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MEMORIES OF '64

BY

JOSEPH T. DERRY

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JOSEPH T. DERRY

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PREFACE

In 1898 I wrote some verses, which I called the Siege of Atlanta, and dedicated them to the Confederate Veterans. I have revised these verses, altering some of them and adding much new matter, thus giving them a wider scope. Therefore I send them forth again with a new name and again dedicate them to the Confederate Veterans.

JOSEPH T. DERRY.

MEMORIES OF '64.

BY

JOSEPH T. DERRY.

CANTO FIRST.

THE OPENING.

Atlanta's siege and cruel war's array,
With deeds of heroes in the dreadful fray,
When North and South in fiercest conflict met,
And Georgia's soil with patriot blood was wet—
Such is the theme of my advent'rous song.
Brave were the armies, and the conflict long;
For full three years embattled hosts had fought,
Complete success with toil and blood had sought,
But fickle Fortune did her smiles bestow
On one brave band, then on its gallant foe.
When gloomy winter days had passed away,
And sweetly bloomed the flowers of lovely May,
From winter quarters did the soldiers come,
Aroused by notes of bugle, fife and drum.
"Union!" the sturdy Northman's battle cry;
"State-Rights!" the fiery Southron's bold reply.
These rival shouts had often brought to light
As gallant deeds as e'er were seen in fight,
And now in deadly grapple once again
Shall close these armies of heroic men.
Under Joe Johnston's skillful guiding hand
Confed'rates hoped to firmly hold their land,
To rival Chickamauga's glorious fame,

And thus of Mission Ridge blot out the name
That caused the Fed'ral heart to throb with pride,
And hope for certain triumph to its side.
Around fair Dalton form the hostile lines;
Valor with hope and patriot zeal combines
To stir each host to great and gallant deeds.
Against Dug Gap his Fed'ral's Geary leads;
Reynolds and Grigsby force them back again,
And the Confed'rate yell wakes hill and plain,
Five times repeated, as the ground they held,
And fierce assaults at Rocky Face repelled.
At Mill Creek Bate and Stewart barred the way,
Cantey was at Resaca, there to stay,
Nor to McPherson's bold advance gave back,
While Johnston hastily supplied his lack
With Hindman ready for the fiercest fray,
And Cleburne's men who always won the day,
And Walker who so bravely ever stood,
All under orders of the gallant Hood.
Around Resaca now the armies formed,
And for two days the furious combat stormed.
Though firmly here Joe Johnston held his ground,
Another force brave Wheeler's horsemen found
Moving to south and west, their lines to turn;
And, though the Southern soldiers' hearts did burn
To try the issue on one well-fought field,
Their leader deemed it best this point to yield
And make his move to Sherman's correspond.
Near Cassville next his expectation fond
To bring his foe to battle as he willed,
Joe Johnston thought about to be fulfilled.
His orders set the soldiers' hearts aflame;
They greet the promised fight with loud acclaim;
For weary of the deadly skirmish line,

To end the campaign now their souls incline.
 O lovely day! with nature's face so fair,
 While scent of clover blossoms filled the air;
 The dew-drops glistened on the grass-clad hills,
 And at their feet flowed gently murm'ring rills.
 Ah! peaceful scene! How sad to think ere night
 On manly forms should darkly fall death's blight!
 O, never can my heart that day forget,
 When noble Legare Hill* his death-stroke met;
 One moment blooming in young manhood's pride,
 The next one dead, his sorrowing friends beside.
 Two comrades bore him to a humble cot;
 The Union marksmen saw, but harmed them not.
 Before the door they gently laid the dead,
 Then smoothed the curly locks about his head,
 And on his jacket pinned the hero's name,
 Hoping that gen'rous foes would see the same,
 And to their friend a fitting burial give.
 And this they did; ah! let the story live!
 The foemen placed a head-board at the mound,
 And on it carved the name which they had found.
 That day in skirmishing was wholly spent;
 At night our chieftains to a council went.
 Councils of war, they say, do never fight,
 And so this time it proved; for ere daylight
 Had come, we all were on our weary way,
 And crossed the Etowah that very day.
 From Dallas to the railroad next extend
 The long Confed'rate lines, where now we spend
 The time in fight and marches to and fro,
 Wherever we are called to meet the foe.
 No gen'ral battle on these lines occurred,
 Yet day and night the crash of arms was heard,

* Son of Hon. Joshua Hill, of Madison, Ga.

