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SKETCHES OF THE CIVIL WAR,
ESPECIALLY OF COMPANIES A, C AND H,
FROM IREDELL COUNTY, N. C.,
AND THE 4TH REGIMENTAL BAND

By

James Columbus Steele

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OF THE BAND



ALSO A

Memorial of the Author

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Sketches of the Civil War

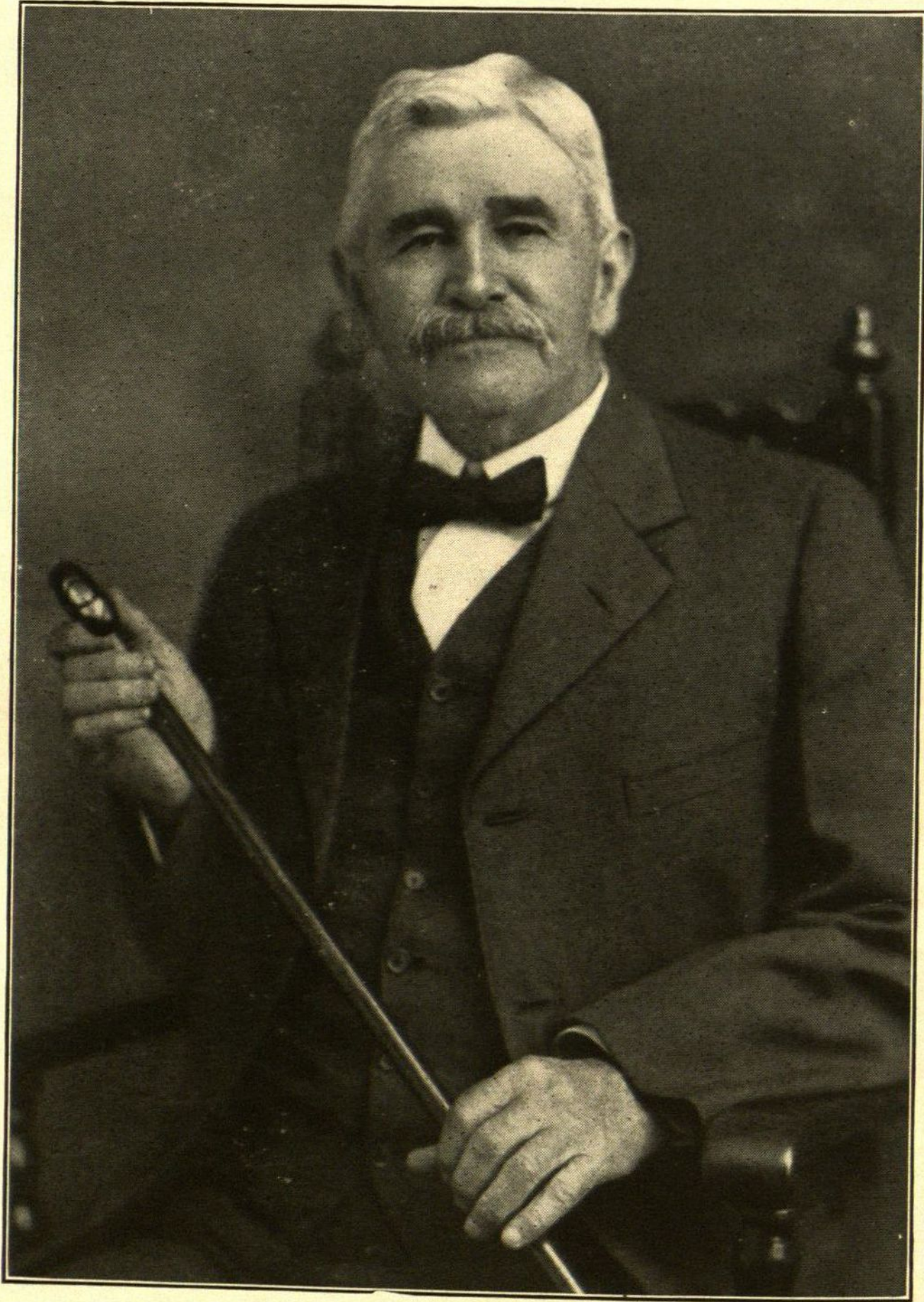
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BY
MRS. W. A. ELIASON

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Statesville, N. C.
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JAMES COLUMBUS STEELE

DEDICATED TO
REUBEN CAMPBELL CAMP, No. 394,
CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
AND THE
STATESVILLE CHAPTER, DAUGHTERS
OF THE CONFEDERACY.

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PREFACE

At the solicitation of my children, grandchildren and other friends, I reluctantly undertake to write a condensed sketch of what I saw and know to be true, and what I have gathered from reliable sources concerning the 4th N. C. State Troops in the Civil War of 1861-1865, and I will confine myself more especially to the three Companies A, C and H of Iredell County and 4th N. C. Band, which was made up from several companies.

When I allude to myself I beg to use the first personal pronoun "I" instead of saying "the writer" I hope I will not appear presumptuous nor egotistical, as I have nothing to boast of nor be ashamed of, unless I fall short in this sketch. I will also give a Roster of the officers and men of these three companies, and of the field officers of the Regiment at the beginning of the war. For this information I am indebted to the Legislature of 1881, in that it ordered a complete Roster of all the troops of the State, and this was accomplished by John W. Moore, late Major of the 3rd Battalion Light Artillery. I am indebted also to Clarke's Regimental History, especially to Col. E. A. Osborne's History of the 4th Regiment, as to dates of letters, marches, etc., and I have also consulted other soldier members of these companies and they agree with me in regard to the time when Company C was enlisted and when the 4th N. C. Regiment was organized, etc. I am indebted also to Mrs. S. L. Wilson, who lives in North Iredell, for copies of the old *Iredell Express*, which was published in Statesville by E. B. Drake in 1861-'65, and this was re-published in *The Statesville Sentinel* in 1915, both lists were about the same.

The records of this Regiment have been very imperfectly kept and reported, and for this reason many wonderful achievements have not been recorded, and will never be known in history.

J. C. STEELE

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Sketches of the Civil War

FOURTH REGIMENT NORTH CAROLINA STATE
TROOPS COMPANY "A"

There were ten companies assembled at Garysburg, N. C., in June, 1861, to be mustered into service as the 4th N. C. State Troops. They were from different parts of the State, but three of these companies were from Iredell, our home county, and I will confine myself more especially to these Companies, A and C from Statesville, and Co. H from Olin.

The "Iredell Blues" was a military company which had been organized in Statesville for many years before the Civil War, but when President Lincoln called on the State for 75,000 troops in 1861 to coerce the Southern States which had seceded, North Carolina not only declined to furnish the troops but seceded herself, and called for troops to defend herself, and then in May, 1861, the Iredell Blues re-organized and enlisted and took the train for Wrightsville, N. C., to drill for the war. Officers and men composing this company were as follows:

OFFICERS

A. K. Simonton, Captain; W. L. Davidson, First Lieutenant, promoted to Captain; W. G. Falls, First Lieutenant, promoted to Captain of Company "C"; W. F. McRorie promoted from First Lieutenant to Captain; W. A. Eliason, First Lieutenant, promoted to A. Q. M., 7th Regiment; F. D. Carlton, First Lieutenant; A. S. Fraley, Second Lieutenant; J. P. Cowan, Second Lieutenant; T. M. C. Davidson, Second Lieutenant; W. R. McNeely, Second Lieutenant; E. F. Morrison, Quartermaster Sergeant.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

W. T. Morrison, Sergeant; W. T. J. Harbin, Fourth Sergeant; W. L. Shuford, Fifth Sergeant.



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PRIVATES

William L. Allen, J. S. Anglin, T. J. Armstrong, William Alley, T. S. Allison, W. L. Allison, W. Anglin, J. A. Barnes, S. M. Barnes, M. D. Bailey, Thomas A. Bailey, R. M. Brantley, W. M. Bruce, J. L. Barker, C. N. Barker, N. S. Brantley, D. R. Beam, A. Byers, J. L. Brown, J. J. Bennett, H. A. Brantley, Eli Bost, Augustus Byers, P. W. Brawley, J. F. Carter, W. L. Carter, J. Y. Cavin, A. Christie, Andrew Christie, George Christie, Thomas Christie, F. W. Cornelius, C. T. Christie, M. T. Clark, J. A. Coan, S. W. Coan, T. H. Davidson, Eli Day, Thomas C. Deaton, D. A. Doherty, T. Dirlan, John Eades, C. M. Edison, Thomas Evans, D. C. Far, V. A. Furches, D. F. Fullbright, F. T. A. Fortner, J. N. Glasscock, W. L. Gilling, R. M. Gray, M. L. Hall, S. C. Harris, E. D. C. Harris, H. Hall, Hugh Hall, H. C. Hart, T. P. Houpe, Leander Harden, D. C. Hunter, J. A. Hall, J. F. Honeycutt, W. C. Hobbs, M. W. Hooper, J. T. Hooper, J. W. Hobbs, L. G. Ingram, J. A. Ingram, W. L. Irwin, J. O. Irwin, J. T. Irwin, J. H. Johnson, W. M. Johnson, W. F. Kerr, G. W. Kerr, A. T. Kerr, D. Kiser, S. H. Killgrove, J. A. Lackey, A. Lampie, R. S. Lazenby, W. A. Lemly, John Loftin, Alley Littleton, J. L. Lyons, M. B. Mayhew, R. E. Mayhew, J. B. F. Mayhew, E. M. McNeely, J. C. Marsh, Abner Marsh, Jacob Massey, J. C. McMasters, W. R. McNeely, A. C. McLelland, F. M. Morrison, E. A. Morrison, S. F. Morrison, R. W. Morris, J. F. Murdock, F. M. Morrison, C. Middleton, J. B. Morgan, R. A. Morris, P. W. Morris, A. J. Moose, C. D. Murdock, E. Myers, R. M. Osborn, B. Plyler, J. W. Plyler, H. M. Richie, T. W. Rickert, S. L. Rogers, E. C. Ruple, J. C. Ruple, Pinkney A. Shaver, George Shufford, J. N. Sherrill, P. N. Sherrill, Jesse Sherrill, Henry W. Sides, Martin Snow, H. C. Simonton, Pinkney Smith, W. R. Summers, Wm. L. Stephenson, L. Speaks, John Turbyfield, J. E. Sprinkle, G. W. Sprinkle, J. B. Stinson, E. B. Stinson, E. Stikeleath.

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er, J. A. Stikeleather, John Stikeleather, Wm. R. Thompson, J. A. Thompson, R. F. Walker, Thomas M. Walker, J. Marshall Walker, J. L. Wallace, James L. Wallace, Thomas L. White, M. Witherspoon, M. Weisenfield.

"SALTILLO BOYS," OR COMPANY "C."

The second Company to be raised in Iredell County was called the "Saltillo Boys," and went into camp at Camp Vance which was located on the branch just behind the old Bradford Knitting Mills, about the last of May, 1861, and the men were enlisted on the 7th of June.

The ladies had prepared a beautiful flag for the company. We were marched to town and lined up in front of Dr. Moore's residence, (where Mr. L. B. Bristol now lives) which was filled with ladies. There Miss Kate Caldwell, sister of our former editor, Mr. Joe P. Caldwell, delivered the flag with a beautiful presentation speech. Lieutenant E. A. Osborne, who first joined this company, made an appropriate speech of acceptance. Mr. H. A. Chambers was ensign of the company and bore the flag as we marched proudly back to camp. A few days later we were loaded into a train of box cars and shipped to Raleigh, then to Garysburg via the Raleigh and Gaston railroad. Here is where the 4th North Carolina Regiment was to be formed.

In the latter part of 1861 Ensign H. A. Chambers was detailed for service with the provost marshal, away from the company. Later he was transferred to and made captain of Company "C" of the 49th Regiment.

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FOURTH REGIMENT NORTH CAROLINA STATE
TROOPS, COMPANY "C"

The officers and men of Company "C" were as follows:

OFFICERS

Captain—John B. Andrews; First Lieutenant—Jas. Rufus Reid; Second Lieutenant—W. A. Kerr; Second Lieutenant—Joseph C. White. Promotions, C. S. Alexander to Captain, W. A. Kerr to Captain, G. A. Andrews to Captain, T. W. Stevenson to First Lieutenant, J. C. White to First Lieutenant, J. A. S. Feimster to Second Lieutenant, S. A. Claywell to Second Lieutenant, J. C. Turner to Second Lieutenant, who was in command of the Company at Lee's surrender.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

James E. Summers, First Sergeant; George A. Andrews, Second Sergeant, promoted to Second Lieutenant and First Lieutenant and then to Captain; John J. Troutman, Third Sergeant; Wm. A. Kerr, Fourth Sergeant, promoted to Second Lieutenant and First Lieutenant, then to Captain; T. W. Stevenson, Fifth Sergeant, promoted to Second Lieutenant, and First Lieutenant; Andrew J. Anderson, First Corporal; John C. Norton, Second Corporal; David P. Dobbins, Third Corporal; Edward May, Fourth Corporal.

PRIVATES

Wm. M. Adams, Claudius S. Alexander, promoted to Second Lieutenant; T. A. Alexander, Charles B. Arms, John F. Armstrong, C. P. Arthur, M. L. Arthur, Elisha Barkley, John A. Baggaly, Elias P. Barringer, J. M. Barnett, M. P. Beard, W. L. Beard, John A. Brandon, Wilmuth Bowles, George Brady, William Brady, D. L. Brandon, James W. Brack, Robert Brantley, William R. J. Brawley, Henry L. Bustle, David S. Bustle, Sylvester Brotherton, Isaac N. Broth-

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erton, James P. Campbell, John H. Campbell, A. F. Campbell, W. J. Campbell, Nicholas W. Carpenter, D. F. Carpenter, H. A. Chambers, promoted Captain in the 49th; W. M. Chipley, M. R. Claywell, W. A. Claywell, S. A. Claywell, promoted to 2nd Lieutenant; J. A. Cline, J. M. Connoy, R. B. Combs, Robert Cook, D. A. Currie, William Dobson, Joseph H. Dobson, G. W. Dock, A. B. Ervin, J. R. Eidson, J. A. S. Feimster, A. Garrison, D. L. Green, Joseph F. Gibson, D. A. Goodin, H. A. Goodin, John T. Goodman, Wm. M. Goodman, Alfred F. Goodman, Alvin H. Goodin, J. R. A. Hall, Robert A. Hall, Eugenius A. Hall, James F. Harbin, Robert O. Hare, F. M. Harkness, James H. Harkness, James Harkness, Solomon Hendren, G. W. Hendren, James A. Holmes, Robert M. Holmes, J. F. Holmes, Robert J. Holmes, W. C. Holmes, N. Hooper, Willis H. Holder, John C. Hoover, Sumpter A. Hoover, Miles Holtshouser, James A. Houpe, W. F. Hutchings, John A. Hunter, Pinkney Jacobs, Wm. W. James, C. L. Johnston, Henry T. Johnston, Isaac M. Jones, G. B. Jordan, Columbus Kerr, Robert T. Kerr, William H. Lazenby, J. A. Lewis, T. M. Lewis, R. O. Leinster, H. L. S. Lollar, Alexander F. Lewis, Reuben S. Lollar, James R. McLelland, J. P. McKay, J. A. McCoy, William B. McKinnie, Franklin McHargue, Samuel McHargue, Gilbreth N. Mills, Abner S. Mills, Marshall W. Moore, John N. Moore, Nathan A. Murdock, Thomas L. Murdock, J. C. Norton, promoted to Second Corporal; John F. Parham, Robert E. Patterson, Nat. Raymer, John M. Rickert, D. A. Reynolds, W. Reid, James A. Reid, John Revis, John C. Reamer, W. D. Reamer, J. T. Robb, John Scroggs, Richard A. Sharpe, C. S. Sharpe, J. B. Sherrill, F. A. Shuford, J. C. Steele, member Fourth N. C. band; T. L. Stephenson, W. A. Stephenson, J. C. N. Stikeleather, W. J. Stikeleather, Aug. F. Summers, Samuel Summers, Robert C. Summers, Humphrey Summers, Thomas B. Summers, Thomas Summers, Alfred L. Summers, Nathan C. Summers, P. W. Swann, Thomas B. Swann, J. L. Tays, Amos S. Tom-

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lin, Thomas S. Tucker, Willford Turner, Henry H. Turner, Alfred Turner, J. C. Turner, promoted to Second Lieutenant; John A. Waddill, William A. Walker, James W. Waugh, enlisted June 1st, '63; J. W. Waugh, Feb. 26th, '62; W. L. Waugh, G. W. White, Albert M. White, Samuel L. Wilson, John L. Wilson, J. G. Woodsides, F. A. Yates, D. S. Yates, Martin V. Yates, John G. Young.

