



Presented to Mrs. Mattie J. Long
by the author with his compliments
& as a token of his very high regard

FOUR YEARS
—A—
SOLDIER.

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THE REGIMENT.

PRINCETON, W. VA.
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PREFACE.

THE principal object of this work is to record, chiefly from memory, and after the lapse of more than twenty years since the termination of the late war between the States of the Federal Union, the history, conduct, character and deeds of the men who composed Company "D," 7th Regiment of Virginia Infantry, and the part they bore in that memorable conflict. It is with much diffidence that such a work is undertaken, for the reason, among others, that the writer was a mere boy at the period of the happening of the events and occurrences to be related, and there are a number of the survivors of that company much more competent for a work of this character. The chief motives which impel the undertaking, are, that the greater part of the men referred to will soon have passed away, and with them the recollections of their sufferings, privations and heroism, and that historians in referring to the war, relating its incidents, and describing its actors and participants, usually speak of principal officers of Corps, Divisions, Brigades, and occasionally of Regiments, while the individual private sol-

dier, his acts, deeds of valor and heroism, his views and understanding of what he was battling for, his sufferings, privations, hardships, his life in the bivouack, on the march, in the battle, is, as he was, and as he appeared, unseen and unnoticed.

With the purpose and view to give some meager idea of the Confederate soldier in the ranks, and to present a brief history of the conduct, character and individual deeds of heroism of that patriotic, self-sacrificing, brave company of men with whose destiny and fortunes my own were linked for four long years of blood and carnage, and to whom during that period I "was bound by ties stronger than hooks of steel," and whose confidence and friendship I fully shared and as fully reciprocated, this work is undertaken.

To the surviving members of that company, to the widows and children, broken-hearted mothers, and to the gray-haired, disconsolate fathers of those who fell amidst the battle and beneath its thunders, or perished by disease, this work is ascribed: fully assured that the character of the men who composed that company, and their deeds of valor and heroism, will ever live—and in the hearts of our people will be enshrined the names of the gallant dead as the champions of constitutional liberty—and be held in grateful remembrance by their own countrymen, and be appreciated and recognized by all peo-

ple of all lands who admire true courage and devotion to cause, country and constitutional liberty and freedom.

To those members of the company who proved faithless and false to their comrades in the supremest hour of their peril and their country's need, this work is not intended to apply, only so far as their names may be mentioned in connection with incidents related.

INTRODUCTION.

ONLY a strong desire to perpetuate the personal recollections of the author, of incidents occurring during the late war between the States of the American Union, and the wish to present a brief history of the company with which he served during that war, has induced him to write the following pages. The reader will bear in mind that nearly the whole of the transactions related are from recollection and are mere matters of memory, which, in some instances, may be, and doubtless are, in some respects, inaccurate as to details; and the reader who participated in any of the transactions referred to, and incidents related, will no doubt find many omissions, which, if supplied, would make the work of much more interest to the survivors of the company.

For many of the dates, and some of the facts stated, I am much indebted to my friends REV J TYLER FRAZIER and A. L. FRY, Esq., who were members of the company. I also found quite a source of information as to dates and incidents in letters written by myself during the war to a friend, not in the army, not subject to military duty on

account of sex, and by whom the letters were preserved, and recently furnished me for perusal. From these letters I will have occasion to quote, because they very clearly defined the views then entertained by many of the soldiers with reference to the war, prospects of success, the spirit of the army, etc.

The work is not intended as a contribution to the literature of the day, nor as a history of the war, but only what it purports to be—a mere collection of personal recollections of the deeds, conduct and character of the men composing but a single company. If praise and commendation has been given where not deserved, or omitted where it should have been conferred, or condemnation is wanting where it should have found a place, the reader must do the author the justice to attribute such errors to the frailty and weakness of human nature; remembering we are all flesh and blood, and that it is human to err. It is attempted herein to present the Confederate soldier in the ranks as he was—on the battlefield, on the march, as well as in the midst of the frivolities and convivialities of his life in the camp and bivouack.

THE AUTHOR.

1886, March.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT WILL NOT BE ATTEMPTED IN THIS WORK—
THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN NOVEMBER,
1860, AND ITS RESULT.