The musket's rattle and the cannon's roar,
And shouts of skirmishers, as evermore
These wooded dales and rugged hills among
Was song of shells and whistling minies sung.
At salient points fierce combats often raged,
But never at all points was battle waged.
At New Hope Church Joe Hooker tried his hand,
But was repelled by Stewart's gallant band,
While cannon's roar and thunder mingled came
With lightning's flash and musket's sheet of flame.
At Pickett's Mill next Howard tried to pierce
The valiant Southern line, but found too fierce
The fire of Cleburne's firm and steady van,
Kelly, Granbury, Bancum and Govan,
And Lowrey's men who joined them in the fray.
All fighting bravely, till they gained the day.
At Dallas, Bate McPherson's men assailed,
But to break through the Union lines he failed,
Though braver conflict ne'er was waged than then
By Tyler's, Lewis's and Finley's men.
And now in digging, marching and in fight,
From early dawn until the dewy night,
Wrestled the struggling hosts from left to right.
Decisive triumph neither side could win,
And each new day did strife anew begin.
Pine Mountain saw the fall of valiant Polk,
Who, when the South's first call her sons awoke
To war, his armor buckled promptly on.
Through dangers many he thus far had gone,
And oft escaped unscathed; but now, alas!
Death smote our brave, our loved Leonidas.
Of the sad war how great had been the cost!
What matchless heroes had our Southland lost!
First Albert Sidney Johnston, far the best

Of all our gallant leaders of the West;
Then peerless Stonewall, bulwark of our host,
Virginia's pride and all the Southland's boast;
And knightly Stuart, whose bright gleaming blade
Had oft a path through thronging foemen made.
How did we mourn these mighty leaders dead,
For whose dear lives so many prayers had plead!
And now another of the highest rank
In list of chieftains one more fatal blank
Had left; and more we'd lost of high renown,
Whose deeds in thrilling story have come down;
And countless heroes, of whom not a name
Has been recorded on the scroll of fame,
Whose death as sadly made fond loved ones mourn,
And rendered many a happy home forlorn.

CANTO SECOND.

KENNESAW.

Twin Kennesaw, from whose high peaks unfold
Vistas as fair as one can oft behold,
Next saw the armies round its sides and base,
Ready each other in fierce strife to face.
In front and on each flank through hill and dale
Strong lines of skirmishers their foes assail,
While frequent roar of furious concert made
With din of small arms warlike concert made.
Hood's men are charged by Hooker and Schofield,
But Stevenson and Hindman do not yield,
And charging now in turn they also fail
Over their gallant foemen to prevail.
'Twas on the twenty-seventh day of June,
When nature's voices seemed to be in tune,
And woodland songsters joined in sweetest lays
Heavenward to send their joyous notes of praise,
When Sherman's armies in one vast array
Marshalled to try the issue of the day,
And by one mighty effort put to rout
The Southern lines so steady, bold and stout.
Artill'ry shakes the ground with awful crash,
And through the air the shells like meteors flash,
While from the Union ranks huzzas are heard:
But loud above all valor's cry that stirred
Each Southern heart to most heroic deed,
And made it strong to follow duty's lead.
Brave Logan, strongly helped by Blair and Dodge,
Upon the mountain tried a force to lodge;
But Featherston their onset did repel,
And seven regimental leaders fell.
A furious charge on French's lines was made,