FOURTH REGIMENT NORTH CAROLINA STATE
TROOPS, COMPANY "H"

The third Company to be raised in Iredell County was the Olin Company or Company H. This, too, was composed of those among our best men in the county, and like other Iredell County men, made and sustained a reputation for bravery and efficiency to be proud of. The list of officers and men are as follows:

OFFICERS

E. A. Osborne, Captain, promoted to Colonel; John Z. Dalton, Lieutenant; J. B. Forcum, Captain; F. H. Weaver, Lieutenant; A. M. D. Kennedy, Lieutenant; J. B. Stockton, Lieutenant; Julius A. Summers, Lieutenant.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

James M. Albea, First Sergeant; Henry H. Jones, Second Sergeant; Samuel H. Bobbitt, Third Sergeant; Augustus M. D. Kennedy, Fifth Sergeant; Isaac P. Maiden, First Corporal; Hiram P. Williams, Third Corporal; Thomas Ball, Fourth Corporal.

PRIVATES

Henry C. Albea, James H. Albea, Wm. Anglin, C. G. Arthur, M. L. Arthur, Danl. M. Ball, John C. Barnard, Leander Barnard, James Barnard, F. M. Barnard, C. Barkley, J. S. Bowles, James W. Bolin, John B. Bowles, Robert S. Bowers,

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G. W. Burton, G. W. Bennett, J. M. Brotherton, L. Brotherton, M. Brown, B. A. Campbell, William Campbell, Freisan Campbell, Miles Campbell, J. W. Campbell, J. A. Campbell, E. Campbell, Benjamin Carter, Josiah Chamberlain, Samuel Chamberlain, R. B. Combs, Jonathan Cheshire, Jesse Cranfield, R. T. Cook, J. B. Cummings, J. N. Cummings, F. M. Current, Mons B. DeFoe, Miles M. Dingley, Bartley E. Dillon, W. J. Dillon, W. F. Dobson, James Dobson, Sr., James Dobson, Jr., W. Dobson, John A. Dunlap, Saml. P. Edwards, Thomas W. Edwards, J. R. Eidson, David Pharr, Joseph Pharr, John Pharr, B. W. Forcum, William Forcum, Thomas E. Forcum, J. W. Foy, Samuel Frazier, J. W. Freeland, J. A. Fleming, William Freeman, Thomas Furches, William Gaither, B. C. Gaither, T. W. Gaither, A. J. Goodman, James Goodin, Larkin L. Goforth, Joseph M. Goforth, William S. Greenwood, Stark Graham, J. C. Groce, D. A. Harman, T. R. Harman, Josiah Haithcox, John D. Heath, A. W. Heath, W. M. Harman, Nathan Holland, Thomas Heath, Henry C. Hicks, J. H. Hartness, F. N. Hartness, J. F. Harbin, A. B. Howard, R. D. Holmes, S. Hendren, W. T. Hutchins, P. Jacob, R. T. Johnston, D. M. Jones, Robt. B. Joyner, Bacon Journey, Thomas L. Journey, Rufus A. Journey, J. C. Joyner, N. V. Journey, William Journey, J. R. Kinder, Milton Kinder, Thomas Lazenby, R. M. Lazenby, Leander Lambert, William Laughery, John Lemmons, A. T. Lewis, T. M. Lewis, J. A. Lewis, G. P. Locke, Jas. B. Miller, Jas. A. McHargue, Eli L. McHargue, W. B. McKin, J. B. Miller, P. L. Miller, M. W. Moore, A. B. Mills, James Mitchell, Henry L. Milton, Lorenzo Morefield, George W. Morefield, Albert Madison, Reuben R. Morgan, T. L. Morgan, Daniel Morgan, S. M. Mise, D. L. McHargue, Samuel McFoster, Wilson W. Maiden, A. H. Hayes, Samuel McDaniel, J. R. Morefield, Daniel M. Money, Miller Morgan, Leander G. Morris, R. W. Nesbit, James T. Nesbit, John T. Parker, Joseph L. Padgett, James C. Padgett, J. G. Powell, Marvil Parker, John C. Privit, W. P. Patterson, R.

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N. Rhyne, Thomas Renager, L. R. Renager, Josiah Rash, Beverly Rash, Jno. W. Robertson, H. F. Robertson, Amatus M. Richardson, J. C. Reaner, Henry Rives, John Rives, James C. Sharpe, John B. Sharpe, Elisha Shaw, John Shaw, F. R. Sprinkle, J. W. Spicer, J. B. Sherrill, G. W. Simmons, Archibald N. Steele, Elijah Snow, Joseph Smith, Hiram T. Sprinkle, George W. Shives, Leander Sharpe, A. L. Summers, C. S. Sharpe, W. J. Stikeleather, S. H. Summers, Benjamin Tharpe, J. W. Tharpe, A. R. Tamplin, Noah Tomlinson, Isaac H. Thomas, J. A. Weisner, W. H. Weisner, M. H. Walker, J. L. Walker, Jr., Thomas Wooten, Peter Wooten, H. H. Wooten, J. L. Walker, Sr., Anderson Wooten, Franklin Ward, William H. Ward, Thomas P. Whitaker, Franklin H. Weaver, T. A. Yates, James York, Aaron W. York.

Other Companies joined the Regiment, as follows:

Co. B from Rowan County, 109 men; Co. D from Wayne County, 98 men; Co. E from Beaufort County, 172 men; Co. F from Wilson County, 109 men; Co. G from Davie County, 108 men; Co. I from Beaufort County, 82 men; Co. K from Rowan County, 129 men. Total number of men in Regiment when organized, 1,376.

The 4th Regiment of State Troops was organized at Camp Hill near Garysburg, N. C., on the 2nd day of July, 1861, with the following field officers:

George B. Anderson, Colonel; John A. Young Lieutenant Colonel; J. Bryan Grimes, Major; Dr. J. K. King, Chief Surgeon; Dr. B. S. Thomas, Assistant Surgeon; Captain Jno. D. Hyman, Commissary; Captain Thomas H. Blount, Quartermaster; Thomas L. Perry, Adjutant; Rev. W. A. Wood, Chaplain; R. F. Simonton, Commissary Sergeant; F. A. Carlton, Sergeant Major; E. F. Morrison, Quartermaster Sergeant.

The 4th N. C. Regiment of State Troops was mustered into service by J. J. Martin, Adjutant General, July 2nd, 1861, at Camp Hill near Garysburg, N. C., and after doing

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camp duty a few days were ordered to Richmond, Va., on the 20th of July, where we went into camp in the Rocket near the White House, of President Davis. The first big fight of the war was being fought at Manasses Junction, both sides were wavering, and for a time the result was doubtful. A report came in from the battle field, that Colonel Fisher of the 6th N. C. was killed. His valet, a big black man, with tears in his eyes bringing Colonel Fisher's hat with a hole in it showing that he was shot in his forehead. Later in the day news came that the tide had turned and the Federals were running for life and the spectators from Washington who had followed them down to see us demolished were begging for quarters.

Our men were mad because they had missed the fun, and the war might be over without them having a finger in the pie. The next Sunday, just one week after the fight, we arrived at Manasses and stored our baggage and started to the battle ground six miles away. About half way we met General J. M. Leach, whom we knew, and he told us a great deal about the battle, but when we got there it did not look like it sounded and I fear I cannot make this read like it looked; but the first thing we saw was a number of dead horses so swollen that one hind foot was up in the air, and their heads seemed to hang down from their bodies. Every few feet was a mound where a Yankee had been covered up with dirt without digging a hole to bury him in. Then we saw a big rock house which had been used as a Confederate Hospital, and where a hospital flag had been shot down by the people on the other side (you name them) if we had named them while our blood was hot I expect it would have sounded harsh to them. But we looked west and saw trees cut down by shells, caissons exploded, artillery wagons turned over and the ground torn up. We were shown where General Jackson was standing his ground when he received his title of "Stonewall." General Bee encouraging and urging his own men

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cried out "Look at Jackson" "Standing like a Stonewall," and as long as the history of the Civil War shall be read "Stonewall" Jackson will never be forgotten.

This battle had been very stubbornly fought on both sides for a time, but finally the Yankees gave way when General Kirby Smith attacked them on our left and caused the Yankee line to give way on their right. A few minutes before this Generals Jackson and Hampton were wounded, and Generals Bee and Barlow and Colonel Fisher and hundreds of men were killed, but the retreat soon became a stampede, which we perhaps should have followed up and taken Washington and carried out our determination to defend ourselves and gain our point in State rights, but we thought that would be sufficient and we did not want to fight, anyway. And by our actions we said to them: "Now go home and leave us alone," but they came at us time and again until we wore ourselves out trying to whip them. We returned to camp at Manasses and here we had wall tents of canvass, laid off in rows with streets between. At this camp we had much sickness, and many deaths. J. E. Summers, orderly sergeant, J. J. Troutman, sergeant, J. A. Baggarly and others, died here.

Four members of the Salisbury Band, W. H. Neave, E. B. Neave, W. R. Garman, and ——— Beard came to this camp with other instruments for the purpose of training a band of music to be selected from the members of the Regiment. Prof. W. H. Neave was a fine Band Master and soon had enough of men far enough advanced to play for guard mounting, dress parade, funerals, etc. Mr. Charles Heyer who had never played a horn before could read music and play bass for the band in less than a week's practice, and at the close of the war, in 1865, was the finest bass player in the army.

Members of the 4th N. C. Band were as follows:
E. B. Neave, Leader; Charles Heyer, M. J. Weant, R. E.

Patterson, T. P. Gillespie, J. Y. Barber, J. Nat Raymer, J. C. Steele, W. R. Brawley, J. T. Goodman, G. W. Jackson, Green Austin, Geo. Shuford, Will Moose, John Harbin, E. Burette Stinson and Harry Love, 18 members.

This Band came to be very efficient, their only duty was to practice, and they did not miss one day in a year, except that we got two furloughs to come home during the war, one for 18 days and one for 20 days, and on these trips we gave concerts at Salisbury and at Statesville. Other band duties will be mentioned later.

We changed camp three or four times while at Manasses, one at Signal Hill, one southeast of Manasses, where we built winter quarters of log houses and stick and mud chimneys. Here we had a band stand and having gotten in good practice made the woods ring in our serenades every evening. Our Regiment remained here doing guard duty until March 8th, 1862, when we left our good quarters and started on our first march and just before night it commenced a cold, drizzling rain, and we went into camp. Nat Raymer was always my room-mate in camp and bed-fellow on a march, and always did his part of any duties in camp. He and I joined in with all members of the band to make a big log fire for the night, and after it was burning in good fashion, we began to look for a place to stretch our little tent, but all of the space had been taken, except one place on the lower side of the fire and in a low place in the ground. After supper we lay down and went to sleep, but it rained hard and water gathered and ran under the fire, washings the coals and ashes down under our bed. We got up and tried to keep dry and after it slacked a little we got out in the darkness. It was so dark that the proverbial stack of "Black Cats" would have made a white spot, we finally found a brush pile, and moved it under our tent, and made our bed on it and slept fine.

This was our first experience on a march, and while it seemed rather tough, still there was something fascinating

about it. After marching about three days we went into camp at Clark's Mountain near Orange Courthouse and stayed there about a month then were ordered to Yorktown via Richmond, where we took a little branch railroad out to West-point on the York river and from there to Yorktown on schooners. Our picket line here was near the marker which shows the spot where Cornwallis surrendered to General Washington. While we were here we were subjected to the fire of the gun boats from the York river. Often I have stood on the breastworks in Yorktown and timed the "8x19" shells which usually went over our heads. The boats were four miles down the river and from the time we would see the flash until we could hear the shell was twenty-two seconds. Mr. T. P. Gillespie and I were sleeping in a round tent near Yorktown when a shell made a hole big enough to bury a horse, just fourteen feet from where we slept; some said let's get away from here, others said not so. I would rather be in that hole than any where else, because we never saw two shells fall in the same place.

On the 4th of May, 1862, we vacated Yorktown and I was disappointed, because I had crossed the river the day before to forage for something for a sick friend, and the first house I came to was where President Tyler lived when he was elected President, Major Jarrett was living there then. He took me in and introduced me to his wife, who was from North Carolina. They would have me stay for dinner, I told them I was looking for something that a sick friend and fellow soldier could eat. He said to me that it would be useless for me to go farther for that country had been overrun by both armies, but they gave me some butter and a little black chicken, told me to come back the next day and he would make a trip back in the country and get something for me. He then hitched up a nice pair of horses and took me back to Gloucester Point where I re-crossed the river and reported to my sick friend, who happened to be the late A. Turner of

Statesville, but the long roll beat that night and we left Yorktown on the 4th of May, 1862, for Williamsburg, our Regiment being the rear guard on the retreat. We arrived at Williamsburg next morning in a cold rain, and could not have fire on the picket line, but stood as close together as possible to try to keep warm. Next morning we were relieved from picket and marched through the town and started toward Richmond. General Joseph E. Johnston, who was then in command, with his staff riding by, when a courier came and spoke something to him, not ten feet from where I was, and he turned back and in a jocular mood said "Colonel Grimes, rightabout and we will go back and give them a little brush," and this was the first fight of the war for our Regiment, and they gave the Yankees such a brushing that they did not bother us any more that day. When we got back to the Chickahominy river we looked over the line and saw General Johnston coming, and as he rode up, the Band commenced playing "Hail to the Chief." He took his hat off and thanked us for the music. The ordinance stores and other supplies, which were left at Yorktown, must have been immense, some of them had been brought in just a day or two before our retreat and we could only feel that there was an unnecessary loss, but so is war. We thought that was worth fighting for, but maybe we did not have any right to think, out loud, at any rate. We could hear wounded men between the picket lines lying in the cold rain begging to be carried off the field, but an attempt to do so would bring a shower of balls.

Our army continued the retreat that night and the wounded were left in the hands of the enemy. The next morning we continued our march through mud that had been worked up by artillery and wagon teams, rations had been exhausted and every man was given an ear of corn, which he parched and ate for breakfast, but the next day we had rations, and on the 13th we arrived at Chickahominy river

where we remained until about the 30th, when we moved half mile toward where the big battle of Seven Pines was to open the next day. That night it rained in torrents, but Nat and I slept soundly under our little Yankee tent, which consisted of two pieces of canvass 8x8 feet, buttoned together and stretched over a temporary ridge pole. Each of us carried one side of this tent. Seven Pines battle began May 31st, 1862.

We had been advised that the signal for attack that morning would be first skyrockets before day, then about 7:00 o'clock three signal guns one minute apart. The whole army was ready to move to battle when the third gun fired. Every Brigade, and every Regiment knew its position in battle. In about fifteen minutes some of the Yankee picket lines began to shoot, and in about a half hour a few artillery guns began their activities, and all of these increased, and in about an hour and a half the musketry was roaring like thunder and the artillery like thousands of flashes of lightning in succession. Our men were determined to storm the Yankee breastworks and they did. Our Band was ordered to go into this fight as litter bearers and our position was to be just a short distance behind the Regiment with the assistant surgeon. As we were advancing toward the enemy our first experience under fire was from round shells, about 8 inches in diameter; one struck a large pine tree two hundred yards off half way up and that slacked its speed and changed its course and I could see it coming as plain as I could see your hat, and I stepped back out of its way and it bounded on. Here we began to meet the wounded coming back. Captain Carter in a perfect rage of anger and Albert Houpe with two fingers shot off his left hand, as calm and quiet as you ever saw him. I asked him if he could walk back two miles to the Field Hospital, he replied yes, and he did, but when I got back to the hospital two and a half hours later, he called me and told me to feel his back, and there was a minnie ball under the skin,

which had struck in his breast and passed through his body. I turned to a surgeon and showed it to him and he passed on. I followed him and asked him to take the bullet out and he replied "it was no use, he would die anyway," but after he had been able to walk two and a half miles with no trouble, I thought there was a chance for him, so I got Dr. Briggs to cut the ball out and got him off to the hospital at Richmond and he got well and died from other causes June 30th, 1917.

