the first clinical user of ether as an anesthetic agent; Judge Junius Hillyer, president of the Southern Mutual Insurance Company; Asbury Hull, president of the Bank of Athens; Manufacturer Ferdinand Cook; Editor Christy; Lawyer Mitchell; and Professor Rutherford.

That same spring, a new statute was passed whereby men over forty-five, or otherwise not liable for military service, could organize their own units for home defense. Each unit was given the power to elect its own officers and to establish rules and regulations to govern itself. The men were to be exempt from all Confederate service other than that of protecting their own communities, and were to serve without pay. In Athens, the military committee of John Billups began to organize itself under the new law.

In 1863, after the Battle of Fredericksburg, the Army of Northern Virginia spent a comparatively comfortable and peaceful winter on the banks of the Rappahannock. Six Athens companies, although assigned to four different divisions, camped within a few miles of each other. The seventh, the Highland Guards, had left the scene, having been transferred with part of Ransom’s Brigade to North Carolina.

After Tom Cobb’s death, General W. T. Wofford assumed command of the Athenian’s old brigade. The Legion was never reunited. The Troup Artillery remained in McLaws’ Division but was reassigned to Colonel W. L. Cabell’s Battalion, an artillery unit exclusively. The mounted companies, though together they retained the name of Cobb’s Legion of Cavalry, now belonged to the brigade of General Wade Hampton, in J. E. B. Stuart’s command. Only the infantry companies, including the Mell Rifles, remained with their original brigade.

Of the three remaining Clarke County companies in Virginia, the Johnson Guards still belonged to Doles’ Brigade, now under the divisional command of Robert E. Rodes; and the Athens Guards and Clarke Rifles remained side by side in Wright’s Brigade, of R. H. Anderson’s Division.
The geography around Fredericksburg worried General Lee all winter. The Rappahannock River, in its upper reaches, flows from west to east, but just above the town it bends sharply southward. Since Lee’s Army was encamped on the western bank near the village, a Federal force crossing the river a few miles upstream would be directly in the rear of the Confederate troops, who might be trapped between the enemy and the stream. The Southern command thus kept an anxious eye to the west. Toward the last of April, Lee’s scouts brought news that justified the fear. A vast Union army under General Joseph Hooker had forded the Rappahannock and was approaching a crossroads community known as Chancellorsville, directly behind the Confederate position. The enemy was a scant dozen miles away.

The men of the Athens Guards and Clarke Rifles were in the vicinity of the crossroads, constructing breastworks, when news reached them that a mighty force of enemy troops was moving toward them. As they dug their trenches on the morning of the first of May, they saw a group of Confederate horsemen approach from the direction of Fredericksburg, and recognized immediately, at the head of the column, the black-bearded officer whom General Lee had personally selected to lead the operations against the enemy. It was General “Stonewall” Jackson.

Early the same morning, near Fredericksburg, the country boys of the Johnson Guards were awakened shortly after midnight, and ordered to march with their brigade out the turnpike toward Chancellorsville. They climbed out of their warm cots and were soon in high spirits as they marched out the road to the west. The Mell Rifles also marched through the night, arriving at the new Confederate front just before daylight. Only a thin line of infantry and thirty pieces of artillery remained at Fredericksburg. Four of the cannon left behind were the guns of the Troup Artillery, still guarding the ridge behind the sunken road.

When the troops on the road approached Chancellorsville, they halted for rest. They expected to dig in and await the advance of the enemy, but General Jackson had other plans. An hour before noon he ordered his troops to attack, and soon McLaws’ infantrymen, including the Mell Rifles,
were in contact with the enemy's pickets. As the Southerners fought their way forward against increasing resistance, General Jackson completed plans for a bold maneuver, which if successful would pin the Union army against the Rappahannock. The scheme was to march around Hooker's right flank in a large semi-circle, and by gradually tightening the enclosing loop, force him northward against the river. Other Confederate troops would drive a wedge toward the Rappahannock fords to block the escape route.

To explore the possibilities of the flank movement, Jackson called on the veterans of Wright's Brigade. The Georgians marched, without detection by the enemy, along an unfinished railroad cut, to an open-air furnace opposite the Union right. As the troops rested here, they were surprised to see General Jackson ride upon the scene. All day the fearless commander had darted from one brigade to another, and the most advanced outpost was never too close to the enemy for him. He was delighted at the success of the Georgians in getting on the enemy's flank without detection, and that night he made final plans to march a large force to the Federal rear.

On the following morning the great turning movement began. William T. Haygood and his Johnson Guards were awakened at dawn, their division having been chosen to lead the way behind the enemy lines. After passing the furnace...
on the Federal right flank, they turned northward and silently walked through fields and forests, reaching the western segment of the Fredericksburg-Orange road, in the rear of the enemy, shortly after two o'clock in the afternoon. Here they rested and, after a hearty meal, were issued three days' rations of meat and biscuits. Late in the afternoon they fell in line just south of the road, and at 5:15 the high-pitched bugle notes echoed up and down the line: "Attack!"

The Johnson Guards marched through a dense woods and swamp and, just beyond, came in contact with the enemy's outposts. The pickets were driven back to a camp in an open field where a large body of Federal troops, in the act of cooking supper, rushed for the woods on the far side of the camp. All along the line the enemy was caught completely by surprise. Hooker's vigilance had been to the east toward Fredericksburg, but now from the west, screaming the blood-chilling rebel yell, swarmed the men in gray. The Federal breastworks, facing south and east, were overrun from the flanks and rear before the guns could be turned around. The Union army was overwhelmed. The Southerners pressed the attack until darkness brought the rout to a halt.

The victorious but exhausted men put down their arms and rested by the side of the road. During the night, by moonlight, they watched as a cavalcade of Confederate officers passed by in the direction of the enemy, on a reconnoitering mission. There was silence for a time, broken suddenly by the sound of musketry and the excited voices of officers urging the soldiers to hold their fire. Soon a group of men appeared on the road, carrying a wounded officer to the rear. The men alongside the pike were curious, and one of them stepped into the road for a better look at the injured man. "Great God!" he cried. "That's General Jackson!" The commander, returning from his scouting mission, had been mistaken for an enemy horseman and fatally shot by his own men.

On the following day, Sunday morning, May 3, the Johnson Guards pushed on eastward with Doles' Brigade through a tangle of woods and undergrowth so thick that visibility was usually less than fifty yards. When open ground was reached the Federal breastworks near Chancellorsville
loomed within plain sight. The brigade charged along the road, but met a heavy fire and was momentarily halted. Meanwhile, advancing from the south, came Wofford’s and Wright’s Brigades, which, with other elements of their divisions, made contact with the troops attacking from the west. The resulting force was irresistible. Down both sides of the road swarmed the jubilant, yelling soldiers, with men of four Clarke County companies among the throng.* The last line of breastworks was easily overrun, and within minutes Chancellorsville was in Confederate hands.

On the same day the small Southern command left behind to defend the heights of Fredericksburg was attacked by a Union force that crossed the river in front of the town, as Burnside had done five months previously. The rock wall that had been defended so desperately by Tom Cobb was now held by a handful of troops from Mississippi. The Troup Artillery was stationed on the ridge behind.

A Federal officer came to the wall under a flag of truce, and while conducting his business there, had no trouble noting the weakness of the defensive troops. Soon a large Union force attacked the wall and this time took it with ease, killing, wounding, or capturing all of the Mississippians defending it.

On Marye’s Heights the Troup Artillery was under fire of Federal batteries on both sides of the river. “[It was the] hottest fight I was ever in,” wrote Bobby Richardson. A shell hurtled up the hill, bounced and skidded to a stop, its fuse still burning, at the feet of the men handling one of the guns. Without an instant’s hesitation, Richard Saye of Athens pounced on the live shell and with the same motion threw it over the parapet. A moment later it exploded, out of harm’s way.

The Union infantry, after swarming over the rock wall, charged up the hillside just to the left of the Troup Artillery. “It was not until the enemy were upon us . . . that we ceased fire and retired,” wrote Anderson Reese. “We fired the last shot at the enemy before they gained complete possession of the heights.” The company retreated half a mile,

*The Athens Guards, Clarke Rifles, Mell Rifles, and Johnson Guards.
leaving Thomas Dillard behind, dead of a bullet wound in his heart. The guns were turned around again, and the enemy held off for a precious hour. As night came on, the last of the ammunition was exhausted, and Captain Carlton pulled his men farther back, out of the enemy's range. But as on another Sunday, at Crampton's Gap eight months before, the Athens company had helped avert a rout. General William Barksdale, in command of the Fredericksburg line, rode up to the battery, waved his hat in a large circle, and shouted: "Hoorah for the Troup Artillery!" A correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch wrote that Carlton's Battery did "fearful work among the foe . . . and won a proud name for distinguished service."

On the following day the Federal troops at Fredericksburg, caught in the squeeze caused by the rout of their main army at Chancellorsville, were forced to withdraw. The entire area around both towns was swept clear of the enemy, and by May 6 the last Federal soldier had crossed to the far side of the Rappahannock.
General Robert E. Lee prepared to follow up the success at Chancellorsville with another strike at the heart of the enemy. As final plans were being made to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania, most of the Army of Northern Virginia was concentrated near Culpeper, with the cavalry command of General J. E. B. Stuart occupying the advanced position at nearby Brandy Station. One of the most highly regarded regiments of Stuart’s force was Cobb’s Legion of Cavalry, now led by Colonel Pierce M. B. Young. William G. Delony of Athens, who had been promoted to lieutenant colonel, was second in command, and still had under him his old Georgia Troopers, whom he had recruited from the Athens area in 1861.

To his men, who worshipped him, there was no finer soldier in the army than Will Delony. A first-honor graduate of Franklin College, he had practiced law in Athens, where his popularity was such, according to the Banner, that he was the first Democrat ever to be sent to the state legislature from the Whig-dominated town.¹ When Lincoln won the presidential election in 1860, Delony turned his energies over to the secession movement, and, after Sumter, there was no other honorable course for him but to join the army in the field. The cavalry company he recruited and commanded was regarded by the late Tom Cobb as the best-led mounted unit in the Legion.

On June 8, 1863, the eve of the scheduled Confederate march to the north, General Stuart put his 10,000 cavalrymen
through a gaudy review for General Lee at Brandy Station. Late the same night Federal cavalry, accompanied by infantry units, crossed the Rappahannock a few miles to the north and launched a surprise attack against the Confederate camp. William Delony was awakened at daybreak with the news that his pickets had already been driven in by enemy horsemen. "Our brigade was ordered up and went into action soon after sunrise," Delony wrote. "... The report came that we were completely surrounded, another body of the enemy having crossed lower down... We were ordered to charge. I was at the head of the Reg't and rec'd the order... Our men went in with a rousing cheer."  

The Federals had already reached the Brandy Station heights when observers at the nearby Fleetwood House saw a thrilling sight. General Wade Hampton's regiments were galloping up the hill, with Cobb's Legion in advance, to meet the enemy horsemen head on. As Colonel Young and part of the Legion engaged a Federal column in front, Delony, with the Richmond Hussars and Georgia Troopers, struck the same force on their left flank. In an instant there was a tangled confusion of men, horses, and slashing sabers, and the bloodiest cavalry fight of the war was under way. Willie Church became a madman; cutting and stabbing, he unhorsed a dozen Federals. When his own mount fell under him, Church instantly seized a Union horse, disposed of its rider, and re-entered the battle. The entire Legion fought viciously, and drove its adversary off the field. "The day was ours in less time than I can tell it," Delony wrote. "We killed their Major—captured their Lt. Col., two captains, and about 40 Lts and Privates and strewed the ground with dead and wounded men and horses—sabers, pistols and carbines were lying around loose. We pursued them until called off." The Federal force retired to the north side of the Rappahannock once more, leaving, all told, a thousand casualties behind. Although the South lost only half that many, the Confederate command was badly shaken by the near-disastrous surprise, and for his lack of vigilance General Stuart received an angry reprimand from the Virginia press.

While the cavalry remained temporarily behind to nurse
its wounds, other elements of the Army began to move northward on June 10. The Johnson Guards crossed the Potomac with Doles' Brigade six days later, the first of the Clarke County units to enter Maryland. All of the Athens companies followed except the Highland Guards, still on duty in North Carolina. The Troup Artillery and the Mell Rifles marched with Wofford's Brigade through Blue Ridge Mountain gaps and across a Shenandoah River ford. "It was quite amusing to see the Infantry wade it," Bobby Richardson wrote. "They raised a yell as soon as they got in and continued it until they passed over."

In the driving rain of June 26, Wofford's men crossed the Potomac and began their march through the heart of Maryland and into Pennsylvania. Along the way the Marylanders expressed their dislike for the Southerners by sour expressions, but displayed no signs of overt resistance. The Pennsylvanians, wrote Anderson Reese in his report to the Banner, were "intensely servile in their demeanor" with a "take-all-but-spare-my-life" attitude. All claimed to be Peace Democrats, he added.

General Lee had issued strict orders in regard to respecting private property, but Reese wrote that "the track of a large army is marked by ruin and desolation, and there was no exception to the rule in this case." Reese disclaimed any plundering on his own part, but admitted that he helped enjoy the "wonderfully improved" bill of fare that the countryside afforded. "Chickens, butter, 'apple butter,' buttermilk, vegetables, and the delicious 'black heart' cherry were no rarities," he added.

On the last night of June the Troup Artillery camped at Fayetteville and at sundown the next evening reached the vicinity of Gettysburg. As the soldiers neared the town, Reese wrote, they could hear "the dying echoes" of the guns that thundered during the afternoon of July first. The ominous sounds came from a ridge just north of the village, where the vanguards of the two opposing armies had first made contact. Here, as usual, the veterans of the Johnson Guards were already hotly engaged.

On the previous day the Guards had been peacefully camped with Doles' Brigade on the grounds of Dickinson
College in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, when orders were received to march to Gettysburg. As the troops neared the latter village, they closed in on a Federal force guarding the entrance to the town. The brigade formed in line of battle, advanced across a stream and hedge fence, and came suddenly upon two lines of the enemy. The first Union line gave way and fell back on the second, and, when the latter was charged, the entire defensive position collapsed. “Over the ground there were some lime-sinks,” wrote a historian of Doles’ Brigade, “and many of the Federals threw down their arms and took shelter in them, and we charged over them. By [this] time we were in the edge of the city and saw no Yankees in our front. . . . Suddenly a large body of the enemy were discovered advancing towards us on our right flank . . . but they were not only checked but stampeded. The brigade then with a wild yell sprang forward and entered the city, the Federals flying like chaff before a stiff breeze.”

When the Johnson Guards entered Gettysburg, a friend of every man in the company was left behind. Colonel Samuel P. Lumpkin, the Watkinsville physician who had recruited the Guards and was now the regimental commander, had fallen early in the battle with a shattered leg. After he was carried to the rear, the limb was amputated. “There was no better, braver or cooler officer in the army than Colonel Lumpkin,” the brigade historian wrote. “Always at the front and always ready for duty, he had the confidence of his superior officers and the men he commanded.” Now he was grievously wounded, and would never fight again.

By the morning of July 2, most of the Federal Army of General George Meade had reached the vicinity of Gettysburg and was lined up opposite the Army of Northern Virginia below the town. Running almost due south from the village, the Emmitsburg turnpike passed through the valley that lay between the two forces. On the east the Federal line occupied a long range called Cemetery Ridge, the right of the line extending to Culp’s Hill near the village, and the left to the rocky eminences known as Big and Little Round Tops several miles to the south. Lee’s Army occupied the high ground west of the turnpike.

Four Clarke County infantry companies and the Troup
Artillery were on the line. The men of the Johnson Guards were dug in with Doles' Brigade along the streets of Gettysburg itself. Farther south, opposite the center of the Federal line, were posted the Athens Guards and Clarke Rifles of Wright's Brigade. Farther down the line, near a peach orchard and wheat field that lay between it and the enemy, was Thomas Camak's company, the Mell Rifles, of Wofford's Brigade. On the high ground behind, the Troup Artillery took its position. The Georgia Troopers had not yet reached the scene but were riding hard with Stuart's cavalry command in the direction of the battlefield.

Positions of the Clarke County companies on July 2, 1863, at the Battle of Gettysburg. (Broken lines indicate Federal positions.)
At three o'clock in the afternoon the Troup Artillery was moved forward to within a half-mile of the Emmitsburg road, opposite the orchard where strong Federal infantry and artillery units were placed. "The skirmishers of both armies were actively engaged as we came into position," Anderson Reese reported to the Banner, "... those of the enemy being some distance this side of the road and making a determined stand to hold it. Very soon, however, they were driven back across the road upon their supports, and almost simultaneously with their withdrawal, our battery opened fire upon the force in the peach orchard and field. The enemy's batteries (U. S. Regulars) responded promptly, and then the ball fairly opened. The firing was the most rapid I have ever witnessed, and the earth literally vibrated under the continuous roar. ... I have never seen guns better served, and right in the center of [Cabell's] battalion, working like beavers and covered with dust, were Carlton's brave boys. ..."

The Mell Rifles advanced with Wofford's infantry across the turnpike into the orchard, and, at the point of the bayonet, drove the Federals to the rear. "The Yankee dead lay thick around their guns," Reese wrote, "and dead and wounded horses literally cumbered the ground. ... Night came on and the conflict closed upon one of the bloodiest fields of the war. We had driven the enemy nearly two miles. ..." Thomas Camak, long the commander of the Mell Rifles, was brought to the rear with a gaping thigh wound caused by a shell that had almost carried his leg away. Doctors could not control the pain, and Camak lay in agony for several hours before death finally came.

While the Mell Rifles charged the orchard, the Athens Guards and Clarke Rifles were ordered to advance with their brigade against the center of the enemy's line on Cemetery Ridge. As Wright's men rushed down the hillside to the valley between the armies, they found the ground broken by a series of small ridges and hollows that paralleled the Federal line. They worked their way across the field, from one depression to another, under the most furious artillery fire General Wright had ever seen. When the Georgians reached the base of Cemetery Ridge, the Federals opened upon them
with grape and canister from more than twenty guns, and men in both Clarke County companies began to go down. The supporting Confederate brigades on the right and left were driven back, and Wright’s men struggled up the slope alone. Up and ahead went the brigade, driving Federal infantry from behind a stone fence. Hurtling over it, the troops seized the Federal battery stationed there, and shot down every Union artilleryman in sight.

But Wright’s Brigade found itself completely isolated, a mile in advance of the rest of the line. The enemy closed in from the flanks and rear, and as Wright’s men looked back toward their own lines, they could see blue-coated troops advancing along the same ground they had just traversed themselves. The small Confederate force was trapped between two lines of the enemy, with many of its company officers already among the dead and wounded. The survivors had to abandon the captured guns, turn toward the enemy advancing from behind, and cut their way back toward the Confederate positions. As they fought down the slope, the troops suffered as cruelly as they had on the way up.¹⁴

On the left of the Confederate line the Johnson Guards waited in the streets of Gettysburg for the order to attack Culp’s Hill. But the command never came. General Rodes, the division commander, unwilling to send his men against the strongly fortified hill without the adequate help he had expected, called off the attack. At almost the same time, the Georgia Troopers arrived with Stuart’s cavalry command, but the horsemen were too late to participate in the day’s fighting. They joined the other troops along the ridge below the town.

