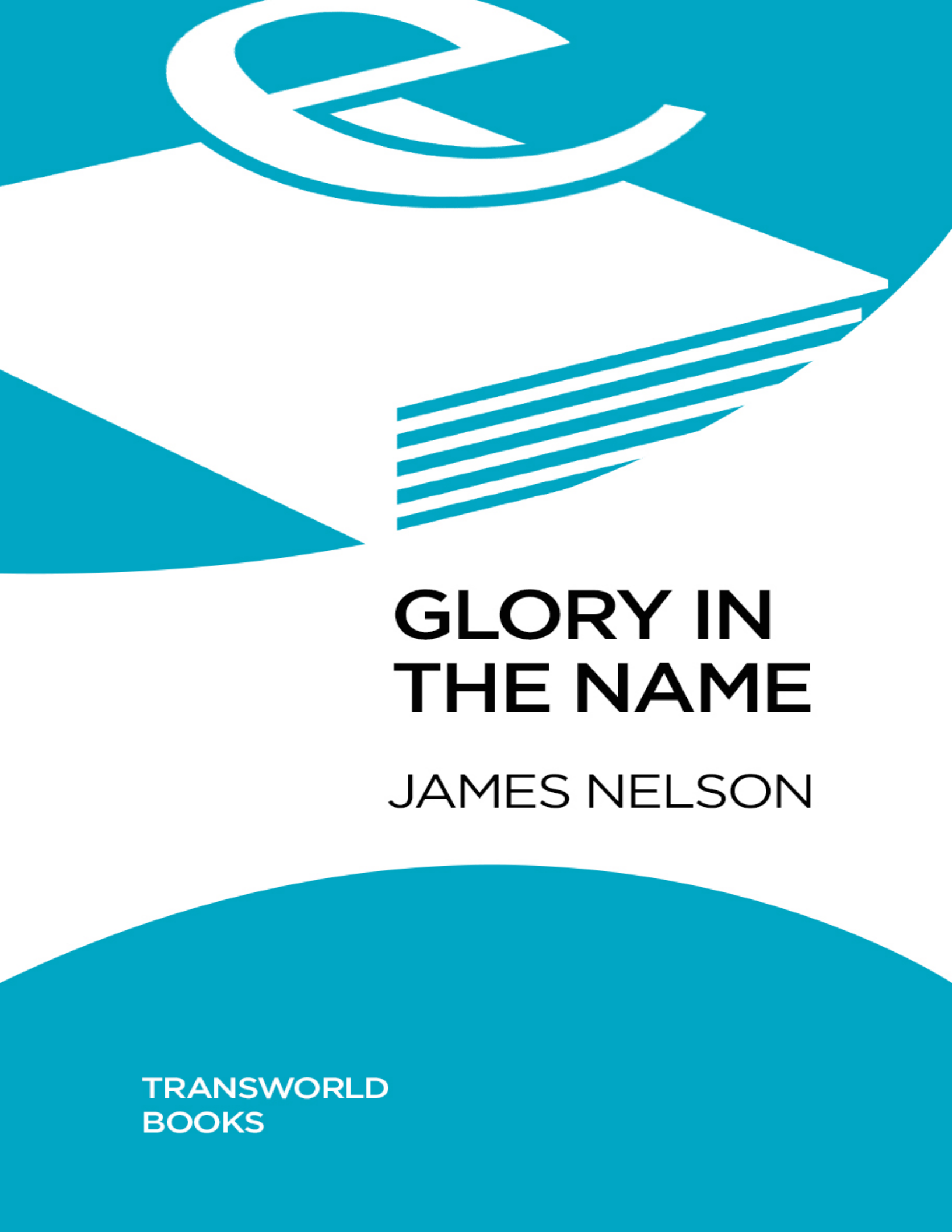




# GLORY IN THE NAME

JAMES NELSON

TRANSWORLD  
BOOKS

## About the Book

At the outbreak of the Civil War, the Confederate Navy must defend nearly 3,000 miles of coastline with only a meagre collection of ships and a handful of men. These include Sam Bowater, a former lieutenant in the United States Navy, who obtains his cherished first command in a tugboat turned gunboat, the *Cape Fear*, with a ragtag crew. Struggling with the pressures of his first command, in a naval service which is still learning the ropes, Bowater finds himself and his men the only defence between the Confederate shores and the massive Union Navy.

From Hampton Roads to Roanoke Island, to an exciting, bloody night time river fight for New Orleans, *Glory In The Name* vividly brings to life the dramatic naval battles of the Civil War.