As the Band followed the Regiment into the first charge we came to a grove of small gum trees and here a Yankee battery had our range exactly, firing grape and canister as fast as they could load. I lay down behind a gum tree six inches in diameter, with my head toward that battery, saying, this is a small tree, but it may turn a ball. I had just struck the ground when a grapeshot like a walnut just missed me. I got up to look for a wounded man, the limbs of gum trees were dropping all around, being cut off by minnie balls. The man that I was looking after at that time was James Walker Bowles, of the 4th N. C., and an uncle of Mr. John F. Bowles, now of Statesville, N. C. W. R. Brawley and I got him on a stretcher and carried him to the field hospital. Our surgeon was on a horse and we were ordered to follow him, but at the first exhibition of shells he was making a beeline toward the rear. Some one pointed to him saying, "shall we follow him?" but all said no. He was not seen after that during the fight. I am not alluding to myself when I say the band did not show the white feather in this fight. It was no one's duty to look after the band to see whether we did our duty or not except the surgeon, and after he left everyone did the best he could without orders.

When the 4th N. C. Regiment went into this fight it had 25 commissioned officers and 520 non-commissioned officers and men. The Brigade was under the command of Colonel George B. Anderson and the Regiment under the command of Major Grimes, Lieutenant Colonel J. A. Young had been

sent home on a special detail to manufacture clothing for the Regiment.

Early in the afternoon the Regiment was drawn up near Williamsburg road under cover of a heavy forest near the enemy's batteries. Pines had been cut down and limbs sharpened so as to make formidable obstructions between us and the enemy, also ponds of water from the heavy rains were there. The 4th Regiment was to the left of the road with a column of infantry flanked on each side by artillery was in front of us, soon the battery opened on us, but we were ordered to move forward through those obstructions under a terrible fire of musketry and artillery, our men continued under these conditions until they reached the open ground, when the men again took their places in line of battle and opened fire on the enemy with such deadly effect as to cause a temporary stay of arms, but again they renewed the attack more furious than ever. Our line moved on to about fifty yards of the works and had to halt to await support on the right, which failed to come up. It was evident that the Regiment could not stand this, Colonel Osborne suggested to Major Grimes that we charge the works, Grimes said, "Alright, charge them," and the Regiment moved forward with the rebel yell, the two batteries were silenced and every one was abandoned. After this our line retired to the fence from which the attack was made. We captured the works with six pieces of artillery, but had to halt to await support on our right and left, which came in a few minutes, and the whole line advanced and drove the enemy away. When the second charge was ordered the Regiment charged over the same ground over which they had charged a short time before. During these terrible encounters our Regiment had been very much reduced in numbers. In a half hour's time it was reduced to a mere skeleton. The ground was literally covered with our dead and wounded, but still the men moved for-

ward, directing the fire with such deadly aim, that the enemy again retired.

Of the twenty-five commissioned officers who went into this fight every one except Major Grimes was killed or disabled, and of the 653 men and non-commissioned officers 74 were killed and 265 wounded. Major Grimes had his gray horse killed under him, and it was with difficulty that he got his foot out from under the horse. Colorbearer Bonner, from Co. K was killed, Major Grimes seized the colors and waved his men to the charge. After the works were captured John A. Stikeleather of Co. A, asked to be allowed to carry the flag and he did so bravely that he was a commissioned flag-bearer to the end of the war with a captain's commission.

A short while after the enemy was driven from their works they began to rally behind their tents, Major Grimes ordered our Regiment into a piece of woodland nearby and opened fire on them. In crossing the field he saw that the enemy was throwing up breastworks on our right, and he charged, driving them away and took a number of prisoners. The night was spent upon the field, and the army was glad to rest for the night, even if surrounded by the groans of the wounded and dead, from both sides. It would be a pleasure to me to name every one killed or wounded on this field and the only reason I do not is that I do not know, and cannot get the names. I feel that somebody is subject to criticism because these names are not known and placed on the honor roll, which would be a credit to the State and county to which they belonged.

SEVEN DAYS' FIGHT

After the Seven Pines battle the Regiment rested, drilled and recruited until the 26th of June, when the battle of Mechanicsville was fought. We only had about 150 men in the Regiment, but were called on by General D. H. Hill to charge a battery, and the charge was successful. The enemy

was retreating before us and the men raised the rebel yell and set out in pursuit; Major Grimes took the flag on his horse and led the charge. Suddenly a volley in front admonished us that there was something serious ahead. We were ordered to occupy a piece of timber land on the left where we rested for a time, while the battle raged in front and on our right. We were then ordered forward in line of battle across an open field and through a piece of woods where we encountered a line of Federals concealed in the undergrowth. They opened fire on us and we poured volley after volley into their ranks and soon they gave way and we had a little time to rest. Soon we heard heavy fighting in our front and to the right. It was discovered that they were falling back. In front of us was an open field with a ridge extending across parallel with our line. On reaching the top of this hill the enemy was lying in an old road sheltering behind its banks. Our men were ordered to charge and they raised the rebel yell and rushed across the field. The enemy resisted stubbornly, but they gave way and fled in confusion. It was then night and our men being tired rested on their blankets till morning. This was the 4th Regiment's part in the battle of Cold Harbor. Captain John A. Stikeleather again distinguished himself as color bearer. Captain Blount, quartermaster, volunteered as aid to General Geo. B. Anderson for this fight and was killed. A number of good men were killed and wounded; their names should have been recorded and on the honor roll. I would spare no time, nor space, nor pains, in giving them credit for their bravery and supreme sacrifice if I could get their names. It should have been done 55 years ago. The Regiment did a lot of fighting and skirmishing around Richmond but missed the battle of Malvern Hill on the 2nd of July, by being detailed to bury the dead of the Cold Harbor fight.

The Brigade was here re-organized so as to compose the Second, Fourteenth, Thirtieth, and Fourth North Carolina

Regiments. Our army now changed base and moved over into Maryland, *via* the second battlefield of Manasses, fought a week before. Here we drew flour, and some made a fire, some got water. Having no cooking vessels, dough was made up on oilcloth and baked on staves, barrel heads, or rolled up on ram rods and held over the fire, some baked it in hot ashes like ash cake. Before the dough was half cooked we had to fall in and marched across the branch where we had gotten water to make bread, here in the bushes, near the branch, were three dead Yankees, swollen and black; this did not look appetizing at all but that dough was all we had to eat, and we could not afford to throw it away. After we crossed the branch we came to a road where one Yankee had fallen and our artillery had run over him in the night, and all you could see of him was his blue clothes and a bloody spot on the ground. I was told that there was a railroad cut half full of dead Yankees buried here but I did not see it. We crossed the Potomac at Leesburg, and camped near Frederick City, thence crossing the Blue Ridge near Boonsboro.

BATTLE OF BOONSBORO

On the 14th of September, 1862, early in the morning we were ordered to double quick to the battle field, and at the foot of South Mountain we were ordered to leave our nap-sacks, or heavy baggage, under guard by a large pine tree. Here General D. H. Hill's division held the whole Yankee army in check all day, until General Lee could get his army in position for the Sharpesburg fight, which took place on the 16th and 17th. Our Regiment was so hotly engaged that they could not get back to the pine tree, and consequently lost their baggage. It was my privilege to climb the mountain and see a part of this fight, and if I could describe it I would be glad. Our little divisions looked insignificant beside their whole army.

If the day had been an hour longer I don't think we

could have held out, but as soon as night came we slipped out, and fell back to Sharpesburg, two miles, and crossed Antetam Creek. Next morning about ten o'clock General Anderson, who commanded the brigade, formed line of battle on a big long hill parallel with his line of battle and marched almost to the foot of the hill. Then he told the Band to go back to the field hospital, and as we marched up the hill we could see the Yankee army column coming on the side of the other hill facing us and filing off to their left, forming line of battle fronting our Brigade. We had stopped on the crest of the hill to look, but General Anderson saw us and spurred his little bay horse up the hill and told us again to go to the field hospital, and just then a bouncing shell came from a Yankee battery and struck nearby, so this and General Anderson, together, finally got us back to the hospital, where our place was during a fight, since the Seven Pines battle. Here on the top of this hill in the edge of Sharpesburg we passed General Lee on "Traveler" with his staff, making observations of the Yankee army.

The Yankee line was marching on us in grand style in full dress and gleaming swords and bayonets, our jaded and dusty little army was lying in wait just over the crest of the hill and they did not see us until within good range, and we arose and gave them a stunning blow, and the shrieks of the wounded and dying was terrible, but they rallied and came at us again and our men again awaited until they came in range and again arose and mowed them down the second time, but they came again and the battle became general all along the line. The rumbling of musketry, and roaring of cannon became incessant. The shouts of the men in the din of battle, proved the great earnestness with which both armies were engaged. Horses without riders and artillery could be seen chasing across the field. Soon Captain Marsh was mortally wounded. Captain Osborne then commanded the Regiment, and Lieutenant Weaver was then in

command of the few men left. Then he was killed, bearing the colors of the Regiment. Not a commissioned officer left. Every man seemed to realize his duty, and the emergency. Sometimes one side and then the other would gain the advantage. General Anderson and Colonel Parker were wounded, Colonel Tew was killed, Colonel Bennett had command of the Brigade. The different Regiments were mixed and identity lost, but the line was maintained, and they fought like tigers. On two occasions our men repelled the attack of the enemy who had advanced to within thirty yards of our line. Late in the day the enemy had forced their way beyond the right of our Brigade and Colonel Bennett found it necessary to retire from the "Bloody Lane." And he passed within sixty yds. of the right flank of the enemy but they did not see Colonel Bennett until he was safely out of reach. Colonel Bennett finding a piece of artillery having been abandoned moved it, and opened fire on the enemy's flank. In this move the 4th lost a number of men from Companies I and K, as prisoners, being cut off by a hill. Our position was held until night when the battle ended. The next day the Brigade was commanded by Major Collins, Colonel Bennett being disabled.

The 4th Regiment was commanded by Orderly Sergeant T. W. Stevenson. General D. H. Hill had the Brigade, which had been reduced by these days of hard fighting, formed and made a speech to the men calling them "The Faithful Few," warmly commending them for their courage and fortitude the day before. General George B. Anderson was wounded in that battle. He was the first Colonel of our Regiment, educated at West Point and a splendid officer. His wound proved fatal. This day was spent in line of battle expecting another engagement, while details were engaged in burying the dead and taking care of the wounded, our own wounded being sent across the river on the Virginia side. At night all troops and baggage crossed over. On the 20th of September

the Regiment took part in an attack on the Northern troops who had crossed the river near the town. This engagement proved disastrous to the enemy, many of them being killed and many drowned as they crossed the river. Afterward the command was removed to near Fredericksburg, where it spent the winter doing picket duty and recruiting.

FREDERICKSBURG

On the 13th of December, our Brigade was placed in position to support the artillery, preparatory to the battle at Fredericksburg, which took place on the 15th. We were held in reserve until the enemy had made its first charge when the Brigade moved forward and took the front line which it held the rest of the day. We were protected by breast works most of the time in this battle, and our loss was not great. After this fight we went into winter quarters on the south of the Rapidan river.

CHANCELORSVILLE

On the 1st day of May, 1863, the enemy began to make demonstrations as if to start activities. We then began a movement that it is thought, but for the wounding of General Jackson, would have resulted in the destruction of Hooker's army. The Brigade was commanded by General Ramseur. The Regiment was commanded by Colonel Grimes. We soon found ourselves on the extreme right of Hooker's army; this was May 2nd, 1863, and late in the day, and troops worn out. An attack was made at once on the flank. The enemy gave way until night stopped us. Much baggage and stores were captured. We slept on the field that night and on the 3rd the battle of Chancellorsville was fought. The left of the 4th Regiment was near the road which ran nearly parallel with their line. Our line of battle extended at right angles with their line. At daylight the battle began, Jackson's Corps, now under Stewart, attacked the enemy's right, while other

troops engaged their front, Ramsuer's Brigade was formed in the rear of Paxton's Brigade, which occupied a line of breast works captured the day before. This brigade was ordered to charge the enemy in front but failed to comply with the order, our Brigade, by order of Ramsuer and Grimes, charged over them and charged the enemy at double quick and drove them from their works. Here the 4th Regiment again covered itself with glory. There were several batteries on the hill in front, but when the infantry left the works the batteries were abandoned. Several efforts were made to retake the works but failed. They then extended their lines and attacked our right flank, threatening to cut off our retreat, when we were obliged to fall back and regain the other parts of the Brigade. General Grimes was wounded again, and when he got to the breast works he fell exhausted, but soon recovered ready for action again. Meanwhile General Rodes came up and ordered the troops who had refused to charge to move forward when the whole line returned, and captured the whole line of works. Our loss was very severe, 46 officers and men were killed, 57 wounded and 58 captured, out of 327 who went into the fight. Generals Lee, Rodes and Cox gave General Ramsuer and his brigade great credit for their bravery. General Jackson also sent them a message to the same effect after he was wounded.

General Ramsuer in his official report says: "The charge of this Brigade made at a critical moment when the enemy had broken and was hotly pressing the center of the line in front with apparently overwhelming numbers, not only checked his advance, but threw him back in disorder and pursued him with heavy loss from his last line of works; too high praise cannot be given to officers and men for their gallantry, manly courage and fortitude during this brief but arduous campaign.

The advance of the line on Friday was made under the eyes of our since departed hero (Jackson) and of General A.

P. Hill whose words of commendation and praise bestowed on the field we fondly cherish. And on Sunday the magnificent charge of the Brigade upon the enemy's last and most terrible stronghold was made in view of General Stewart and General Rodes, whose testimony that it was the most glorious charge of that most glorious day, we are proud to remember and report to our kindred and friends. All met the enemy with unflinching courage, and for privation, hardship and splendid marches, all of which were cheerfully borne, they deserve the praise of our beautiful and glorious Confederacy.

The victory was complete, and we were left in undisputed possession of the field. Nothing could surpass the skill and courage of the brilliant Ramsuer on this occasion, with Grimes, Cox, Parker and Bennett by his side, always in the thickest of the fight, and where duty called. Our Brigade is proud to have this testimony handed down to their descendants, and future generations. All met the enemy with unflinching courage, and endured privations, and hardships on marches and fights, all of which were borne cheerfully. They deserve the praise of their descendants and future generations. Victory was complete but dearly bought. Many of our best young men were killed that day. After a few weeks rest we were on the go again.

BRANDY STATION

On the 9th of June, 1863, we supported our cavalry at Brandy Station. We then went to the valley and helped drive the enemy from Berrysville and Martinsburg. On the 15th of June we crossed the Potomac near Hagerstown and the 4th acted as provost guard in that town for about three days and enjoyed the friendship and sympathy of those who were for us in that town. We did not know where Marse Robert was taking us, but we passed Frederick City and other points *via* Chambersburg and Pittsburg, Pa., and stopped at Carlyle for a day. The Band camped in the barnyard of one

of the good Pennsylvania Dutch citizens whose big barn was finer than his house and who had chickens and hogs. We had in our band a jocular member— R. E. Patterson, who loved both fun and chicken. He got after a chicken and asked Charlie Heyer to head it off, and it ran around the barn, Bob was right after it and it ran into a hog house which had a hole in it just big enough for a hog, Bob did not take time to look for the hog, but bolted right in and the hog started out and both met in the door, Bob was kicking his feet as high as he could to keep them out of her reach and raising his head as high as he could to keep her tail out of his mouth, and finally the old hog wiggled out from under him and he got up rubbing his bay window and saying, "Charlie, why didn't you help me?" Charlie said, "Bob, I was afraid de old hog would pite me."