Night came on, and as the exhausted soldiers slept beside their guns, oblivious to the prospects of another day of Hell, General Lee made a decision that historians would ponder forever after. He ordered his commanders to prepare for an all-out frontal assault against the center of the enemy’s line, in an attempt to break the back of the Federal Army.

“Early the next morning,” Anderson Reese reported, “Carlton’s battery was sent a considerable distance to the left and in advance of the position of the previous day, the other batteries being distributed at various intervals along the
line to the right. An enormous quantity of artillery was massed *en echelon* along the line, and Cemetery Hill . . . was the point of attack. The enemy . . . shelled Carlton furiously as we moved across the field and wheeled into line on the crest of [a] hill. One man [John Adams] was killed instantly by the fire. . . .” The Troup Artillerymen suddenly realized that the battery’s new position was in advance of the infantry. “Not a solitary soldier was between it and the enemy,” Reese wrote. “And during the entire time it occupied this position, it had absolutely no support whatever. But there was no excitement, no confusion. My gallant old comrades were equal to the emergency, and like veterans as they are, were calm and quiet as if no danger was near.

“At about eleven A. M. the signal—two guns discharged in rapid succession—was given, and then from 120 or more iron or brazen throats, there leaped forth the most terrific storm of shot and shell that probably has ever been poured upon a foe. For half an hour or more, the racing missiles tore their way through the enemy’s batteries and with marked effect. . . . When it was thought sufficient impression had been made upon their works, Pickett’s Division . . . [was] ordered forward. . . .”

During the height of the artillery barrage, Captain Carlton was struck near the shoulder by a shell fragment. With his arm broken and hanging loosely to his side, he continued to walk among his artillerymen, directing their fire and shouting words of encouragement, until he collapsed. Bobby Richardson, who was within a few feet of Carlton when he was hit, helped carry his captain from the field. Lieutenant C. W. Motes took over command of the company.

From the hilltop the Athens artillerymen watched the slaughter as Pickett’s troops marched, almost shoulder to shoulder, through the valley of death. Up the slope of Cemetery Ridge went the infantry, its ranks thinning visibly during the ascent, the battle flags disappearing, reappearing, and disappearing again. Soon all was confusion on the far hillside, and the witnesses from Carlton’s Battery could only wait and hope. Suddenly, there was an overwhelming outburst of musketry from the Federals, and the advance seemed to hesitate all along the line. Another few minutes passed, and
through the smoke of battle broken columns of gray could be seen coming down the hill—the Confederates were in full retreat. The charge that began with such high hopes had ended in terrible defeat for the South. The Battle of Gettysburg was over.

The Confederate command immediately made plans to withdraw its army, and at dusk the following day the retreat from Pennsylvania began. “It was pouring rain and dark as Erebus,” Anderson Reese reported. “I sat on my horse all night, getting no sleep whatever, save a few brief nods, now and then, when we halted. Hagerstown, Md. was reached Sunday night. Another night’s march . . . with the same pouring rain, patchy darkness, miserable roads, and no sleep—not even a ‘nod’—brought us to the pontoons at Falling Water, and the Potomac was recrossed, and we were in the ‘Old Dominion’ once again.”

The retreating troops left behind many thousands of men on the battlefield at Gettysburg. Over 2,500 Confederate soldiers were killed outright, and 5,000 more were missing. Of the 12,000 wounded, many had to be left on the field when the army withdrew, and fell into the hands of the enemy.

Samuel Lumpkin met this fate. As he lay on the ground awaiting capture, his leg amputated, his men separated from him, his army wrecked and in full retreat, the torment he must have suffered defies imagination. He was taken to a Federal hospital at Hagerstown, where he died, two months later, of typhoid fever, the sixteenth man from the Athens area who had failed to survive the ordeal at Gettysburg.

As Stuart’s cavalry command retreated southward through Maryland, Colonel William Delony, badly injured, could go no farther. On July 3, while Pickett’s men were fighting and dying on Cemetery Ridge, Cobb’s Legion of Cavalry was attempting to get behind the enemy’s lines. A Federal force intercepted the regiment, and, in hand-to-hand combat with four Union cavalrymen, Delony was knocked senseless to the ground by the last of several vicious saber blows to the face. Youthful Henry E. Jackson rushed to the side of his stricken commander and defended him desperately until others could move him safely to the Confederate lines.
Delony was terribly lacerated, but when the retreat began he was able to accompany his command as far as southern Maryland. Within a few miles of the Potomac River, he and a friend, also wounded, could bear the trip no longer, and were taken into the home of a citizen of Williamsport. Here they recuperated for several days. On July 7, Delony wrote to his wife, Rosa, in Athens:

... You must put up with a short note from me today on account of an almost intolerable pain in my right eye. I have suffered from it very severely. My wound is on my forehead over that eye and I have a severe cold, the consequence is a neuralgic pain in my eye which at times is insufferable. Since I wrote you last I have also had fever—irritation fever caused by the wounds and I did not, as I expected to do, rejoin my regiment. I am now very comfortably lodged in the house of a Unionist of this place who furnishes everything needed, when asked for, but never asks after our wants or inquires about our wounds. His wife follows his excellent example and provides two good meals a day. His daughters of whom he has two or three, I believe about grown, I never see. Capt. King is with me and we are both philosophic and get on admirably and are both... enjoying the excellent ice water, good liquors, and (to us) good dinners that we have every day.

... I am going across the river into Virginia this afternoon—just learned of an opportunity, King and I both. God bless you all Darling. Kiss the little ones for me, and think sweetly of me and write often. ... Love you...

Delony rode to Staunton where he was taken in by his travelling companion's sister, Mrs. William E. Baker, and her husband, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. The Bakers lived at the parsonage, a handsome structure surrounded by fruit trees and vegetable gardens.* Here the colonel found an ideal spot to convalesce. His wounds did not heal as rapidly as expected, however, and surgeons had to remove small pieces of bone from his forehead. He wrote that at Gettysburg he had been assured his wounds were slight, “showing great carelessness on [the doctors'] part

*In this same house, Woodrow Wilson had been born to the wife of the previous Presbyterian minister seven years before. The Bakers' guest room, which Delony almost certainly used, was the same in which Wilson was born.
as the wound was never probed and very hurriedly dressed—the Doctors 'changing base' at every discharge of the enemy's cannon."

The Bakers reminded Delony of his own family. "Thoughts of home—of you and our dear precious little ones keep me restless, impatient, and uneasy," he wrote Rosa. "How terrible this war is and how cruel the separation it causes. . . . An occasional gleam of sunshine comes to us however, like the bow of promise, and hope springs up and dies again in my heart."20

Through the entire month of July Delony had received no mail from home. "You can't imagine how great my anxiety is," he wrote his wife.21 But on August 6, when he returned to his regimental headquarters near Culpeper, still bearing an ugly facial scar, a bundle of letters from Rosa awaited him. "[It was] the richest treat I have had for some time past," he said in his next letter.22

Occasionally Delony was scolded by Rosa for not returning home on his long-promised leave, and had to explain the impossibility of leaving his regiment again after his long absence. Once he told her he was so glad to hear from her he didn't mind a few cross words from his "little scrap of a wife."23 Later, when a Federal mailbag was captured, Delony went through some of the letters, and reading them brought to mind his own nostalgia and his own longings. "I have thought of you as I have been reading them," he wrote Rosa. "Could you see them you would say that all men are alike."24

On September 21, near Orange Court House, Delony went back into action against a Union cavalry force. He was unhurt during the first brush with the enemy, and wrote Rosa the same night:

". . . The cold winds that we are having made me feel dear Darling very much like coming home and just as soon as I can possibly get off I am certain to come. . . . I am looking forward with a great deal of confidence to spending some time with you and the 4 little ones this winter. Kiss the dear little ones for me and write when you can. My love to Jennie and a heartful for yourself.

Ever your
Will
But William Delony never got his leave. The next day a cavalry skirmish at Jack's Shop turned into a desperate fight. A minie ball tore through Delony's thigh, and when he fell to the ground his dying horse toppled over on his injured leg. Dr. Henry S. Bradley, the Legion's assistant surgeon, rushed to his side; so did Reuben Nash, a corporal. Both refused to leave him, and all three men were captured. They were taken to a Federal hospital at Culpeper, and here Dr. Bradley was allowed to attend his commander. Two days later, however, Delony was separated from his friends, above the protest of Dr. Bradley, and removed by ambulance to Washington City.

John A. Wright, an eighteen-year-old Federal soldier wounded at Chancellorsville, was a patient in Ward 7 of Washington's Stanton Hospital when Colonel Delony arrived. Wright and others in the ward were "very favorably impressed by his fine personal appearance and gentlemanly bearing." The Union soldier and Delony became friends; neither suspected that the latter's wound was critical. But on the first day of October, a week after the colonel's arrival, a nurse confided to Wright that Delony's leg was "beginning to mortify." After a consultation of surgeons it was decided that, because of weakness from loss of blood, amputation was out of the question. Delony was told that his chances of recovery were poor.

The colonel beckoned to Wright and asked him to read from the Bible. The 14th Chapter of John was selected, and the reader began: "Let not your heart be troubled. . . ." Wright looked at Delony and found the colonel had broken down in tears. "Oh, I could die in peace, I could die in peace," he sobbed, "if only I were home with my wife and children. But it is so hard to die far from home and among strangers."

The two men prayed together. Later that day, Wright was transferred to another hospital; Delony died the same night. Wright recovered from his wounds and lived to be an old man, but he never forgot the lonely rebel colonel who was supposed to be his foe. 25

Earlier in the war, residents of Athens had looked forward to news from the fronts, and collected eagerly on Broad
Street at five o'clock to await the latest dispatches brought in by the afternoon train. A good reader would be chosen to stand on a box and read the bulletins as the townspeople gathered round. But now, as the news arrived from Gettysburg and other battlefields, the citizens were near despair. Five o'clock became an hour of dread.

News of William Delony's death came in a telegram to Mrs. Pleasant Stovall from Willie Church, who was stationed with the Legion cavalry near Orange Court House. Church had seen the death notice in the Washington Chronicle, and knowing that the widow was eight-months pregnant, asked Mrs. Stovall to break the news to Mrs. Delony as best she could. The Banner, in an editorial column lined in black, announced the news to the citizens. "Of all the brave hearts that have been sent by the South to meet her foe," the article read, "there was not one more purely chivalric and heroic than Colonel Delony. He had every quality that, in the olden time, would have made 'a knight without fear and without reproach.'"

Athens began to take stock of her losses. Many of the young officers the town had sent to the Confederacy were gone. Not one of the original Athens commanders of Tom Cobb's Legion was in action. Cobb himself was dead; so were Thomas Camak of the Mell Rifles and William Delony of the Georgia Troopers. Marcellus Stanley still lived but had resigned from the Troup Artillery because of poor health and was now on administrative duty in Florida. Of the other companies, the Johnson Guards had lost Samuel Lumpkin, who died after Gettysburg; the Athens Guards were without Henry Billups, who resigned because of illness; and the Clarke Rifles' original commander, Isaac Vincent, had suffered a fatal stroke. Only William S. Grady of the Highland Guards was still at his command post. Among the men in the ranks, the death toll was nearing a hundred.

In Watkinsville the parents of Edgar and Bobby Richardson had been spared bad news from the battlefields, but in August a dreaded telegram came: Bobby was dead of typhoid fever. Edgar wrote his sister, Rebecca, the details and asked her to comfort their parents as much as possible. "I know it will nearly kill them," he wrote. Bobby had been
taken sick at the camp near Culpeper, Edgar said, and became semi-conscious two days later. "I then had him removed to a private house (Mr. George Marshal's) where he was taken good care of, but to no avail," the letter said. "Mr. and Mrs. Marshal were very kind to him and did all in their power to make him comfortable. The boys were also very kind. They came every night and set up and waited on him. He never got so but what he could recognize any of us but I could not get him to talk any. The evening before he died . . . he was very restless and I asked him what hurt him and he moved his lips and said nowhere. . . . He died very easy without leaving an enemy in the company. They all loved him. . . ." 27

The Banner received a clipping from William Hemphill, a member of Carlton's Battery, who had been wounded and captured at Gettysburg, and later exchanged. While a prisoner of war in a Northern camp, Hemphill had seen a letter, written by an unidentified Athens man, in a New York newspaper. He saved it and gave it to the Banner, which reproduced it:

... I was one of many, who, at the breaking out of the Rebellion, was misled by horrid tales and solemn promises to be fulfilled at the close of the war, to go in the army.

I had a start in the world in Athens, Clarke County, Georgia, at the beginning of the war, and everything looked very encouraging, and all thought that the war would not last six months; then I could return with all the honors of a true southern man, and be regularly installed and set up in business, soon to make a fortune and enjoy the rest of my life. In this I have been sadly BITTEN.

Instead of the war lasting six months or twelve months, I have served twenty-eight months, and there is no prospect of its coming to an end for twelve months to come, and what I left at home I have spent while in service, and am now a prisoner of war, with nothing but the prospect of being turned out upon the world without a cent to help myself with.

He who will be deluded to take up arms against his country must suffer the consequences. As for me, I have got enough of the war, and I am about to take the oath and remain in the union, and let the rebellion go to the D - - - l.

The Banner asked in a headline: "WHO IS IT?" It added: "We suspect the traitor to be a Yankee who left with the
Troup Artillery. . . . Others suspect a member of the Athens Guards, also a Yankee. Both of them, we have learned, have deserted to the enemy."28

There was little happy news to report. The townspeople were told by both papers that the government was in dire need of beef cattle, flour, and wheat, and that anyone refusing to sell his holdings to the Confederate government at the latter's prices would be subject to having his provisions seized by impressing agents. The citizens were expected, on demand, to sell wheat at four dollars a bushel, flour at twenty-two dollars a barrel, and beef at fifteen cents a pound.29 At the same time, the residents were told that the wounded soldiers of General Braxton Bragg's force near Chattanooga, having been brought to Atlanta, were suffering because of lack of food and clothing; all patriotic persons were expected to send anything they could spare to the Atlanta hospitals.

On October 7, an impressing agent went into action. "The roads leading from the town were picketed by the men employed in Messrs. Cook's Armory," said a Banner article, "and no horses allowed to leave town. A large number were collected, and those fit for service were retained by the government. The prices allowed for them were $250 for the lowest class and $600 for the highest. Our citizens, with few exceptions, submitted quietly, knowing the necessities of the service required the sacrifice. . . ."30

John Christy of the Watchman was outraged by the agent's methods. "Our citizens were waited upon by files of soldiers with loaded carbines on their backs, and required to give up their horses," he wrote. "The great mass of them would have sent their horses to the impressing officer cheerfully, if they had been requested to do so, without all this needless military parade. No town in the Confederacy contains a more loyal population than Athens and we have not been able to perceive any justification for the adoption of such harsh measures."31

In December a Federal cavalry force raided upstate Union County. John B. Newton sat down and wrote a letter to his daughter Helen, who was visiting in Sandersville:

... We have been greatly excited here for a few days past, from a rumor that a large force of Yankees were making their
way toward Athens from the mountains of North Carolina . . . which proved untrue. But it is true that a considerable force of Yankees, robbers, and bushwhackers are in and near Murphey, N. C. (near the Georgia line) and there is no telling how soon a raid will be made on this place and all of us compelled to flee for our lives. In view of this state of things, we think it best for you and Olivia not to come home for some time yet until things become more settled. You know I have always been desponding and doubtful of our final success, and I see that our cause is daily becoming more desperate and doubtful. I cannot see how we are to sustain ourselves. Our money is worthless, we have not provisions enough to feed our Army, and an important part of [it] has been defeated and is now demoralized and cannot be depended upon in battle.

It is true that we should be making our calculations and arrangements to meet the final result—subjugation. It seems to me inevitable. I don't say so to others. I shall hold out and do all I can to the last—though I can see no hope but through the interposition of Providence. I would not alarm you needlessly but I feel it my duty to bring your mind to bear on it so that when the evil day comes you may be better prepared and that it may not come unawares. . . .\[32\]

Life became harder for the Negroes also. For fear of insurrection, further restrictions were imposed upon them by the City Council. A new ordinance made it illegal for any slave to enter town without a pass stating specifically where he was to go, and how long he was to remain. The penalty for not having a pass, or abusing it, was set at thirty-nine lashes and imprisonment in the Guard House until called for by the offender's master.

As winter approached, the townspeople could scarcely feel secure. A Federal army was in Chattanooga, and raids against Athens and the armory could be expected at any time. Fuel and drug supplies were scarcer than ever, and cold weather with its epidemics had already begun. The night of December thirty-first was the coldest in memory of all but the oldest citizens, and the first bleak dawn of 1864 opened upon a frightened and unhappy town.
In February 1864, five thousand Federal troops landed at Jacksonville, Florida, seized the city, and began a march toward the interior of the state. As the invaders moved inland, a Confederate force prepared to intercept them near Lake City. One of the units on the defensive line was the Sixty-fourth Georgia Regiment, of which Lieutenant Colonel James Barrow of Athens was second in command.

At twenty-two, Barrow was one of the youngest men of his rank in the Confederacy. The second of nine children born to Sarah Pope and David Crenshaw Barrow, Jim had entered the United States Military Academy at West Point at the age of seventeen, upon the appointment of Congressman Alexander H. Stephens. In January 1861, during his third year at the Academy, and three days after Georgia's secession, Barrow resigned and returned home. After obtaining his commission as second lieutenant in the Georgia Regulars, he was sent on detached duty to Savannah, where as drill instructor he helped train the Troup Artillery. In June 1861 he was appointed staff adjutant of Howell Cobb's Sixteenth Georgia Regiment, and the following April was wounded in the fighting along the Warwick River on the Virginia Peninsula. After recuperating at home, he rejoined Howell Cobb's staff shortly after the Battle of Sharpsburg.

When General Cobb was transferred to the command of the Middle District of Florida in December 1862, he was followed by a contingent of Athenians who were attached to his staff. The group included two of his own sons, Lamar
and Howell, Jr.; his nephew, John Rutherford; Marcellus Stanley, formerly commander of the Troup Artillery; Rufus L. Moss, Cobb’s commissary officer; and the three Barrow brothers, James, Pope, and Tom. Cobb established headquarters at Quincy, and here Jim Barrow became the principal military advisor of his command. The General called him “the best . . . tactician in the Army.”

Prior to 1864 there was no fighting of consequence in Florida, and the Athens men, much sought after by the hosts and hostesses of Quincy, spent many an unofficial hour away from the work of war. Jim Barrow fell in love with a charming widow named Rhoda Kilcrease, a stately, blue-eyed blonde who was a favorite of all the Athens soldiers. General Cobb was among the widow’s admirers and helped promote the budding romance. Jim and Rhoda became engaged in December 1863, and set the following April as their wedding date. On the last day of the year, however, Jim wrote his father that the subject of the marriage had been put aside for a time. “[Rhoda] learned Monday of the death of another of her brothers,” Jim said in his letter, “. . . the third she has lost in a little over a year [and one of five killed during the war] . . . She is suffering much.”