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# Glory In The Name

A Novel of the Confederate Navy

James Nelson

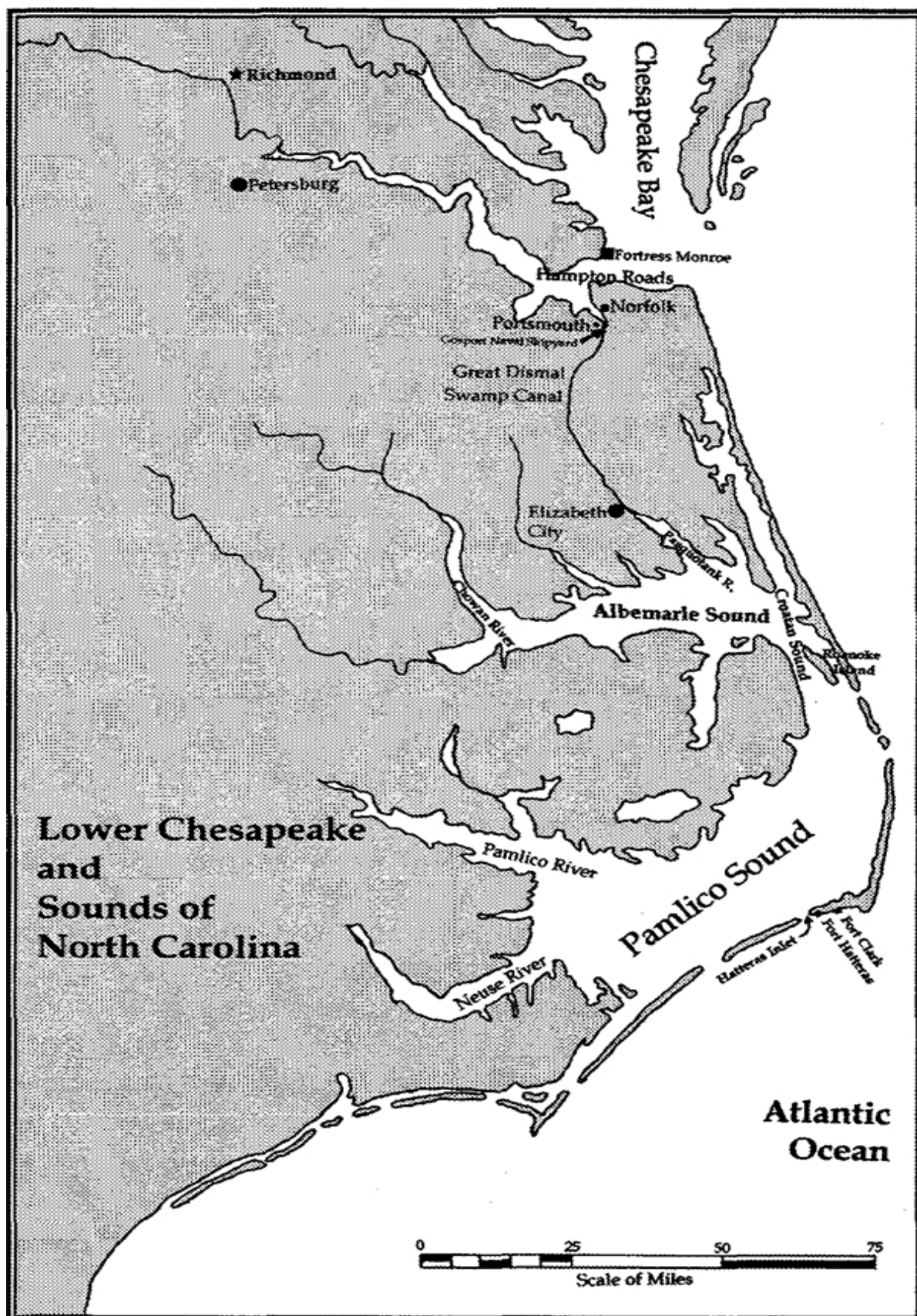
*To Ed Donohoe – engineer, mariner, raconteur – in grateful  
appreciation of your help and friendship*