GETTYSBURG

The next day, July 1st, 1863, we marched early toward Gettysburg eating chicken, and about 3:00 o'clock p. m. we arrived at the scene of action and the battle had begun. The 4th N. C. was on the left of the Brigade under Colonel Grimes. It was ordered forward in advance of the main line. It only moved forward a few spaces when its direction was changed by the flank, marching a few hundred yards it was recalled by General Rodes and formed on a hill in conjunction with the 2nd Regiment to repel an attack that was threatened from that quarter. In a few minutes a brigade of Yankees appeared in our front, moving obliquely to the left instead of toward us. General Rodes then ordered the 2nd and 4th to advance upon them. Soon our line was exposed to a severe fire enfilading our lines from the woods on the right which caused Grimes to change front to the right. We then advanced on the enemy and being joined by the other two regiments drove them in confusion, capturing a large number of prisoners. We were the first to enter the town of Gettysburg

and halted to rest on the road that leads to Hagerstown. Here we remained till night and were ordered to make a night attack, but after approaching within a short distance of the enemy's line the order was countermanded and we returned to the first position. On the 3rd of July we were under heavy fire from the guns, but were protected by a ridge. We lost some valuable men in this battle, among whom was Lieutenant John Stockton, of Co. H, a brave, modest soldier. On the 5th of July, Ewell's Corps commenced the retreat after night and the 4th Regiment formed a part of the rear guard of the army until it re-crossed the Potomac river. Then the Regiment went to Orange Courthouse where it did picket duty till about the middle of November, and went into winter quarters about eight miles from that town and did picket duty on the Rappahannock river, had a skirmish at Kelly's Ford and at Mine Run.

SPOTSYLVANIA COURTHOUSE

On the 5th of May, General Grant began again to move toward Richmond, having crossed the Rapidan with more than one hundred thousand men. The Regiment was engaged every day during the campaign. On the 8th of May two companies were detailed to strengthen the line of sharpshooters commanded by Major E. A. Osborne with about 300 men. After maneuvering for a while General Ramsuer rode to the front and ordered a charge. The Brigade moved off through a field some 250 yards wide driving the enemy before them. They encountered a line of battle on the top of the ridge. With a yell the men pushed forward and the enemy's line gave way, leaving their baggage in heaps where it had been piled preparatory to the engagement.

On May the 9th, they had a short fight with the enemy, and advanced upon them and they retired. On the 10th and 11th our sharpshooters were engaged day and night, and the Regiment continued in line. On the evening of the 11th they

attacked our line on the right which gave way, General Battle supported our line and we drove them back. On the morning of the 12th of May the enemy furiously assaulted General Edward Johnston's line half mile to our right, breaking the line and capturing many men, Rode's division was ordered to retrieve the loss. The fate of the army was at stake, Ramsuer with his Brigade led the charge and drove back the enemy and restored the broken line. Ramsuer was wounded in this charge, Colonel Grimes then took command of the Brigade. Colonel Wood was then in command of the 4th Regiment and continued in command until his death. The broken line was retaken and more than twenty assaults of the enemy to retake them had been repulsed before 2:00 o'clock the next morning.

The *London Herald* says: "Ramsuer's Brigade of North Carolina Troops being ordered to charge, were received by the enemy with stubborn resistance. The desperate character of the struggle along that brigade was told terribly by the rapidity of its musketry. So close was the fighting there for a time, that the fire of friends and foe rose up rattling in one common roar. Ramsuer's North Carolinians dropped thick and fast, but he continued with glorious constancy to gain ground, foot by foot. Pressing under a fierce fire resolutely on, on, on, the struggle was about to become one of hand-to-hand, when the Federalists shrank from the bloody trail, driven back, but not defeated. They bounded on the opposite side of the earth-works, placing them in their front, and renewed the conflict. A rush of an instant brought Ramsuer's men to the side of the defenses; and though they crouched close to the slopes under an enfilade from the guns of the salient, their musketry rattled in deep and deadly fire on the enemy that stood in overwhelming numbers but a few yards from their front. Those brave North Carolinians had thus, in one of the hottest conflicts of the day, driven the enemy from the works that had been occupied during the previous

night by a brigade which until May the 12th had never yielded to a foe.

Ramsuer resumed command of the brigade with his hand in a sling and looked, on his fiery steed, like an angel of war. All of our general officers, company officers, and men showed stubborn determination, while the enemy being Americans, also, stood firmly by their thinned ranks and as the evening came on, slowly and stubbornly retired until he reached the line of works from which he was driven almost at the point of the bayonet."

The pits were filled with water, many men from both sides were dead and wounded lying in the pits. The bodies of the dead were pulled out to make room for the men. Colonel Osborne was wounded, but a canteen of water saved his life. General Rodes thanked the Brigade in person, saying they had saved Ewell's Corps. General Early made the same statement. Many among our best men were killed. Captain W. F. McRorie was buried by the Band. We did it just as neatly as we could and we cut his name on a piece of barrel head and stuck it at the head of his grave. In a tent about midnight I heard some one groaning loudly, and went in the hospital tent to see if I could do anything, and found Mr. Lampie, from Co. A, with a hole in his head which looked as if made by a buck shot and his brains were oozing out. He was unconscious and I could do nothing for him. When he ceased to groan I went again and he was dead. He made a good soldier and came to Statesville before the war from Holland, volunteered to fight for this, his adopted country and was killed. About 2 o'clock next morning the Brigade changed for a better position, which was held till the 19th. This position was just to the left of the "Bloody Angle." The right of the 4th extended to within a few rods of the angle where trees had been absolutely cut down by minnie balls from the enemy's guns. The longest and hottest engagement of the war, began about half past five a. m., and continued till two the

next morning. The world never saw a more hotly contested engagement. On the 19th of May, 1864, we made a flank movement on the left of Grant's army in an open field. Night put an end to the engagement and next morning found both armies had withdrawn. Our loss was 65 men killed and wounded. General Grimes reported two of the Old Guard killed, Gus Byers and Taylor.

The Regiment was commanded by Colonel Wood. The Regiment was at one time completely flanked but by a skillful change of front we met the foe in good order. This was an open field engagement and both sides showed pluck and determination. After this the army was in motion till it reached the vicinity of Richmond on the 20th of May, after much skirmishing we reached Hanover Junction.

On May the 25th to the 30th, severe fights came off, in both of which the enemy was repulsed. Again on the 3rd of June a bloody engagement took place but the enemy retired, their loss was heavy. On the 13th we moved in the direction of South Anna river to meet Hunter. General Grimes was in command of the division in the absence of General Rodes. On the 4th of July Harper's Ferry was captured. They had prepared for a gala day by having a big feast, but *we* finished the day by eating it. We captured a lot of stores and many prisoners. On the 6th of July, 1864, we crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown, Va., through Frederick City toward Washington, meeting slight resistance from small force. At the Monocacy river we encountered General Wallace. His troops occupied the east bank of the river, but his skirmishers were on the west side. After a short engagement the whole Federal force gave way, leaving the field with their dead and wounded in our hands with five or six hundred prisoners. The command moved on to Rockville, and on the 11th reached Eleventh Street pike which leads into Washington City and advanced to Fort Stevens. After two or three days we began to retreat to Virginia but had

some skirmishes. We re-crossed the Potomac at Leesburg, crossed the Blue Ridge at Sniker's Gap, and the Shenandoah river at Sniker's Ford.

SNIKER'S GAP FIGHT

On the 18th of July, 1864, several brigades of the enemy had crossed the Shennandoah river, while a considerable force were left on the north bank as a cover for their movements. This force could not be reached by our men but annoyed us very much as we engaged those on our side. Here one of the most exciting scenes of the war occurred. The enemy formed line of battle and started to advance on us, and our force started to meet them and about half way between the two lines was a stone fence, both lines made a break for the fence, but as our line had the advantage of down grade they saw we would get there first, they made a hasty retreat across the ford. Our men poured a heavy volley into them and they lost many men and three regimental flags on the field and many prisoners. Among our soldiers lost that day was the brave Colonel Jas. H. Wood who was in command of the Regiment. I helped to bury him in the yard of a citizen by his consent, and he helped us to give him the neatest burial possible under the circumstances. After this fight the enemy annoyed us very much with their long range rifles, firing from tree tops. One of our men, whose name I could not get, saw a man in the top of a tree and ran from tree to tree until in range of his gun, and brought him down the first shot. The enemy ran out and fired at him while our men ran to his rescue, but they could not save him, he was killed, but there was no more firing from trees.

The command of the Regiment devolved on Captain S. A. Kelly, who was wounded and captured at Winchester, when Major Stancil took command until he resigned in March, 1865, on account of wounds. Then Captain J. B. Forcum commanded it until the surrender. The Brigade under the command of Colonel Cox was kept constantly on the move

around Berrysville, Newton, Middletown, Strasburg, Kerners- town and Bunkerhill. Sometimes tearing up railroad tracks, skirmishing, and sometimes resting. At one time we crossed the Potomac going as far as Hagerstown, then returning to Bunkershill and to Winchester, then back to Strasburg and to Harper's Ferry. The troops liked to be on the move, even if it did make a skirmish. At Steven's Depot and Berrys- ville there was a lot of fighting with varying results, some- times advancing, sometimes retreating.

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER

On the 19th of September, 1864, the Brigade was early in line. Three brigades in line, Grimes on the right, Cox in the center and Cook on the left. Our command was on the left of the Winchester and Martinsburg road. We soon en- gaged the enemy who came near our position, but after a short encounter they gave way, and Cox drove them through the open field and Grimes pressed them through the woods, Cook supporting our left. At this point General Rodes was killed, but the men drove everything before them, captur- ing many prisoners who were hidden in a ditch. The Brigade moved on to the crest of the hill where Grimes had formed his line. Here General Evans' line was driven back leaving our left exposed. A battery was sent to our relief, and the enemy was checked at this point. About five o'clock we fell back in good order as the enemy had passed our left and threatened our rear. Line of battle was formed on the crest of the hill, from which we advanced again driving the enemy but being out-flanked we had to retire again, and now the whole army was in retreat. Our division held the enemy in check till the greater part of our men had withdrawn, then retreated in column for some distance, then formed line of battle and protected our artillery until night. We then con- tinued the retreat to Fisher's Hill about 15 miles. This was the first time the army of Northern Virginia had been defeat-

ed. In fact we never thought of being defeated before. The Band always acted as hospital helps, assisting the surgeons, etc.

D. Stokes Cowan, from Co. B, was wounded in the elbow during this fight. He was a fine violin player, and begged the surgeon not to amputate his arm. I thought it might be saved, and asked the surgeon to save it if possible, but they cut it off and I held it for them. Just as they finished the job he awoke and saw that his arm was off and he cried piti- fully. Just then one of our cavalry men rode up and told all of the non-combatants to "lookout for themselves, the Yan- kee Cavalrymen were in town." Charles Heyer and myself picked up our horns and books and started down through the old burned depot, he being in front came to the door three feet above the ground and after climbing down found a fence all around the door ten feet high and he made a comical jump with his big bass horn, but could not reach the top of the fence by three feet. I stood in the door and said, "Charlie, come here and I will help you up again," which I did, and as we started down the pike just then a lady said to us (who were non-combatants) "men don't run." I said "Nat, I can't stand that," and stopped and picked up a gun off the ground and was fixing to lead it. Nat looked at me and said, "Lum, come on, don't make a fool of yourself, what can you do by yourself?" I told him I would rather make a fool of myself than be considered running. We got out without being cap- tured.

Lieutenant T. W. Stevenson of Co. C was killed and a number of our best men. The battle lasted 9 hours and the men were under arms for 48 hours with little time for rest or rations. We returned to Strasburg and then to New Mar- ket, fighting most of the way. We marched to Port Repub- lic and Weer's Cave, where the Band, with two guides, ex- plored that wonderful cave with its large halls, brooks, hills and curiosities. In the hall called the Ballroom we

played many pieces of music, among which was "Sweet Home," "Vacant Chair," and others, anything sounded solemn but especially these pieces alluded to. Rev. A. D. Betts, chaplain of the 2nd Regiment enjoyed the music, but tears were streaming down his cheeks. He was a grand man. We then marched to Waynesboro, Mt. Sidney, Harrisburg and then back to New Market, where we were always among friends. The 4th Band always stopped at Dr. Neffs, who always had something good for us to eat. He, with his three daughters, Misses Eliza, Kate, and Amanda, ennobled themselves in our estimation. They were all that was good, noble, true, and loving, like all of the good people of the valley, full of hospitality and kindness; though overrun by both armies, first one and then the other, they always would divide with us. Sheridan boasted of destroying everything eatable, "that even a crow in flying over would have to carry his rations with him."

CEDAR CREEK

On the 18th of October, 1864, our army was encamped at Fisher's Hill, the enemy were encamped on the hill near Cedar Creek. Generals Ramsuer and Gordon crossed the Shenandoah river south of Strasburg, climbed the Massanutten mountain, from its summit located the enemy's camp, picket posts, and planned a surprise attack. After night the army being stripped of all canteens, tin cups, or anything that would rattle marched past the picket line very quietly just before day, but some one stepped on a rail and it broke with a loud crash, the men fell to the ground and the picket fired over them, then a charge was made and the pickets were captured, and the charge up the hill and into the Yankee Camp, and the surprise was complete. Some were cooking, some sleeping, some were running out of their tents on all fours.

Six thousand prisoners and many pieces of artillery and baggage were captured, but about four o'clock

p. m., the enemy rallied under Sheridan who met his army on his return from Winchester and turned them back, retaking most of the fruits of our victory except the prisoners. General Ramsuer was mortally wounded, and our whole brigade barely escaped being captured. Our wagon teams were hauling off the artillery which we captured, one large gun was swinging under an artillery wagon by a chain which allowed the gun to turn and swing against the wheel, the driver stopped and got off his horse, I saw what was the matter and fixed it, but when I got through he had loosed every horse, and was getting on to drive off, but a Colonel happened to be passing and I asked him to make the man hitch up again and he did, but just then a Yankee battery limbered up across the creek and threw a big shell at us and as I had done all I could, I did not wait to see whether he got it out or not.

The following letter from Mr. I. G. Bradwell of Brantley, Ala., so well describes this battle that I insert it in this sketch:

"Having received some re-enforcements from Lee's army at Richmond after our defeats at Winchester and Fisher's Hill a month before, General Early decided once more to advance down the Valley and assume the offensive if opportunity offered. Accordingly we marched to Fisher's Hill and bivouacked there out of sight of the enemy, who were holding a well-fortified line along the north side of Cedar Creek. So strong were their works, and the superiority of their numbers was so great, that they did not seem to suspect that our army, after being defeated twice, would attempt in so short a time to put them to any trouble.

"After General John B. Gordon had surrounded and captured the Federal signal station on the highest point of the Massanutten Mountain, which ends abruptly here, he had an extensive view of the enemy's position in every direction. He saw that he could lead the army by a cow path around the thickly wooded foot of the mountain at night, cross the Shenandoah into which Cedar Creek flows, and throw the weight of our small force on the Federal left wing, while the main part of the army crossed the creek and carried the works

along the center and right of the Federal line. His plan of battle was perfect and was carried out in every detail as he suggested; but for some unaccountable reasons General Early failed to make any effort to secure the fruits of the most remarkable victory won by the Confederates during the war.