When 1864 arrived, General Cobb was in Georgia, having been given command of the eight thousand State Troops raised by Governor Brown for home defense. He wanted to take Jim Barrow with him, but the latter, now lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, reluctantly resigned from Cobb’s staff so that he could stay in Florida. Upon accepting the resignation, General Cobb wrote Barrow: “You have made . . . a faithful, attentive and efficient officer, whilst your personal attentions and unwavering kindness [have] won for yourself my warmest affectionate regard. I feel today that I am parting not only with the best of officers but the kindest of sons. And now my young friend I bid you God speed in the field that lies before you.”

On February 20, Jim Barrow was with his regiment along the Confederate defensive lines near the Florida village of Olustee, a few miles from Lake City. As the enemy force closed in from the east, Barrow’s regiment was sent forward to reconnoitre. Soon this unit was entangled, head on, with
the center of the Federal line of attack, and when John W. Evans, colonel of the Sixty-fourth, was wounded, Jim Barrow assumed command. Reinforcements were sent up by both sides, and a general battle began. The 64th Regiment, its ammunition running low, was on the point of retreat when Barrow seized the colors from the standard bearer, rallied his men, and led a counterattack. The troops responded by overrunning the Federal position in their front, and all along the line the Union force was routed. The enemy's thrust into Florida had come to a disastrous end, but Jim Barrow was left on the field, dead of a bullet wound through his heart. 4

Four days later, in Athens, David Crenshaw Barrow, Sr., was reading his mail in the living room of his Cobb Street home, with his younger children sitting around him, when suddenly he looked up, stunned, and said simply, "Jim is dead." 5 Later he went to his desk and wrote a note to his overseer at the Barrow plantation in Oglethorpe County: "My son James was killed in battle last Sat at Lake City in Florida. His body will reach Athens tonight on the train. I wish you to have his grave dug in the yard by the side of his mother. Be sure and have it large enough." 6

When Jim's body passed through Macon, the train was met by the Howell Cobb family, and Mary Ann placed an evergreen wreath and bouquet on the casket. Howell, Jr., Johnny Rutherford, and Jim Barrow's sister Lucy, now the bride of John A. Cobb, accompanied the body to Athens. Lucy was so overwhelmed with shock that she was unable to grasp the fact that her brother was actually dead, and that his lifeless body rode in the baggage car a few yards away. 7

By the time the train reached Athens, there had been a change in funeral plans, and Jim was buried at Oconee Hill. The next day, Clara, another sister, wrote Tom Barrow, who was unable to attend the funeral: "Yesterday afternoon we buried our noble brother. Not forever though, for we hope that we may some day meet him and our blessed mother in that happy land where there are no more tears. . . ." 8

As news everywhere continued bad, the Banner tried its best to cheer up the depressed populace. After three years of war, it told them, the earth continued to revolve on its axis,
harvest time had kept its covenance with mankind, and Lincoln could never lay an embargo on rain, dew, or sunshine. But in the same issue an editorial stated that it was almost impossible to "procure enough to live on," and an advertisement by a grocery agent appeared, offering Java coffee for thirteen dollars a pound.9

"Everything has been so dried up by the war," read a Watchman editorial, "that we have not a syllable of local news. . . . Nothing disturbs the solemn stillness except now and then a rickety ox-cart whose unlubricated axles make melancholy music. Our great thoroughfare which once was crowded with country wagons laden with the rich products of a generous soil, is now bare and desolate—its stores closed—the noise of trade hushed—nothing to break the stillness. . . ."10

Athens had begun to raise military companies for state defense under the proclamation of Governor Brown the previous year. A regiment of infantry, cavalry, and artillery companies was formed, with Dr. Patrick Mell as acting colonel, the men being enlisted for a period of six months for defensive duty within the boundaries of Georgia. The infantry company was called the "Lipscomb Volunteers" in honor of one of its members, the college chancellor, and was made up largely of professors. F. W. Adams, former intendant (mayor) of the town, was its captain.

Governor Brown, in a message to the people of Georgia, extolled the faculty company: "... The exercises of the University have been suspended for a time by the patriotic response made by the Chancellor and Faculty to their country's call. When... I, in compliance with the request of the President, called for volunteers to rally to the rescue, the whole faculty responded, promptly and nobly, and laying aside for a time the scientific and literary pursuits in which they stand so deservedly high, they assumed the habit and the garb of the soldier and have undergone the hardships and fatigues of the camp... Rev. Dr. Lipscomb, preferring not to accept official position, entered the ranks as a private... Every member of the faculty has discharged promptly and cheerfully every duty of the soldier... Every Georgian should be proud of the University and of its noble, patriotic, self-sacrificing faculty..."11
After formation of the company, the Lipscomb Volunteers went into camp near Atlanta. "We have drawn some exceedingly filthy, ragged and uncomfortable tents," a correspondent wrote to the Watchman, "but as it was the best that could be done for us, we try to be content." The faculty, he added, made as good soldiers as could be found anywhere in the service. "They take everything easy," he wrote, "[and] attend to all their duties, having never missed a drill, roll call, or any order that has been given by the officers." 12

After a few days in camp, an order came from headquarters for a detail of thirty men to do special duty in Atlanta. "The captain called for volunteers," wrote the correspondent, "when the whole company stepped out." Captain Adams selected thirty men, of whom the Watchman correspondent was one, and marched them off to the Atlanta railroad shed. Soon they were told their duty. As the trains came in, two of the men would stand guard at each of the cars that were assigned to women, to prevent soldiers and other men from entering. Such was the first military duty of the former professors, and the correspondent wrote: "We must confess our ardor was cooled." 13

From Atlanta the company was sent to Rome where the recruits dug trenches until there were so many aching backs that the Governor had to order the men to Savannah to recuperate. 14 After a long rest they returned home, their terms of enlistment expiring soon afterward.

In January of 1864, Dr. Andrew Young of Blairsville was commissioned a colonel in the Georgia Reserves and was authorized to raise a regiment of troops to guard the Blue Ridge gaps north of Athens against Federal raiding forces operating in Tennessee. The soldiers were recruited under the new Confederate law, drafted by Howell Cobb, that allowed the enlistment of boys and men, too young or too old for regular volunteer service, to be subject to combat duty only in their own localities. "Those willing to get into pleasant service AT HOME would do well to join this organization," a Watchman recruiting ad read. 15 The Troup Artillery veteran, Captain Ed Lumpkin, was authorized to raise a light artillery company for the regiment, and this
By spring the Federal army of General William T. Sherman was deep in Georgia, fighting its way steadily toward Atlanta. As the city was approached, Sherman sent General George Stoneman's cavalry force ahead of the main army into middle Georgia on a marauding and harassing expedition. Athenians were convinced that this or some other raiding force would attack Athens and attempt to destroy the armory.

More local companies were feverishly organized. The workers at the foundry and cotton factories formed a command with manufacturer John White as their captain. Major Ferdinand Cook, commander of the Armory Battalion, mounted one of his companies as a cavalry unit, and Dr. R. D. Moore, a physician, recruited an artillery battery to support that of Ed Lumpkin. Many of the college professors and others of the old Lipscomb Volunteers, their original terms of service having expired, formed another infantry company under Captain John Billups, the former president of the state Senate.

Colonel William M. Browne, Aide-de-camp to Jefferson Davis and now Superintendent of the Confederate Conscription Bureau of Georgia, was in Athens during the spring and summer of 1864. As the ranking officer in town, he let it be known that he expected to take charge in the event of an enemy raid. Mary Ann Cobb, who did not share her husband's fondness for his old friend Browne, wrote Howell: "I [doubt] that Gen Lee nor Gen Johnston . . . have ever felt so proud as our grandiose friend, the 'A. D. C. to the President' has during his limited sojourn in this . . . vicinity—everybody looking up to him and he looking down on everybody."16

Browne's assumption of authority brought about considerable command confusion in Athens. Colonel Andrew Young was in nominal command of the local companies, but he was not yet in town, being still with that part of his regiment that defended the north Georgia mountain gaps. Captain John Billups, president of the Military Committee, had long been responsible for the town's defense, but he was outranked by Major Ferdinand Cook, commander of the battery, eighty strong, established its camp on the Mitchell's Bridge Road.
Armory Battalion. During a crisis in June, Mary Ann Cobb recorded the workings of the Athens chain of command. "One night [there came] a fresh report that the Yanks were within ten miles of town," she wrote Howell. "Major Cook mounts his horse, rides in town, hunts up Col B[rowne.]. Col B hunts up Cap’n B[illups]. Cap’n B hunts up Major C[ook] and so on until the town is in a delightful mess—all the time everybody expecting the Yankees." 

On June 17, Major Cook, on orders from Colonel Browne, directed his Armory Battalion cavalrmen to seize the horses of Dr. Richard Moore for picketing duty. The physician was enraged, contending that he needed the horses for the artillery company he was himself raising. It happened that the next day Dr. Moore was called in to attend Colonel Browne, who was suffering from an attack of leg cramps. "I dare say the doctor did not regret it," Mrs. Cobb wrote her husband. The physician called at the home of Mrs. Tom Cobb, where Colonel and Mrs. Browne were quartered, and, after a brief examination of the patient, presented his own complaint. In the long and loud discussion that followed, leg cramps were not again mentioned. Mary Ann, who was on the scene, doubted that the consultation brought satisfaction to either party.

The townspeople were greatly relieved when Colonel Andrew Young brought his entire regiment to Athens and established his camp at the Fair Grounds. The question of authority was settled for a time, but Colonel Young had his own troubles. Once he attempted to impress a portable forge from the home of Mrs. J. C. Orr, a prominent Athens matron, explaining that it was needed for military purposes. "Mrs. Orr refused to surrender the forge," Colonel Young wrote his commanding General, Howell Cobb, in Macon, "and said that I could not have it except across her dead body. I have sent a wagon for the forge with orders to shoot Mrs. Orr if necessary to get it." When Howell Cobb received the note, he rushed his son Lamar to Athens to intervene. When young Cobb’s train reached Union Point, he intercepted a message from Colonel Young to his father: "The wagon has come with the forge, the necessity of the case not requiring the shooting of Mrs. Orr."
Under a clause of the new Confederate law, independent "minute-man" companies could be formed by older men, who would be subject to the orders of none but their own company commanders. Such troops were authorized to make their own rules, elect their own officers, and were not subject to combat duty except in the defense of their own home towns. Such was the status of the infantry company that Captain John Billups commanded in Athens. Many of his recruits came from the old Lipscomb Volunteers and included college professors, physicians, lawyers, judges, bankers, and merchants of the town. Richard Schevenell, a French carriage maker, was elected first lieutenant and drill-master.

The company of home guards drilled on the level field back of Old College. When Schevenell first lined up the recruits, he beheld an amazing sight. Some of the men were astride horses and mules while others stood reading their newspapers or conversing in small groups. Many had brought along servants to carry their muskets and shotguns while they themselves carried umbrellas and walking canes. Given many prerogatives by law, the men exercised them all. They openly discussed and criticized the tactics of the officers, and obeyed only the orders they agreed with, often after heated arguments. Recognizing no rank, the men named their company in honor of a well-known lawyer but rear-rank private, and ever after it was known as the William L. Mitchell Thunderbolts.

A day came when the drill-master thought the troops were ready for a simulated skirmish with live ammunition. The men in ranks were instructed to lie on the ground, fire their weapons, roll over into a new position, and fire again. "The scene that followed beggared description," an eyewitness recalled. "Some shot at each other, some at the ground, some at the trees, and some at the sun. Such an indiscriminate mass of rolling humanity was never before seen." 20

General Howell Cobb, commander of all the state's reserve forces, sent Captain Pope Barrow from Macon to inspect the Thunderbolts. Since the men were under the jurisdiction of no higher authority than their own, they considered the inspection an affront, and wrote General Cobb a letter citing the law that he had himself sponsored. Dr.
Henry Hull, a private, not wishing to be ornery, informed Captain Barrow that he would submit to an inspection “any morning at nine o’clock” and that he could always be found on his front porch at that time.  

Barrow, in his pessimistic report to Macon, referred to the company as made up of “infirn old men.” “I went down this morning to inspect the ... Thunderbolts,” he wrote, “and as it was raining hard, I only found five Thunderbolts ready to be inspected.”

General Cobb was furious. “I confess to have no confidence at all in those who won’t even do their duty in their home organization,” he wrote his wife, and expressed his doubts as to whether such troops could be counted on to face up to combat duty. “I shall direct [Colonel Young] to shoot down any man who runs or refuses to go forward to meet the enemy.”

One of the Thunderbolts, John Gilleland, a noted local builder in peacetime, had an idea. At the Athens Foundry he cast a double-barrelled cannon which could be loaded with two projectiles connected by a chain, the theory being that ball and chain, when fired at an advancing line of enemy, would mow down troops “as a scythe cuts wheat.” On an appointed day the cannon was hauled out on the Newton Bridge Road where a large assemblage of expectant Athenians waited to see it put to test. A target was placed in an opening cut in the pine woods, but when the fuse was lit one projectile discharged ahead of the other, causing the chain to snap. The target was missed by a large margin, the balls hurtling independently of each other through the trees, bowling over dozens of stately pines. There were no human casualties but builder Gilleland had seen enough, and live ammunition was never again fired from the world’s first and only double-barrelled cannon. The gun, nevertheless, was rolled to a place of honor in front of the Town Hall.

By summertime, hordes of civilian refugees, driven before Sherman’s army, were pouring into Athens. They were put up in private homes and in the unused college buildings. A few months previously, some of the displaced visitors, expecting the usual hospitality of a Southern town, wrote home that they had been snubbed by the Athens hostesses, who
seemed preoccupied with other matters than entertainment of war refugees. The grievances got into several of the state’s newspapers, and the Athens women, much upset, called a special meeting from which they issued a public statement in rebuttal. “We have welcomed [the refugees] in our midst with warm hearts,” the message read, “and so far as the pressure of the times would admit of, we have administered to their necessities.” By July, with a great Federal army scarcely sixty miles away, such things lost their importance, and the refugees were glad enough to have a roof over their heads.

Wounded soldiers also streamed into Athens, and John Christy was aghast to hear that “idle boys and buck negroes” rode in vehicles from the depot, while crippled men, who had lost limbs fighting for their country, had to “hobble over on crutches.” The editor was also struck by the fact that Athens had no central place for the injured men to be properly cared for, and called on the citizens to establish a hospital through private contributions. But before the month was over, the Confederate government was seizing buildings on the campus to be converted into hospitals. The Chapel became an infirmary specializing in the treatment of injuries and disorders of the eyes.

“The seizure of the College buildings has produced a stir among the refugees,” Mary Ann Cobb said in a letter to her husband. “The Old College had only the Kennedys, Miss Linton and Mrs. Wilkins in it. The other end was filled with negroes—this was seized. The New College was not, as it was filled with refugees, but they do not fancy being so near a hospital.”

The government also threatened to impress private homes for conversion into hospitals, but houses with refugees were considered immune. Mrs. Cobb wrote of one man who had taken in two ladies, one the wife of a Texas general, and had established them in the basement of his new mansion to keep it from being seized. “I wish I had twenty empty houses here,” Mrs. Cobb told Howell. “They would soon be filled with refugees. A nice class of them have taken refuge here.”

While Mary Ann Cobb and her youngest children spent most of their time in Athens, General Howell Cobb, stationed in Macon, lived in the family’s second home there. The General
was commander of the Georgia Reserves, the home guard force he had helped create, and to which Young's Regiment in Athens belonged. Husband and wife corresponded regularly, Mary Ann reporting the local news and Howell interpreting the general military situation. With enemy raiders striking here and there, it was problematical as to whether it was safer for Mary Ann and the children to live in Athens or Macon.

“The truth is,” wrote Howell, “I don’t know what is the best course. When I think about the various points now threatened by the enemy, I am unable to see any place entirely free from danger. . . . I am led to doubt whether any point is less liable to raids than Athens. One thing is certain. If the men who are organized at Athens will fight, there is no earthly danger from a mere raid . . . but will they do it? . . . Have all your valuables packed and ready to be removed—together with yourself and children—if the necessity arises.”

On July 11, Mrs. Cobb wrote her husband that she heard raiders were within forty miles of Athens. She added that if the enemy came she would be equal to the emergency. “I shall rely upon God to help and defend me and my helpless ones,” she wrote. “My soul does not shrink from suffering or privation—it is only the dread of outrage and pollution to my daughters—and myself—that makes my heart quail before the fearful future. . . .”

Howell wrote back: “The more I think about it, the more unwilling I feel for you to be in the enemy’s line. . . . I would rather see all that we have at Athens and everywhere else in ashes than you should receive the slightest insult from the Yankees. Therefore let all go if they come—but let me have you and the children out of their hands.”

During July, Negroes were impressed by Colonel Young to work on the town's fortifications. On the eleventh, Ben, one of Mary Ann Cobb's servants, on his way to town on an errand, was told by some white men to go home if he did not want to be put to work building breastworks. Ben “came back in a jiffy.” The next day Mrs. Cobb wrote to Major Ferdinand Cook, who, under Colonel Young, handled many of the details of fortifying the town: “Hearing that impressment of negroes has been going on for two days in town, and no notice having been served upon me, I fear your impressing officers may feel some hesitation in coming to my lot—there-
fore I have decided to send my carriage driver to report to you for service on the fortifications now in progress for the defense of Athens. It is the wish of General Cobb, and also my own, that we shall share equally all the burdens and privations arising from the disturbed condition of our country.”

Mary Ann got an answer the following day in a note from Major Cook. “Had such sentiments as you express been more universal,” he wrote, “our unhappy country would this day be in a different condition.”

On July 21, Mrs. Cobb learned from her husband of the arrival of two new guests at the family’s Macon home. General Joseph E. Johnston, having been relieved of the command of the Confederate troops defending Atlanta, had arrived in Macon, with his wife, in the box car of a refugee train. The couple was taken into the Cobb home and, while Mrs. Johnston fell into an exhausted sleep, the two generals discussed the military outlook. “In view of the present situation of Sherman’s army,” Howell wrote his wife, “[Johnston] thinks Athens is exposed to a raid. . . . He tells me that he instructed Gen’l Wheeler to keep a lookout for such a movement and if the enemy attempted it, to strike him in the rear. The crisis for Atlanta is evidently at hand. . . .”

On Saturday the twenty-third Athens awoke with news of the bloody struggle that had begun the day before in Atlanta. At the same time a rumor came that four thousand cavalry raiders were at High Shoals, twelve miles below town, and were marching in the direction of Athens. “The alarm was given by ringing all the bells in town and firing cannon,” the Watchman reported. “Our local companies and other military forces in the neighborhood, and every man in town, were at once under arms. . . .” Mrs. Marcellus Stanley wakened her small daughter with the news. “I told her to dress herself, that the Yanks were coming,” she wrote her husband in Florida. “She began to cry and was very much frightened.”