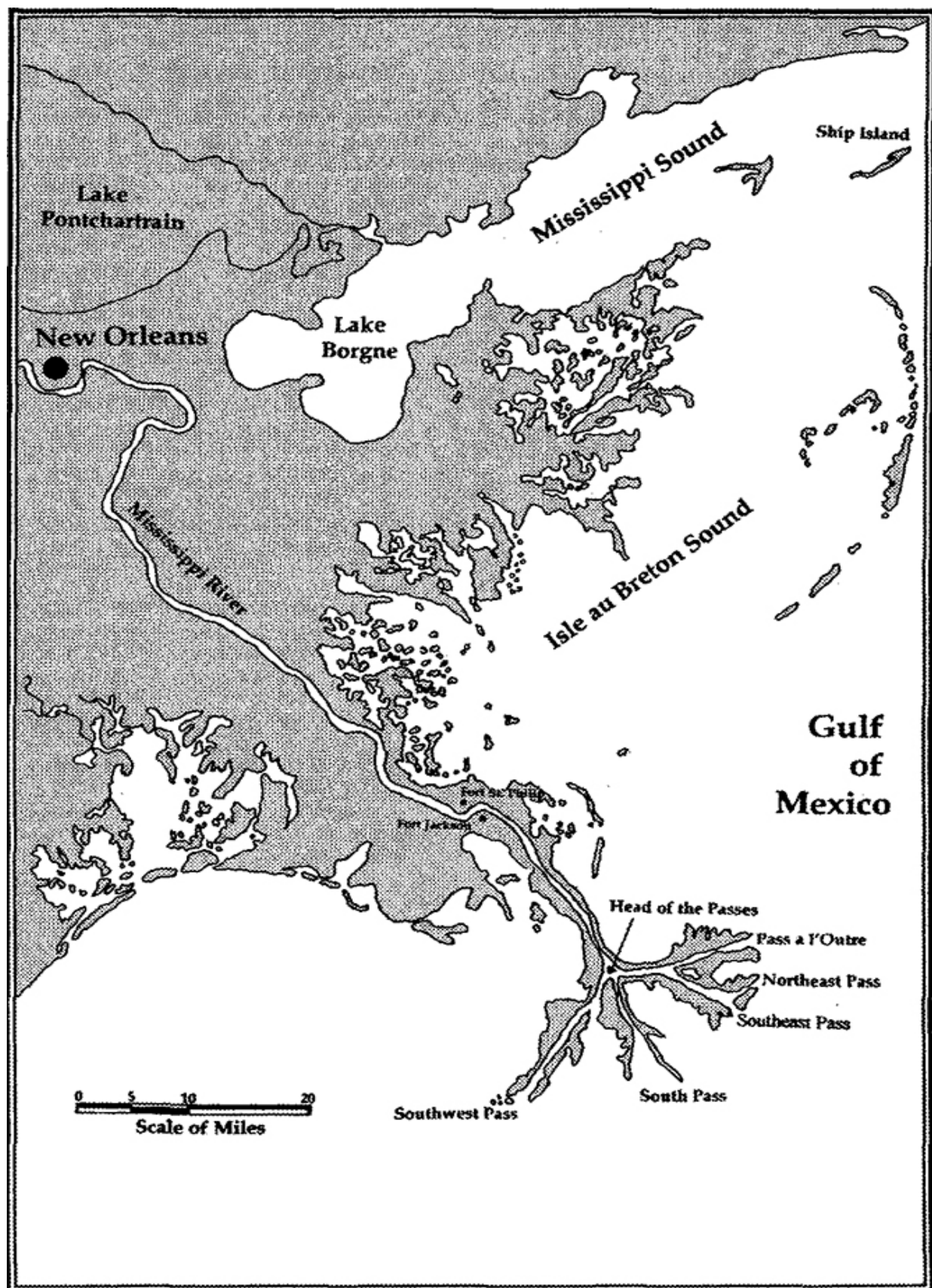
*Then call us Rebels if you will  
We glory in the name,  
For bending under unjust laws  
And swearing faith to an unjust cause,  
We count as greater shame.*

*—Richmond Daily Dispatch, May 12, 1862*

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# BOOK ONE

## A Thimbleful of Blood

# CHAPTER 1

*. . . [A]t twenty-five minutes past four o'clock a.m., the circle of batteries with which the grim fortress of Fort Sumter is beleaguered opened fire.*

—Report of the *Charleston Press*

OIL ON CANVAS, in his signature fine brushstroke, Samuel Bowater painted the opening shot of the War for Southern Independence.

He stood on a small, grassy rise at White Point Gardens at the very tip of Charleston, where the Cooper and Ashley rivers met. From there he looked out over the dark water of Charleston Harbor, six miles to the open ocean and the weak gray band of light in the east.

It was a cool morning, early April, and the damp found its way through his frock coat and the white linen shirt he wore under it. Civilian clothing, not nearly as warm as the uniform he was used to. A cloak coat was draped over his shoulders. He pulled it snug, rubbed his arms together, hunched his shoulders as he waited for the light to come up. The air smelled heavily of salt marsh and the smoke from early-morning fires wafting from chimneys. What sounds there were were muted and distant – birds and crickets, the lap of waves, the creaking of ships at the wharves.

Charleston was holding its breath. It had been for some time, since Anderson left Fort Moultrie for Sumter, and it could not continue to do so much longer.

In front of him, still lost in the predawn dark, the twenty-by-twenty-four-inch canvas on which he had been working for the past five mornings.

Samuel stared out past the black humps of land which were just becoming visible in the morning light, out toward the sea, where the growing dawn was beginning to bleach out the stars and the night sky.

He wanted to be ready for that moment when night yielded to dawn, when the daylight asserted itself and the tenor of everything changed. It was a moment he had witnessed a thousand times at sea, and now he wanted to re-create it on the canvas.