But Cockrell's troops with deadly fusillade
 Drove their assailants shattered, bleeding back,
 And followed them with fire that did not slack.
 Through Walker's skirmishers, front, left and right
 Th' assaulting columns with resistless might,
 Like that with which the waves on breakers dash,
 Force their quick way; but then at once the clash
 Of ringing bayonets and swords is heard,
 Wielded by Georgia's gallant Sixty-third,
 And butts of muskets freely used and well,
 While from old Kennesaw the battle yell
 Swelled on the air to cheer the little band,
 That onward rushed to stay the foeman's hand.
 "On Oglethorpes!"* McLaughlin loudly cried;
 With hearty shouts the gallant boys replied,
 And seized again the rifle pits, and fought
 As valiant men for home and country ought.
 But for few moments only could they stay
 The whelming mass that onward pushed its way.
 With heavy loss the Southerners retire;
 But French from Kennesaw now opened fire
 Upon the onward moving lines of blue,
 While Allen† and his skirmishers so true,
 Upon the hill-crest rally and renew
 Their fire, which, aided now by French's guns,
 Turns back the onset of the Northland's sons.

* The writer's own company, from Augusta, Ga., attached to the 63d Ga., the largest company in the regiment, half of whom were on the skirmish line that day under two gallant lieutenants, Blanchard and McLaughlin. The captain, Wilberforce Daniel, and Orderly Sergeant (afterwards Lieutenant) Walter Clark, as brave officers as ever drew sword, were with the other half of the company on the line of battle. Nearly 50 per cent. of the half on the skirmish line that day were killed, wounded or captured. A former captain, Louis Piquet, had lost his leg near New Hope church.

† J. V. H. Allen, major of the 63d Ga., commanding Walker's skirmishers on that day.

But through the rolling country south and west,
 Cleburne's and Cheatham's men, among the best
 Of all the Southern army, held their own,
 And thick the ground in front with slain had strown.
 The leaves caught fire, and flames were on the way
 To wounded foemen on the ground that lay.
 Brave Southern men with gentle pity stirred,
 With shout that was above the battle heard,
 Gave to the foe a truce their men to save;*
 Such chivalry so well befits the brave.
 The battle now was o'er, and Sherman's men
 To break Joe Johnston's lines had failed again;
 For bravely led by Hardee, Loring, Hood,
 Firm as a rock the Southern "boys" had stood.
 A sad remembrance of that stirring day
 Comes to me now and checks my martial lay.
 No better man than gallant George Pournelle
 E'er for his native country fought and fell.
 Whether he died upon that bloody field,
 Or did in prison his brave spirit yield,
 None ever knew. But long his faithful wife
 Hoped for his safe return, who was her life.
 Just four years later to the very day,
 Upon her dying couch that fond wife lay,
 Her wand'ring thoughts first turned unto her boy,
 Of her sad heart the only hope and joy.
 'Come, George, my son, and say your evening prayer,
 Kneel down, my darling, right beside me—there!
 Say sweetly: 'Now I lay me down to sleep,

* Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. H. Martin, seeing that the Union soldiers did not understand, raised a white handkerchief upon a stick as a flag of truce and informed the Federal soldiers that they could rescue their wounded. The Confederates leaped over their breastworks and assisted the Union soldiers in their work. A Federal officer, struck with this magnanimous deed, presented Colonel Martin with his own splendid brace of pistols.