Mrs. Stanley said in another letter: “Some of our men were so scared . . . that they ran off.” She told of one Athenian who was “so frightened and so anxious to get his mother and
sister out of danger that he jumped out of bed and ran . . . bareheaded and barefooted and without his coat for the omnibus to take them all to the depot. He would not allow his sister to fasten her dress but hurried her off as she was.” Another woman, Mrs. Stanley said, “went to the depot with her corset and three pairs of stockings in her hand.”

The rumor of a raid proved unfounded, and the next day, Sunday, most of the townspeople filed to church as usual. “After services had commenced . . . and [were] quietly proceeding,” the Watchman reported, “the loud echoes of the signal guns dispersed the congregations unceremoniously . . . .”

Julia Pope Moss wrote across the margin of a page in her Bible: “Today while at church we heard the Yankees were within ten miles of Athens. Everyone left in a great state of excitement. It proved to be a false alarm . . . .” It was later suspected that youthful mischief-makers initiated the panic by setting off a blank charge in the double-barrelled cannon, stationed in front of the Town Hall, while the rest of the townspeople worshipped.

Mary Ann Cobb packed her trunks and prepared to go to Macon, but two days later wrote Howell: “. . . Good news has come from the front and since Atlanta has not [yet] fallen, I feel I can stay on a little while longer.” She unpacked her own trunk as she had done once before, but sent her children and their cousins (the Rutherfords) on to Macon.

On the twenty-seventh, Professor Williams Rutherford, Howell Cobb’s brother-in-law, wrote the General: “My judgement has been that a family ought not to flee from a cavalry raid, but I was induced to let the girls, Mary Ann and Millie, go to Macon with your children. I had no money, the government not having paid me a cent since I entered its services . . . . All quiet here now. It is a great pity that people can’t keep cool under exciting circumstances. Many foolish things have been done in Athens since last Saturday.”

Mary Ann Cobb soon realized that she had sent the children from the comparative safety of Athens into the path of Stoneman’s raiders, for the youngsters arrived in Macon only shortly before the Federal cavalry made its appearance there. Mrs. Cobb got a disconcerting note from her daughter:
"A bomb fell behind the Ocmulgee Hospital right across the street. . . . A ball or a bomb, one or the other, struck . . . in front of [a neighbor's] house and . . . ricocheted, went through one of the posts or pillars and the window, smashing the upper part of the window sash, and shattering the window panes. . . ."43 Later news came that the raiders had been driven out of Macon and were headed northward toward Jones County under pursuit by a Confederate cavalry force.

On Monday, July 25, when a report reached Athens that Federals were in Monroe, two men volunteered to ride to that town to verify the story. There they were told that eighteen Union horsemen had ridden into Monroe and "after galloping around awhile" had retired. In Athens, John Christy wrote the same day: "A large public meeting consisting of the military and citizens is now assembled in front of the college chapel to concert measures for reinforcing our noble army at the front."44 The meeting bogged down into a controversy that lasted all day. Colonel Young did not want to tie his troops down in Athens to protect the town against rumored raids, but the citizens insisted that the regiment stay. Colonel Browne, still the ranking officer, threatened Young with arrest if the latter attempted to take his command out of Athens.45 A few days later the question of authority was settled once for all when Colonel William J. Magill, summoned from Charleston by General Howell Cobb, arrived in town to assume full command of the Athens post.

On August 2, Mary Ann Cobb sat in the Soldiers' Aid Society room with other members, busily tearing up shirting into bandages. "A lady looked out of the window," Mrs. Cobb wrote her husband, "and observing some commotion in the street exclaimed 'Something must be happening. There goes Mrs. Cobb's carriage again loaded up.' Just then Israel appeared at the door of the room saying Mr. Howell [Jr.] wanted to see Mistress. The room was soon vacated and everyone hustled home. The Yankees were at Watkinsville. . . . Howell drove [the carriage] rapidly, taking Mrs. Cheney . . . and myself home—and he mounted one of the mares to carry orders for Col Magill. He equipped himself and went off with 'Nellie' and I set to work packing my trunk for the third time, thinking that certainly I would be off this time. . . ."
Instead, she went to the home of a neighbor. (Her own home, she had been told many times, would be the first to be burned by enemy raiders.) “Great activity ensued [in town],” Mary Ann added, “but little consternation or fright—everyone solemn and resolute. The military quickly went to work—no alarms given, no alarm bells. Such a contrast to Saturday and Sunday... The people were calm!”

The local companies filed southward, out the Watkinsville road to their fortifications near the Princeton Paper Mill, which stood adjacent to the bridge across Barber’s Creek, on the Athens side of the stream. On the high hill north of the factory, overlooking the entire countryside toward Watkinsville, Captain Ed Lumpkin had already placed his cannon, having arranged them in tiers, one gun above the other. On the sharp slope of a hill that rose from the near bank of the stream the infantrymen, well-hidden by the woods, slipped into their trenches. Early in the afternoon, as the men of Lumpkin’s Artillery looked across the creek and up the road to the top of the hill toward Watkinsville, they could plainly see a large Federal cavalry force moving directly toward them.

In Watkinsville earlier the same day, Louisa Booth Ashford heard rumors that raiders were coming, but she was so accustomed to such alarms that she discounted them once again. “The Yankees came very near getting right in town before we believed it,” she wrote her son. “Such a scampering out of the way our men did, some on horseback and some on foot in different directions, till there was not one left on the street to welcome (?) them but your pa and Mr. John Harris. They did not attempt to go at all, but talked to them very cleverly, as the Yankees did to us.”

As the raiders passed along the main street of the village, Mrs. Ashford watched with her children from the front porch of their home. “Some of them came up the back way and went into the shop,” she wrote, “and took out Willie’s watch before your pa could get there; he did not see the one who got it; they took all the hats and several other things in the shop, but did not search or interrupt anything in our dwelling. I asked them a great many questions and they answered me
very politely. We had a plate full of biscuit left from breakfast I intended for supper that night, but when they came in and asked for bread, I gave them all to them; and when the dinner I had prepared for the family was done I gave it to them, and all the buttermilk I had. I was not troubled cooking for them as some of our neighbors were.

"At a few places in town they searched everything in the dwelling, and took nearly all the corn and meat they could find, and many other things they needed, such as clothing, hats, boots and shoes, etc. They took all the watches they could find everywhere, and made Mr. John Harris take his out of his pocket and give it to them, also Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Lee, and some others. They went into both the stores here, the post-office, all the shoe shops, both the clerk's offices, took out all they wanted themselves, gave away other things to negroes, then broke, tore up, and destroyed everything else in the places I have just mentioned. Wherever they went they took negroes, horses and mules, as many as they could find, leaving their broken-down stock behind them. . . . They took off Uncle Charlie Burger and Mr. Klutts, turned Uncle Charlie loose some fifteen miles above town that evening, but carried Mr. Klutts on. . . . He spoke to us as he went by with them, told some of us goodbye and laughingly said to me he did not know what they were going to do with him.

"Woodson and several of the little boys went out into the woods just outside of town, near where the Yankees cooked their breakfast and caught some of their broken-down horses. Woodson came back leading his—a yellow mare—by the mane; it was very tired and its back was sore; it is about six years old, and if we can keep it, it will pay for what the Yankees took from us. . . ." 47

The Federal soldiers in Watkinsville were part of two brigades of the dreaded Stoneman raiders whom General Sherman had sent into middle Georgia on a marauding expedition. Three days before, these same troops had destroyed a large section of railroad track near Macon, set fire to bridges and culverts, and demolished two freight trains and a passenger train loaded with soldiers and civilians. Later in the day they attacked Macon and sent the shells into the city that the
daughter of the Howell Cobbs had written home about. When a large force of Confederate cavalry was reported to be nearing Macon, General Stoneman withdrew his troops from the outskirts of the city and led them north into Jones County.

Near the village of Clinton, Stoneman's men encountered another Confederate force and found themselves trapped between two Southern commands, one in their front and one in pursuit behind. General Stoneman, with a few hundred men, fought off the Confederates while two of his brigades, commanded by Colonel Horace Capron and a Colonel Adams, made their escape. On July 31, Stoneman surrendered that part of his command that remained on the field, but more than a thousand of his troops got away. Capron's and Adams' Brigades, hoping to rejoin Sherman's army above Atlanta, marched straight northward, in the direction of Athens.

The following day, August 1, the raiders passed through Madison, setting huge fires and destroying commissary supplies that included 50,000 pounds of bacon. The march was continued until midnight, when the troops halted and pitched their camp a few miles below Watkinsville. The next morning they entered the village, and while the men in ranks plundered and fed themselves, Capron and Adams held a conference concerning the move against Athens. It was decided that, while Capron remained behind to protect the rear, Adams' Brigade would enter Athens and "destroy the armory and other government works" in the town. Capron's men would remain in Watkinsville long enough for Adams to perform his work of destruction, then bypass Athens by another road, rejoining Adams north of town.

As Adams moved forward with his brigade, he anticipated no trouble before reaching the Oconee River bridge. But suddenly, as the troops reached the hill overlooking Barber's Creek and the paper mill, a shell came screaming across the stream and landed in their midst. A second, third, and fourth shellburst followed and the Federal cavalrymen recoiled behind the crest of the hill. Scouts were sent ahead to reconnoitre, and as they looked across the valley of Barber's Creek, they could see smoke rising from the emplacements of Lumpkin's Artillery, the guns occupying commanding positions on the far hill. The scouts reported their findings to Colonel Adams.
"It was then thought impractical to attempt a crossing there," wrote an officer of Adams' Brigade. "It was then agreed to follow up the river in the direction of Jefferson, and this intention communicated to Colonel Capron. . . . For some reason, not yet known, Colonel Capron did not come on the road after us, but got off further to the left, . . . We halted at midnight, the command lying to horse, unsaddled, without going into camp. Our command was very much exhausted and worn out, but few having had any sleep or rest for four days and nights."50
When a courier brought back word to Watkinsville that Athens was too well fortified to justify further attack, Capron immediately set out to rejoin Adams. "The guide mistook the road," Capron wrote in his official report, "leading me six miles away from the route agreed upon. After a delay of six hours in trying to open communication with Colonel Adams, and learning that a heavy body of cavalry and infantry was approaching me from the right, I moved forward on the Hog Mountain road to Jug Tavern [now Winder], eighteen miles, when I halted and fed, and again moved forward on the same road until I passed the Jefferson and Lawrenceville road. Finding my men and animals completely exhausted, having marched fifty-six miles in twenty-four hours, and in their saddles almost constantly since the battle of the 31st ultimo, I concluded to go into camp and rest for two hours. For several hours previous to going into camp I found it necessary to have a rear guard to bring up the men, who were constantly falling out by the roadside fast asleep on their horses. . . ." Capron chose for his camp a rounded hill near King's Tanyard, five miles above Jug Tavern, on the south bank of Mulberry Creek.

In Athens, Colonel Magill, the new commander of the area post, organized a pursuing party. Sixty armed horsemen, including Major Cook's cavalry company, Howell Cobb, Jr., and several young men about town, set out on the Monroe road at sunset, hoping to intercept the enemy cavalrymen. This detachment cut a wide swath to the west and north, but ended up in Gainesville without locating the fleeing Federal troopers. Approaching from the south, however, a Confederate brigade of Kentuckians, commanded by Colonel W. G. P. Breckinridge, rapidly closed in. Having trailed the enemy force all the way from Jones County, the Southern cavalrymen had no trouble following the track of the Federals, and were provided an exact timetable by the inhabitants along the way.

On the knoll above Mulberry Creek, as his weary men sprawled on the ground, Colonel Capron made all the preparations he could to protect his miserable band from attack. He set out pickets in front and behind, and ordered a large number of Negroes, who followed the command, to the rear.
Here the runaway slaves rested between the main body of soldiers and the pickets.

"Just before daylight, the morning of the 3rd instant, a body of the enemy's cavalry came up in my rear," Capron reported, "and, as near as I can ascertain, passed around the main body of the pickets, striking the road where the negroes lay. The negroes became panic-stricken and rushed into the camp of my men, who were yet asleep (we having been in camp about one hour and a half), throwing them into confusion. The enemy now charged into my camp, driving and scattering everything before them. Every effort was made by the officers to rally the men and check the enemy's charge, but it was found impossible to keep them in line, as most of them were without arms and ammunition. Partial lines were formed, but, owing to the confusion which ensued in the darkness, they soon gave away. A stampede now took place, a portion of the men rushing for the woods and the balance running down the road and attempting to cross a bridge over the Mulberry River, in our front. The enemy still continued to charge my men, killing, wounding, and capturing a large number. In [the] rush across the bridge, it gave way, precipitating many of them into the river. The men now scattered in every direction. I became separated from my command, and made my escape through the woods, arriving at this place [Atlanta] on the morning of the 7th instant."  

A few miles from Capron's camp the other Federal brigade (under Colonel Adams) was on the march toward the Chattahoochee when an escaped Union horseman came galloping through the woods shouting, "Capron has been attacked and cut all to pieces!" Adams ordered his men on the double-quick in the direction of the battlefield. "We soon discovered the evidences of a routed and defeated command," wrote a lieutenant-colonel of Adams' Brigade. "Learning the direction they had gone, Adams, with his advance, charged after the rebels, overtaking the rear of their column half a mile distant. He charged them, driving them in great confusion, and wounding and killing, he thinks, some 40; but knowing his ammunition was nearly expended, and that there was still a rebel brigade pushing on to strike our left and cut us off from the river, we turned at right angles to the left, and
came in the direction of the Chattahoochee, knowing that our only hope was to cross it at some point before night. . . . We struck the Chattahoochee about twenty-three miles south-east of Marietta. . . .” The next morning Colonel Adams and 490 men were safely behind the Federal lines.

From Capron’s routed brigade almost three hundred men were rounded up and conducted toward Athens. “They arrived in this place about 3 o’clock in the afternoon [of August 3],” wrote a Watchman reporter, “and, of course, there was great excitement, as this was the first squad of Yankees who had visited us since the beginning of the war. The prisoners presented a sorry spectacle. Ragged, some of them bareheaded, some barefooted, and all very dirty, we have never seen an equal number of men looking so badly. The great mass of them appeared to be the ‘rag, tag and bobtail’ of the communities from whence they came. We recognized ‘the rich Irish brogue and sweet German accent’ among them. It is true that now and then a respectable looking man was to be seen among the officers and men. The great mass of them, however, looked like ‘hard cases.’”

Plans were made to honor the Breckinridge command that had made the capture, and a banquet was arranged at the Chapel for August 4. In mid-afternoon Breckinridge’s Brigade, led by a band of music, rode up Broad Street to the college gate, where it was met by an official committee and, dismounted, conducted to the Chapel. “The stage and galleries . . . were crowded with ladies,” said the Banner, “who welcomed the men as they entered with waving handkerchiefs, clapping hands, and bouquets. After quiet had been restored, Dr. Lipscomb, . . . in a perfect little gem of a speech, extended to the brigade the welcome and hospitalities of the town. Captain Campbell [whose detachment had led the attack] . . . responded in a brief and eloquent manner. The order ‘Action Front’ was then given, and all hands addressed themselves to the task of replenishing the inner man. . . .

“Colonel Breckinridge was loudly called for and responded in a most eloquent, manly, and touching speech. . . . The Colonel was dressed in a jeans Kentucky hunting shirt, which showed signs of hard service, and which contrasted strongly with the gold lace of some of the military butterflies who fluttered around him. . . .”
For the next few days other prisoners were brought in as they were rounded up in the woods surrounding the battlefield, until the total number reached 431. Augustus L. Hull, then a small boy, never forgot one big Irishman who, worn out by hunger and exposure, sat on the steps of the Provost Marshal’s office on Broad Street. “There came blustering up a man clothed with the brief authority of a bomb-proof position,” Hull recalled, “[who] gave the poor Yankee such a cursing as I never heard before or since and ended by kicking him as he went up the steps. Boy as I was I boiled over with indignation and I felt like apologizing to the prisoner for the whole state of Georgia; and I never saw that man afterwards . . . that I did not say to myself ‘there goes a coward.’ ”

The prisoners were quartered for a time on the campus, under guard by the Thunderbolts. When Dr. Edward R. Ware sat watch, the prisoners stretched out in the shade, silently, for hours, forbidden to utter a sound. Other guards were more lenient. “Our ladies went to the campus and talked with the prisoners,” Mary Ann Cobb said in a letter to her husband. “The Yankees were impudent. One told Sukie Daugherty he had seen many girls a great sight prettier than she—he saw one yesterday—a yellow girl. With the excuse of going to the prayer meeting, crowds of women gathered in the campus. . . . What sort of people are we?”

The privations suffered by the prisoners in Athens were nothing compared to the miseries that awaited them. After several days on the campus, the captives were shipped to an over-crowded, disease-ridden stockade in south Georgia, near the town of Andersonville.

No more Federal troops would enter Athens for the duration of the war.
In the spring of 1864, while Sherman was closing in on Atlanta, the Athens companies in Virginia were participating in the great but useless massacres in the Wilderness. The battles resembled a giant macabre game of checkers between General Lee and his new opponent, General Ulysses S. Grant, that ended in stalemate. With the South needing an overwhelming victory to gain the initiative it lost at Gettysburg, the drawn battles in the Wilderness were to the advantage of the North. Grant had a ready replacement for every man he lost; Lee had none.

In May the Johnson Guards occupied the outer salient of the Confederate line near Spotsylvania Court House. Just to the company's right, the line curved to a point, like a huge arrowhead, directed toward the enemy. This was known as the apex or "bloody angle" of the salient, which was attacked and defended by both armies as if the entire war depended on its control. On the tenth, the Federals made their first attempt to carry the position. A day of sporadic fighting seemed to be at an end and the men of the Johnson Guards prepared to stack their muskets, when suddenly, at 6:10 in the afternoon, there came the sound of the crashing of branches and trampling of feet through the woods two hundred yards in front of them. As the surprised men behind the defensive works looked ahead they saw one, then a second, and finally a third blue line emerge from the forest and sweep directly toward them. They had barely time to recover their rifles for a single volley at the enemy before the
Federals were over the breastworks, in bayonet-to-bayonet combat. The Georgians were overwhelmed and those that could get away ran back to the second line of defense to the rear. Confederate troops on either side rushed in to plug the gap, eventually driving the Federals back through the woods. The South suffered heavy losses, and, of three hundred Georgians captured and sent behind enemy lines, eighteen were soldiers of the Johnson Guards.

Two days later a tremendous Federal charge overran the apex of the salient, and Union troops were soon swarming behind the Confederate lines. With the enemy in their rear, the Johnson Guard survivors had to turn around and fight in reverse, with their backs to their defensive works. Other Confederate troops, including the Clarke Countians of Wright's Brigade, were rallied at the secondary line of defense under the leadership of a youthful Georgia general named John B. Gordon. These men charged back at the enemy in the angle, and the death struggle that ensued, by all accounts on both sides, was the most terrible of the war. The prize was only a small corner in the outer Confederate lines, but the slaughter was incredible, ending finally at nightfall when the Southerners retired to their secondary lines. Here the hollow-eyed, sunken-cheeked men, instead of resting, were put to work strengthening the inner fortifications.

