RAYMOND, MISS., IN WAR TIMES.
REMINISCENCES BY ONE WHO WAS A CHILD AT THE TIME.
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I was only six years old when the war began, but I recall July 4, 1863, when Vicksburg surrendered, and May 12, 1863, when was fought the battle of Raymond, Miss. My first idea of soldiers must have been early in the spring of 1861, when it was reported in our little town of Raymond: "The soldiers are coming!" (I did not know what soldiers meant, and my mother told me they were men who were about to fight each other; so I called them "Fight each others.") Early that morning my mother had me gather a bunch of flowers to throw at the soldiers passing by; yet when they did come along, I was too bashful to throw it, although one of the soldiers called to me: "Give me that." My conscience hurt me for years for not throwing the bouquet to him.

Near the beginning of the war the ladies of Raymond gave two concerts for the benefit of the company that went from that town. One of the songs was that sweet old quartet, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," sung by the Misses Callhoun, of Jackson, and their two brothers. There were also tableaux, and in one I was a fairy. The other concert was given in the courthouse, and "The Bonnie Blue Flag" was sung by several young ladies, each representing a Southern State and carrying its flag. After that our entertainments were few, for as the war went on news came of the death on the battlefield of so many of our brave young men, and so many families were in sorrow that no one had the heart to dance and sing. In 1862 my mother began to teach school, for she knew that if we were not victorious some one would have to make the living for the family; besides, she had to support our negro cook, who had four children. The rest of our slaves went to the Yankees.

Some time prior to July 4, 1863, several families refugees to Raymond from Vicksburg to avoid the horrors of the siege and the shells from Yankee gunboats. Among these was the family of Mr. Walter Brooke (later U. S. Senator Brooke). These families brought from their homes some furniture.

My mother and Miss Martha Dalney were in the habit of taking long walks before breakfast, and sometimes would walk toward Cooper's Wells, a summer resort four miles distant, on the road to Jackson, or Bolton. One morning they had planned to walk in the direction of Utica, when Judge Dalney overtook note to say that there were rumors of a battle he thought best for them to postpone their walk. That was the day of the battle of Raymond, May 12, 1863. Of course the Yankees passed through Raymond on his way to Jackson, Miss. As they neared Jackson the home of General Freeman was passed Miss Freeman stepped to the door with a Confederate flag in her hand and sang "Bonnie Blue Flag," whereupon the Yankees promptly burned down her house. This was only a beginning, for they burned so many houses in Jackson that the town was called "Chimneyville." The incident about Miss Freeman and the flag was told us by "Uncle Tom," the carriage driver of General Freeman. His wife, "Aunt Mary," belonged to us. "Uncle Simon," carriage driver for my guardian, who lived in another town twelve miles distant, came one day with a message to my mother that a party of Yankee soldiers had visited a neighboring plantation, gone to the family vault, and taken therefrom a small metallic coffin containing the body of a baby, and kicked the coffin all over the yard. An account of this vandalism was afterwards published in a Mississippi paper. Some years later while looking through our family Bible I found a clipping telling of the incident.

One of the first things the ladies of Raymond did was to organize a sewing society for the benefit of the soldiers. The Episcopal church (St. Mark's) was the place of meeting, and the Misses Peyton, Dalney, Nelson, Gray, Belcher, Alston, Mrs. Gibbs, and my mother were prominent in the movement. From time to time boxes of clothing were sent to the soldiers. Our church bells were given to be made into cannon.

But to return to the battle of Raymond. The battle began early in the morning, and all day long people lined the street.
The first wounded soldier I saw was a Yankee, a young man. I remembered the officer had red hair, and he leaned on his left arm. It seemed pitiful to me, even though he was a Yankee. The next morning, in the afternoon, the battle ended, and instead of going in the fields, we turned down the street, into the roads between the houses and flower beds. At the very first the vanguard of the town hauled down the flag of the Confederate States and burned it. It was raining, and the ladies of the town helped to nurse the wounded soldiers in the courthouse and in the houses of the clergy, Episcopalian and Baptist churches. A few dangerously wounded soldiers occupied a private residence. Two of the wounded were housed in the yard, but were afterwards removed to the National Cemetery at Vicksburg.

At the end of the war the very first greenbacks my mother acquired were from the sale of a beautiful silk quilt that she had pieced together. A young Jew started a dry goods store in Raymond and got married, and he gave mother thirty dollars for the quilt, which he gave as a bridal present to his wife. The next greenbacks were from the sale of Old Beck and the spring wagon.

Where General Armistead Fell.—Milton Harding, Ashville, N. C., of Company G, 9th Virginia Infantry, writes: "The June Veteran contains an account of the part borne by my old commander, Gen. L. A. Armistead, in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863. The account accords with my recollections except in a few minor details. General Armistead evidently received his mortal wound immediately after crossing the stone wall at that point. I was within six feet of him to his left, and observed that he staggered painfully, and could barely keep his feet until he reached the enemy's guns (Cushing's, I think), some sixty feet from the wall, although he continued to lead the charge like the hero he was. As he slapped his left hand on the gun he sank to his knees, and then fell full length to his right. I asked him if I could do anything for him. He requested me to get a small flask of brandy from the satchel he had carried by a strap from his shoulder, and from this he drank a swallow or so. I asked where he was wounded. He replied that he was struck in the breast and arm. In answer to my offer to assist him, he advised me to look out for myself. About that time the enemy recaptured the guns, and I, with others, retreated to the stone wall, where I was taken prisoner. I was carried first to Westminster, Md., and next to Fort McHenry, in Baltimore Harbor, then to Fort Delaware, and later to Point Lookout. In February, 1865, I was exchanged and returned to Richmond."