And then, right in front of him and four miles off, a sharp muzzle flash of red and orange, and lifting up from that flash, a long, hair-thin arc of light where the burning fuse of the shell tracked against the dark sky. Samuel Bowater swallowed, closed his eyes as the familiar flat *pow* of the distant artillery caught up with him.

It was followed immediately by another, and then the twin explosion of the shells.

*So it shall be war . . .*

It was a resolution, at least. For months Bowater had been knocked about by the crosscurrent of speculation and rumor; the likelihood of peace, then the near certainty of war, then back again. Now, with the single jerk of a cannon's lanyard, the question was decided.

*Morris Island*, he thought. The shot had come from Morris Island. Stevens's Iron Battery.

Samuel Bowater, thirty-three years of age, lieutenant, United States Navy, on extended leave, had been kicking around his hometown of Charleston for months with little to do. He had come to know the harbor defenses well.

It would be days before he learned that the honor of firing that first shot had been offered to Congressman Roger Pryor of Virginia. That Pryor, understanding as Bowater did the enormity of the act, could not bring himself to pull the lanyard.

It would be a long four years before he read that the man who did finally discharge that shot, Edmund Ruffin, put a

gun to his head rather than suffer the unbearable burden of a lost cause.

But that was in the future.

Samuel opened his eyes.

From all around Charleston Harbor, from Fort Moultrie and Stevens's Iron Battery, the Floating Battery, and the Dahlgren Battery, the Enfilade Battery and Major Trapier's Battery and Fort Johnson, the guns opened up on the sixty-eight Union troops huddled in Fort Sumter. The dark harbor was ringed with flashes of light, the bombardment so insistent that in some places it looked as if the shore had taken fire, and the bright trails crisscrossed the sky.

It was an awesome sight, beautiful and terrible at the same time. But in his mind Samuel Bowater saw only that first flash, that first arch of light.

The sky was growing rapidly brighter, and Samuel picked up his thinnest brush. He angled his paint kit toward the east, found the tube of cadmium yellow, squeezed a pea-sized drop on his palette. He stood back, but it was not yet light enough for him to see the canvas. He picked up the easel, turned it so the gray dawn light fell on the painting.

He took one last look at the harbor, the flames from the guns' muzzles, the streaks through the air like a hundred falling stars, and now the bright flash and deep rumble of shells that found Fort Sumter and exploded against its twelve-foot-thick walls.

Samuel turned back to the canvas. He dabbed the brush in the yellow paint, sighed, touched the sharp pointed bristles to the canvas right at Morris Island, and made a little slash of light, up and off to the left.

He squeezed yellow ocher onto the palette, augmented the yellow on the canvas, and then added red, blending the colors until he had the subtle multihues of a muzzle flash, as he himself had seen it that morning and so many times before.

He stood back, dabbed the cadmium yellow again, took a deep breath. One stroke to paint the trail of the shell's fuse, but it had to be perfect. He moved his hand over the canvas, the brush less than an inch from the surface, practicing the trajectory.

The dull sounds of the ceaseless bombardment surrounded him like a soft gray blanket of noise. And below that sound he heard another – cheering, shouting from the rooftops and along the harbor walls and from the ships tied up to their docks – but like the gunfire he was hardly aware of it. He was no longer in that scene, he was completely in his canvas. The painting was his world and he was aware of no other.

Slash, slash, and then the tip of the brush came down on the canvas and a long, arching yellow streak cut across the oil sky, reaching its apex and dropping toward the small hump that was Fort Sumter.

Samuel Bowater stepped back, let out his breath, took in the canvas as a whole.

Perfect. It was just as he had seen it. Now, regardless of what happened next, of what he saw in the years to come, of how his memory of that morning was polluted by the dubious influences to which memory is susceptible, regardless, that moment was captured forever in oil.

He pulled his eyes at last from his canvas. A dozen people had joined him on his grassy rise, pointing toward the batteries and whooping and shouting and carrying on without the least shred of dignity, and more were hurrying toward them.

They had come to gawk, while Bowater had come to paint. He frowned at the intrusion, disapproved of the sentiment that made those civilians come running as if this act of war was a burlesque. Under his own strict code, he would not consider indulging his curiosity in so crass a way.

Samuel turned back to the action in the harbor.

The sun was up, dull yellow behind the veil of thin clouds, and the muzzle flashes and the streaks from the flying shells were not nearly so bright. But the sound was a continuous rumble now, and the gray clouds of smoke hung like morning mist over the batteries.

The smell of gun smoke reached the city at last. Samuel took a deep breath, and with that smell a thousand memories came back. Until he had taken leave of the navy five months before, there was rarely a day that passed that he did not smell it.

He shook his head as he watched the barrage that was being released on Fort Sumter. Those walls might well have collapsed by now, he thought, if they had been built by anyone other than the government of the United States. Bowater had not seen anything like it, not for fourteen years, not since the Mexican War, when, as an ensign fresh out of the Naval School at Annapolis, he had participated in the shelling of Veracruz.