The next day neither side dared to renew the attack, and on the fourteenth, the Federals withdrew from the salient as not worth the effort to hold. The Union Army simply wheeled to the left and south, eventually crossing to the south side of the James River, where it appeared opposite Petersburg. Lee rushed his troops to the defense of the town, and interposed his army there between General Grant and Richmond.

In July, while most of the Army was dug in near Petersburg, the irrepressible Johnson Guards marched toward Maryland for the third time in less than two years. The company and its division were part of the force of 14,000 men under General Jubal Early, the audacious commander who was dreaming of one of the boldest strokes of the war: the capture of Washington, D.C. As the troops passed Lexington on their way up the Shenandoah Valley, the bands played a funeral march as the men filed, as if in review, past the grave
of "Stonewall" Jackson. Bystanders watched the proud troops stride jauntily up the dusty roads of the Valley, but as they looked a little closer, they noticed that only half the men had shoes.¹

On the sixth, Early's force crossed into Maryland, this time without fanfare, shouts, or songs. But within three days the entire North had heard of the invasion, for, after soundly defeating the only force in their way, the bold troops marched, at a tremendous pace, straight for the District of Columbia. By the eleventh, the troops were so close to Washington that the country boys of the Johnson Guards beheld a sight that must have made their eyes bug: clearly visible before them were the buildings of the capital of the United States. General Early rode up and yelled: "I'm going to take you into Washington today!" and the excited men responded with a rousing cheer.² It became obvious to the commanders, however, that the leg-weary men were too exhausted to launch an attack that day, and General Early gave the order to halt. The lights of the capital glimmered in the distance as the men rested by the side of the road, confident they would be in the city by noon of the next day.

The night was one of panic in Washington, but before daylight two full corps of Grant's army arrived to defend the city. When morning came, Early trained his binoculars on the breastworks in front of Washington and found them bulging with troops. The chance to enter the city, without risking destruction of his entire force, had passed during the night. The commander was forced to order his troops back to Virginia.

When Early's men re-entered the Valley, they were beset by the cavalry command of Federal General Philip Sheridan, which outnumbered the Confederates by almost three to one. After two months of running battles, Early's force was soundly defeated and driven out of the Valley, the survivors making their way back to the stable defenses of Lee's army below Richmond.

At Petersburg the returning Johnson Guards found the army dug in along a semi-circle to the east and south of the town, above which flowed the Appomattox River. The railroads entering Petersburg from the south and west were the
lifelines of the Confederacy, and Richmond and the army could survive only as long as they remained open. Threatening the defenses from the east, and gradually working south and west toward the railroads, were the forces of General Grant. Unwilling to risk a frontal assault against the strong fortifications around Petersburg, the Federal commander had begun siege operations, and, to connect his army with the vast supply depot at City Point, he had constructed his own railway. Eighteen trains a day ran up the tracks from City Point to the front without molestation by Lee's hemmed-in troops, thus rendering Grant's army one of the best-supplied military forces in the history of warfare.

Within the Confederate lines the situation contrasted pathetically. Robert Booth of Watkinsville, who had recently joined the Troup Artillery, wrote home in midsummer: "We have had some meat that was not eatable; it was either bacon or intended for it, or pickled pork, which was not good enough for anything but soap-grease. The last we drew was sent back condemned. . . . We have occasionally been drawing a little coffee, sugar, rice and peas, and more recently some beef—I presume it is some of the beef cattle captured by General Early in Maryland. . . . We have to cook it immediately, as the weather is so warm that it will spoil if kept four or five hours. It is killed, say, in the evening, and we get it the next day about ten or eleven o'clock full of fly-blows, but we have no idea of looking over it, for we can soon wash it, and when cooked, I tell you it eats well!"3

Vitamin deficiencies began to affect the troops, though the cause of the difficulty was not known at the time. "All of the Watkinsville boys are well and harty with the exception of blindness at night," Edgar Richardson wrote, explaining the ailment was prevalent in all the camps. "Mr. Bob Booth and Dick Beardin are blind as soon as dark come," he added. "It is a strange disease. They can see as well as ever in the day time."4

East of Petersburg the opposing lines were often less than a hundred yards apart. "[The soldiers there] have to sit behind their guns day and night," Richardson wrote. "[The soldiers there] have to sit behind their guns day and night," Richardson wrote. "If one gets his head above the work, they are sure to get killed. . . . They sharpshoot day and night. The Yankees continue to shell the city. They have burned several houses."5
During the summer the soldiers were exposed to a new kind of warfare, one that was as demoralizing as it was death-dealing. Federal engineers began mining under the Confederate trenches, and the defending soldiers could hear the sound of picks and shovels beneath them. The Southerners tried counter-mining to intercept the Federal diggers but were unable to locate them. Meanwhile the enemy laid a charge of explosives in an advanced gallery beneath the trenches of a South Carolina regiment, and on July 30 ignited it. A huge underground explosion occurred, a wall of earth and men erupting into the air, killing and maiming scores of the South Carolinians. Union soldiers swarmed into the crater caused by the explosion and threatened to get behind the Confederate lines.

Directly in the rear, Confederate General William Mahone formed his division for a counterattack, and the Athens Guards, Clarke Rifles, and Highland Guards, now belonging to this command, were among the Southern troops that rushed forward to close the breach. Within the crater itself, Mahone's men met the enemy in hand-to-hand combat and drove the Federals back to their lines. Although the day ended in defeat for the Union, thoughts of another explosion haunted the Confederate soldiers ever after, and from that day on, every unidentified sound meant, to many a tortured mind, another mining operation.

The three Clarke County companies that fought at the crater suffered heavy losses, and two of the units lost their commanders. Captain Joseph J. McRee of Watkinsville, who had led the Clarke Rifles since 1862, was killed, and Major William S. Grady, long the leader of the Highland Guards, was shot in both arms and critically wounded. It was decided to send Grady back to Athens, but he could bear the interminable, jolting railroad trip only as far as Greenville, South Carolina. Here, less than a hundred miles from home, he collapsed and died.

The Troup Artillery was stationed six miles north of Petersburg along Swift Creek. Here living was comparatively easy. "The Yankees in front don't seem to be in a fighting humor at all," Edgar Richardson wrote, explaining that the lines were within yelling distance of each other, and that there was a lot more shouting than shooting. "The Yankees
hollowed over to our men and told us they were going to be relieved by a Brigade of negroes," Edgar told his family. The Southerners called back that, if so, "they had better keep themselves hid." Words and laughter echoed back and forth across the creek, interspersed by only an occasional bullet fired by a bored soldier.

The men of the Mell Rifles and other infantry units of Tom Cobb's old brigade were nearby. By now they were hard-bitten veterans with a proud history. After Gettysburg, they had fought in three different states, and in the fall of 1863, when Longstreet's Corps was detached from Virginia and assigned to the Army of Tennessee, they had returned for a short time to Georgia. That September the troops had entrained at Richmond and bounced along the overloaded and patched-up rails to the south, packed in an assortment of cars—passenger, baggage, box, and flatcars—in a journey that took seven days. Since the weather was hot, the men in the boxcars tore away the sidings, leaving only the framework, and, as the train puffed through the Carolinas and Georgia, the men yelled themselves hoarse at the waving civilians along the way. When the soldiers passed through their home state, not many miles from Athens, many of the infantrymen of the Mell Rifles must have longed to leave the cars for a few hours' visit at home.

But when the train reached Atlanta the troops were greeted with news of the Federal army's first penetration into Georgia. The men changed trains and headed for Chickamauga, where they arrived on the afternoon of September 20, 1863, just as General Braxton Bragg's Confederates were sweeping the enemy from the field. The Mell Rifles got in only on the chase and lost but a single man.

The Federal army retreated to its Chattanooga base, where the Southerners followed, Bragg's men establishing their base on Lookout Mountain. The Mell Rifles received orders to leave the area, however, and to proceed to Knoxville with Longstreet's Corps in an attempt to recover that city from enemy hands. The troops left Chattanooga on November 6, and after a muddy march of eleven days arrived in the vicinity of Knoxville. Here they found the city held by an old adversary, General Burnside, whose strongest position was at
Fort Loudon on the northwest corner of the Union defenses.

Longstreet decided to storm the fort, and at six-thirty in the morning of November 29, nine regiments, including that of the Mell Rifles, were sent ahead against the steep outer face of the work. The battle soon resembled one of medieval days. The fort was surrounded by a moat-like ditch filled with half-frozen mud, beyond which rose the icy vertical walls of the parapet. As the attackers rushed for the fort, they were slaughtered by defenders who could not be seen. The men that reached the ditch were unable to scale the slippery wall, and as they huddled together in the mud live shells were dropped on them from the parapet above. The Southerners were hopelessly trapped and ordered to retreat, but many of the men, rather than face the prospect of being shot in the back as they withdrew, began waving handkerchiefs of surrender from the ditch. The Mell Rifles suffered cruelly, and the company’s new captain, W. A. Winn, was among those killed.

The assault having failed miserably, the troops quit Knoxville and headed back in the direction of Virginia. The following spring, after returning in time to participate in the battles of the Wilderness, the Mell Rifles marched with Lee’s army to Petersburg.

In Athens, by the fall of 1864, the prospect of enemy raids caused no more panic. The invader had been met face to face and had been repulsed. The image of the Yankee soldier underwent a sudden change. On September 14, a Watchman editorial read: “It will be a gratification to soldiers and refugees who have female friends within the enemy’s lines to learn that the statements which have been made as to their maltreatment have been gross exaggerations. . . . When the Yankee enemy advanced, occupied houses in the route of the army were pillaged by stragglers [but] even then no personal insults were offered to the females occupying them. . . . It is proper to say that the above statements concern only the personal treatment of the women, the point as to which husbands and fathers would feel the greatest anxiety.”

Scarcely had the raiders departed, however, before a new threat plagued the neighborhood. Bands of Confederate strag-
glers and deserters, who claimed to have been cut off from their cavalry commands, roamed the area. Pretending to have authority to impress stock and other property from the citizens, these men would ride up to a house, accuse the occupants of being Unionists, and make off with anything they pleased. “Any man having likely negroes, fat horses, cattle, and hogs, or full smokehouse or corn crib, is liable to the charge of toryism,” the Watchman said. The paper told of a visit by the marauders to the home of a sick and elderly lady. “With pistols cocked and menacing her life, [they] compelled her to give them the last drop of brandy she had,” wrote the editor. “We do not know who these men were—we do not wish to know—we would greatly prefer publishing satisfactory evidence that no soldier in the Confederate garb had ever had any hand in such outrages. . . . Let the humblest . . . soldier remember that he is, to a certain extent, the representative of his government, and that every lawless act he commits lowers the dignity and brings into contempt the authority of that government, besides inflicting a ghastly wound upon his own honor.”

In October three Confederate soldiers unknown in Athens became intoxicated and created a disturbance in the Lumpkin House. The other guests were annoyed and put in a complaint to the provost guard. G. W. Faulkner, a member of the Lumpkin Artillery, was sent to arrest the soldiers; during the melee that followed he was fatally shot through the windpipe. When it was learned the drunken soldiers got away without being apprehended, Athenians were incensed, and appealed to General Howell Cobb for help in policing the area.

Cobb sent a cavalry unit of fifty men under Colonel T. T. Dorough to round up all the deserters and stragglers that could be found, and to send them back to their commands. In doing their duty Dorough’s men ran afoul of some prominent citizens in Madison County and were presented by the Grand Jury of that county as follows: “A band of mounted men, professing to belong to the C. S. Army, are now among us with arms in their hands, with no apparent prospect of doing good, and with every appearance of distressing the county and damaging the cause of the country. . . . We
are satisfied that no wise end will come by quartering them among us. There is no enemy for them here to meet. . . . It is perhaps better that now and then a skulker should take to the bushes and escape service entirely than that such a band of apparently stout and healthy young men should be kept out of the service eating up and destroying the tithes of the county and the substance of the people, without any corresponding benefit.”

Young's Regiment, which might have solved many of the problems at home, had moved to the fighting lines. On November 9 the command, including Ferdinand Cook's Armory Battalion, attacked the enemy's works southwest of Atlanta, forcing the Union skirmishers back to their inner fortifications. On this line, with plenty of reinforcements to draw from, the Federals had no trouble beating off the attackers. Several of Cook's men were lost, and many of the wounded had to be left on the field because of the lack of litter bearers.

When Sherman's army moved out of Atlanta on its march to the sea, the state troops could do little more than yap at the heels of the mighty invader. On November 22, when the Southerners made a stand on the Central of Georgia Railway near Griswoldville, Cook's former Armory employees participated in a counterattack that drove the enemy through the town and two miles beyond. But here the story was the same as at Atlanta; when the secondary lines were reached, the Federals easily repulsed the outnumbered Georgians.

Savannah fell to the enemy in December, and when Sherman left the state for his march through South Carolina, the Georgia home guard was furloughed and sent home. Cook's Battalion returned to Athens on a special train, but it was a sad homecoming, for the men were without their faithful commander and former employer. A few days before Christmas, as Major Ferdinand Cook stood on a breastwork near Hardeesville, South Carolina, just across the river from Savannah, a sharpshooter's bullet had crashed into his skull and ended his life.

In January 1865 Confederate Brigadier-General Jesse A. Glenn was encamped near Athens with a body of cavalrymen he was training for army service. Word came to him that a citizens' meeting was to take place at nearby Jefferson,
where peace resolutions were expected to be offered. “[General Glenn] repaired to Jefferson with a portion of his troops,” wrote the Watchman, “and boldly proclaimed that the meeting should not be held unless he was satisfied that the people intended to ‘pass the right kind of resolutions.’” The indignant citizens called off the meeting, but appealed to the Athens newspapers to bring the matter to public attention.

The Watchman assumed that General Glenn had marched to Jefferson on orders from higher authority and stated on January 18: “Whoever ordered the presence of a military force at that meeting is guilty of an assumption of power unparalleled in any professedly free government.” The Banner and other publications in north Georgia were equally strong in their denunciations, and two weeks later General Glenn stated that he had acted on his own responsibility. “If I had my way,” he said publicly, “there should not be a meeting in any county of this state. I am satisfied the military will have to take possession of this matter. Call it military despotism or not, it will have to be done.”

Editor Christy of the Watchman reviewed the principles for which the war was being fought. The question as to whether people had a right to hold primary assemblies had long since been settled, reasoned the journalist. He wrote: “We contend [the people] . . . have a right to secede, reconstruct, set up for themselves an independent Government, join England, France, or Spain—or, in short, do whatever they please as a sovereign, independent state, without consulting the military, or other authorities. . . . We trust we may never have to record such another outrage as that perpetrated in Jackson County.” Meanwhile, the editor pointed out that public meetings calling for peace negotiations were being scheduled in county after county without regard to the likes of General Glenn.

Northeast Georgia had been bypassed by Sherman’s march to the sea, but had not been spared the consequences of its devastation. The people, long accustomed to other hardships, now began to feel the curse of hunger, which could not be long endured. Everywhere, citizens began publicly calling for the end of the war.
In Petersburg time began to run out for the Army of Northern Virginia. One by one the railroads that sustained the troops were lost to the enemy; the commissaries were without meat, and few of the men had adequate clothing. Soldiers traded essentials by the barter system, paper money being almost worthless, and gold coins a rarity. Ed Newton (brother of Helen and Olivia), who was now stationed at the Receiving and Forwarding Hospital at Petersburg, wrote home that it took a five-dollar bill to purchase a single piece of kindling. “In my last letter I asked of you the kindness to send to me one thousand dollars in Confederate currency,” he wrote. “If you could spare me ten or twenty dollars in gold, it would be of equal value, as the premium at present is sixty-five to one.”

With characteristic ingenuity, the troops managed to stay reasonably warm during an otherwise bleak winter. “To save labor, they dig down in the ground about 4 feet,” wrote a Watchman correspondent of the Troup Artillery, “and then build their pen of logs around it—by stretching over their covering, they have quite comfortable quarters. A chimney is soon erected, the fire place being already dug out.”

In 1865 the troops on the Petersburg line bore little resemblance to the proud army of previous years. Divisions were so depleted that they contained fewer men than ordinary brigades, and some regiments were below the complements normally assigned a company. The companies themselves often contained few of their original soldiers, and one such unit was reduced to the total of a single man.

What had happened to the Confederate command was typified by the Clarke County units. In 1862 the three Athens companies of the Georgia Legion had belonged to the regiment of Tom Cobb, the brigade of Howell Cobb, and the division of Lafayette McLaws. Now not one of the original commanders—company, regimental, brigade, or divisional—was with his unit at Petersburg. Deaths and transfers had removed them all.

At Gettysburg the Johnson Guards had belonged to Lumpkin’s Regiment, Doles’ Brigade, Rodes’ Division. Now Lumpkin, Doles, and Rodes were dead; so were two of the original four company officers. Of the remaining two,
one had resigned, and the other, Captain William B. Haygood, who had lost an arm, was no longer in active service.

The Athens Guards and Clarke Rifles, of Wright's old brigade, were on the line, but Wright himself was gone, having been transferred to Georgia. Of the eight officers that led the two companies at the beginning of the war, not one was on hand. Four were dead, and only Captain David B. Langston, badly wounded and out of action, was still in the army.

Of the seven company commanders that left Athens in 1861, only William S. Grady of the Highland Guards was still with his men when the troops entered Petersburg three years later. But within two months he, too, was dead, mortally wounded at the Battle of the Crater.

Desertions began to plague the Army and for many weeks almost a hundred men a day left the ranks. They had lost hope of victory, most of their respected leaders were gone, and news of hunger and suffering filled the letters from home. While they defended Petersburg, a city that meant little to them, their own families were threatened with disaster. For many the urge to desert became overpowering. There were two avenues open for those who could endure the war no longer. They could leave their own trenches, show a white flag, and give themselves to the enemy a hundred yards away. (This would mean shipment to a prisoner-of-war camp, but there the privations would be no greater than at Petersburg, and the shooting would be over.) Or they could wander behind their own lines on pretense of gathering food, and simply keep walking toward home. To remain on the line meant semi-starvation, general misery, and the strong likelihood of eventual death or capture. But it also meant the retention of personal honor, and for the men of Clarke County, with few exceptions, this inducement outweighed the other considerations. When a member of the Troup Artillery "went over to the Yanks," Robert Booth hastened to identify the deserter as a replacement from another county, who had heard the enemy had overrun his home and had declared he no longer cared what happened to the South. "[He was] not of much account, you may know," Booth wrote his family, "or he would have had more regard for his character."17
On March 30, 1865, Surgeon Ed Newton wrote his family: "Mrs. President Davis and the wife of Secretary Mallory (of the Navy) left Richmond yesterday for some point in North Carolina—this caused the report that Richmond was to be evacuated. . . ." Two days later at Five Forks, southwest of Petersburg, the enemy broke the Confederate line. On April 2 the Federals swarmed through the huge gap toward the town, cutting off a large segment of the Southern command. General Lee made immediate plans to evacuate his troops, and, during the night, the remnants of his once great army left the village, filed across the Appomattox River, and headed for the country to the west. Lee hoped to outmarch the Federals, regroup all his troops at Amelia Court House, and take them south over the Richmond and Danville Railway to a junction with General Joseph E. Johnston's army in North Carolina.

