By Mrs. Jas W. Albright.

I joined the Chapter under the service of my husband, Jas W. Albright, who was ordained officer of the 12th Va. Battalion of Light Artillery from June 4th, 1862, to the surrender at Appomattox, April 9th, 1865.

My home was in the Isle of Wight County, Virginia, three miles from Franklin on the Black Water River, which was the Confederate line from the evacuation of Norfolk, Va., until the fall of Petersburg, Va., April 3rd, 1865. The Federal line was Suffolk, ten miles from Franklin.

The section of country between these lines was common ground for both armies, and many engagements took place as the advance guards or pickets would meet. There were but few weeks that one or both of the opposing forces did not pass my home, which was on the main country road between the two central points, Franklin and Suffolk.

Colonel Spears, with his Regiment of Calvary, was in command of the Federal forces most of the time, and frequently made our home a stopping place, and made his headquarters in our parlor for several days at a time.

I witnessed the capture of two guns of the Rocket battery under a squad of Capt. Wright's battery of the 12th Va. Battalion. It was in the main road in plain view of our home, not more than two hundred yards distant. The first shot from the Rocket guns stampeded the Calvary horses of the Federals, as well as the horses of our battery, and they could neither advance or retreat. So the two Rocket guns were captured and several men were taken prisoners. Several were
wounded on both sides, but none killed. We lost our guns because no infantry was near enough to render timely aid. This was December 2nd, 1862.

General Roger A. Pryor had quite a little battle with the federal forces at Kelly’s Farm, which was only one mile from my home, January 30th, 1863. The roar of the artillery and whistling of the shells and minnie balls seemed quite too near for comfort, for my invalid mother and five children (I being the oldest) with several colored servants, constituted the family at home at that time; my father being in Franklin on business. Quite a number were killed and wounded on both sides. The Federals were driven back to Suffolk, which was heavily fortified.

On April 18th, 1863 General Longstreet crossed the Blackwater River with his corps. They were crossing on a pontoon bridge at Franklin which made it slow and tedious. During the night several Federal scouts came to our home, and I found them very talkative. They said it was learned that General Longstreet was coming for a little bout with them, and they were not going to disturb him, until his whole force was on the Suffolk side of the river. I asked him how many troops they had, and he said enough to clear up Longstreet, 8 or 10,000 and they would get between him and the river and capture the whole army. He wanted to know how many men Longstreet had, and I replied, I don’t know but enough to whip all the Federals could bring against him. Just as day began to break, I and a little brother ten years old, hitched a horse to a buggy and I drove rapidly to the picket line, two miles east of Franklin, and one mile from my home. I told the picket what the Yankee told
me, and started back home in a hurry. I had gotten nearly home when I met Spear's Calvary. I was greatly alarmed for I felt sure I would be suspected of giving the news to our pickets. I was halted by a Calvaryman, and told I could consider myself a prisoner. About the same time I saw Colonel Spears riding rapidly towards me. He seemed excited or mad, and my heart beat rapidly. He asked the soldier, "Why have you arrested Miss Favis? Was she not on her way home?" I quickly answered "Yes, sir." He then ordered the Calvaryman to get on his horse and see me safely home.

I met the Regiment with great alarm, fearing I would be sent to jail as a prisoner or a spy. Perhaps placed in Fortress Monroe.

General Longstreet being timely warned, got in the Federal's rear, by a flank movement, and gave them a sharp defeat, they hastily retreated to Suffolk, leaving both dead and wounded on the field.

General Longstreet learning who had given the pickets the news of the Federals plans asked to meet me. I was introduced to the grand old man at my father's home and he thanked me and commended me for my bravery. I was then sixteen years old, but looked younger. He then presented me a Smith and Weston pocket pistol, and a box of cartridges. The pistol is still in my possession, and so highly prized that refused to part with it, even when his young wife pleaded for it, three years ago, when I met her at Riverside Park, when the Georgia editors visited our City.

One of the pickets told me afterwards that one of the mounted men went with my message to headquarters and he crawled down the fence until he saw me enter my home before he joined the command.
A short time after General Longstreet had joined again the army around Petersburg, two guns of the 12th Va. Battalion were planted in front of my home to repel an attack from Suffolk. My mother was an invalid and we were ordered to move her and the children to a place of safety. My father was not at home, and an old family negro was rapidly making arrangements to carry my mother and children to a near neighbor's. I was almost heart broken and crying when I saw an officer riding at break-neck speed towards my home. He proved to be my future husband, whom I had never seen but once before. He ordered the two guns to hastily go to the front that the Yankees were on the rear. He then came to the door and knocked, and when I appeared he told me the Yankees were falling back and that Major Boggs had sent him to rush the guns forward and tell the young ladies not to move their mother as our troops were going to make a stand at Beaverdam Church, hold them a mile nearer Suffolk, and if we couldn't there he would return in time for the family to get safely away. I shall never forget the anxiety of that day.

And here I must pay a tribute to our faithful carriage driver, "Uncle Daniel" as we children called him. But for him we would have suffered. He hid our horses, cattle and provisions, in the swamps. The negroes could go to Suffolk, but not the whites—hence Uncle Daniel did our marketing there sugar and coffee. He also run my father's saw-mill, to get money to buy our necessaries, and by claiming it as his own he saved it from being burned, as every deserted house was
And notwithstanding we had our troubles, and daily fears of insult, we never needed for the necessaries of life, save chickens which always grew scarcer after each visit of the Yankees. From the fall of Norfolk to the close of the war the negroes were free to go where they pleased and urged to go to Suffolk where they would be treated like white folks; yet, not a single one of our servants left us, and more devotion could not have been manifested during the war and afterwards, as they all remained on the old homestead as long as they lived, in little cabins given them by my father.