For some long time he watched in silence and tried to fathom what this meant for him, but it was so very complicated and the gunfire was so murderous and the shouts of the people on the rise so distracting that he could not think.

*Sumter has not fired back.* He wondered if they had surrendered. The rumor was that they were nearly out of provisions, that bombardment or no they could not remain long on that little island.

Samuel picked up his haversack and stuck his hand inside, felt the cool brass of his telescope. He pulled it out, let the haversack fall. He snapped it out full length, brought it up to his eye, fixed Fort Sumter in the lens.

There it was, undulating in the light offshore breeze. The Stars and Stripes.

*Oh, say can you see . . .* Samuel thought of the words to that popular song. A circumstance just like this, when it was

written, but then at least the flag stood against a foreign enemy, all of the United States battling their common foe.

He took the glass from his eye, snapped it shut. *Always hated that song, mawkish, overwrought sentimentality . . .*

The bombardment had settled into a steady monotony. Samuel stared at his canvas, crossed his arms, rested his chin in one hand, stroked his perfectly groomed mustache and goatee, and considered what he had done.

Over the past five days he had worked on the sky and the distant land, filling the canvas with rich purples and greens and oranges, creating a lush early-morning scene.

*Talk about mawkish, overwrought sentimentality . . .*

He had been trying to eschew the silly romanticism of the Hudson River School, of Washington Allston – revered in South Carolina – of Thomas Cole and that lot. He had failed.

Samuel scowled at the canvas, squeezed a bit of blue and black on his palette, swirled it together. *Get rid of some of this purple . . .* he thought.

With delicate strokes, like fingers on a lover's cheek, he applied the paint to the top of the canvas, recreating the dark fringes of the western morning sky. He lost himself in the work, and the morning hours and the drama before him faded away as he got inside the painting, becoming part of its reality and dabbing away in an effort to make it reflect the reality he saw and felt.

After some time he heard footsteps behind him, on the soft grass. He felt his stiletto-sharp concentration waver, and he cursed under his breath. He waited for the stranger to come up, look over his shoulder, make some comment. Every passing philistine felt welcome, almost obliged, to look and comment.

Sometimes they would make a noncommittal grunt, sometimes say a word or two. Sometimes they would praise his work, which was the worst. Bowater could not tolerate praise coming from someone unqualified to give it, which was just about everybody.

The footsteps stopped. Samuel could feel the presence of someone behind. He braced. A woman's hand reached past his arm, pointed to the American flag, a tiny spot of red, white, and blue he had painted over Sumter.

'May as well paint that right out,' his sister said.

'Are you a secessionist, now, Elizabeth?'

'I always have been, brother. Sitting on a fence is unladylike. But more to the point, has this gunfire knocked you off? And if so, on which side have you fallen?'

Samuel had joined the navy, entered as midshipman at the Naval School – now the Academy – at seventeen, driven by his father's urging and a love for the sea with which he was born, as much as he was born with arms and legs and brown eyes.

With the one exception of the Mexican War at the very beginning of his career, Samuel Bowater's time in the navy had been largely uneventful. For the past decade everyone's career in the somnambulant United States Navy had been largely uneventful. But that was over. And service in the United States Navy was over for him.

'In any event, Colonel Chesnut says not a thimbleful of blood will be shed in this war,' Elizabeth said.

'Indeed.'

The garrison at Fort Sumter was firing back now, stabs of flame just visible as they shot out from the gray walls of the fort. Heroic, futile defiance. Not the sort of action that would lead to a bloodless revolution.

Samuel Bowater had not thought much about any of the questions that were tearing the nation apart, questions of sovereignty and the permanence of Union, questions of slavery. He was of the navy, half of the past fourteen years he had spent in foreign service, where his only connection to his home was his fellow officers, most of whom were Yankees, and the Stars and Stripes flying at the gaff.

Samuel Bowater was a man of the sea and he did not give a damn what happened in Kansas or Nebraska or Missouri. It

was all very abstract to him, very theoretical, like a discussion of the latest elections in England or the uprisings in Germany. The United States Navy was what he knew and loved. And now he would have to reject it, and fight against it.

Samuel had joined the navy, but he had been born to South Carolina, and in the end he knew where his loyalty lay. He knew that he did not care for the Yankees deciding any question that related to his beloved state. But he could not hate the Yankees as so many of his fellow Southerners did. He had messed with too many of them.

The gunfire continued without letup. It was nearing noon and the barrage had not slackened in the least since that first shot at four-thirty. Bowater was terribly hungry.

'I think perhaps it is time to go home,' Samuel said. He cleaned his brushes and carefully packed his paint kit. He treated it with such care that it looked exactly as it had the day he bought it. Other painters wore special smocks to protect their clothes, which always seemed foolish to Samuel. If you were careful, you did not need a smock. There was no excuse for splattering paint on your clothes.