Say on; 'I pray the Lord my soul to keep.'"
Then quick her thoughts unto another turned,
And in her glazing eye a faint light burned.
"A band of soldiers on the hill I see,
Yes! George, my love! I'm coming now to thee!"
These the last words that on this earth she spoke,
And in our hearts, who heard, assurance woke,
That she in heaven had surely met her love
In the bright fields of joy and peace above.
At Kennesaw had Sherman badly failed
With loss four times that of the men assailed.
But a new plan his fertile brain conceived,
Which his great loss to great extent retrieved;
He held his front with force more strong than those
Who firmly stood his onward march t' oppose;
He sent another round the left to go,
And thus outflank his brave and wary foe.
Sherman had thought that should his plan succeed
Full many a pris'ner he would captive lead,
And that our guns on Kennesaw's steep slope
Would then be lost to us beyond all hope.
But Johnston's men upon the mountain staid
Till ev'ry gun was down its side conveyed,
And skillfully maneuv'ring backward moved,
And for their cunning foe too wary proved,
Though Sherman tried to press on front and flank,
Johnston at leisure reached the river's bank,
Then o'er the Chattahoochee safely crossed,
With not a gun, not e'en a wagon lost.
Wondrous retreat! In not a single fight
Had Johnston's forces e'er been put to flight,
But in each battle stoutly had repelled
Superior numbers and their lines had held,
And when some flanking movement caused retreat,

With ready courage they the foe would meet,
And steady front with blazing line of fire
That forced unwilling halt; then slow retire.
But 'twas retreat and not what they had thought
Would happen, where and whensoever they fought.
And yet Joe Johnston trusting, they were sure
He soon would vict'ry for their arms secure;
They were as ever ready for the fight,
And still they felt their chief would manage right.
Not so at Richmond: for there was a fear
That the Gate City's certain fall was near.
Another leader 'twas resolved to try,
At once to set the skillful Johnston by,
And in his place to put the dashing Hood,
Who stoutly, firmly swore he never would
One foot more yield without a manly fight
To hold the land that was our own by right.
About the merits of these chieftains we
Unanimous in all things ne'er can be,
But on this one point all men must agree:
Each hero was a true and valiant knight,
Who fought his very best for country's right.

CANTO THIRD.

ATLANTA.

Atlanta's fall would open wide the gate,
 Through which his armies marching, strong and great,
 Sherman could lead, with devastating blight,
 To sweep the land and o'er it spread the night
 Of utter ruin, as he marked his path
 By light of burning homes and cut a swath
 Through ravaged fields and devastated lands,
 Whose helpless people, robbed by "bummer" bands,
 Might all be left to starve for aught he cared.
 This to prevent our crippled hero dared*
 To try the boldest methods, as he must,
 Or see Atlanta buried in the dust
 Of sad destruction, while her mournful fall
 Should bring dark ruin on the hopes of all.
 Desp'rate the task before our men that lay
 To keep the thronging hosts of foes at bay,
 Whom not our mountain strongholds had kept back,
 Would they now in the lower lands find lack
 Of means to force again their onward way?
 Ah! could we now the stronger army stay?
 That was the question Hood was forced to meet.
 Farther retreat, he thought, meant sure defeat;
 So whether Sherman flanked to left or right,
 He was resolved to strike with all his might.
 At Peachtree Creek a heavy blow was dealt;
 Hardee and Stewart made their presence felt
 In charging masses that at points broke through
 The hostile works; but as the billows do,

* Hood had been disabled in one arm at Gettysburg, and had lost a leg at Chickamauga.

When up the beach they move with sudden rush,
And ev-rything before them swiftly brush,
Then refluent roll; th' assailants thus again
By guns of Thomas forced with loss of men
Recoil; and ere the charge can be renewed,
Or other needed measures be pursued,
Pat Cleburne must be sent to brace the right,
Where Wheeler waged a bold and desp'rate fight.
The right was saved, and farther charge forbid,
And dark'ning night the fierce combatants hid,
Thus forcing peace until the dawn of day.
Sherman was moving still in his old way,
Hoping, that if in fight he could not rout
The Southern soldiers, he could turn them out,
And seize his prize. But dauntless Hood was there,
And bade his leaders once again prepare
To hurl their columns with resistless might
Against the Union flankers on his right.
July the twenty-second was the day,
That brought the rival armies to the fray,
That fiercest proved of all the long campaign.
Hardee and Wheeler struck their left amain,
While Cheatham charged and bravely pressed the fight.
And Smith's State troops toward the Union right,
And Stewart's valiant men, so strong and bold,
All fighting like intrepid knights of old.
McPherson fell upon the Union side,
And Walker's blood the soil of Georgia dyed,*
Each one a hero and a patriot too,
Doing the very best than man can do,
For what with all his soul he deemed the right.
And now into the thickest of the fight

*General Wm. H. T. Walker, of Georgia.