“The object of this article is not to criticize the failings of that brave old patriot, but to give my own observations on that occasion and a truthful account of what I actually saw. As stated already, we were resting at Fisher’s Hill on the evening before when orders came to move to the right at dusk and to be careful not to make the least noise, as our route lay near the enemy’s line. The path was so narrow and the ground so rough that we marched in single file silently all night to reach our destination at a ford of the river near the extreme left of the enemy’s line. Day was just breaking as our brigade (Gordon’s) assembled there when suddenly two or three shots were fired from the other side, I suppose by their pickets at our scouts. This was a signal for our advance, which began immediately. We rushed to the ford only a hundred yards or so away, and plunged into the icy waters. A scramble then took place to see who should first get across, the stoutest in the advance. When they reached the precipitous bank, by some means, succeeded in getting to the top, leaving the mud sticky and very difficult for those in the rear to climb. Being among the hindmost, I stuck my hands and toes into the muddy soil to mount, if possible, with my struggling comrades and was just about to succeed when some one jostled me, and I slid down into the cold water. O, how cold! I made the attempt once more and got to the level, where we trotted up the road and formed for battle. The Yankee line followed the winding course of the creek, running in a general direction east and west, but at this point, their left, it curved to the north and ran parallel with the road which runs north, but several hundred yards from it. This line of works was well protected by a heavy abatis of timber cut down with their tops toward us. Between their works and the public road was their wagon camp, guarded by a considerable force. As we were forming in the gray dawn we could see fires kindling in these camps to burn the great collection of army supplies of every kind there collected.

“The advance began in less time than it takes to tell it,

and before we reached the blazing fires the enemy opened on us. We replied to their salutation and charged them with a yell. They immediately fled, and we followed them through the burning wagons and piles of army equipment in flames. We were now considerably mixed up, but steadily advancing in the direction the enemy had gone. Between the wagon camp and the breastworks was a very deep ravine with tall timber in it, the tops of which were only a little above the level of the ground on each side. When we reached this place we found the whole force which we had been fighting lying down at the bottom of it to escape our fire. Poor fellows! It looked like murder to kill them huddled up there where they could not defend themselves, while we had nothing to do but load and shoot. At the first volley the most of those who were not killed or wounded began a scramble to ascend the steep side of the ravine, catching to bushes and any object that offered help. Their knapsacks on their backs presented a conspicuous target for our rifles and I was surprised as I crossed the ravine to see how few of them were killed. I took good aim at one of these fellows and was just pulling the trigger to send a bolt through his body when I noticed that he was assisting a wounded comrade in his effort to get away. I turned to another and pulled down, but if I hit him he did not show any signs of it and proceeded on his way. When they reached the top, they made no further resistance, but fled to their works, followed by us, picking our way leisurely through the woods in squads with little or no organization, until we came in sight of their main force in the breastworks. They greeted us with a heavy volley, but we sustained little or no harm and came to abatis mentioned above. Here we were compelled to halt on account of the formidable nature of the defenses, the heavy fire from the works, and our scattered and disconnected forces. Advancing to this impassable barrier alone, with no one in sight on my left and a squad under Sergeant W. T. Warn some distance on my right, I came up face to face with a soldier clad in a blue uniform holding a loaded gun in his hand capped and cocked and ready to fire. At first I supposed him to be one of our own men dressed in a Yankee uniform, as some of them were; and since he did not fire at me, I had some doubts about shooting him. The fellow stood there in the tops of the fallen trees eyeing me in a shower of bullets coming from

his own men. As soon as I sized him up I ordered him to surrender, but he stood like a statue. I repeated the command and brought down my gun to the proper position to fire first if he should make the least attempt, but he still stood immovable. About this time a small boy comrade to the right saw me and my Yank standing together, came running up behind him, and ordered him to surrender. He immediately dropped his loaded gun, and Perkins started to the rear with him in a trot.

"A comrade of my company now came to me, and we took position behind a large oak near by and replied to the fire of the enemy in their works, who were wasting a great quantity of ammunition. Sergeant Warn and his squad could see from their position that the Federal artillerymen were making a great effort to hitch a white horse to a piece of artillery immediately in the rear of their works. This he and his men kept them from doing, although they made several attempts. Finally Warn and his squad disappeared, and I and my comrade were the only Confederates facing the enemy. After keeping up the fight for some time, in which we could not injure them behind their secure works, I suggested to him that we retire and hunt our men. We had not gone more than two hundred yards when the enemy ceased firing. We now returned and made our way through the defenses and stood on the breastworks. From this elevated position we had an excellent view of the battle field. A lieutenant of our brigade and some of his men, who had had experience in the artillery, were working the piece left there by the enemy on their scattered and fleeing forces. I suggested to my comrade that we go and help the few men who were still keeping up the fight against the routed enemy, but he said: "No, lets go down the line of works and fill our haversacks with meat and crackers left by the Yankees and then we will go." We did accordingly, and when we came to our men holding the front there were only a handful of them there, and no effort was being made to bring up the stragglers or strengthen our position, while one piece of artillery that had not fallen into our hands was keeping up a game fight.

"This continued for some time, and there was ample time for energetic measures if our commander in chief had done something or had allowed his generals to do something to save the immense amount of booty captured in the first

rush on the enemy that morning. Where he was or what he was doing all this time has never been explained. We had driven the enemy in complete rout back toward Winchester, where Sheridan was with a fresh army larger than ours, and every private soldier knew that these would arrive and put heart in the fugitives and renew the battle.

"Shortly after my comrade and I arrived on the firing line General Clement A. Evans, then commanding our brigade, came along and ordered Captain Harrell, of Company F, of our regiment, 31st Georgia, to take his company (F) and ours (I) and another, in all about thirty men, and go to the left to re-enforce the cavalry supposed to be there. He took us far to the left and beyond any support from our men. We saw no cavalry, but he deployed us about a hundred feet or more apart. Our position was elevated and open, and from it we had a full view of our men to the right. We could also see the vast army of the enemy forming in front of them. In front of us we could see little on account of the woods, but their skirmishers made things very uncomfortable for us, and we had many close calls. Looking to the right late in the evening, when the general advance was made, we could see what there was of the Confederate line. This consisted of a few groups here and there, with wide spaces, one and two hundred yards between and a few cavalry holding the right I suppose our little detachment of thirty men and the cavalry which had gone on a movement to the enemy's rear, was considered our left. The enemy had two well-formed lines of infantry, which extended from our right to the left of our skirmish line. In front of one-half of their double line we had no forces at all.

"The advance came late in the afternoon and met with little resistance from our men. The cavalry offered a stiff resistance for quite a while, but these were compelled by superior numbers to give up the unequal contest and seek safety in flight. One brave officer attracted my attention. He was mounted on a large black horse with flowing mane and tail. He fought with his pistol until the charging enemy were in a few feet of him, when he wheeled around, put spurs to his horse and fled, pursued by a score of Yankees shooting at him. As far as I could see the race the space between them gradually grew greater until they were out of sight.

“While we had been defeated by the bad management of our commander in chief, our loss in men was comparatively small. Sheridan, if he had been the general his friends claimed him to be, could have captured our entire army, * * * but he gave us time to recover and finally to rejoin General Lee and fight it out to the end.”

A monument to the memory of General Steven D. Ramsuer was erected on this battle field last year, and Captain T. M. C. Davidson and myself went to the unveiling which was on the 16th of September, 1920. This monument is mounted ten feet from the turnpike half mile north of Stickly's Mill, which Sheridan burned. The monument is described as follows: A square block of granite 3 feet square resting on a cement base, a round polished granite shaft 12 feet high, 30 inches in diameter at bottom, 27 inches at top, with cap on top 30 inches square by 16 inches high, four 12-inch cannon balls, three as a base and one on top, and these on top of the cap. The shaft was unveiled by the daughter of General S. D. Ramsuer.

Captain W. R. McNeely was killed in this fight and Captain J. A. Stikeleather wounded. When General Ramsuer was killed, General Grimes took command of this division and held it till the surrender. This was a sad day for us. The enemy had nearly five times as many men, but our division held its own until the troops on our left gave way and then we were obliged to retire, but retained our organization and saved the whole army from complete rout. About the 23rd of November, being in New Market, we marched to Rood's Hill to meet a heavy force of cavalry, and after a hard fight the enemy was routed. A snow was on the ground and the men suffered from cold and exposure.

PETERSBURG

On the 14th of November, 1864, the command marched to Petersburg, where we spent the winter. Our camp was 4

miles west from Petersburg. I started to Petersburg alone one day and about half way I met General Lee, and he was alone. I gave him a private's salute to a superior officer and he saluted me just as he would have saluted the next highest officer in the army.

Near this camp the Band serenaded the Merritt family, Nat Raymer hesitated to go in because his pants were worn out, but he slipped in and took a seat. A dance started, some of the ladies asked him why he did not dance, and he said: “Please excuse me, but I have very stern reasons for not dancing.”

While in this camp a man from Richmond made a talk to us about a flying machine that he was making an “Artis Avis,” as he called it. I have thought ever since that some one would make them a success, and now 50 years after this, they are flying over our heads like birds.

We enjoyed this camp with good quarters which we built of logs, with stick and mud chimneys. Telling jokes and playing pranks for pastime. Each house contained a mess, (a mess was 6 or 8 who lived together and ate together and were partners for the winter.) If one mess would go to bed too soon, some one would climb to the top of the chimney and drop in a pod of red pepper and lay a board over the chimney and hide. Presently the boys would begin to cough. When they could stand the pepper smoke no longer they would break out of the house and hunt for the perpetrator and if they could find him they would initiate him with a paddle, which would mean a spanking on a large scale.

On the 25th of March, 1865, General Grimes made an attack on the enemy's works at Petersburg, capturing a number of prisoners and twelve pieces of artillery. On the 1st of April, the enemy made an attack on our right and left. The attack on Fort Gregg was very fierce and we saw the fall of that stronghold, but could render no assistance as our own front would have been exposed if we had left our position.

On the 2nd of April we started on our retreat up the Appomattox river. Before the Band left Petersburg we could see both armies fighting in our rear through an open field and as we had no officer to look to for orders we had to look out for ourselves, so we crossed a bridge over the Appomattox river in the northwest corner of the city and began our part of the retreat up the Appomattox river. I was seldom on the sick list, but our surgeon gave me a permit to ride in an ambulance, but I could not find one. I found a good horse so near starved that it had been abandoned, so I tried to ride him but when he tried to step over the branch his knee gave way and let me down over his head in the branch. So I had to abandon him, too, then I concluded to dispose of everything that I could spare, left off my patent leather napsack (the best one I ever had) took up my blanket and rolled it up. My whole regalia was changed so that I did not know when I had everything. I was tired and sleepy and when night came on I stopped and lay down by a fire that some other straggler had made, went to sleep but before day the rear guard came along and woke us all up and told us the Yankees were coming. I got up half asleep, overlooked my horn and went on about a mile and a half before I missed it. I then went back and found it by chance.

On the 7th of April, three brigades under General Grimes hurried to the relief of General Mahone, whose line was giving way before the enemy. The enemy was driven back and a number of prisoners captured. General Lee complimented the men in person for their gallantry. On the 8th, the men marched all day, cheerful but tired, and hungry. About nine o'clock that night heavy firing was heard in the front and the men marched most of the night and through Appomattox. Before day, Sunday morning, the 9th, the enemy was repulsed, but our men were withdrawn after driving the enemy from their position. The division was ordered to regain the main body of Gordon's Corps. General

Grimes rode forward and asked General Gordon where he would form his men? General Gordon answered, "Any where you please." General Grimes, struck by this answer, asked for an explanation, when he was told that the army had been surrendered by General Lee. An hour before this I saw General Lee on his horse "Traveler" talking to a courier. We could see from the top of the hill that troops and wagon trains had been cut off in front. The Yankee line of battle was across the road in our front. We stood and looked at a Yankee officer with a courier who rode past us along our wagon train as if inspecting the train, then we knew that the "jig was up." All kinds of rumors were afloat. It was reported the surrender took place under a certain apple tree and that tree was consumed by soldiers getting souvenirs to carry home. But the surrender did not take place under an apple tree at all, but in Mr. McLain's house, as is shown by the Military Secretary of General R. E. Lee, as follows:

Colonel Charles Marshall, the military secretary of General Lee, was the only member of his staff who accompanied the Confederate chieftain on his visit to General Grant, at Appomattox, to arrange the terms of surrender. This interesting occurrence was made the subject of an address delivered by Colonel Marshall before the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland in the Academy of Music, January 19, 1984. One of the most deeply interested hearers was General Wade Hampton. Part of the address was published in the current number of the Century Magazine.

After speaking briefly of the events leading to Appomattox and of the preliminary correspondence between Generals Grant and Lee, in which the latter was not fully convinced that the time had arrived for surrendering the army of Northern Virginia, Colonel Marshall continued in his address:

Sketches of the Civil War

THE HALL AT APPOMATTOX

“The march was continued during the 8th of April with little interruption from the enemy, and in the evening we halted near Appomattox Courthouse, General Lee intending to march by way of Campbell Courthouse, through Pittsylvania county, toward Danville, with a view of opening communication with the army of General Joseph E. Johnston, then retreating before General Sherman through North Carolina. General Lee’s purpose was to unite with General Johnston to attack Sherman or call Johnston to his aid in resisting Grant, whichever might be found best. The exhausted troops were halted for rest on the evening of the 8th of April near Appomattox Courthouse, and the march was ordered to be resumed at 1 o’clock a. m. I can convey a good idea of the condition of affairs by telling my own experience.

“When the army halted on the night of the 8th, General Lee and his staff turned out of the road into a dense woods to seek some rest. The general had a conference with some of the principal officers, at which it was determined to try to force our way the next morning with the troops of Gordon, supported by the cavalry under General Fitz Lee, the command of Longstreet bringing up the rear. With my comrades of the staff and staff officers of General Longstreet and General Gordon, I sought a little much needed repose.

“We lay upon the ground near the road, with our saddles for pillows, our horses picketed near by, eating the bark of trees for want of better provender, our faces covered with the capes of our overcoats to keep out the night air. Soon after 1 o’clock I was aroused by the sound of a column of infantry marching along the road. We were so completely surrounded by the swarming forces of General Grant that at first when I awoke I thought the passing column might be Federal soldiers.

Sketches of the Civil War

THE TEXAS BRIGADE

“I raised my head and listened intently. My doubts were quickly dispelled. I recalled the order to resume the march at that early hour and knew that the troop I heard were moving forward to endeavor to force our way through the lines of the enemy at Appomattox Courthouse. I soon knew that the command that was passing consisted in part at least of Hood’s old Texas brigade.

“It was called the Texas Brigade, although it was at times composed in part of regiments from other States; sometimes there was a Mississippi regiment, sometimes an Arkansas regiment, and sometimes a Georgia regiment mingled with the Texans, but all the strangers called themselves Texans and all fought like Texans.

“On this occasion I recognized these troops as they passed along the road in the dead of night by hearing one of them repeat the Texan version of a passage of Scripture with which I was familiar—I mean with the Texan version. You will readily recall the original text when I repeat the Texan rendition of it that fell upon my ear as I lay in the woods by the roadside that dark night. The version was as follows:

“The race is not to them that’s got
The longest legs to run,
Nor the battle to that people
That shoots the biggest gun.”

“This simple confession of faith assured me that the immortal brigade of Hood’s Texans was marching to battle in the darkness.

“Soon after they passed we were all astir and our bivouac was at an end. We made our simple toilet which consisted mainly of putting on our caps and saddling our horses. We then proceeded to look for something to satisfy our now ravenous appetites.

LAST MEAL IN CONFEDERACY

“Somebody had a little corn meal, and somebody else had a tin can, such as was used to hold hot water for shaving. A fire was kindled, and each man in his turn, according to rank and seniority, made a can of corn meal gruel and was allowed to keep the can until the gruel became cool enough to drink. General Lee, who reposed, as we had done, not far from us, did not, as far as I remember, have even such refreshments as I have described.

“This was our last meal in the Confederacy. Our next was taken in the United States, and consisted mainly of a generous portion of that noble American animal whose strained relations with the great chancellor of the German Empire made necessary at last for the President of the United States to send an Ohio man to the court of Berlin. ‘Tantas componere lites.’

“As soon as we had our turn at the shaving can we rode toward Appomattox Courthouse, when the sound of guns announced that Gordon had already begun the attempt to open the way.

“He forced his way through the cavalry of the enemy only to encounter a force of infantry far superior to his own wearied and starving command. He informed General Lee that it was impossible to advance farther, and it became evident that the end was at hand.

