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Dickison Mary Elizabeth
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CAPTAIN J. J. DICKISON,
C. S. A., 1864.
DICKISON AND HIS MEN.

REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR IN FLORIDA.

By MARY ELIZABETH DICKISON.

"These are deeds that should not pass away, and names that must not wither."

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Governor David S. Walker:

TO YOU,

OUR DISTINGUISHED EX-CHIEF EXECUTIVE AND
EVER-LOYAL FRIEND,

I RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS LITTLE VOLUME.

Honored for your public services, adorned by every social virtue, admired for the gentle dignity and suavity of manner, and beloved by the people among whom your noble life has been passed, I feel a proper pride when I present you to the youth of our fair land as one whose example is a model for imitation.

"In action faithful and in honor clear,
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who won a title, and who lost no friend."

"DICKISON PARK," July 4, 1889.
PREFACE.

TO THE READER: Let me feel your hand clasp in kindly greeting, while I tell of the daring deeds of "DICKISON AND HIS MEN."

In the development of our reasoning powers, there is a fascination in the beautiful truth revealed, the charming lesson taught, that our life is a dual one, made up of the material and spiritual, the real and ideal. Truly inspiring and elevating the knowledge that it is not all of life to eat and sleep; for in our hearts throbs loud the truth, that "man for nobler ends has birth." We daily learn that more than one-half our pains and pleasures is derived from the imagination of the mind, either in the contemplation of ideal beauty or in brooding over imaginary evils. There is an inspiration that awakens the deepest emotions in the soul, in contemplating objects that bring up associations of the past. There is an inexpressible pleasure in the perusal of long-treasured letters written by our loved ones around their camp fires, or by dear ones who have gone before to the spirit world. How sweet the silent language even a faded flower breathes, of brighter, happier days!

We can not well analyze the sentiment, but it seems to be an attribute of the human mind to pay instinctive homage to all that is noble and grand in the warrior, the statesman, the poet, the artist. With what earnestness and interest do we gaze upon some trifling relic that bears the impress of ancient workmanship! The excavations in Indian mounds reveal long-buried utensils of pottery that were made by these untutored sons of the forest, and are regarded with interest by the race that now own their old hunting grounds, and have built cities over the burial places of their dead.
The museums of the world are filled with coins and trinkets that seem but broken links in that mysterious chain which connects the spirit of the living present with the long-buried past.

The recent exhibition in Paris of curious portraits more than two thousand years old, that have been lately opened, once ornamented Egyptian burial places, and have been admirably preserved. Only the classic student and antiquary can properly appreciate this valuable collection of antique relics.

We know that the governments of Europe expend annually large sums of money in digging up the ruins of old, buried and almost forgotten, cities—some of them once buried beneath a deep river of burning lava flowing from Vesuvius, and, in the course of centuries, forming an almost impenetrable crust; and they treasure, as almost beyond price, defaced images and broken columns that possess no other value or merit than that they were carved by hands now moldering in the dust of long-gone centuries.

To a practical mind such relics possess no value, and the public bounty expended in discovering and collecting them seems to be an unpardonable waste of time, labor and money. But the wise and sagacious statesmen understand human nature to a better purpose, and know, that in catering to that almost universal sentiment of the human mind and heart, they are insensibly binding the affections of the subject and strengthening the hands of government. Among these ancient collections of art and trophies of war, that crowd the palaces and public edifices of the capitals of Europe, are many held in such sacred veneration that their loss would be regarded as a national calamity.

In obedience to that all-pervading sentiment I have so feebly attempted to describe and illustrate, I have lovingly cherished many sacred memories of the "Lost Cause," and carefully guarded the records of as gallant a defense as was ever made by a wronged people, and am now led by its promptings to chronicle a few events