THREE MONTHS IN THE SOUTHERN STATES: APRIL-JUNE, 1863. [NEW YORK]

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649750146

Three Months in the Southern States: April-June, 1863. [New York] by Sir Arthur James Lyon Fremantle

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

SIR ARTHUR JAMES LYON FREMANTLE

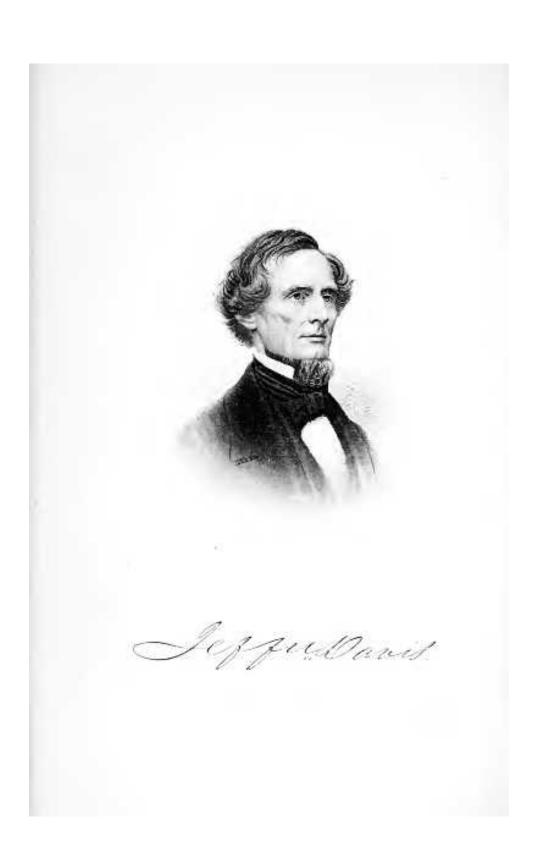
THREE MONTHS IN THE SOUTHERN STATES: APRIL-JUNE, 1863. [NEW YORK]

Trieste

THREE MONTHS

IN

THE SOUTHERN STATES.



THREE MONTHS

IN

THE SOUTHERN STATES:

APRIL-JUNE, 1863.

ET LIEUT.-COL. FREMANTLE.

COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY JOHN BRADBURN (successor to w. doolady,) 49 Walker-street.

1864.

hecked Asy 1913



1.6

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1964, Ev. JOHN, BRADBURN, In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York,

PREFACE.

At the outbreak of the American war, in common with many of my countrymen, I felt very indifferent as to which side might win; but if I had any bias, my sympathics were rather in favor of the North, on account of the dislike which an Englishman naturally feels at the idea of slavery. But soon a sentiment of great admiration for the gallantry and determination of the Southerners, together with the unhappy contrast afforded by the foolish bullying conduct of the Northerners, caused a complete revulsion in my feelings, and I was unable to repress a strong wish to go to America and see something of this wonderful struggle.

Having successfully accomplished my design, I returned to England, and found amongst all my friends an extreme desire to know the truth of what was going on in the South; for, in consequence of the blockade, the truth can with difficulty be arrived at, as intelligence coming mainly through Northern sources is not believed; and, in fact, nowhere is the

PREFACE.

6

ignorance of what is passing in the South more profound than it is in the Northern States.

In consequence of a desire often expressed, I now publish the Diary which I endeavored, as well as I could, to keep up day by day during my travels throughout the Confederate States.

I have not attempted to conceal any of the peculiarities or defects of the Southern people. Many persons will doubtless highly disapprove of some of their customs and habits in the wilder portion of the country; but I think no generous man, whatever may be his political opinions, can do otherwise than admire the courage, energy, and patriotism of the whole population, and the skill of its leaders, in this struggle against great odds. And I am also of opinion that many will agree with me in thinking that a people in which all ranks and both sexes display a unanimity and a heroism which can never have been surpassed in the history of the world, is destined, sooner or later, to become a great and independent nation.

THREE MONTHS

IN

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

APRIL, MAY, JUNE, 1863.

2d March, 1863.—I left England in the royal mail steamer Atrato, and arrived at St. Thomas on the 17th.

22d March.—Anchored at Havana at 6.15 A. M., where I fell in with my old friend, H. M.'s frigate Immortalité. Captain Hancock not only volunteered to take me as his guest to Matamoros, but also to take a Texan merchant, whose acquaintance I had made in the Atrato. This gentleman's name is M'Carthy. He is of Irish birth—an excellent fellow, and a good companion; and when he understood my wish to see the "South," he had most goodnaturedly volunteered to pilot me over part of the Texan deserts. I owe much to Captain Hancock's kindness.