LETTER TO GRANT

“General Lee had replied to the letter of General Grant of the 8th of April, as follows:

“April 8, 1865.

To Lieutenant General U. S. Grant, Commanding Armies of the United States:
General:

I received at a late hour your note of today. In mine of

yesterday I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army; but as the restorations of peace should be the sole object of all, I desire to know whether your proposals will lead to that end. I can not, therefore, meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia; but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States, forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 a. m. tomorrow on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket lines of the two armies.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, General.

“No reply to this letter had been received when early on the morning of April 9th, General Lee arrived near Appomattox Courthouse, which was occupied by the enemy.

“According to the proposal contained in his letter to General Grant of the 8th of April, General Lee, attended by myself and with one orderly, proceeded down the old stage road to Richmond to meet General Grant, and while riding to the rear for this purpose he received the message of General Gordon that his advance was impossible without re-enforcements. We rode through the rear guard of the army, composed of the remnants of Longstreet’s Corps. They had thrown up substantial breastworks of logs across the roads leading to the rear and cheered General Lee as he passed in the way they cheered many a time before. Their confidence and enthusiasm were not one whit abated by defeat, hunger and danger. It was lucky for the secretary that this rear guard was not permitted to try its hand at increasing the pension roll with which he is now struggling. Those men made no fraudulent pensioners. When they were done with a man he or his representatives had an indisputable claim to

a pension under any kind of a pension law. But soon as General Lee received the report of General Gordon as to the state of affairs in front he directed that officer to ask for a suspension of hostilities and proceed at once to meet General Grant.

"General Lee, with an orderly in front bearing a flag of truce, had proceeded but a short distance after passing through our rear guard, when we came upon the skirmish line of the enemy advancing to the attack.

GRANT'S REPLY

"I went forward to meet a federal officer, who soon afterward made his appearance coming toward our party. This officer proved to be Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier, of the staff of the late General Humphreys, whose division was immediately in our rear, and Colonel Whittier delivered to me General Grant's reply to the letter of General Lee of April 8th, which I have read declining to meet General Lee to discuss the terms of a general pacification on the ground that General Grant possessed no authority to deal with the subject:

"April 9, 1865.

"To General R. E. Lee, Commanding Confederate States Army:

"General: Your note of yesterday is received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed for 10 a. m. today could lead to no good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed.

"Sincerely hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen.

"I took this letter of General Grant's back to General Lee, who was a short distance from the spot where I met Colonel Whittier, and General Lee at once dictated the letter of April 9th, to General Grant, which I wrote and gave to Colonel Whittier. The letter is as follows:

"Headquarters Army, Northern Virginia,
April 9, 1865.

"Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant, Commanding United States Armies:

"General: I received your note this morning in the picket line, whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposition of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army.

"I now request an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, General.

"When I placed this letter in the hands of Colonel Whittier, I saw indications that the federal troops in our immediate front were advancing, and I knew that in a few minutes they would meet the skirmishers of our rear guard. I knew that if such meeting occurred, to use a common expression, 'the fat would be in the fire,' so far as a suspension of hostilities was concerned.

MEADE DEFERS ATTACK

"I therefore told Colonel Whittier the purport of the letter I had given him, and expressed the hope that hostilities might be suspended until it could reach General Grant. Colonel Whittier left me, taking General Lee's letter to General Grant with him, and saying that he would answer my request for a suspension of hostilities as soon as he could submit it to his commanding officer.

"He soon returned and told me that he had reported my request that hostilities be suspended pending the correspon-

dence, but that he had been directed to say that an attack had been ordered, and that the officer in command of the force in our rear had no discretion. He added that General Grant had left General Meade some time before and that General Lee's letter could not reach him in time to receive orders as to the intended attack.

"I expressed my regret and ask him to request the officer commanding to read General Lee's letter to General Grant, saying that perhaps that officer would feel authorized under the circumstances to suspend the movement and avoid the useless sacrifice of life.

"I have said that as General Lee passed through his rear guard on his way to the place where the conference I have mentioned took place the men cheered him as of old. They were the flower of the army of Northern Virginia, and I felt quite sure that if the officer commanding the advancing federal troops should consider himself bound by his orders to refuse my request for a suspension of hostilities until General Lee's letter could reach General Grant the rear guard of the army of Northern Virginia would secure all the time necessary.

"Colonel Whittier again returned to the federal lines, and when he came back informed me that General Meade had read the letter of General Lee and had agreed to suspend operations for one hour.

"General Lee returned to the front and with General Longstreet proceeded to a small orchard on the foot of the hill on which the line of battle was formed where he awaited the reply of General Grant. He sent a formal request for a suspension of hostilities into the federal lines. As he was much fatigued, a rude couch was prepared under the apple tree, upon which he reclined until the approach of a flag of truce from the federal line in our front was announced.

MEETING ARRANGED

"Soon afterwards Colonel Babcock, of General Grant's staff, was conducted to the presence of General Lee and delivered to him the following letter:

"April 9, 1865.

"General R. E. Lee, Commanding Confederate States Armies:

"Your note of this date is but this moment (11:59 a. m.) received. In consequence of my having passed from the Richmond road to the Farmville and Lynchburg road, I am at this writing about four miles west of Walker's church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.

U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen.

"Colonel Lee directed me to accompany him, with one orderly, and immediately mounting his horse rode with Colonel Babcock toward Appomattox Courthouse.

"We passed through the infantry force in front of the village and General Lee directed me to find a suitable place for the meeting. I rode forward and asked the first citizen I met to direct me to a house suitable for the purpose. I learned afterward that the citizen was Mr. McLean, who had lived on the battlefield of Bull Run, but had removed to Appomattox Courthouse to get out of the way of the war. Mr. McLean conducted me to an unoccupied and unfurnished house, in a very bad state of repair. I told him that it was not suitable, and then he offered his own house, to which he conducted me.

"They came in presently, and Colonel Babcock said that as General Grant was approaching on the road in front of the house it would only be necessary for him to leave an orderly to direct him to the place of meeting.

LEE AND GRANT MEET

“General Lee, Colonel Babcock and myself sat in the parlor for about half an hour, when a large party of mounted men arrived, and in a few minutes General Grant came into the room, accompanied by his staff and a number of Federal officers of rank, among them General Ord and General Sheridan.

“General Grant greeted General Lee very civilly and they engaged for a short time about their former acquaintance during the Mexican war.

“Some other Federal officers took part in the conversation, which was terminated by General Lee saying to General Grant that he had come to discuss the terms of the surrender of his army, as indicated in his note of that morning, and he suggested to General Grant to reduce his proposition to writing.

“General Grant assented and Colonel Parker, of his staff, moved a small table from the opposite side of the room and placed it by General Grant, who sat facing General Lee.

RETENTION OF HORSES

“When General Grant had written his letter in pencil he took it to General Lee who remained seated.

“General Grant’s attention to the fact that he required the surrender of the horses of the cavalry as if they were public horses. He told General Grant that Confederate cavalrymen owned their horses, and that they would need them for planting a spring crop. Grant at once accepted the suggestion and interlined the provision allowing the retention by the men of the horse that belonged to them.

“The terms of the letter having been agreed to, General Grant directed Colonel Parker to make a copy of it in ink, and General Lee directed me to write his acceptance.

RATIONS FOR LEE’S MEN

“Colonel Parker took the light table upon which General Grant had been writing, to the opposite corner of the room, and I accompanied him. There was an ink stand in the room but the ink was so thick that it was of no use. I had a small boxwood ink stand which I always carried, and I gave it, with my pen, to Colonel Parker, who proceeded to copy General Grant’s letter.

“While he was so engaged I sat near the end of a sofa on which General Sheridan was sitting, and we entered into conversation. In the midst of it General Grant, who sat nearly diagonally across the room and was talking with General Lee, turned to General Sheridan and said: ‘General Sheridan, General Lee tells me he has some 1,200 of our people prisoners, who are sharing with his men, and that none of them have anything to eat. How many rations can you spare?’

“General Sheridan replied: ‘About 25,000.’

“General Grant turned to General Lee and said ‘General, will that be enough?’

“General Lee replied: ‘More than enough.’

“Thereupon General Grant said to General Sheridan: ‘Direct your commissary to send 25,000 rations to General Lee’s commissary.’

“General Sheridan at once sent officers to give the necessary orders.

SIGNING THE TERMS

“When Colonel Parker had concluded the copying of General Grant’s letter, I sat down at the same little table and wrote General Lee’s answer.

“I have yet in my possession the original draft of that answer. It began: ‘I have the honor to acknowledge’ (General Lee struck out those words and made the answer read as it now appears. His reason was that the correspondence ought not appear as if he and General Grant were not in im-

mediate communication). When General Grant had signed the copy of his letter made by Colonel Parker and General Lee had signed the answer, Colonel Parker handed to me General Grant's letter and I handed to him General Lee's reply and the work was done. Some further conversation of a general nature took place, in the course of which General Grant said to General Lee that he had come to the meeting as he was and without his sword, because he did not wish to detain General Lee until he could send back to his wagons, which were several miles away.

"This was the only reference made by anyone to the subject of dress on that occasion.

"General Lee had prepared himself for the meeting with more than usual care, and was in full uniform, wearing a very handsome sword and sash. This was doubtless the reason of General Grant's reference to him.

"At last General Lee took leave of General Grant, saying that he would return to his headquarters and designate the officers who were to act on our side in arranging the details of the surrender. We mounted our horses, which the orderly was holding in the yard, a number of Federal officers standing on the porch in front of the house looking at us.

LEE TO HIS MEN

"When General Lee returned to his lines a large number of men gathered around him, to whom he announced what had taken place and the causes that had rendered the surrender necessary.

"Great emotion was manifested by officers and men, but love and sympathy for their commander mastered every other feeling.

"According to the report of the chief of ordnance less than 8,000 armed men surrendered exclusive of the cavalry. The others who were presented were unarmed, having been unable to carry their arms from exhaustion and hunger.

Many had fallen from the ranks during the arduous march, and unarmed men continued to arrive for several days after the surrender, swelling the number of paroled prisoners greatly beyond the actual effective force.

"I have thus given you an exact narrative of the circumstances attending the surrender of General Lee's army, as far as they fell under my observation. I have endeavored to give the facts as they occurred without comment and excluding everything not immediately connected with the great event, believing that it possesses sufficient interest in itself to render comment unnecessary, if not inappropriate."

LEE'S LAST GENERAL ORDER

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia,
April 10, 1865.

"General Order No. 9:

"After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

"I need not tell the brave survivors of so many hard fought battles who have remained steadfast to the last that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them.

"But feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that must have attended the continuation of the contest, I determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

"By the terms of agreement officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection.

"With an increasing admiration of your constancy and

devotion to your country and a grateful remembrance of your kind generous consideration for myself I bid you affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE.

After General Lee surrendered on the 9th of April, two days were spent in getting our paroles and getting ready to start home. On the night of the 11th, our Band serenaded General Lee for the last time. After playing three or four pieces he came out of his tent and complimented the music and thanked us for it, and said, "I hope you will get home safely and find your friends well." He did not shake hands with us, but bade us good bye, and went back in his tent.

The 4th Regiment was in command of Captain J. B. Forcum, and Co. C in command of Lieutenant John C. Turner at the surrender.

On Wednesday the 12th, we were up early and started for home on foot. Nat Raymer who had been the war correspondent of the home papers during the war, and myself who had been room mates and bed fellows during the war planned that we would make the trip home together, and take the most direct route we could find. We would have to depend on the country for a living as we had neither rations nor money, but we found the same hospitality for which Virginia was noted, still existed. On our way home we crossed Dan river a few miles above Danville and came through Leaksville, N. C., and spent the last night at Mocksville. The war was over and I was back home, and everything we had was gone. I began at once to cast about for something to do to get a new start in life, but I could find nothing to do but stay at home and plow to pay my board.

The following is a description of the terrible experience of the 26th N. C. Regiment and of Company F which was formed in Lenoir, N. C., in April, 1861, and which I was asked to join with the suggestion of military honors, but I preferred

to volunteer at Statesville, my old home. Company F was organized at the close of Captain Faucett's military school at Lenoir, of which I, with Captain R. M. Tuttle and C. A. Tuttle, were cadets. Captain R. M. Tuttle and C. A. Tuttle who was the writer of the following sketch were both wounded in the Gettysburg fight. Captain Tuttle, after the war became a Presbyterian minister, but many years since died serving a church with distinction in Virginia. C. A. Tuttle is still living at his old home in Lenoir.

My reasons for including the 26th, which was Gov. Z. B. Vance's old Regiment and of Co. F in my sketch is that the 26th Regiment lost more men and that this Company lost more men killed and wounded than any other Company in either army, Northern, or Southern, in any battle during the war. Thirteen times this Regimental flag was cut down in this fight. Company F lost every officer and man. Thirty-one killed and sixty wounded. The world never saw more valor displayed than that, and this makes me proud that I am a North Carolinian of whom it is said: "First at Bethel, farthest at Gettysburg and last at Appomattox."

AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

"While the 26th N. C. Regiment were lying in some woods, impatiently waiting to begin the engagement, the enemy were moving with great rapidity getting their lines in position. In our front across the wheat field was a wooded hill (McPherson woods) on this hill the enemy placed their famous iron brigade composed of the 2nd, 6th, 7th Wisconsin Regiments, 19th Indiana and 24th Michigan Regiments. They wore tall bell-crowned black hats which made them conspicuous in the line of battle. General Ewell's corps had come upon our left and engaged the enemy, never was a grander sight beheld, the lines extended more than a mile, all distinctly visible to us, now one of the armies would be driven back, then the other, while neither seemed to gain any advantage. Suddenly, there came down the line the long awaited command "Atten-

tion." The time of this command could not have been more inopportune; for our line had inspected the enemy, and well knew the desperateness of the charge we were to make. The 26th Regiment instantly obeyed, all to a man were up and ready, every officer at his post; Colonel Burgwyn in the center, Lieutenant-Colonel Lane on the right, Major Jones on the left, Standardbearer Mansfield at once stepped to his position, four paces to the front. At the command "Forward March" instantly the 26th Regiment was going across the field in a double quick. The enemy at once opened fire, killing and wounding some, but their aim was too high, we returned their fire, on and on the 26th went, still in perfect line until we reached the branch, (Wiloughby's run) where we were delayed some by the briars, reeds and underbrush, crossing in good order hurling our lines against several lines of the Federals formed at the foot of the ridge. There was a sheet of flame burst from the Federals stronghold, blazed along the crest of the ridge, a roar of cannon and musketry, a storm of leaden and iron hail poured into our ranks, but the 26th gradually moved on, into the jaws of death. The dead and wounded strewn the dark valley. On they advanced to the conflict, charge after charge made, amid the thunder of cannon, rattle of musketry. The engagement was becoming desperate, the bullets were falling as thick as hail-stones in a storm. At this time the colors have been cut down ten times, the color guard all killed or wounded, we have now struck the second line of the enemy where the fighting is the fiercest and the killing the heaviest. At this time General Pettigrew sends Colonel Burgwyn word that the 26th Regiment had covered itself with glory. Suddenly Captain McRury seized the flag and waves it aloft and is shot through the heart and falls, bathing the flag with his heart's blood, Lieutenant Wilcox rushes forward pulling the flag from under the dead hero, advances a few steps, he also falls with two wounds in his body. The line hesitated; the crisis is reached. The colors must advance, Colonel Burgwyn seizes the flag from the nerveless grasp of the gallant Wilcox and advances giving the order "dress on the colors," Private Honeycutt rushes from the ranks and asks the honor to advance the flag, turning to hand him the flag Colonel Burgwyn is shot through both lungs, falling he caught in the folds of the flag and carries it with him to the ground. The daring Honeycutt survives his

Colonel but a moment and is shot through the head. Now for the thirteenth time the regimental colors are in the dust. Colonel Lane gives the order "close your men quickly to the left, I am going to give them the bayonet," returning to the center of the regiment he finds the colors still down, Colonel Lane pulls the colors from under the brave Honeycutt, saying, "It is my time to take them now," and advancing with the flag shouts at the top of his voice: "26th follow me," the regiment answers with a yell and press forward, several lines of the enemy have given away, but a most formidable line yet remains, which seems determined to hold its position, a volley of musketry are fast thinning out those left, and only a skeleton line now remains. To add to the horrors of the scene, the battle smoke has settled over the combatants making it almost as dark as night, with a yell the men obey the command to advance and rush on and upwards to the top of the hill, when the last line of the Federals gives way and sullenly retreats from the field through the village of Gettysburg to the heights beyond the cemetery.