He took the canvas off the easel and leaned it against his haversack and folded the easel up.

He looked up, and his eye caught a cluster of dark shapes on the horizon. Ships, though a less experienced eye might not have recognized them as such, or might not have seen them at all.

Samuel fished his telescope out again, trained it on the distant vessels. Men-of-war, Union ships. They were just outside the harbor entrance, a good five miles off, but he thought that he recognized the profile of the twin-screw steamer USS *Pawnee*. She was less than a year old, but he had seen her often enough for her profile to be familiar.

In company with her he recognized the *Harriet Lane* and a steamer that he did not know. An expeditionary force, no doubt sent for the relief of Fort Sumter. He shook his head.

'Too damned late,' he said. 'The war has started without you.'

## CHAPTER 2

*The streets of Charleston present some such aspect as those of Paris in the last revolution. Crowds of armed men singing and promenading through the streets, the battle blood running through their veins . . .*

—William Russell, London  
*Times*

SAMUEL AND ELIZABETH Bowater left White Point Gardens and walked through a Charleston that Samuel had never seen, a jubilant, ecstatic, self-congratulatory Charleston. There was a universal joy and goodwill; it was Christmas and Easter and the Fourth of July, and many times more than that.

Sumter was fired upon. The waiting was over, the war had commenced. South Carolina, leader in secession, was the leader in the fight. Now that powder was burning, those states of the upper South – sister North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Missouri – had to secede and then join in with the Confederacy. Now there was only to lick the Yankees and the South would be free.

Samuel was not immune to this mood, not entirely, though he found the crowd's enthusiasm cheap and facile. Still, there was a new liveliness to his step, and he returned enthusiastic waves of greeting with a smile and a broad gesture, whereas just the day before he would have frowned and given a half-hearted shake of his hand.

'I don't recall ever seeing you so enthusiastic, brother,' Elizabeth said.

'I am not made of stone, my dear,' Samuel said. He thought of their father. There was a man made of stone. He was not like that. 'At least I am not treating the event like a circus come to town.'

‘No? I could swear I caught you down at the Gardens, gawking like one of the mob.’

‘I was painting, I was most certainly not gawking,’ Samuel replied, but his sister’s implication rattled him. She was good at rattling him, always had been.

They walked on, and Samuel’s thoughts returned to the firing on Sumter, and with that thought his good mood returned. The waiting was over, the torment of indecision. He was not happy about war, had not wanted it. The United States Navy was his life. He had sworn an oath. No event short of his beloved South Carolina’s taking up arms against the United States could have moved him to break that oath. So he had waited, and suffered the suspicions of both sides.

They walked down King Street, shouldering through the crowds. All of Charleston was in the streets, and Samuel caught snatches of conversation as he passed, men bragging on what they would do in the upcoming fight, women adding to their bravado, or speaking in fearful tones, or gushing about the strength of Southern arms. He heard the word ‘honor’ punctuating conversations like an exclamation point, and ‘Yankee’ and ‘Black Republican’; it all swirled together in a patriotic gumbo.

They came at last to the Bowater house, three stories of brick walls and white-painted window frames and green ivy, standing shoulder to shoulder with the other fine homes on Tradd Street. A sign over a side door proclaimed, ‘William Bowater, Esq., Attorney at Law.’

It was the only home that Samuel had ever known, the only place he had ever lived besides the dormitories of the Naval School and the wardrooms of various ships. It was the place where Samuel had grown to manhood under his father’s seemingly omniscient eye, his unwavering rule.

It was where Samuel had learned to be a gentleman, and, more to the point, a Southern gentleman. Courteous to the last. Studied, urbane. Personally disciplined – a gentleman, he was taught, did not show womanly weakness of any sort.

Passionately loyal to his country and his state. Unwilling to suffer even the hint of insult. Tolerant of the lower classes, appreciative, even, of their labor, but always aware of their place, and his. Kind to slaves. These were the things that made the Southern man, and the instruction was so thorough that those traits became a part of Samuel Bowater as much as his height and the color of his eyes.

They climbed the stairs, brother and sister, and crossed the porch, and Samuel pushed open the big front door. It opened onto an expansive foyer, at the far end of which was the wide staircase to the second floor. The floor was tiled, white-and-black checkerboard. A deep brown, ornately carved Venezuelan ironwood table sat to the right of the door. Samuel had brought it back from Caracas following a cruise in South America.

Samuel had not yet closed the door when Isaac appeared, his dark face – nearly the color of the ironwood table – showing no hint of interest in the commotion going on in the streets.

‘Here, Isaac.’ Samuel handed the black man his haversack and easel and paint kit.