Pat Cleburne led his own and Walker's men,
Who made the echoing forests ring again
With what the Yankees called the "rebel yell";
And louder that inspiring cry arose,
As Cheatham charged right down upon his foes.
Then Manigault with Irwin Walker true,
Led their strong men against the lines of blue,
And L. P. Thomas, from brave Stovall's band,
With the stout foemen grappled hand to hand.
Both these brigades broke through and captured guns,
Driving from out their works the Northland's sons.
The battle raged and many a man went down,
But none more valiant that was John M. Brown;
Albert and Evan Howell bravely too
Led to the fight their stalwart men so true,
But Logan brought fresh masses to the field,
And tried to force the Southern line to yield.
Furious the fight, and men were falling fast;
Against o'erwhelming force no strength could last;
Slowly at length the Southern line goes back,
The Union men retake their works, but lack
The needed strength to farther press the fight.
Hardee still firmly held upon his right
Part of the works assailed, and proudly bore
Eight captured guns as trophies, while five more
Were Cheatham's prize, whose valiant men delight
To talk e'en now about their gallant fight.
Each side claimed vict'ry on this well-fought day;
But Sherman flanked no more toward that way.
The next week over on the other side
At Ezra church the game of war was tried,
And here again led on by Stephen Lee
Was shown a valor one can seldom see.
Time fails me all the gallant deeds to tell

*Of Wheeler, Kelly, Jackson and Dibrell,
 Of Martin, Armstrong, Iverson and Ross,
 Who faltered not to count the gain or loss,
 But to their country gave its utmost dues;
 Of Roddy, Av'ry, Ferguson and Crews.
 Who, with their valiant men so strong and bold,
 As brave as any gallant knights of old,
 Oft showed what Southern boys would gladly do,
 Impelled by love of country strong and true.
 And equal praise is Hume's or Allen's meed,
 Or Anderson's or Grigsby's, who in need,
 With Harrison and Hannon were on hand,
 To meet and scatter ev'ry raiding band.
 How many a vict'ry by these horsemen won
 Cheered the brave men who, toiling in the sun,
 And dust and dirt, behind the trenches lay,
 Striving to keep their thronging foes at bay.
 How gladly would we mention all that led,
 And all who fought or for their country bled,
 The batt'ries too! without their timely aid
 No long defence could ever have been made.
 So num'rous they, that we can only name
 Their chief in every corps, whose happy fame
 By leading such brave men was made secure,
 Melanchothon Smith's and Beckham's names endure,
 And Hallonquist and Williams well we know,
 And Robertson and Hamilton, not slow
 To meet each movement of their active foe;
 And over all was Shoup, whose timely aid
 Was always ready when some move was made;
 To him and Presstman much the army owed,

*Lieutenant General Joseph Wheeler commanded a magnificent corps of cavalry, the brigade and division commanders of which are here named. During the deadlock around Atlanta they gained two magnificent victories over Sherman's cavalry, defeating the expeditions of McCook and Stoneman with a loss to the enemy of nearly 3,000 men. They also scored many other successes of less note.

