

"THE DAYS OF '61."

MEMORIES THAT CARRY US BACK
TO "WAY BEFO' E DE WAH."

A Member of the Macon Volunteers Talks
With a Reporter—Days that Live and
Deeds that Blaze Like Beacon
Lights in Every One's Heart—

A Quarter of a Century
Ago and Some of Its
Shining Scenes and
Incidents, Etc. Etc.



SAMUEL DUNLAP.

"When the war-drum throbs no longer
And the battle-flags are furled,
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world."

Genial, hearty, honest, whole-souled, Sam Dunlap! Why, every man, woman and child, from the "Great Smoky" to the Gulf, and the Tombigbee to the Atlantic, will smile back a recognition to the pleasant countenance we picture.

Born in Connecticut, while yet a young man, in 1854, he came South, and located in this State, first at Fort Valley, and removing from there shortly afterward to Americus, where he first developed his capacity for a commercial life. After some years residence here he associated himself in business with P. H. Oliver, at Albany, building a large store. At Albany he was unfortunate enough to lose his wife, by a stroke of lightning and shortly after returned to his first love, Americus, where the outbreak of civil war found him. He enlisted, serving first in the company of his relative, Capt. I. R. Branham, of Co. B, of the

MACON VOLUNTEERS,

and afterward in the cavalry under Major B. G. Lockett.

The Macon Volunteers! Why the very name brings back to our ears the sounds of '61. A quotation from an eminent Southern author comes unbidden: "There came a sound of drums. Twice on such a day, once the day before, thrice the next day, till by and by it was the common thing. High stepping childhood, with laths and broom-handles at shoulder, was not fated, as in the insipid days of peace, to find, on running to the corner, its high hopes mocked by a wagon of empty barrels rumbling over the stones. No; it was the Washington Artillery, the Crescent Rifles, or the Orleans Battalion, or best of all, the blue-jacketed, white-leggined, red breeched and red fezged Zouaves; or better than the best, it was all of them together, their captains stepping backward, sword in both hands, calling 'Left! left!' 'Guide right!' 'Carry arms!' and facing round again, throwing their shining blades stiffly to belt and epaulette, and glancing askance from under their abundant plumes to the crowded balconies above.

"What pomp! What giddy rounds! Pennons, cock-feathers, clattering steeds, pealing salvos, banners columns, ladies' favors, balls, concerts, toasts—don't you recollect? and this uniform and that uniform,

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BROTHER A CAPTAIN,

father a colonel, uncle a major, the little rector a chaplain; and a supper to this company, a flag to that battalion, farewell sermon to the artillery, tears and a kiss to a spurred and sashed lover, hurried weddings—no end of them—a sword to such a one, addresses by such and such, serenade to Miss and to Mademoiselle.

It is now more than a quarter of a century ago.

And yet do you not hear them now, coming down the broad, moon-lit street, the light that was made for lovers' glancing on bayonet and swords, soon to be red with brother's blood, their brave young hearts already lifted up with the triumph of battles to come, and the trumpets waking the midnight stillness with their gay notes?

"Again, again the pealing drum,
The clashing horn, they come they come;
And lory deeds and daring high
Blend with their notes of victory."

Ah! the laughter; the music; the bravado; the dancing; the songs! "Dixie!" "The Bonnie Blue Flag!" Later, the maidens at home learned to sing a little song—it is among the missing now. A part of it ran:

"Sleeping on grassy couches;
Pillowed on hillocks damp;
Of martial fame how little we know
Till brothers are in the camp."

By and by they began to depart. How many they were! How many, many! We had too lightly let them go.

They were many still, while far away; but

SOME MARCHED NO MORE, -

and others marched on bleeding feet, in rags; and it was very, very hard to hold the voice steady and sing on through the chorus of the little song:

"Brave boys are they!
Gone at their country's call.
And yet, and yet, we cannot forget
That many brave boys must fall."

• • • • Farewell, Byronic youth! You are not of so frail a stuff as you have seemed. You shall thirst by day and hunger by night. You shall keep vigil on the sands of the Gulf and the banks of the Potomac. You shall grow brown, but prettier. You shall shiver in loathsome tatter, yet keep your grace, your courtesy, your joyousness. You shall ditch and lie down in ditches, and shall sing your sassy songs of defiance in the face of the foe, so blackened with powder and dust and smoke that your mother in heaven would not know the face of her child. And you shall borrow to your heart's content chickens, hogs, rails, milk, buttermilk, sweet potatoes, what not; and by the camp-fire of the Shennandoah Valley sing "the years creep slowly by, Lorena," to messmates with shaded eyes, and "Her bright Smile haunts me still." Ah, boy! there's an old woman still living—your bright smile haunts her still. And there shall be blood on your sword, and blood—twice—thrice—on your brow. Your captain shall die in your arms, and you shall

LEAD CHARGE AFTER CHARGE.