"The writer was shot through the arm as the last line retreated, night coming on casting her sable mantle over all, as if to hide the awful carnage from view. The victory was ours, but at what a cost, out of 800 men who went into the fight, over 600 of this noble regiment was killed or wounded. Company F from Caldwell county went into the fight with 91 men and lost, 31 killed, and 60 wounded, nearly one third of this grand old company sleep on that glory field on which they so nobly gave their lives for their beloved Southland.

"Me thinks I see the dying soldiers as they look beyond the dark, chill flood to their home and rest in the peaceful land.

"Over the river, now a heavenly guest, under the shade of the trees forever to rest.

C. A. TUTTLE,

"Co. F, 26th Regiment N. C. V., February 3rd, 1908."

ENGLISH SENTIMENT FOR THE SOUTH

(From the *Methodist Review*, 1867.)

"No sooner had the Southern Confederacy fallen than the following noble strain of indignant eloquence burst in tones of thunder from the press of the London Evening Herald:

The South is doomed. With the surrender of General Lee ends not indeed the possibility of military defense, still less that of desperate popular resistance, but the hope of final success. After four years of war, sustained with a gallantry and resolution that have few, if any, precedents in history; after such sacrifices as perhaps no nation ever made in vain; after losses that have drained the lifeblood of the country; after a series of brilliant victories, gained under unequalled disadvantages, courage and skill and devotion have succumbed to brute force; and by sheer power of numbers a race, inferior in every quality of soldiership and manhood has prevailed over the bravest and most united people that ever drew the sword in defense of civil rights and national independence. To numbers and numbers alone the North owes its hateful triumph. Its advantages in wealth and resources, in the possession of the sea and the command of the rivers, were neutralized by Southern gallantry. In spite of the most numerous navy in the world, half a dozen Southern cruisers drove its commerce from the seas. In spite of its overwhelming superiority in strength of ships and guns, improvised Southern ironclads beat and drove off its blockading squadrons, and Southern cavalry, embarking on little river steamers, captured its armed gunboats. In defiance of all its power, Southern energy contrived to supply the armies of the Confederate States with everything of which they stood in need.

"When the war broke out, the North had every kind of military stores in abundance and could draw unlimited supplies from Europe; the South had scarcely a cannon, had but few rifles, still fewer swords or bayonets, and not a single foundry or powder factory. All these deficiencies were supplied by the foresight of the Confederate government and the daring of the Confederate armies. The routed forces of the North supplied artillery and ammunition, rifles, and bayonets to the Southerners. The cannon which thundered

against Gettysburg, the shot which crushed the brave mercenaries of Burnside on the slopes above Fredericksburg came for the most part from Northern arsenals. No Southern failure is attributed to the want of arms or powder; no Federal success was won by the enormous advantages which the North enjoyed in its military stores and its open ports. Had these been the only odds in its favor, long ago would the Federal government have taken refuge at Boston or New York and every inch of Southern soil have been free from the step of the invader. Numbers and numbers alone, have decided the struggle.

"Almost every battle has been won by the South, but every Southern victory has been rendered fruitless by the overwhelming numerical superiority of the vanquished. The conquerors found themselves on every occasion confronted by new armies and deprived of the fruits of victory by the facility with which the broken ranks of the enemy were replenished. The smaller losses of the South were irreparable; the greater sacrifices of the North were of no consequence whatever in the eyes of a government which lavished the lives of hired rowdies and foreign mercenaries in the knowledge that money could repair all that folly and ferocity might destroy. The South has perished by exhaustion, by sheer inability to recruit her exhausted armies. Whatever errors may have contributed to hasten her fall, whatever may be due to the fatal march into Tennessee and the incomprehensible policy which laid Georgia and the Carolinas open to Sherman, the struggle has been decided solely by the relative numbers of the belligerents, by the fact that the Federal recruiting field was practically unlimited, while that of the Confederates was too small to supply the losses of each campaign.

"It may console the heroic soldiers of the South to remember that their whole force was never equal in number to the foreign mercenaries of the Union alone; but the lesson which this war has taught is one of disastrous augury for mankind. It can hardly be hoped that any people will show greater devotion than the Southerners, that any country will send forth braver armies or greater generals, and the fate of secession assures us that valor and strategy are vain when opposed to numbers; that a commander who must count the lives of his men must in the end be overpowered by one who, like Grant, can afford to regard the loss of ten thousand men

as a matter of indifference. When we compare the respective numbers belonging to free and despotic States, when we count up the overwhelming numerical superiority of despotisms, legitimate and democratic, over all constitutional countries combined, we can but feel that the fall of the Confederacy is a presage of evil for the cause of liberty and the future of mankind.

"The part which England has played in this awful drama adds a tenfold bitterness to the grief with which we regard its deplorable catastrophe. Every generous heart must be wrung in witnessing the death agony of a gallant nation; but we, the nearest kinsman, whose supineness permitted, whose policy furthered and hastened its destruction, have to bear not only the pang of sorrow, but the worse tortures of self-reproach. England—may Heaven forgive her!—has cast away the noblest opportunity and has been accessory to the greatest crime that modern history records. A single dispatch, a single stroke of the pen, requiring no more than the commonest foresight and the most ordinary courage, would have enabled her to preserve the gratitude of generations yet unborn. More than once it has been in her power without a blow to establish in the New World that international balance of power without which neither peace nor liberty is possible. She might have given independence to the South, have stayed the carnage of the war, have made Canada safe forever, have secured a firm, powerful, and loyal ally, have secured against disturbance and interruption the hopeful and generous experiment by which France is endeavoring to restore order and peace to Mexico and to save the resources of that magnificent country for commerce and for civilization. All this she might have done without overstepping by a hair's breadth the duty of neutrals and the law of nations, and there was not found in England a statesman who had the courage to seize the glorious opportunity. Worse than this, the men to whose feeble and unworthy hands her great power and vast responsibilities were intrusted not only shrank from casting her moral weight into the scale of justice, order and civilization, but they lent her aid to the champions of tyranny within the Union and of anarchy abroad. They gave grudgingly to the South in her struggle for her own independence, for the safety of our colonies, and the peace of the American continent, a limited share of belligerent rights;

but they seized her unarmed ships in our harbors, they drove her cruisers forth from our colonial ports, they harassed her with hampering and vexatious demands, while they allowed her enemy to recruit in Ireland, to blockade our seaports, and to exceed the utmost latitude of belligerent rights in order to intercept the trade of the Confederates.

"How different might the fortunes of war have proved had England been honestly neutral. Grant even that she had seized the Alabama and the Florida, what would this have signified if she had stopped Federal recruiting in Ireland and insisted that the example should be loyally followed on the continent? Had she taken stringent measures to prevent emigration of recruits to the North, as she stopped the supply of a navy to the South, the Federal armies would have been weakened by more men than Grant and Sherman now command, and thus the North would have lost that fatal, that unjust advantage by which the South has been crushed. Richmond has fallen before an army of foreign mercenaries. Lee has surrendered to an army of foreigners. With a horde of foreigners Sherman occupied Atlanta, took Savannah, ravaged Georgia, and traversed the Carolinas. By the aid of foreign mercenaries the South has been destroyed and that aid the conquerors owe to the connivance of England. It is not often that a duty neglected, an opportunity thrown away can ever be retrieved. It is not often that a great public wrong goes utterly unpunished. We are little disposed to import into politics the language of the pulpit, but we can not forbear to remind our readers that nations as well as individuals are responsible for the use they make of the powers and opportunities intrusted to them, and history does not encourage us to hope that so grievous a dereliction of duty as that of which on our part the South has been the victim will go eventually unpunished."

MEMORIAL

JAMES COLUMBUS STEELE

1839 - 1921

JAMES COLUMBUS STEELE

In the summer of 1918 when our boys were in France, the band on the Court House lawn played a marching hymn that many there had never heard, and "What is that?" said they. A quiet old man whose gray head had kept time to the thrilling melody said, "Why that is the French battle hymn, the 'Marseillaise' they call it." And then he recounted the days when his band, too, had played that hymn as the army rallied to the difficult march, for he had been a member of the 4th North Carolina Regimental Band and his battered horn was then in the vault, a relic put away for safe-keeping, just to show his grand children what was done in the old days, "the dear, dead days" that sleep with the past even as most of his comrades and he, too, now.

Because this man, James Columbus Steele, was one of "the boys in gray with the hearts of gold" who walked home from Appomattox to help build out of poverty and desolation the New South and who by untiring labor and royal faith achieved success, we write this simple Memorial.

J. C. Steele was born July 10, 1839, in Cool Spring township, Iredell County, his parents being John M. and Elizabeth Bell Steele. He attended Ebenezer Academy at Bethany church, Jas. A. Crawford being his teacher. Later he studied at Taylorsville under Jas. H. Foote, J. H. Hill and H. J. Grimes. He was at school in Lenoir, Caldwell county, when the War Between the States began and came home to enlist June 7, 1861. He became a member of the Fourth N. C. Regimental Band and of his experiences from '61 to '65 he gives an interesting account in his "Sketches of the Civil War."

He married Miss Dora V. Montgomery, a daughter of William Thomas and Elizabeth Crawford Montgomery of

Cool Spring township, October 19, 1871, and who died October 30, 1914. To them were born four sons, Clarence Montgomery, Henry Oscar, Alexis Preston and Flake Futhy, and one daughter, Mary Elizabeth, now Mrs. E. R. Rankin.

In 1882 Mr. Steele left his farm and saw mill and moved to Statesville. The "Trade Edition of The Landmark," published Thursday, May 22, 1890, gave a good account of his successful beginning in the manufacture of brickyard equipment, Mr. Steele having patented several devices. Brick-making was also included in the scope of his operations.

Before his retirement in 1912, his sons had grown to manhood and had taken charge of the business. The manufacture of clay-working machinery had grown to such an extent that shipments were made to all parts of the United States. In 1916, his son-in-law, E. R. Rankin, joined in the management of the brick-making operations, which have since been largely increased.

Mr. Steele's mechanical and inventive talent was an inheritance, his father, John M. Steele, being a skilled craftsman. There is still in use a suit of walnut furniture he made before the days of furniture factories. He was a student of P. S. Ney, from whom he learned many wise things and to whom he was devoted, believing, as all his fellow-students did, that he was none other than the great Marshal Ney of France.

John M. Steele's father, Henry Steele, had a trade other than his farming. The table which he used when lettering tombstones is now preserved in the vault at J. C. Steele and Sons' establishment. It has a little drawer where the chisels were kept. There were no railroads nor marble quarries near and soapstone was used, many tombstones still standing in the old cemeteries having been made by Henry Steele. Henry Steele, born December 14, 1774, was the son of Captain Ninian Steele, who came from Pennsylvania to Iredell county

when he was a young man and March 15, 1770, married Elizabeth Chambers, whose father, Henry Chambers, a prominent pioneer, had come from Pennsylvania, who on January 7, 1761, obtained a large grant of land on Third Creek near the present town of Elmwood.

March 25, 1772, Ninian Steele bought 200 acres of land from his brother-in-law, Robert Chambers. Very probably it was the old home as its "houses and gardens" are mentioned in the deed and a handsome brick house had been built by Henry Chambers, Jr., on an other part of the plantation.

In this home Ninian and Elizabeth Steele lived during the Revolution and, as it lay quite near the British line of march, they must have had many visits from the "Red Coats." From here Ninian Steele went as a member of the Rowan County Committee of Safety in 1774, and, though his military record has disappeared, we are sure he won his title of "captain" by service.

April 30, 1779, Ninian Steele bought a square mile of land on both sides of Fifth Creek from Robert Simonton, it having been originally granted to the Rev. John Thompson by the Earl of Granville, March 25, 1752. On this plantation Ninian Steele built a large house and spent the remainder of his life as a neighbor of Captain Andrew Caldwell, whose place was a few miles down the creek. Both these men were faithful friends of the pastor of the great congregation, the Rev. James Hall, and the record shows that some of the students of Dr. Hall's famous "Science Hall" school boarded with them, among them being Joseph Pearson and probably John Steele of Salisbury, son of the noted patriot, Elizabeth Maxwell Steele, John's father being William Steele one of the six Steele brothers who came to America from Ireland. Of these Steele brothers, four settled in Pennsylvania, Samuel, John, Ephriam and Thomas, while William settled

in Salisbury, North Carolina, and Joseph in South Carolina. Two other brothers, the Rev. Ninian Steele and James Steele remained in Ireland. The parents of these eight Steele men were Samuel and Mary Stevenson Steele. Mary Steele was still living in 1792 and the following is a letter she wrote to her son, Ephriam, in Carlisle, Pennsylvania:

Letterkenny, September 2nd, 1792.

My Dear Son:

I take this opportunity of letting you know that I am in good health hoping that you and your family are well—I am also to let you know that I am now in Letterkenny with my granddaughter, Mary Hogg, who has learned the mantua-making business and we intend to remain in Letterkenny for the sake of these poor unhappy children—(her grandchildren).

My intention of writing this letter is on account of a young man, one James Stevenson, who is a friend and well-wisher of mine and lives with a Mr. Hugh Willison, storekeeper and lives in Carlisle in the town with you. Dear son, I would be obliged to you if you can do anything for him in your power to do it and be as friendly to him as you can possibly be as he is a young man whom I have a great regard for and also a relation of the family's. Dear son, I will depend on you that you will do all in your power for him as he has no friends near him to give him good advice, and in doing all you can for him, will oblige your ever loving mother.

Till death,

MARY STEELE.

Two of the Reverend Ninian Steele's letters that have been preserved are, also, appended:

Baalyronan, near Mayherafelt, 10th Nov. 1809.

My dear Brother:

By a letter I lately received from my sister Jordan, I am sorry to hear that you are afflicted with a nervous complaint,

which renders you incapable of using a pen. This has given me real concern, but our duty is to be resigned under afflictions and thankful for mercies. I am also very much concerned to hear of the death of your son at sea, but God's good will be done; He alone knows what is right, and we ought to acquiesce in his good pleasure. It is long since I heard from you, so very long that I thought you had forgotten me. I have myself suffered a good deal by deaths. Out of twelve children, six boys and six girls, I have only five living, four sons and one daughter. My eldest daughter Elizabeth, the darling of my heart, last July died with her aunt in Derry. I had lost her mother in the year 1805. My youngest daughter, Lucy, has kept house for me ever since. She is now 19 years of age. William, my eldest son, has had a good appointment for seven years past in the Dublin Custom House. He is married, well and has two children. My second son, Samuel, has a commission in the army for four years past, and has been in many a hard-fought blood battle abroad, and my son William wrote me a few lines yesterday that he expected him in Dublin this week on his way to the North of Ireland. I need not say I will be glad to see him. I know not yet how long leave of absence he has got. Frederic and Newcome (?) (Neweorne) are yet with me, but I expect soon to obtain an appointment for Frederic in the Custom House with his brother or a commission in the army.

I am in good health, blessed be God for it, and am pleasantly settled on the banks of Lough Neagh, and if it was not for the deaths in my family I would be happy, but God's will be done. My brother James came to see me after my daughter's death, and staid some nights with me. His health at this time is not good. By a letter I had a few days ago from his daughter Jane, I find he is at present afflicted severely with pains and confined to his bed.

I would be happy in hearing from you, and though you may not be able of yourself to write, yet some one of your family might do it for you. So, dear brother, let me have the pleasure of hearing from you.

I hope e'er long the misunderstanding between England and America will be amicably settled; it is the interest of

both countries, to be friends, and I wish it with all my heart.