Among the troops hurrying across the Appomattox on the night of April 2 were those of the Johnson Guards. The Troup Artillery and Mahone's Division, the latter including the Athens Guards, Clarke Rifles, and Highland Guards, were already camped on the north side of the stream, and began their march toward Amelia at daylight on the third.

The infantrymen of the old Georgia Brigade, formerly belonging to Howell and Tom Cobb, were stationed north of the James River, near Richmond. When news of the evacuation came, they had to cross to the south side of the river to make their way with the mass of men moving toward Amelia Court House. They used a bridge near Richmond, and that night, as they looked back toward the city, the red glow in the sky told them that the capital of their young and dying nation was in flames. The retreating Confederates had set fire to their own arsenals to prevent their use by the enemy, and the spreading conflagration enveloped much of the city.

On the westward march on April 3, many of the soldiers, glad to be on the road once more, walked with the spirit and high humor of previous years. They were hungry, but anticipated a good meal at Amelia, where, they were told, rations awaited them. The next morning, however, upon arriving at the town, the men learned that the provision train ordered by Lee had not arrived, having been destroyed near Richmond. The army was forced to stop, losing the full day's lead it had
over the enemy, while foragers were sent out with the wagons to gather what food they could. The famished men waited hopefully by the roadside for the provisions to arrive, but when the wagons came back, they were almost empty. The countryside had already been stripped.

By the following day, all the units of the Army of Northern Virginia had arrived at Amelia, and as each regiment moved up, more and more hearts sank at the news that there was no food. Most of the men ate only a handful of corn that had been intended for the horses, and then moved southward along the railroad track toward Danville, hoping to meet a provision train from that town. But the men were hardly on their way before they were halted with the news they dreaded the most. The Federal infantry, marching on a parallel course south of them, had caught up. The railroad to Danville was in enemy hands; the way to the south was blocked.

The dejected men were ordered to strike out to the westward once more, toward the town of Farmville, where rations were again said to be awaiting them. Most of the men marched all night, and in their despair many of them jammed their rifles, bayonet-first, into the ground, leaving them by the wayside as they stumbled along. The Johnson Guards marched with Gordon's Corps, as a rear guard, and when these troops were attacked from behind on the morning of the sixth, the wretched men had to beat off the enemy before trying to catch up again to the rest of the army. In the confusion, the Corps took the wrong road. This left the Georgia Brigade exposed. Attacked from the front, flank, and rear, the old command of Howell and Tom Cobb was overwhelmed and forced to surrender. The war was over for the haggard men of the Mell Rifles and their valiant brigade, the same men who had fought on the battlefields of five states and who, with their fallen comrades, had turned the blue tide at Fredericksburg two winters before. Now they were rounded up and herded to the rear as prisoners of war, never to fight again. Other units met the same fate and by nightfall all that remained of the Army of Northern Virginia were 15,000 men, or skeletons of men—tattered, starving, hopeless shadows that once were soldiers.
On the seventh, the troops still afoot dragged into Farmville, where they were met by a wagon train containing the first food, other than parched corn, that had been issued for days. As the men prepared their meals, however, Federal infantry troops appeared, and the Southerners, gulping their food raw, had to take to the road again. The fleeing troops were forced northward in their attempt to escape and, as the army passed wearily along, the Athens Guards and Clarke Rifles were posted by the side of the road with their brigade, with orders to fight off attackers expected from the east. That night, as the soldiers stood guard by the roadside, a Federal horseman appeared, bearing a white flag. The courier asked for General Lee, and was conducted behind the Confederate lines. This was the messenger that bore the first note from General Grant asking for the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Lee, however, was not quite ready to give up; there was one remaining chance. If his men could reach Appomattox Station ahead of the pursuing Federals, he might meet a provision train from Lynchburg there, replenish his remaining troops, and fight his way to North Carolina. On the eighth, the advance troops reached Appomattox Court House, just north of the station of the same name, and as the men lay down to rest, the glow of the campfires ahead of them told the final bitter story. The enemy was in front of them, blocking their last avenue of escape.

There was one more battle in store for the Johnson Guards. During the night the Confederate command decided to send the remnants of Gordon’s Corps to try to force their way through the Federal lines and cut an escape path. The troops marched forward and the enemy was driven back. For a time the men of the Johnson Guards fought as they had done in days gone by, at Sharpsburg, at Gettysburg, at Spotsylvania. And what company ever fought harder, or suffered more, than this unit of former farm boys from the neighborhood of Watkinsville? These were the men who, in their first battle three years before, had charged up the slope of Beaver Dam Creek in the face of point-blank Federal musketry that killed three hundred comrades in their regiment; who had marched around an entire Federal army at Chancellorsville; who had
invaded Maryland three times; who had fought to the very gates of Washington. But now, at Appomattox, with empty stomachs, they reached the point where they could fight no more. With the other units it was the same: the end of human endurance had been reached and the troops were forced to yield. General Gordon sent back word that further attack was out of the question. When the message came, General Lee prepared to ride between the lines to meet General Grant. It was Palm Sunday, April 9, 1865.

South of Virginia, the armies of Sherman and Johnston still faced each other and sporadic fighting continued. In Macon, Howell Cobb and his garrison still held the city, but it was under siege by a Federal force under General J. H. Wilson. On April 19, Cobb received a telegram from General Beauregard, dispatched from Greensboro, North Carolina: "Inform General [Wilson] that a truce for the purpose of final settlement was agreed upon yesterday between Genl Johnston and Sherman applicable to all forces under their commands. A message to that effect from Genl Sherman will be sent him as soon as practicable. The contending forces are to occupy their present positions, forty-eight (48) hours notice being given in the event of resumption of hostilities. . . ." 19

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the twentieth, immediately upon receiving the message, Cobb sent a copy of the telegram to General Wilson. He added a note of his own, suggesting a meeting between the two generals "at any intermediate point between our respective lines for making the necessary arrangements for a more perfect enforcement of the Armistice on both sides." 20 Under a flag of truce, the courier met the enemy advance lines fourteen miles from the city, and was conducted to General Wilson's headquarters.

In town, Cobb removed his pickets and awaited an answer to his message. During the afternoon, to his great surprise, a Federal advance column entered the undefended city, demanding from Cobb its unconditional surrender. "I was forced to submit under protest," Cobb said in his report to General Beauregard. "General Wilson has since arrived and holds the city and garrison as captured. . . ." 21 Cobb and all the troops in Macon were made prisoners.
A week later, Cobb wrote his last message of the Civil War to Mary Ann:

My dear wife

. . . This letter will be carried by Gilbert who goes with carloads of your furniture which I have succeeded in getting shipped to you. The store room was broken into and some of your things taken, including the books, but I hope enough is left to enable you to live comfortably and have a good bed for yourself and family. . . .

All of our negroes have remained with us and behaved very well. Gilbert in particular has behaved remarkably well, more humble and attentive than ever. I regard him the most faithful negro in the world, and intend to treat him accordingly. . . .

I have arranged for the parole of all the officers and men held by Genl Wilson and most of them will get off tomorrow. I cannot say how long I shall be detained here as I have to see to it that all my command are taken care of before I can look to my own interest and comfort. Besides I have to stay that I may protect the people and country as far as I can from the depredations and impressments of the enemy. This I am trying to do by having his army supplied without his resorting to the impressment of private property. Genl Wilson has been instructed to pay for all he gets—and will not impress unless compelled to do so. The conduct of Genl Wilson since the capture of Macon has been cautious and gentlemanly—indeed he went so far as to say to me that he would respond to any request made to him through me, that was not in violation of his positive orders—so you can see that our position is as pleasant as it could be under the circumstances. . . .

After his men were paroled, Cobb himself was shipped north as a prisoner of war, in the custody of Union officers. As his train rolled through Tennessee, toward the land of the enemy, he had reason to fear the worst, for he was a political as well as military prisoner. At Nashville, however, a communication came from Washington, signed by President Andrew Johnson, who had succeeded the assassinated Lincoln, releasing Cobb from custody and giving him his parole. He boarded the next southbound train.

For almost two weeks after Appomattox, no news came to Athens of the fate of the Army of Northern Virginia.
Then suddenly, without warning, soldiers thought to be near Petersburg began to appear in town. Gaunt, sunburnt, dirty, and ragged, they came by train, by wagon, on horseback, and on foot. These were the men of the Troup Artillery, who four years before, almost to the day, had left behind the waving, cheering throng on Carr's Hill. Now as they passed along the streets to their homes, there were no bands to greet them, no orations, no shouts. Of the officers that had left Athens in 1861, only Henry Carlton, the rugged doctor-commander, returned with his men. John Hughes, who fired the company's first shot, came home. So did Anderson Reese and Edgar Richardson. Forty-seven men of the battery were left behind, buried on the fields of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.

The Troup Artillery was never surrendered, having escaped near Appomattox before the armistice was signed.

As the days passed, survivors of the other companies returned, all paroled prisoners of war. On April 26, the Banner wrote: "... If our cause has gone down in gloom, it is not their fault. They have done all that men can do. . . ."

The town the men came home to was scarcely more recognizable than they were themselves. Athens had escaped Sherman's torch, but the houses resembled ugly ghosts. They had long been unpainted, their porches were rotting, their fences broken down. The returning soldiers found their families in poverty, their businesses ruined, their farms destroyed, their barns empty, their livestock gone. . . . But there were silent tears of thankfulness everywhere.

The men were home.
Appendix A

PUBLIC MEETING CALLED

"In view of the alarming prospects of the country, and of the disturbance in the public mind, consequent upon the election of A. Lincoln to the Presidency of the U. S., we, the undersigned cordially invite our fellow citizens of Clarke and the surrounding counties, without reference to party alliances, to meet us in Athens on SATURDAY, the 17th day of Nov. 1860—in order that we may take counsel together—and give expression of opinion and adopt such measures as prudence and wisdom may dictate—

Samuel T. Aaron
T. A. Adams
S. L. Alexander
Wily Baker
C. A. Barber
Reese Barber
Pope Barrow
William F. Bass
T. P. Beavers
Henry Beusse
T. C. Billups
Job Bird
John Bird
Jacob Blackman
R. L. Bloomfield
James Bone
J. C. Bone
William Bone
James Bridges
R. A. Bristol
R. J. Brown
J. A. Browning
R. E. Burke
T. P. Butler

James Camak
George A. Carlton
Henry H. Carlton
J. B. Carlton
William A. Carr
George W. Center
Albon Chase
A. K. Childs
John H. Christy
M. J. Clancy
E. K. Clark
John B. Cobb
T. R. R. Cobb
W. C. Collins
James H. Colt
James I. Colt
Albert B. Colton
Mark F. Cooper
T. O. Couse
A. J. Cox
Ross Crane
John Crawford
Thomas Crawford
W. A. Culberson

T. M. Daniel
R. E. Davenport
A. P. Dearing
George Dent
A. S. Dorsey
William H. Dorsey
W. S. Dudley
Joseph Dunnavoo
T. J. Dunnavoo
H. C. Durham
M. L. Durham
Doctor W. Elder
William y. Elder
J. S. England
J. H. Field
J. J. Flournoy
L. Franklin
John M. Freeman
R. J. Gardner
T. M. Gartrell
J. Garwood
J. H. L. Gerdyne
George C. Graham
John T. Grant
William Haguewood
M. C. M. Hammond
John Hammond
John Hampton
J. W. Hardy
S. H. Hardy
W. T. Harris
Y. L. G. Harris
B. F. Harrison
W. S. Hemphill
A. A. Franklin Hill
N. Holbrook
G. A. Homer
I. H. House
John I. Huggins
H. S. Hughes
R. H. Hughes
Asbury Hull
Henry Hull
C. B. Hunt
J. H. Hunter
P. W. Hutchinson
Col. W. H. Jackson
Henry Jennings
Jefferson Jennings
W. H. Jones
John J. Karnes
Isaac M. Kenney
Dr. William King
John Kirkpatrick
William R. Lambert
L. J. Lampkin
T. M. Lampkin
D. B. Langston
J. N. B. Lesueur
C. B. Lombard
C. W. Long
H. R. J. Long
F. W. Lucas
W. D. Luckie, Jr.
F. Lumpkin
J. Troup Lumpkin
M. G. Lumpkin
W. W. Lumpkin
J. R. Lyle
George E. Macon
A. S. Mandeville
John D. Mason
J. C. Matthews
J. R. Matthews
L. C. Matthews
W. F. Matthews
S. J. Mayes
D. M. McCleskey
R. P. McWhorter
J. T. Mitchell
W. D. Mitchell
B. B. Moon
I. S. Moon
P. E. Moore
R. D. Moore
Richard Moore
Robert Moore
J. H. Morris
William M. Morton
R. L. Moss
Thomas Newel
C. S. Newton
John H. Newton
James M. Nicholson
John W. Nicholson
S. J. Nunn
J. C. Orr
E. Palmer
F. B. Palmer
H. W. Parker
V. A. S. Parks
A. C. Patman
John F. Phinizy
J. C. Pittard
James D. Pittard
A. F. Pope
E. W. Porter
G. K. Porter
A. Reaves
J. W. Reaves
R. R. Reaves
C. M. Reese
S. C. Reese
M. W. Riden
J. E. Ritch
N. Rooks
John E. Ross
J. C. Rutherford
William Rutherford, Jr.
G. W. Sanderson
James T. Sansom
A. M. Scudder

W. F. Sewell
I. Seymour
J. W. Seymour
W. D. Seymour
William Seymour
J. J. Sims
R. M. Smith
Dr. G. E. Smythe
W. A. Sorrow
M. Stanley
J. H. Swearinger
R. S. Taylor
John W. Tenney
Samuel Tenney
S. F. Tenney
John H. Thomas
J. J. Thomas
S. Thomas
J. F. Thomson
J. H. Towns
M. M. Turbyfill
P. A. Turner
H. D. D. Twiggs
B. F. Venable
J. S. Venord
William D. Wash
James White
W. H. H. White
William N. White
Robert Whitman
John N. Wier
David Willaby
F. M. Williams
James Williams
J. M. Williams
N. M. Williams
W. W. Williamson
John S. Williford
H. Willingham
W. B. Willis
J. F. Wilson
R. J. Wilson
T. H. Wilson
William A. Winn
J. C. Winter

Southern Banner, Thursday morning, Nov. 15, 1860
Compiler's note: Signatures have been alphabetized.
Appendix B

LADIES AID SOCIETY

"The Ladies of this town held a meeting on Monday evening at the Town Hall, for the purpose of organizing a Ladies' Working Society to make army clothing."

Southern Banner, Wednesday, June 12, 1861

"Ladies Aid Society

"The following are the officers of the Society:

President Mrs. Leonidas Franklin
Vice-President Mrs. Pleasant Stovall
Secretary & Treasurer Mrs. Andrew A. Lipscomb
Directresses: First Ward—Mrs. Nathan Hoyt, Mrs. Henry Hull, Mrs. K. Childs, Mrs. Reuben Nickerson
Second Ward—Mrs. Williams Rutherford, Mrs. W. H. Mitchell, Mrs. H. L. Brittain, Mrs. John H. Newton
Third Ward—Mrs. Howell Cobb, Mrs. Mary Baxter, Miss Lizzie Colt, Mrs. Tinsley Rucker
Directresses for Watkinsville: Mrs. John Calvin Johnson, Mrs. Asa Meeks Jackson."

Southern Banner, Wednesday, June 19, 1861
Appendix C

A ROSTER OF CLARKE COUNTY COMPANIES IN THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA

1. TROUP ARTILLERY

Also called Captain Stanley’s and later Captain Carlton’s Battery of Georgia Artillery, this company was mustered into Confederate service April 24, 1861, as a part of the 2nd Regiment, Georgia Volunteer Infantry. It was relieved from duty with this regiment and made an independent unit. It joined Cobb’s Legion in mid-December 1861, and when the Legion was dissolved in early 1863, became a part of Cabell’s Artillery Battalion, composed of batteries from various states, for the duration of the war.