And high esteem for them the chieftains showed,
 And oft good news from other quarters came,
 Where the dread "Wizard of the Saddle's"* name
 Struck terror deep into the foemen's soul,
 While the fierce battle cry did upward roll
 As his gray columns with resistless might
 Swept all before them in disastrous plight
 And utter rout, when in confusion blent,
 Horsemen and footmen, guns and wagons went
 In headlong haste to find a safe retreat
 From gleaming blades they dared not wait to meet,
 The while that Forrest kept his border free
 In Mississippi and in Tennessee.
 And from Virginia's proud, illustrious land,
 Where matchless Lee led matchless hero band
 Whose hearts mid greatest perils never quailed,
 Nor 'gainst most fearful odds had ever failed
 To keep the Southern banner floating high
 Under the Old Dominion's glorious sky,
 Came cheering news, as field on field was won
 By deeds than which no braver e'er were done,
 As Lee kept stubborn Grant so long at bay,
 And 'gainst most desp'rate efforts won the day,
 While northward a swift thunderbolt he launched,
 That, as it sped, his foemen's faces blanched
 With dreadful fear lest their own capital
 Were destined 'neath these sturdy blows to fall.
 Atlanta's brave defenders' hearts were stirred
 To emulate these deeds, of which they heard,
 And filled with high resolve they did their best,
 The vict'ry from persistent foes to wrest.
 In August sadly our good city fared;
 Children, old men and gentle women shared
 The dangers of the soldiers in the front,

* General N. B. Forrest.

Who of long weary battles bore the brunt.
For Sherman's shells were falling thick and fast
With iron hail, that for a month did last.
'Twas very sad, yet passing strange to see
How from the hail of shells secure to be
Their little forts they built beneath the ground,
And off' both night and day a refuge found,
Yet not one word of yielding e'er was heard
From those brave hearts by love of country stirred.
At last our hard-beleaguered city fell,
But not by storming hosts, nor rain of shell;
Lines of supply were cut on ev'ry side,
And nothing more was left to Hood beside
A safe retreat. Shattered, but beaten not,
He marched to try on other fields his lot.
Of the destruction that befell the town,
And how in utter ruin it went down,
Alas! alas! how dreadful 'tis to tell!
We all remember the sad story well.
First, by the Northern Chieftain's stern decree,
Its people from their homes were forced to flee;
Then next, the torch was ruthlessly applied,
And, while the exiles' hopes in sorrow died
As the red conflagration mounted high,
There floated upward to the glowing sky
Gay martial strains, that mocked at brothers' woes
And showed how hardened were the hearts of those
Who could forget, how once for Freedom's land
At Fort McHenry stood a hero band
Whose triumph to a nation's song gave birth,
Full of sweet promise to th' oppressed of earth,
Breathing a holy prayer for all who stand
Between war's terrors and their native land.
Meanwhile in hope their falling cause to save.

In Tennessee the blue cross banners wave.
 Ah! tell me not of Franklin's bloody day,
 Where Cleburne died, while thickly round him lay
 The valiant men whom he so oft' had led,
 Where patriots for home and country bled.
 And with this gallant "Stonewall of the West,"
 So many of the bravest and the best
 Of the great leaders of that noble host
 Died for the land their spirits cherished most.
 No more Granbury's* gleaming blade shall flash,
 Nor Adams† 'gainst the foeman's breastworks dash,
 Nor Gist‡ ride down his line so firm and strong,
 Nor Strahl§ cheer on the men he led so long,
 Nor Carter|| strive from hostile grasp to free
 His well-beloved, his noble Tennessee.
 Now from my sight hide Nashville's fatal field,
 Where broken were the Southland's spear and shield.
 Army of Tennessee! though smitten sore,
 In triumph did thy banners wave once more
 For one short brilliant hour at Bentonville,
 And once again with hope thy bosom fill.
 But soon, ah! soon there came the mournful fall,
 And Appomattox was the end of all!
 Our fondest hopes went down in dark'ning shades,
 Illumed an instant by the flashing blades

* Brigadier-General Hiram B. Granbury, leader of the famous Texas brigade.

† Brigadier-General John Adams, of Tennessee, who fell mortally wounded, as he rode his horse across the enemy's works.

‡ Brigadier-General States Rights Gist, of South Carolina, who died at the head of his advancing men, just after riding down his line and cheering them on.