‘How da paintin’ go today, Misser Samuel?’ Isaac asked. Samuel held up the canvas for the servant to inspect.

‘Ain’t dat somethin’?’ Isaac said. It was what he always said. Samuel considered it one of the more insightful comments he received.

‘Samuel?’ His mother’s voice came from the sitting room off to the right, a lovely, strong voice with just a hint of her native Ireland. There was a rustle of crinoline and silk, the tap of shoes on the marble floor, and the heavier footfalls of his father.

‘Samuel!’ His mother, Rachel, raced out into the foyer, his father right behind. ‘Oh, Samuel, have you been down to the harbor?’

His mother, at fifty-four, was still a beauty, with her once black hair now showing signs of gray, her strong features

emboldened with tiny lines around her eyes and mouth. She came up to him, put her hands on his arms. 'You are all right?'

'It was a near thing, Mother. I almost stabbed myself in the eye with my paintbrush. But my dear sister was there to see I came to no grief.'

'Our Michelangelo was well out of the way of the flying metal, Mother.'

Over his mother's shoulder Samuel met his father's eyes. He wore a vest and bow tie, as he did every day of his life, as far as Samuel could recall, and his white hair and beard were as perfectly groomed as Samuel's dark brown hair and goatee. 'What news, son?'

'Stevens's Iron Battery at Morris Island opened up just at dawn, and the rest right after that. The firing has been continuous since. There was a relief squadron in the offing. *Pawnee* and *Harriet Lane*, looked like, but they'll never dare come in now.'

'Sumter still stands?'

'For the time being. Not for much longer.'

William Bowater nodded.

'You are the only people in all Charleston not in the streets, I reckon,' Samuel observed. He knew that his father, like himself, thought the gawking crowd unseemly.

'Let us retire from here,' William suggested, and the party moved *en masse* from the foyer to the big, open drawing room. Through the tall windows they could see throngs in the streets. The jubilation seemed to reach through the glass, to sweep the elegant room and its occupants along with it. The excitement was like the odor of spent gunpowder that drifted over the city, ubiquitous, invading every space, wrapping itself around every person.

'Isaac, coffee,' William called as he sat in the big wing chair, the patriarch chair, and turned to Samuel. 'I would say this is war, son. What will you do now?'

Samuel let out a breath. He had no notion of what his father, a staunch secessionist, thought of his long resistance to joining the Confederate forces. His father was a lawyer – his feelings were not easily read – and he was a gentleman, so he did not impose those feelings on others. He and Samuel talked at length about politics. They did not talk about emotions.

‘I had hoped it would not come to this, I won’t pretend differently,’ Samuel said. ‘I swore an oath to the United States, once. But it is war, as you say, and now my duty is clear.’

Isaac came in with the silver tray. He poured the coffee, added sugar and cream to each individual preference, and handed out the bone china cups.

William Bowater balanced his cup and saucer on his knee. ‘You are resolved, then, to fight for the Confederacy?’

‘It is my duty. Honor demands it. But it was not an easy thing, Father, not at all.’

It was not an easy thing.

Samuel Bowater viewed South Carolina as the hub of all that was civilized and proper in America. When he thought of the Yankees coming, of the low, dirty mechanics and foreign-born plug-uglies, the dried-up abolitionists in their black clothing, the fast-talking, haughty New Yorkers running unchecked through his beloved Charleston, lording over his fellow Southrons, it made him angry in a way that surprised him.

They were the unwashed, battering down the gate to his shining city, the Persians coming to topple his perfect Athens. It was silly, of course. He knew plenty of Yankees, had been shipmates with them, and they were fine men. But somehow those men with whom he had sailed were not the same as the infidels who were coming to destroy his cherished South Carolina.

‘No,’ William Bowater said, ‘I should think it is not an easy thing at all. For thoughtful men it cannot be an easy

decision,' and for the first time Samuel believed he heard a note of approval in his father's voice. 'Will you apply to the navy?'

'The navy is all I know. But there are plenty of naval officers who have not been sitting on the fence, and I fear the available berths have gone to them. There can't be but a dozen or so ships in the whole Confederate Navy.'

Samuel was being generous, and he knew it, referring to the ragtag collection of tugs and paddle wheelers and sundry craft as 'ships.' If there was no navy, he did not know what he would do. Join the army, perhaps, but what good could he be to an army?

'Perhaps it is too late, perhaps not,' William Bowater said. 'I think your action in the Mexican War has not been forgotten.'

Samuel tried to wave the comment away. A stupid, rash move, a burst of youthful enthusiasm, more than a dozen years ago. By some miracle he managed to rescue a few dozen sailors when by all rights they should have been dead, along with himself and his crew. It had been a foolish act, but since he lived it was viewed as heroism.

'What is more,' William added, 'Stephen Mallory and I are acquaintances, I might venture to say friends.'