Officers (1861)

Marcellus Stanley, Captain
Henry H. Carlton, 1st Lieutenant
A. Franklin Pope, 1st Lieutenant
Edward P. Lumpkin, 2nd Lieutenant
Pope Barrow, 2nd Lieutenant

Company Roster

Aaron, Samuel Thomas
Adams, Milton
Ashford, Robert
Ashford, W. T.
Atkisson, George B.
Ayers, James C.
Baker, Thomas F.
Barrett, James S.
Barrett, William S.
Barrow, Pope
Barrow, Thomas A.
Barry, John P.
Barry, Joseph M.
Bearden, A. E.
Bearden, R. G.
Belcher, J. H.
Bennett, George P.
Billups, Charles William
Blackman, D. D.
Blackman, Joseph A.
Boggs, Milton A.
Bone, Joseph M.
Bonehill, Henry T.
Boone, R. H.
Booth, Robert
Booth, Thomas
Booth, W. H.
Bostick, John M.
Bradberry, James W.
Bradberry, Joseph E.
Brewer, Freeman
Brittain, Robert T.
Brittain, William F.
Brown, James M.
Brown, William B.
Busbin, Isham
APPENDIX C

Busbin, William O.
Butler, E. M.
Butler, J. L.
Cain, Bart R.
Carlton, George A.
Carlton, Henry H.
Carr, Elijah A.
Cheatham, Marcus H.
Children, Robert
Cobb, Howell, Jr.
Conger, Hedges C.
Connelly, Champion
Cooper, LaFayette C.
Cooper, W. A.
Cooper, William
Corey, Otheniel E.
Crane, Benjamin E.
Crane, John R.
Crane, William F.
Crow, William
Culp, Benjamin F.
Dearing, Stephen T.
Dearing, William P.
Deavours, John C.
Dicken, H. C.
Dicken, Matthew G.
Dicken, Robert D.
Dicken, W. H.
Dillard, F.
Dillard, Hinton C.
Dillard, James F.
Dillard, James R.
Dillard, Joseph L.
Dillard, Robert S.
Dorsey, A. B. C.
Dorsey, Albert S.
Dorsey, Robert F.
Doster, Francis M.
Doster, William T.
Durham, Rembert T.
Echols, James M.
Edwards, Elijah F.
Edwards, John W.
Edison, James M.
Ellington, C. S.
England, Elijah T.
England, Elisha S.
England, Theodore E.
Ferguson, L. D.
Flournoy, Robert
Fox, O'Hara
Franklin, S. J.
Friedson, James L.
Gann, Jesse
Gee, William H.
Gerdine, Joseph Henry
   Lumpkin
Griffeth, John J.
Guess, William P.
Hale, E. T.
Hale, James R.
Hale, J. T.
Hale, J. W.
Hale, Robert O.
Harris, James W.
Hearn, Abner C.
Hemphill, R. A.
Hemphill, William A.
Hill, Jesse T.
Homer, George A.
Hopkins, J. W.
Hoyt, Robert T.
Hudson, Thomas F.
Huggins, Alsie M.
Hughes, John H.
Hughes, Thomas M.
Hughes, William
Hunter, John
Jackson, James M. A.
Jennings, George H.
Jennings, G. R.
Jennings, Henry
Jennings, James J., Jr.
Jennings, James J., Sr.
Jennings, S. D.
Johnson, J. J.
Johnson, James M. A.
Jonas, Thomas A.
Jones, William H. P.
Kettle, William
Kinnebrew, Eugenius C.
Kirkley, Calvin P.
Lamar, A. J.
Lane, W. F.
Langford, G. M.
LaPrade, V. H.
Ledbetter, J. W.
Lilly, John
Lombard, C. B.
Lunsford, --------------------
Lumpkin, Charles M.
Lumpkin, Edward P.
Lumpkin, Frank
Lyle, Charles R.
Lyle, Lee M.
Mabry, Thomas
Malcolm, G. W.
Malcolm, J. R.
Matthews, D. J.
Mattox, J. D.
Mattox, John
Mauldin, James
Mauldin, W. H.
Maxey, Edward M.
Maxey, Henry
McCain, Miles
McConnell, John J.
McDonald, David A.
Mealer, W. P.
Miller, Frederick
Mitchell, W. A.
Montgomery, Jonathan
Montgomery, Thomas
Moon, Isaac S.
Moon, Robert A.
Moore, George W.
Moore, J. A.
Moore, Robert
Morton, C. P.
Motes, Columbus W.
Mullen, Howard L.
Murray, Frank E.
Murray, John F.
Murray, Joseph H.
Murray, Thomas A.
Nance, A. L.
Newton, George J.
Niece, Peter N.
O'Farrell, John
Oliver, Charles J.
Palmer, Jesse A.
Parks, J. A.
Patman, A. C.
Patrick, John
Pendergrass, A. H.
Perryman, R. J.
Pittman, James E.
Pittman, Robert W.
Pittman, W. J.
Pittman, W. P.
Pledger, James A.
Pope, Alexander Franklin
Porter, E. W.
Pridgeon, T. W.
Reese, Anderson W.
Richards, John
Richards, Thomas S.
Richardson, Edgar
Richardson, Robert B.
Rickles, John
Robertson, Elisha A.
2. ATHENS GUARDS

Mustered into Confederate service on April 27, 1861, this unit left for Portsmouth, Virginia, two days later, where it became Company K, 3rd Regiment, Georgia Volunteer Infantry. It served until Lee’s surrender at Appomattox.

**Officers (1861):**

Henry C. Billups, Captain  
Thomas M. Daniel, 1st Lieutenant  
David B. Langston, 2nd Lieutenant  
George E. Hayes, 2nd Lieutenant

**Company Roster:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Adams, Samuel O.</th>
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<th>Edge, Albert A.</th>
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<td>Bailey, David D.</td>
<td>Craft, Elijah</td>
<td>Fesler, Daniel</td>
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<td>Hallam, Isaac W.</td>
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<td>Durham, Reuben T.</td>
<td>Hayes, George E.</td>
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<td>Eades, A. “Scrap”</td>
<td>Hayes, Peter W.</td>
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Winthrop
Hinesley, Irwin
Hughes, H. Sidney
Hughes, Richard H. L.
Isaacs, C. H.
Jackson, Drewry B.
Jackson, S. F.
Jackson, William H.
Karnes, John J.
King, T. J.
Kitchens, Zero
Lambert, William R.
Langston, David B.
Ledbetter, Thomas J.
Locklin, Daniel W.
Locklin, M. B.
Long, Thomas W.
Lucas, Charles E.
Luckie, William
Dickinson, Jr.
Lumpkin, Miller Grieve
Mabry, George W.
Mabry, Thomas W.
Macon, Thomas G.
Mahool, Thomas
Mandeville, Albert S.
Mason, Charles B.
McAllister, Calvin
McAlpin, Reuben M.
McCleskey, Joseph H.
McCurdy, James G.
McKenzie, Daniel
Mitchell, Albert L.
Mitchell, Samuel Dalton
Moncrief, David H.
Morton, William Henry
Murray, Charles W.
Nabors, John W.
Nabors, Zachariah
Nash, John J.
Nease, Peter W.
O'Farrell, James
Palmer, George H.
Perry, Joel Walter, Jr.
Pinekard, John E.
Porter, George Kellogg
Rainey, William A.
Reaves, James H.
Reaves, Rufus K.
Reynolds, Charles W.
Reynolds, Samuel A.
Rice, Isadore L.
Rice, Trevor
Robertson, Richmond
Scarborough, Lewis
Sherman, I.
Simmons, Henry J.
Simmons, Martin G.
Sims, David E.
Sims, Jack J.
Sims, William A.
Smith, Albert C.
Smith, James Martin
Roberts
Stark, Seaborn M.
Strickland, J. K.
Tenney, John W.
Tenney, Samuel F.
Thomas, Edward C.
Thomas, James D.
Thornton, Atlas M.
Thurmond, John F.
Tuck, Joseph E.
Tuck, Thomas M.
Vincent, William H.
Walker, William T.
Wamaling, Adolphus D.
Whatley, John William
Whitman, Delmus P.
Whitman, Robert A.
Williams, George
Williford, John S.
Witt, George A.
Wright, William A.
Wyng, Albert M.

3. GEORGIA TROOPERS

Also known as Delony's Company (Company C), and later Ritch's Company (Company H), this unit belonged to the Cavalry Battalion, Cobb's Legion, Georgia Volunteers, from August 1861 until April 1863, at which time the cavalry battalion was officially separated from Cobb's Legion. Although the unit fought in other brigades thereafter until the end of the war, it retained the name of Cobb's Legion of Cavalry.

All of the soldiers were not from Clarke County. Many had been recruited from surrounding counties, notably Madison, Jackson, and Hall.

Officers (1861)

William G. Delony, Captain
James R. Lyle, 1st Lieutenant
Thomas C. Williams, 2nd Lieutenant
Jeremiah E. Ritch, 2nd Lieutenant

Company Roster

Abercrombie, A. J.
Abercrombie, John H.
Abercrombie, W. W.
Alexander, John A.
Allen, Charles H.
Anderson, Edward
Anderson, John M.
Anderson, Milus U.
Anderson, Nicholas M.
Anderson, William E.
Arnold, Stephen F. B.
Ash, Thomas J.
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<td>Means, Samuel D.</td>
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<td>Moon, George M. D.</td>
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4. MELL RIFLES

Sometimes known as the Mell Volunteers, this was Company D, Infantry Battalion, Cobb’s Legion, Georgia Volunteers. The unit was mustered into service in August 1861, and fought until two days before the surrender of Appomattox, when the entire company was surrounded and captured on Lee’s final march.

Officers (1861)

Thomas U. Camak, Captain
John B. Cobb, 1st Lieutenant
Robert Hope Goodman, 2nd Lieutenant
Richard J. Wilson, 2nd Lieutenant
Company Roster

Abbott, Alonzo
Aiken, E. J.
Arp, Richard J.
Barber, G. W.
Barrett, I. J.
Barrett, J. L.
Barrett, Richard
Bates, W. M.
Baugh, John
Baugh, William
Benedict, Joseph
Benedict, William
Benton, Jack
Bird, Judson
Bradberry, William
Brittain, William J.
Butler, B. L.
Butler, Thomas
Caldwell, M. B.
Camak, Thomas U.
Carter, Frank
Carter, W. T.
Childers, Henry J.
Cobb, John B.
Cody, Martin
Cook, C. D.
Cook, Hartwell
Cook, Joseph
Cook, Jud
Crane, Ross
Croft, John E.
Crow, Simeon
Crow, William
Dean, Joel M.
DeLay, W. T.
Donner, Frank
Dorster, Jonathan
Doster, John
Edwards, Jack
Fitzpatrick, G. C.
Fowler, Cody
Freeman, George W.
Freeman, H. H.
Freeman, Penn
Gilleland, John Wesley
Gilleland, William A.
Glower, John
Goodman, Robert Hope
Gray, J. G.
Hale, John T.
Haygood, A. G.
Higgins, Samuel
Highland, Edward, Jr.
Highland, G. T., Jr.
Hopkins, John
House, Ike H.
House, J. S.
Hudson, Samuel
Ivey, Thomas
Jarrett, J. O.
Jarrett, Whitson
Johnson, J. R.
Johnston, J. W.
Kenney, J. F.
Kenney, S. P.
Kirkpatrick, W. H.
Lampkin, Lucas H.
Langford, Joe
Lasueur, James
Ledbetter, Thomas
Ledbetter, W. H.
Lumpkin, William
Wilberforce
Mabry, Thomas
Martin, W. S.
Mattox, J. F.
Mattox, Joseph
Mattox, J. T.
McCune, H. C.
McHannon, John
McHannon, L.
Mell, Benjamin
Mell, Patrick H.
Moon, J. F.
Nabers, Z. L.
Newton, Alonzo C.
Newton, Edward
Newton, James C.
Nix, Wiley C.
Nunn, Elijah
Nunn, Thomas
Parks, John
Payne, C. H.
Payne, W. D.
Pittman, W. P.
Ridland, J. P.
Runney, Joseph
Sanders, E. L.
Sharpe, E.
Sikes, James
Sikes, Richard
Sims, William Henry
Smith, J. A.
Smith, J. H.
Smith, J. M.
Smith, M. B.
Sorrow, W. M.
Spinks, E. Bradley
Stapler, D.
Stapler, William, Jr.
Stapler, William, Sr.
Strength, Henry
Suddeth, William
Sudduth, Seaborn
Sweeney, James
Thornton, Newton
Tiller, Frank
Tiller, Gilmore
Tolbert, A. F.
Tolbert, O. L.
Tolbert, William O.
Venable, Jesse
Walker, J. S.
Walker, Thomas
White, F. H.
White, James
White, N. F.
White, T. H.
Williams, William
Williams, Willis
Wilson, James F.
Wilson, Richard J.
Wilson, William J.
Winn, Asa A.
Winn, W. A.
Wise, John Hale
Yerby, Burrell

5. HIGHLAND GUARDS

Captained by William S. Grady, of Athens, formerly of North Carolina, this company, organized July 8, 1861, became Company G, 25th Regiment, North Carolina State Troops. Its officers and men came from Clarke County, Georgia, and Clay and Macon counties, North Carolina. The company served throughout the war, surrendering at Appomattox.
**APPENDIX C**

**OFFICERS (1861)**

William Sammons Grady, Captain  
John R. Hayes, 1st Lieutenant  
Benjamin F. H. Jackson, 2nd Lieutenant  
John M. Phinizy, 2nd Lieutenant

**COMPANY ROSTER**

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<td>Brooks, Lemuel</td>
<td>Gillespie, William H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brooks, Reuben H.</td>
<td>Grady, William S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brown, Alfred E.</td>
<td>Grah. John L.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Brown, Jacob W.</td>
<td>Gudger, Kinsey</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown, Javan</td>
<td>Hadley, B. R. H.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Brown, John M.</td>
<td>Hadley, Francis M.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Burch, Benjamin</td>
<td>Harris, John</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Burnes, Richard</td>
<td>Harris, Lightfoot</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Byers, Marion C.</td>
<td>Hayes, John R.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cabe, James D.</td>
<td>Henrick, David</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Carroll, A. Y.</td>
<td>Henrick, Henry</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carter, Jesse P.</td>
<td>Henrick, William</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Childers, Thomas R.</td>
<td>Hensley, William C.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Childers, William</td>
<td>Holt, Jack</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Asbury</td>
<td>Hunnicutt, Thomas H.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Coker, James</td>
<td>Jackson, Benj. Franklin</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coker, Thomas</td>
<td>Holland</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Colbert, James Sanders</td>
<td>Jackson, Henry</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Colley, Lorenzo W.</td>
<td>Jones, Clinton</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Coober, J. H.</td>
<td>Jones, Russell M.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
6. CLARKE COUNTY RIFLES

Organized on August 21, 1861, this was Company L, 3rd Regiment, Georgia Volunteer Infantry. The unit served its entire enlistment with the Army of Northern Virginia, surrendering at Appomattox.

OFFICERS (1861)

Isaac S. Vincent, Captain
James W. Hendon, 1st Lieutenant
Joseph F. McRee, 2nd Lieutenant
Zadock F. Crenshaw, 2nd Lieutenant

COMPANY ROSTER

Allen, Stephen B. Cartey, Benjamin Eades, William
Allen, Van Buren ... Franklin East, Silas, Jr.
Allgood, James W. Cartey, Elijah E. Ebblin, Franklin G.
Allgood, John M. Cartey, James H. Elder, Andrew J. G.
Allgood, Willis J. Cartey, Warren H. Elder, David G.
Anderson, William S. Collier, William H. Elder, David L.
Baxter, Thomas Cooper, Asbury H. Elder, David Mahlon
Blair, Edley P. Cooper, John Z. Elder, Dawson J.
Blair, George H. Crenshaw, Zadock F. Elder, Doctor E.
Bradberry, Isaac V. Daniel, Isaac B. Elder, D. S.
Bradberry, Jacob E. Davenport, Thomas W. Elder, James H.
Bradberry, John M. DeLay, Asbury B. C. Elder, J. D.
Bradberry, Patterson W. DeLay, Rowland Elder, Joseph C.
Bradshaw, Archibald B. Jefferson Elder, Joshua T.
Bradwell, Joseph Doggett, George Elder, William Joseph
Burger, Jacob Doggett, Thomas Epps, William P.
Burger, John Doggett, Young W. Fielding, William, Jr.
Burger, Thomas Dunnahoo, James H. Franks, Harmon
Canady, John L. Durham, Lindsey Fullilove, Hillman P.
APPENDIX C

FULLILOVE, WILLIS P.
GILES, JAMES, SR.
GILES, JAMES M.
GILES, JOHN F.
GILES, JOHN H.
GILES, JOHN J.
GOBER, WESLEY A.
GRAVES, JAMES S.
GRIFFETH, DAVID H.
GRIFFETH, EDWARD A.
GRIFFETH, EDWARD L.
GUINUM, E. L.
HALE, E. H.
HALE, JAMES S.
HALE, SAMUEL J.
HALE, WILLIAM H.
HALL, F. J.
HANCOCK, JOHN
HANCOCK, LINDSEY
HARDIGREE, H. G.
HARDIGREE, JAMES W.
HARDIGREE, JOHN H.
HARDIGREE, JOHN S.
HARDIGREE, S. D.
HARPER, A. L.
HARRIS, ROBERT B.
HARRIS, WILLIAM P.
HARRISON, JOHN L.
HARRISON, NATHAN C.
HAYGOOD, JOHN ELLIOTT
HEAD, N. HILL
HENDON, CALVIN
HENDON, JAMES LACY
HENDON, JAMES W.
HENDON, JOHN L.
HENDON, WILLIAM P.
HEROD, JAMES W.
HILL, EDMOND
HILL, JOSEPH M.
HINSON, JOHN L.
HOLLAND, J.
JACKSON, ARTHUR M.

JACKSON, ASA MEeks
JACKSON, HILLMAN D.
JACKSON, WILLIAM D.
JACKSON, WILLIAM ZACHARIAH
JARRELL, GEORGE A.
JONES, JABEZ
JONES, JAMES D.
JONES, JOSEPH L.
JONES, RICHARD S.
JONES, WILLIAM B.
LANIER, R. D.
LAUNIUS, JOSEPH T.
LEGROY, JAMES M.
LITTLE, CYRUS W.
LORING, WILLIAM
LOVEN, WILLIAM
LOWE, WILLIAM H.
MARABLE, SEYMOUR
MAXEV, AUGUSTUS R.
MCREE, BENJAMIN F.
MCREE, FRANK M.
MCREE, JAMES P.
MCREE, JOHN F.
MCREE, JOSPEH J.
MCREE, THOMAS P.
MICHAEL, ELIJAH
MICHAEL, JOHN, JR.
MICHAEL, STERNS M.
MIDDLEBROOKS, THOMAS ELDER
MIDDLEBROOKS, WILLIAM D.
MIDDLEBROOKS, ZARAH B.
MILLINEAC, ARCH
MILLINEAC, JAMES P.
NEELY, JAMES S.
NOWELL, JAMES
NOWELL, WILLIAM A.
nUNNALLY, WILLIAM COLUMBUS
PEeler, JOHN W.
PEeler, WILLIAM H.
PENNIMAN, WARREN
PLUNKETT, JAMES D.
PLUNKETT, NATHANIEL
RAGSDALE, JOHN F.
REDMOND, GEORGE W.
REDMUND, THOMAS G.
RICHARDSON, DAVID
RICHARDSON, JOHN W.
ROBERTSON, TAPLEY J.
RUTLEDGE, WILLIAM A.
SIMPSON, JAMES
SPENCER, WILLIAM
STARK, S. M.
STEPHENS, DAVID
STEWART, JAMES M.
STEWART, TAPLEY H.
THomas, HARTWELL J.
THOMPSON, BENAHJA SHEATS
THOMPSON, J. T.
THORNTON, WILEY A.
THRASHER, WILLIAM H.
TUcker, WILLIAM W.
TURNEll, JAMES W.
TURNEll, JOHN T.
TURNEll, WILLIAM F.
VEAL, MARQUIS D. L.
VINCENT, ISAAC S.
WARD, JAMES A.
WHITEHEAD, JOHN P.
WHITEHEAD, SANFORD A.
WILSON, WARREN LINDSEY
WISE, FLEMING
WISE, WELDON
WOOD, WILLIAM C.
WRIGHT, JAMES
WRIGHT, THOMAS A.
WRIGHT, WILLIAM C.
YOUNG, D.

7. JOHNSON GUARDS

Organized March 15, 1862, and mustered into Confederate service two days later, this was Company C, 44th Regiment, Georgia Volunteer Infantry. The unit was assigned to the Army of Northern Virginia in June 1862, and served under General Lee until the surrender.