§ Brigadier-General Otho French Strahl, of Tennessee, who was shot down inside the enemy's outer works and close to their last line.

|| Brigadier-General John Carter, of Tennessee, who fell mortally wounded near the enemy's works.

*Of Gordon, Evans and of Fitzhugh Lee,
Leading the headlong charge so grand to see,
Which graced the parting of that Spartan band
Who fought with Robert Lee for Dixie's land.
The cause so dear to Southern hearts was lost!
And yet, though terrible had been the cost,
The South's brave sons had won undying fame,
And crowned with glory the Confed'rate name.

*John B. Gordon and Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, and Fitzhugh Lee,*of Virginia.

EPILOGUE.

Days of fraternal strife, thank God, are past!
 Ne'er to return, we trust; nor let there last
 Heart-burning thoughts of those embittered years,*
 Gloomy with force, oppression, wrong and tears,
 When the mailed hand of unrelenting hate
 Was raised to crush each prostrate Southern State,
 Till the great Court Supreme in might arose
 And checked the haughty power of Freedom's foes,
 While Northern ballots to our rescue came
 And from Columbia's shield effaced the shame
 Of sov'reign States by sister States oppressed,
 And gave from tyranny a grateful rest.
 But in our nation's heart let there remain
 Remembrance of each deed without a stain,
 Whether of Northern or of Southern son.
 On field by Fed'ral or Confed'rate won.
 States long estranged as one grew more to be,
 When the whole Nation was rejoiced to see
 Our loved Confed'rate chieftains, Fitzhugh Lee,
 Matt Butler and Joe Wheeler in command
 Of marshalled hosts of our united land.
 The Southern cross, 'neath which our soldiers true,
 Such mighty deeds of valor oft' did do,
 Will aye be dear to ev'ry Southern heart,
 Nor with its glorious mem'ries would we part
 For all that earth can give! Yet true are we
 To that old flag which floated proud and free,
 When borne by Washington and Harry Lee.
 If any dare deny the South this meed,
 We point to Bagley's death and Hobson's deed;
 To Victor Blue who found Cervera's fleet
 And helped prepare the way for Spain's defeat;

*The years of reconstruction.

To Wheeler on the heights of San Juan,
 And brave Hugh Berkely,* who fresh honors won,
 Adding new glory to his gallant sire
 And uncles three, who, mid the hottest fire
 Of Gettysburg, fell graced with noble wounds,
 With whose proud record Fame's loud trump resounds ;
 To Jenkins of the old Palmetto State,
 So prompt his father's deeds to emulate ;
 To Winship,† who in fight at Malabon
 Proved that he was a true Confed'rate's son ;
 To Fortson* who, mid soul-inspiring cheers,
 Fell leading on his Western volunteers ;
 And with those heroes, Smith‡ of Tennessee,
 Who, in that distant land across the sea,
 So freely offered for the Stripes and Stars
 The life oft perilled for the Stars and Bars.
 Henceforth may peace and love our States unite
 And may no note of discord mar the might
 Of our republic, giant of the West,
 Of all the lands the noblest and the best.
 Atlanta, center once of war and strife,
 From out her ruins rising to new life,
 With strength and beauty greater than of yore,
 Hath done her utmost to unite once more
 In loving bands the States of South and North,
 And from her portals fair have issued forth
 Those who, as blessed messengers of peace,§
 Have helped to make the wrath of brothers cease.

* A gallant young Virginian. Bagley was of North Carolina, Hobson of Alabama, and Blue of South Carolina.

† A naval officer, born in Macon, Ga., and son of a Confederate captain.

‡ A young Georgian of a well known Confederate family.

§ Colonel Smith, of the First Tennessee regiment, who died in the Philippines.

¶ Among the most conspicuous of these peace-makers we may mention Henry W. Grady, W. A. Hemphill, General Clement A. Evans and General John B. Gordon, the last of whom, though living in one of the suburbs, claims Atlanta as his city.