'I had no idea,' said Samuel. Stephen Mallory was a former senator from Florida, former chairman of the United States Senate's Committee on Naval Affairs, and, as of February, Secretary of the Navy of the Confederate States.

'We had occasion to work together on a matter concerning a merchantman belonging to a client of mine wrecked on Key West,' William said. 'We only met twice, but have kept up our correspondence, even to this day. If you like I will write you a letter of introduction.'

'Yes, if you think it proper.'

'I will do no more than attest to your character. The rest is between you and Mallory.'

‘I would expect no more.’ Samuel felt his mood buoyed by the promise of action. Not combat – he was a long way from that – but something, anything beyond the purgatory of indecision to which he had condemned himself.

After more than a decade in the United States Navy, where action and promotion were equally unlikely, where discipline and protocol were maintained out of habit and not out of any pressing need, the idea of an upstart navy was refreshing. Better to play at David, with blood pumping in his veins, than be a sleepwalking Goliath. He was eager to be at it.

‘I will leave tomorrow for Montgomery,’ Samuel announced, even as he reached the decision himself. ‘Isaac, fetch Jacob.’

Jacob stepped into the room. He was the son of Isaac and Isabella, the Bowaters’ cook, had been Samuel’s servant for the past seventeen years, since Samuel had turned sixteen. Aboard the *Pensacola* he had acted as Samuel’s cabin steward, and had handled rammer and swab on the starboard midships thirty-two-pounder while at quarters.

‘Jacob, I’ll be off to Montgomery in the morning. Pray pack my bag. I imagine I shall be away a week or so.’

‘Yes, Misser Samuel. I’s goin’ with you?’

‘No, I think not.’

‘Yessuh,’ he said and was gone.

‘Dear Lord, but I am famished!’ Samuel announced. ‘Is dinner not yet served?’ He had not felt so sharp an appetite for months.

## CHAPTER 3

*I shall never forget that beautiful day, and how elated I was, marching down the street while the band played 'The Bonnie Blue Flag' and 'Dixie.' Thousands were on the sidewalks, cheering and waving handkerchiefs. Some were crying, and of course it never occurred to me that many of us would never see those dear friends and neighbors again.*

—Private George Gibbs,  
18th Mississippi Infantry

THE LATE-AFTERNOON light was muted and soft and the breeze had died away and the warm ground gave off its smell of early spring. The Yazoo River moved slowly down to its rendezvous with the Mississippi, where together they would flow to the sea. But all of the earth's somnambulant pace could not smother the excitement that rang through the halls and fields of Paine Plantation.

Robley Paine, owner of the plantation, patriarch of the family, stood on the wide porch, under the roof painted light blue on the underside to mimic the summer sky. One hand on the brilliant white porch rail, he stared out at the vast green lawn which rolled down to the Yazoo River, the grass as smooth and flat as the water, with only the one old oak to break the straight run from porch to river.

Paine Plantation, all nine hundred acres of it, was just south of Drumgould's Bluff, on one of the rare straight stretches of the twisty Yazoo. From northeast to southwest the river ran like a great corridor through the green, fertile country of western Mississippi, past countless fields of cotton, cotton, cotton, the currency of the South.

Cotton was to the Southern man what the buffalo was to the Plains Indian, and Robley figured that if cotton could

migrate, then the Southerners would pick up and follow after it.

A shout from inside the house, and Robley was pulled from his thoughts by the commanding voice of his oldest boy, Robley Paine, Jr, ordering, 'You give me back that gun, now!'

Robley Junior was a venerable twenty-two and took his leadership and manhood seriously.

'Yassa, General, suh!' the higher-pitched voice of Jonathan Paine, third and youngest son, eighteen years old. Paine smiled and shook his head. How ever would those three boys manage under the real discipline of army life? They had lived their wild, rambunctious, and carefree youths there on that plantation, on the banks of that river. They had grown to manhood under Robley's eye, Robley's none-to-firm hand.

He would not crush the joy from them, as his father had done to him, just for the sake of making them strong. Robley was strong, and he reckoned he would have been strong even without the sermons, the beatings. Stronger, most likely. He probably would not have the brittle feeling inside him, as if his soul was a skim of ice on a water trough in early winter.

Robley Paine had let his boys run their heedless way, let them suck the joy out of every moment of their youth. Despite the disapproval of his fellow planters, all the head-shaking and tongue-clicking over the subject of his easy parenting, he gave them little by way of discipline. Just his quiet instruction and his love, and that he gave unstintingly.

And for all the predictions of worthlessness and profligacy, his boys, Robley, Nathaniel, and Jonathan, had grown to fine and honorable young men.

Robley Paine, Jr, was talking again, in his officer's voice. 'Git your goddamn gear on, and be quick about it!'

He was now, informally, Lieutenant Robley Paine, Mississippi Infantry. The young men of Mississippi were responding to their state's call to arms. From Ocean Springs