Give my most affectionate love with that of my children to my sister and all your family, and believe me,

Your affectionate brother,

NINIAN STEELE.

2nd March 1810.

I could not get a conveyance for this letter, till now, that my son, who is going to London to join his regiment promises to have it sent by a safe conveyance, and also a letter for Mrs. Jordan. We are all well. My son's regiment is ordered for Sicily.

Ephriam and John Steele settled in Carlisle, Thomas went further west near Fort Pitt but Samuel and his sons seem to have settled in Chester County, at least Captain Ninian Steele, whose father was Samuel (the records seem to prove this conclusively though we have not yet been able to investigate the Chester county wills), came from Chester County to North Carolina when a young man, he and two brothers having come from Ireland with their father when mere boys. Later their mother and sister came over also.

On a branch on the south side of Fifth Creek, Captain Ninian Steele set up a cotton gin which he had made from a description, probably of Eli Whitney's gin, the description having been written in a letter by one who had seen the original gin. One of the hand-made saws from this gin is preserved in the vault at J. C. Steele & Sons.

Not only in inventive skill did J. C. Steele follow the bent of his fathers but in religious life, also. Captain Ninian Steele was one of the early elders in the First Presbyterian Church of Statesville and he and his wife rest beneath marble slabs in the old Presbyterian graveyard. Ninian Steele's son, Henry, was ordained an elder in the Bethany church in

1823, and Henry's son, John M., was ordained an elder in the First Presbyterian church in 1836. John M. Steele's son, James Columbus, was ordained an elder in this same church in 1901, and his son, Clarence M. Steele, was ordained an elder in the same church in 1911.

J. C. Steele served as alderman of the City of Statesville for several years and as mayor for two terms—1903, to 1907. He was one of the board of regents of the Presbyterian Orphans' Home at Barium Springs, for many years.

In 1916 Mr. Steele was married to his second wife, Mrs. Annie McKenzie Murdoch. In 1920, Mr. and Mrs. Steele and Captain T. M. C. Davidson had a delightful visit to the old battle fields of Virginia. After their return Mr. Steele spent many pleasant months compiling his "Sketches" which he had just completed and put in the hand of the printer at the time of his death, July 13, 1921.

The following official record by the Session of the First Presbyterian Church, and spread on the church's minutes, show in what esteem J. C. Steele was held by those who knew him best:

It is with great grief and a propound sense of loss that the Session of the First Prebyterian Church, Statesville, N. C., records the death of Mr. J. C. Steele.

He was a man of fine spirit, positive character, and noble Christian life. Faithful to all trusts he fulfilled the obligations of a constructive business man, a progressive citizen, a loyal Churchman and a devoted husband, father and friend.

In the long succession of exceptional men who have served this Church as Elders he was one of the strongest and most useful.

The loss the Church has sustained in his death is very great and therefore we mourn. But at the same time we are able to rejoice. A life of service so long, so faithful, and so

useful gives ground for abundant thanksgiving and joy beyond all our grief.

May God grant that men like this may never fail in his Kingdom.

C. E. RAYNAL, *Moderator*

F. A. SHERRILL, *Clerk*.

The tribute from the Men's Bible Class of First Presbyterian Church of which he was a member, is a fitting close to this Memorial:

"I will go in and do my part," thus spoke the oldest member of our Men's Bible Class, just two Sabbaths ago.

The words were typical of the man. To do his part, the part of a real man, was his supreme passion.

In church and in civic life, in war and in peace, he did his part. In constructive effort for the betterment of his town and community, in courtesy and kindness to the lowly, in helpfulness to the orphan, in generosity to every righteous cause, in charity to all, he did his part.

Enfeebled by age, tottering under the infirmity of sickness, he has reached that stage in life when he could do but little for his Master, but that little he did with fine spirit to the end.

His last Sabbath on earth found him in his accustomed place in the Bible Class, eager to learn more from God's truth. With glowing face, attentive ear, reverent heart, devout spirit, he listened and learned, and did his part.

Suddenly and without warning, just a few days later, the "clear call" came to him, and he went to do his part in higher service with his Lord.

"I will do my part"—No fitter message could he leave behind for the Bible Class he loved so well.

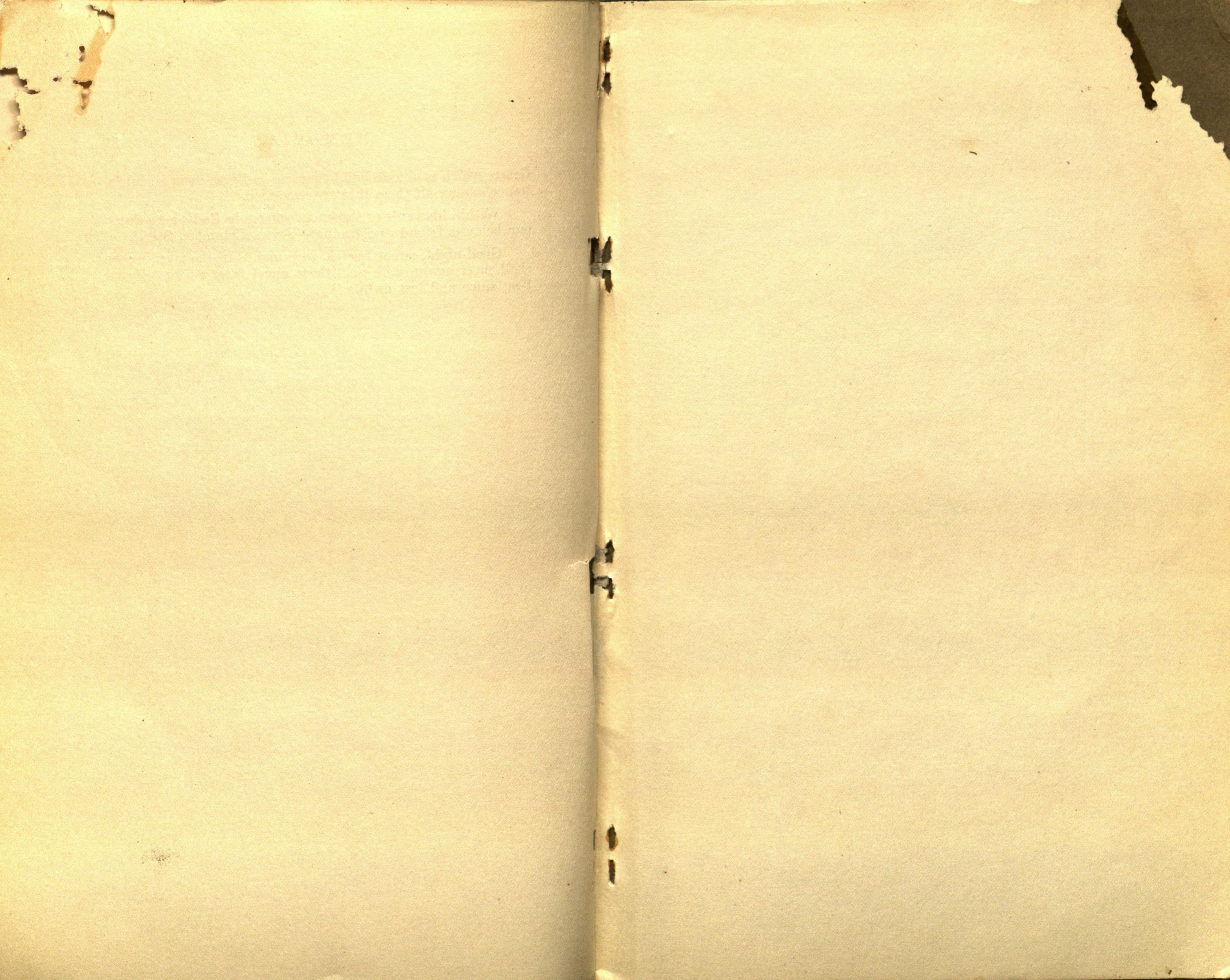
His life is an inspiration; his memory is blessed; his final words a stirring call to each of us.

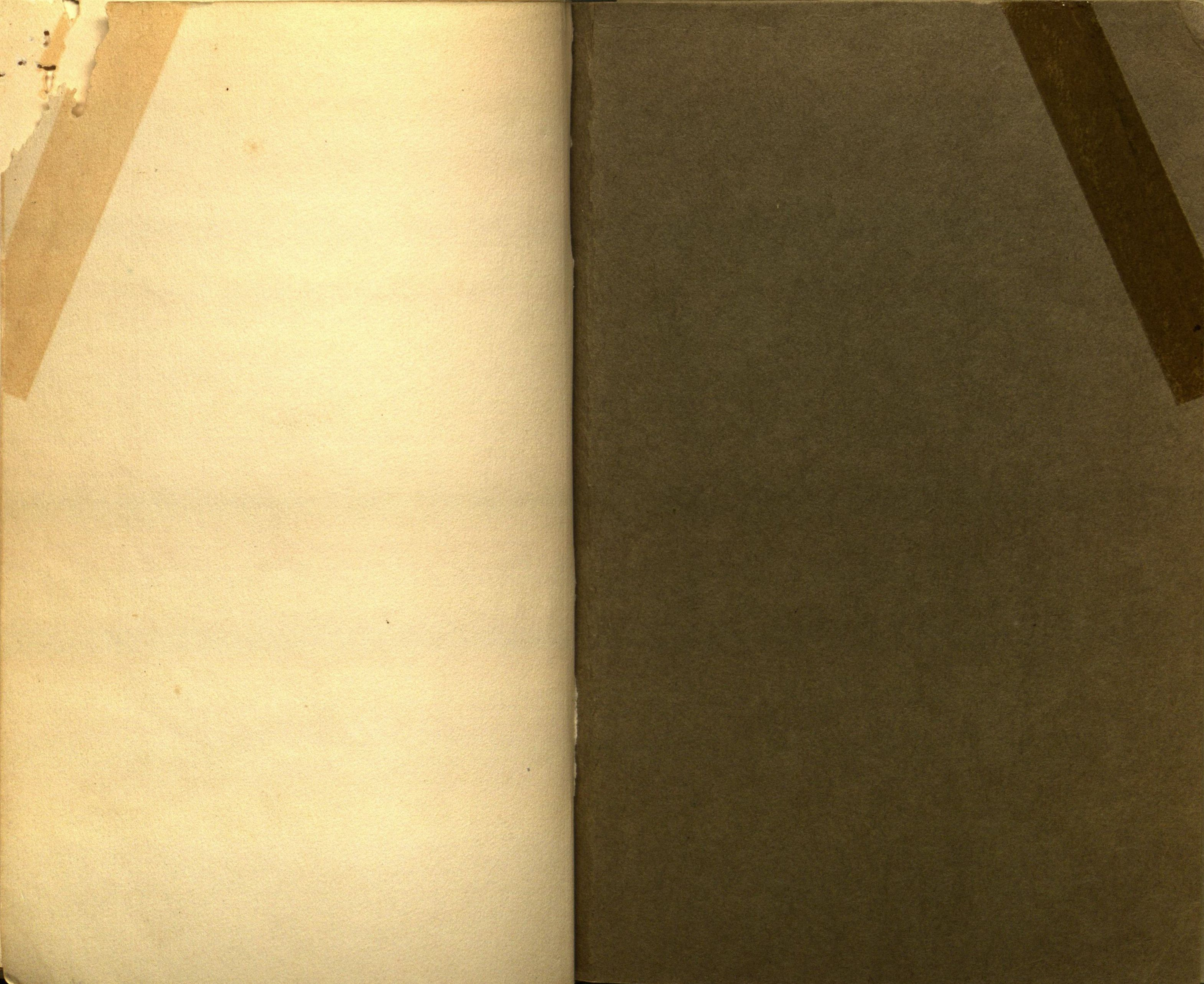
We mourn his departure; we thank God for his example; we express our deepest sympathy to his wife and children, and we "commend them to God, and to the Word of His

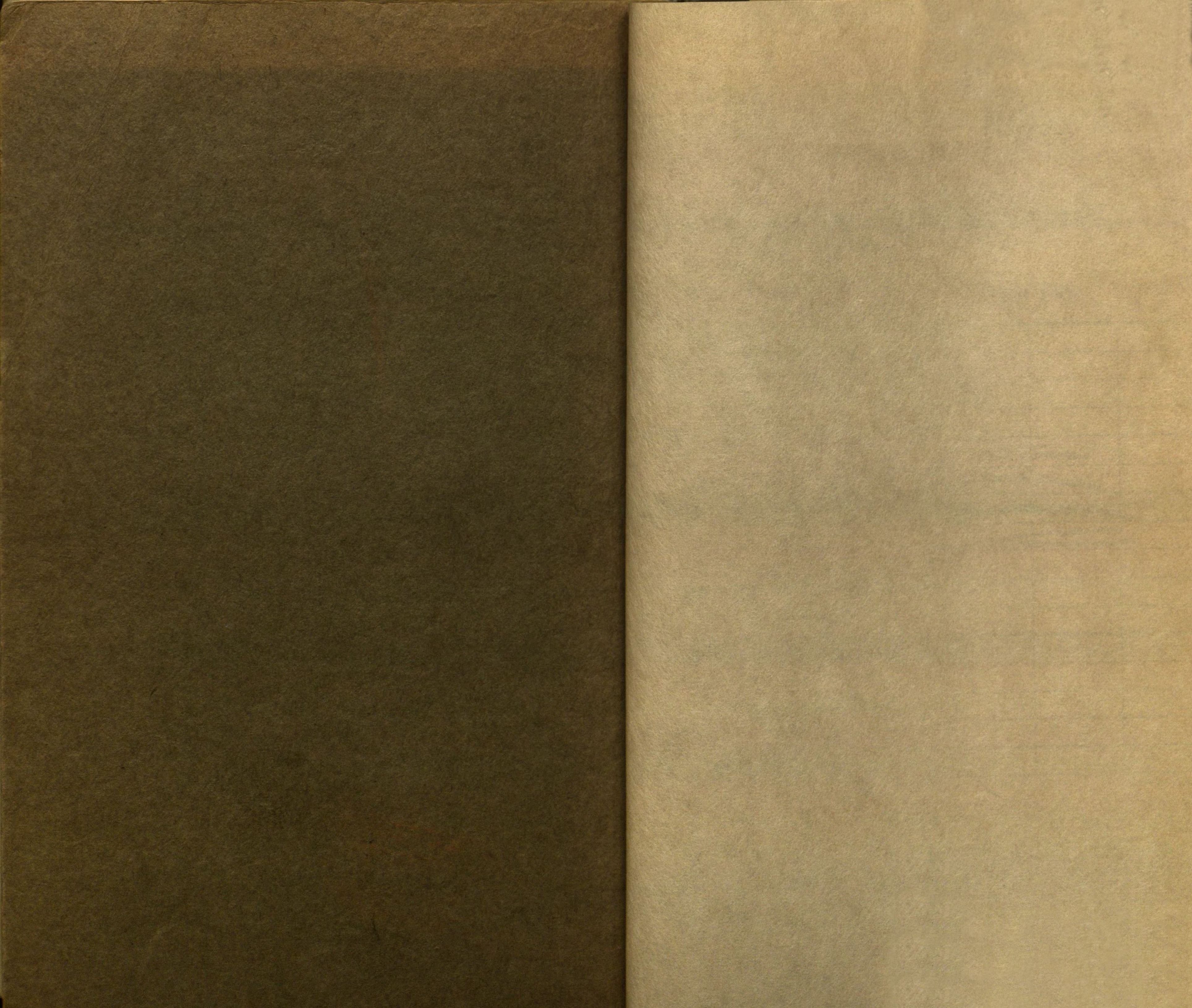
Grace, which is able to build them up and give them an inheritance among all them that are sanctified."

Within his vault of stone, out yonder in God's acre sleeps our beloved friend and brother—James Columbus Steele.

Good-night, sweet friend, good-night: In the morning we shall meet again, and see "those angel faces we have loved long since and lost awhile."







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Steele, James Columbus, 1839-1921.
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