OFFICERS (1862)

Samuel P. Lumpkin, Captain
James S. Griffeth, 1st Lieutenant
William B. Haygood, 2nd Lieutenant
John W. Reaves, 2nd Lieutenant
THESE MEN SHE GAVE

Company Roster

Adams, Joseph A.
Adams, William T.
Allen, Andrew J.
Allen, Charles H.
Anderson, Emory F.
Austry, George W.
Austry, Willis Norris
Aycock, A. J.
Aycock, John R.
Bearden, William P.
Beavers, Alfred L.
Biggs, James P.
Biggs, William L.
Biggs, Wilson L.
Bishop, William H.
Brewer, S. W.
Burger, Alexander
Burger, Charles Lindsey
Burger, William Dawson
Burgess, John Alexander
Butler, Doctor R.
Butler, Jesse M.
Carter, Henry F.
Carter, W. T.
Connelly, George R.
Cooper, Levi C.
Craft, Jeff V.
Daniel, F. M.
Daniel, John B.
Daniel, Josiah H.
Daniel, Nathaniel J.
Davenport, James W.
Dicken, Calvin A.
Doggett, John W.
Doolittle, Howell J.
Durham, Milledge L.
Durham, N. B.
East, William
Edwards, William B.
Elder, David S.
Elder, William E.
Elder, William M.
Fambrough, James
Fullilove, John
Gardner, Silas
Gleason, Edward
Glover, James
Griffeth, Allen W.
Griffeth, David W.
Griffeth, James A.
Griffeth, James S.
Griffeth, John J.
Hall, Thomas M.
Haygood, Orion S.
Haygood, William B., Jsr.
Haygood, William B., Jr.
Hewell, Nathaniel H.
Hinton, William B.
Hix, Thomas J.
Huff, Doctor E.
Huff, Doctor M.
Huff, John P.
Hunt, John H.
Hunt, Needham F.
Hunt, Wilborn
Hunt, William Wiley
Jackson, Asbury H.
Jackson, James H.
Johnson, Newton Louis
Jones, William B.
Kidd, Hezekiah M.
Kittle, Joseph
Kluts, George W.
Landrum, James T.
Langford, Benjamin
Cicero
Langford, Joseph B.
Lester, Elijah S.
Lester, Lewis, Jr.
Lester, Lewis, Sr.
Lester, Patman
Lester, Tolbert N.
Lowe, Isaac
Lumpkin, Samuel P.
Malcom, David H.
Malcom, John H. C.
Malcom, William T.
Maekey, Henry
Maekey, Stephen T.
McRee, Francis M.
McRee, Jacob R.
McRee, James H.
McRee, Joseph Henry
McRee, Robert B.
McRee, Wiley B.
McWhorter, W. P.
Miller, Francis Y.
Miller, John William
Miller, Pendleton M.
Miller, Wiley J.
Montgomery, William
Mooney, Marshall
Mooney, William J.
Moore, Joseph K.
Moseley, Thomas J.
Moseley, William P.
Murray, Joseph Hunter
Murrough, John
Nolan, George A.
Nunnally, George W.
Nunnally, William C.
Osborn, Augustus C.
Osborn, William T.
Owens, Benjamin F.
Owens, John, Jr.
Pickerrell, Andrew J.
Poss, Henry C.
Poulnott, Jabez
Poulnott, John B.
Poulnott, William B.
Reaves, John W.
Richardson, David
Richard
Robertson, William A.
Royer, J. Elmer
Sanders, Charles A.
Simonton, Henry T.
Simonton, Thomas J.
Smith, Sanford M.
Spinks, E. B.
Spinks, John C.
Stewart, Levi L.
Stewart, Phineas M.
Stewart, Silas C.
Thomas, John Edwin
Thompson, Benjamin S.
Thompson, Thomas J.
Thurman, George H. L.
Thurman, Richard O.
Tiller, Gilmer
Vickers, John W.
Whitehead, Aaron
Whitehead, Henry
Whitehead, James
Edward
Whitehead, John James
Whitehead, Lewis
Whitehead, William J.
Wilcoxen, Samuel J.
Williams, Robert T.
Williams, William C.
Willoughby, David J.
Willoughby, William R.
Winn, Crawford A.
Appendix D

MORTALITY LISTS OF CLARKE COUNTY TROOPS IN MAJOR BATTLES

SEVEN DAYS BATTLES, June 25-July 1, 1862

Adams, William T.  
Atkins, Alfred A.  
Brooks, David W.  
Butler, Jesse M.  
Crenshaw, Z. F.  
Daniel, Josiah H.  
Doolittle, Howell J.  
Elder, Joseph C.  
Garland, George W.  
Glover, James  
Griffeth, William L.  
Jackson, William  
Kidd, Hezekiah M.  
Lockabee, William  
McCleskey, Joseph H.  
Mooney, Marshall

Murrough, John  
Reaves, John W.  
Robertson, William A.  
Royster, J. Elmer  
Runyons, William J.  
Stewart, Phineas M.  
Wright, Thomas A.

CRAMPTON'S GAP, MARYLAND, September 14, 1862

Cody, Martin  
Croft, John E.  
Fowler, Cody  
Haygood, A. G.  
Highland, G. T., Jr.  
Kenney, J. F.  
Kinney, John J. N.  
McHannon, John

Mell, Benjamin  
Yerby, Burrell

SHARPSBURG, MARYLAND, Sept. 17, 1862

Carlton, Benjamin R.  
Elder, David Mahlon  
Freeman, George W.  
Fullilove, Hillman P.  
Graham, George C.  
Hendon, Calvin

Johnson, Louis Newton  
Jones, Joseph L.  
Perry, Joel Walter, Jr.

FREDERICKSBURG, December 13, 1862

Blackman, Jacob  
Cobb, Thomas R. R.  
Dillard, T. E.  
Griffeth, Edward L.

Rowan, Eugene A.  

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THESE MEN SHE GAVE

CHANCELLORSVILLE, May 2 and 3, 1863
Aiken, E. J. Fullilove, John Ledbetter, Thomas J.
Daniel, John B. Griffeth, David W. Maxey, Henry
DeLay, W. T. Guinum, E. L. Ridland, J. P.
Fambrough, James Klutts, George W. Williams, William C.

BRANDY STATION, June 9, 1863
Carter, Bennett H. Hardy, Augustus F. Ware, Nicholas C.

GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, July 1, 2, and 3, 1863
Adams, John H. Dean, Charles N. Lumpkin, Samuel P.
Barrett, Lewis W. Dixon, John E. Moncrief, David H.
Barrett, Riley Hardigree, John H. Moore, Richard
Biggers, William E. Houze, Thomas Simonton, Thomas J.
Brooks, C. C. Jones, W. Frank Strickland, Noah C.
Camak, Thomas Locklin, M. E. Tiller, Frank

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, November 29, 1863
Butler, Thomas Fitzpatrick, G. C. Winn, W. A.

THE WILDERNESS, May 4-21, 1864
Allen, Stephen B. House, J. S. Nunn, Elijah
Anderson, William S. Jackson, William H. Porter, Elisha
Barber, Columbus N. Jarrett, J. O. Sharpe, E.
Brown, Tilman H. Lee, Abner E. Whitehead, Henry
Edwards, Jack Maxey, Stephen T.

SIEGE OF PETERSBURG and THE CRATER, June 1864-April 1865
Barton, Robert I. McAllister, Timothy S. Parks, William Moses
Bird, Lorenzo McCurry, Amos Reynolds, Samuel A.
Colbert, James Sanders McRae, Joseph J. Weatherford, William J.
Gates, William J. Nabors, William Whitehead, John P.
Grady, William S. Nabors, Zachariah L. Williams, John H.
Harris, Lightfoot Nowell, James Wright, George
Hayes, George E. Nunnally, George W.

Compiler's Note: Casualty lists came from information sources cited in the Bibliography for Appendix C, plus a few letters from private collections, written during the war, and from notices in the Southern Banner and the Southern Watchman, Athens' weekly newspapers of the era.
Notes

Chapter I

2. Southern Banner, Nov. 8, 1860.
3. Watchman, Nov. 8, 1860.
18. T. R. R. Cobb to Joseph E. Brown, Milledgeville, in the Telamon Cuyler Collection, University of Georgia Library.
22. Howell Cobb, Milledgeville, to his wife, Macon, H. C. Collection.
27. Watchman, Feb. 6, 1861.
28. T. R. R. Cobb, Montgomery, to his wife, Athens, Feb. 3, 1861. This letter and all those of T. R. R. Cobb hereafter cited, unless otherwise stated, are in the collection of letters from Cobb to his wife, in the University of Georgia Library.
29. Banner, Feb. 8, 1861.
31. Banner, Feb. 8, 1861.
32. Howell Cobb, Montgomery, to his wife, Macon, Feb. 6, 1861, H. C. Collection.
33. T. R. R. Cobb to his wife, Feb. 11, 1861.
34. T. R. R. Cobb to his wife, Feb. 9, 1861.
35. Ibid.
38. T. R. R. Cobb to his wife, Feb. 8, 1861.
39. Ibid.
41. T. R. R. Cobb to his wife, Feb. 16, 1861.

Chapter II

4. Howell Cobb, Jr., Athens, to his mother, Macon, April 15, 1861, H. C. Collection.
5. April 17, 1861.
6. Ibid.
7. Howell Cobb, Jr., Athens, to his mother, Macon, April 15, 1861, H. C. Collection.
8. April 17, 1861.
9. May 1, 1861.
10. Ibid.
11. Ibid.
17. June 12, 1861.
18. Ibid.
21. May 8, 1861 (quoting the Macon Telegraph)
23. Quoted in Banner, May 1, 1861.
24. Henry H. Carlton, Savannah, to his parents, Athens. This letter as well as all letters from Carlton, unless otherwise indicated, are in the Carlton-Newton-Mell Collection, University of Georgia Library.
25. Henry H. Carlton to his parents, June 8, 1861.
27. Henry H. Carlton to his parents, June 8, 1861.
29. Ibid.
31. Tom Barrow, Savannah, to his sister Betsy, Athens, May 9, 1861, in the David C. Barrow Collection, University of Georgia Library.
32. Henry H. Carlton to his parents, June 27, 1861.
33. Edgar Richardson, Richmond, to his mother, Watkinsville, July 21, 1861. This letter and all letters of Edgar and Bobby Richardson are in a privately owned collection belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Few. Ap-
NOTES

palachee, Ga., and are used with their kind permission.
34. July 17, 1861.
35. Edgar Richardson to his mother, July 21, 1861.
36. The correspondent, Samuel F. Tenney, signed himself "S.F.T."; June 26, 1861.
37. July 17, 1861.
38. Banner, July 17, 1861.
40. T. R. R. Cobb to his wife, July 22, 1861.
41. Banner, Aug. 7, 1862.
42. Ibid.
44. T. R. R. Cobb to his wife, July 22, 1861.
45. T. R. R. Cobb to his wife, July 24, 1861.
46. T. R. R. Cobb to his wife.
47. T. R. R. Cobb to his wife, July 24, 1861.

Chapter III
1. Henry H. Carlton, Huntersville, Va., to his family, Athens, Aug. 16, 1861.
2. Ibid.
3. Ibid.
5. Ibid.
6. Ibid.
8. See letter from soldier, signature illegible, Huntersville, Va., to Helen Newton, Athens, Nov. 10, 1861, Carlton-Newton-Mell Collection.
12. Ed Lumpkin, Pocahontas County, Va., to his father, Athens, Nov. 24, 1861, as quoted in the Banner, Jan. 1, 1862.
14. Ibid.
15. Ibid.
17. T. R. R. Cobb to his wife, Aug. 19, 1861.
18. Ibid., Aug. 20, 1861.
19. Ibid., Sept. 3, 1861.
20. Ibid., Sept. 9, 1861.
21. Ibid., Aug. 27, 1861.
22. Ibid., Sept. 29, 1861.
23. Ibid., Sept. 5, 1861.
24. Ibid., undated.
25. Ibid., Nov. 7, 1861.
27. Ibid., Dec. 14, 1861.
28. Ibid., Jan. 9, 1862.
29. Banner, Jan. 1, 1862.
32. Ibid., Oct. 16, 1861.
33. Ibid., Jan. 9, 1862.
34. Ibid., Jan. 14, 1862.
35. Ibid., Jan. 27, 1862.
36. Ibid., Apr. 16, 1862.
37. Montgomery, Howell Cobb, 56.
38. Benjamin Mell, Richmond, to his father, Athens, Carlton-Newton-Mell Collection.
40. Ibid., n. 135; Thomas, Henry W., History of the Doles-Cook Brigade (Atlanta, 1903), 468.
41. Edgar Richardson to his sister, Watkinsville, July 13, 1861.
42. T. R. R. Cobb to his wife, July 14, 1862.
43. Benjamin Mell to his father, July 5, 1862.

Chapter IV
1. T. R. R. Cobb to his wife, undated.
3. Quoted in the Banner, June 18, 1862.
4. Banner, June 18, 1862.
5. Ibid.
7. Banner, Jan. 29, 1862.
8. Banner, April 23, 1862.
9. Banner, July 9, 1862.
10. Tom Barrow, Leesburg, Va., to Helen Newton, Athens, Sept. 5,
Chapter V

1. T. R. R. Cobb to his wife, Nov. 22, 1862.


5. Freeman, Lee’s Lieutenants, II, 359.


7. Ibid., 194.

8. Bobby Richardson to his mother, Dec. 18, 1862.

9. Edgar Richardson to his family, Jan. 10, 1863.


12. Edgar Richardson to his family, Jan. 10, 1863.


14. Freeman, Lee’s Lieutenants, 387.

15. Ibid., 386-87.


17. Ibid., 196-97.

18. Ibid., 197.


22. Banner, Feb. 11, 1863.


27. Freeman, Lee’s Lieutenants, II, 528.

28. Ibid., 573.

29. Bobby Richardson to his sister Rebecca, Watkinsville, May 8, 1863.

30. Freeman, Lee’s Lieutenants, II, 658; Hull, Annals, 249.
32. Ibid.
33. Ibid. (quoted).

Chapter VI

2. William G. Delony, near Culpeper, Va., to his wife, Rosa, Athens, June 10, 1863. This letter, and all letters from Delony hereafter cited, are in the private collection of Delony's granddaughter, Mrs. Hunter Harris of Athens, and are used with her kind permission.
3. Freeman, Lee's Lieutenants, III, 10.
4. Delony to his wife, June 10, 1863.
5. Ibid.
6. Ibid.
7. Bobby Richardson to his family, June 29, 1863.
9. Thomas, Doles-Cook Brigade, 476.
10. Ibid., 485.
12. Ibid.
13. Freeman, Lee's Lieutenants, III, 125.
15. Ibid.
16. Ibid.
17. Ibid.
19. Delony to his wife, Aug. 18, 1863.
20. Ibid., July 20, 1863.
22. Ibid., Aug. 8, 1863.
23. Ibid.
27. Edgar Richardson to his sister Rebecca, Aug. 7, 1863.
29. Banner, Aug. 27, 1863.

Chapter VII

2. James Barrow, Quincy, Fla., to David C. Barrow, Athens, Dec. 31, 1863, in the Barrow Collection, University of Georgia Library.
4. Mary Ann Cobb to Helen Newton, Mar. 1, 1864, Carlton-Newton-Mell Collection; Coulter, Lost Generation, 92-93.
5. Coulter, Lost Generation, 95.
6. David C. Barrow, Athens, to Mr. Spratlin, Oglethorpe County, Feb. 26, 1864, Barrow Collection.
7. Mary Ann Cobb to Helen Newton, Mar. 1, 1864, Carlton-Newton-Mell Collection.
10. Watchman, Jan. 27, 1864.
11. Banner, Nov. 18, 1863.
13. Ibid.
15. Watchman, Jan. 20, 1864.
16. Mary Ann Cobb, Athens, to Howell Cobb, Macon, June 18, 1864.
17. Ibid.
18. Ibid.
22. Pope Barrow, Athens, to John
A. Cobb, Macon, June 18, 1864, H. C. Collection.
24. Hull, Annals, 280.
26. Watchman, June 1, 1864.
27. Mary Ann Cobb to her husband, June 27, 1864.
28. Ibid., June 22, 1864.
29. Howell Cobb to his wife, June 27, 1864.
30. Mary Ann Cobb to her husband, July 11, 1864.
31. Howell Cobb to his wife, July 14, 1864.
32. Mary Ann Cobb to F. W. C. Cook, Athens, July 12, 1864, H. C. Collection.
33. F. W. C. Cook to Mary Ann Cobb, July 13, 1864, H. C. Collection.
34. Howell Cobb to his wife, July 20, 1864.
36. Mrs. Marcellus Stanley, Athens, to her husband, Quincy, Fla., Aug. 11, 1864. This letter and the following correspondence between Captain and Mrs. Stanley are in a collection owned by Mrs. Thomas Stanley, Athens, and are used with her kind permission.
37. Ibid., Aug. 1, 1864.
39. This Bible is in the possession of Mrs. James Warren, of Athens, and is quoted with her kind permission.
41. Mary Ann Cobb to her husband, July 26, 1864.
43. Mary Ann Lamar Cobb, Macon, to Mrs. Howell Cobb, Athens, July 31, 1864.
44. Watchman, July 27, 1864.
45. Mary Ann Cobb to her husband, July 26, 1864.
46. Ibid., Aug. 3, 1864.
47. Louisa Booth Ashford, Watkinsville, to her son "Bud," August ?, 1864. This letter and that of Robert Booth afterward cited are in a printed booklet, edited by Kate Maness, and in the possession of Mrs. Monroe Butler and her daughter, Mrs. Don Terry, both of Athens, who kindly gave the author permission to use them.
49. Ibid., 468-69.
50. Ibid., 469.
51. Ibid., 470.
52. Ibid., 471.
53. Ibid., 469.
54. Watchman, Aug. 20, 1864.
55. Ibid.
56. Hull, Annals, 264.
57. Ibid., 274.
58. Mary Ann Cobb to her husband, Aug. ?, 1864.

Chapter VIII
1. Freeman, Lee's Lieutenants, III 559.
2. Ibid., 565.
4. Edgar Richardson to his family, Aug. 23, 1864.
5. Ibid., July 13, 1864.
6. Ibid., July 19, 1864.
8. Watchman, Feb. 15, 1865.
10. Ibid., March 22, 1865.
11. Ibid., Nov. 10, 1864.
12. Ibid., Jan. 18, 1865.
13. Ibid.
14. Ibid.
15. Edwin Newton, Petersburg, Va., to his family, Athens, March 30, 1865, Carlton-Newton-Mell Collection.
NOTES

18. Edwin Newton to his family, March 30, 1865.
22. Howell Cobb to his wife, April 27, 1865, H. C. Collection.
23. Howell Cobb returned to Athens and lived as a private citizen for three years, dying of a stroke while on a visit to New York City in 1868.

One of Tom Cobb's daughters, the frail "Birdie," married Hoke Smith, who became governor of Georgia.

Henry H. Carlton never again practiced medicine, but became editor of the Banner, studied law, entered politics, and was elected to the U. S. House of Representatives. He lived to fight again in the Spanish-American War.

Marcellus Stanley returned to Athens and became director of the Southern Mutual Insurance Company.

William S. Grady was survived by his son Henry Woodfin, who grew up to become a newspaper editor, statesman, and "spokesman for the New South."

Pope and Tom Barrow survived the war. Pope became a U. S. Senator. He married Sallie Craig, who as a school girl defied the Federal regiment in Pennsylvania.

In 1963, an even century after Tom Barrow and his tent-mate Howell Cobb, Jr. bedeviled their fellow soldiers, Tom's grandson, James Barrow, succeeded Howell's son, Carlisle Cobb, as Judge of the Superior Court of Georgia's western circuit.
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