Secession of South Carolina, and Fort Sumter fired upon—Virginia's attitude as a peace-maker and mediator—The tardiness of her Convention—The People in advance of their Leaders—Mr. Lincoln's Call for Troops—The passage of the Ordinance of Secession by the Virginia Convention—The Excitement and Military Preparations throughout the State.

IT will not be attempted in the following pages to record the causes which led to the withdrawal of the Southern States from the Federal compact of Union, framed by the Deputies of twelve of the original thirteen States, at the City of Philadelphia, on the 17th day of September, 1787, and afterwards acceded to and ratified by the States themselves, acting through and by conventions of the sovereign people of the respective States entering into and forming the compact. Neither will it be discussed whether secession is against the Constitution—in violation of it; nor whether it is or is not prohibit-

ed to the States and no power delegated to the Federal agent to prevent it; or whether it remains reserved to the States and the people thereof, from whom all powers of the Federal Government were derived. These are questions that have been discussed by the great minds of the country, and which led to animated debate, and, finally, to revolution, strife and bloodshed. Nor is it regarded necessary to attempt a justification of the Southern States in their withdrawal from the Federal compact, when they can and do stand justified in their action by the judgment of enlightened mankind, when and where their cause is rightly and properly understood, and where judgment has not been blinded by prejudice.

At the presidential election held in the month of November, 1860, Abraham Lincoln, the Abolition-Republican candidate, was chosen. This caused great alarm throughout the Southern States, which was greatly intensified by the declaration of Mr. Lincoln in his inaugural address, of his intention to have the Federal Government re-possess the forts and public property which had been taken and occupied by State troops. The Southern people regarded this declaration of Mr. Lincoln as a declaration of war to be waged against them by the creature of their own creation—their general or federal agent to whom they had delegated no power or authority

to make war upon those that gave to that federal agent existence and vitality. They, therefore, prepared to quietly and peaceably withdraw from that compact, which they claimed no longer afforded them safety and protection. Some of these States hesitated before taking the step which was to separate them, at least for a time, from that Union they had contributed so much to create. The South did not want war, and especially was this true of the Southern border States. Consequently, they made overtures to the government at Washington for an amicable and peaceful solution of the difficulties and questions agitating the country, and which, if not peaceably adjusted, were to soon shake the country from center to circumference. Virginia took the lead in the matter of pacification, and early in the month of December, her legislature passed resolutions recommending each of the States to appoint commissioners to a convention, the object of which should be "to adjust the present unhappy controversies." This proposition met the approval of President Buchanan, and most of the States, except those which had then seceded, responded by appointing delegates. The convention met at Washington on February 4th, 1861, and chose John Tyler, of Virginia, as its chairman. This "Peace Congress," as it was called, after a session of some three weeks, submitted to Congress a number of

propositions, or, in other words, a series of proposed amendments to the Constitution, some respecting slavery and the extension thereof, and its abolition in the District of Columbia, and others respecting the future acquisition of territory. These propositions, together with all overtures, were rejected by the Congress and the then dominant party North.

On the 20th day of December, South Carolina seceded from the Union and severed her ties with the Federal compact. She, in common with her sister Southern States, affirming and claiming that she could no longer live on equal terms and in peace in that Union and under that Constitution, which many of the Northern States did not hesitate to violate whenever it suited their purposes to do so; and further claiming that in recent years there had been a powerful party North, organized upon principles of ambition and fanaticism, whose undisguised purpose was to divert the Federal Government from external, and turn its power upon the internal interests and domestic institutions of the Southern States; that they had thus combined a party exclusively in the Northern States, whose avowed objects not only endangered the peace, but the very existence, of nearly one-half of the States of the Confederacy; that this same party proposed to inaugurate a president, at the head of the army and navy, with vast powers—not to preside over the common

interests and destinies of all the States alike, but upon issues of malignant hostility and uncompromising war to be waged upon the rights, the interest and peace of half the States of the Union. This is but a faint picture and presentation of the horrors that it was claimed awaited the Southern States upon the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln as Chief Magistrate, not only whose election, but whose inaugural address, was regarded as a menace and threat against the Southern States and their institutions—notwithstanding he had disclaimed such to be his purpose in his address. From subsequent events, it is certain that the South had just cause of apprehension and alarm. And whether the people of the South acted with undue haste or not, or wisely or unwisely, it is certain that had they remained in the Union, the subsequent development of events proves that their apprehensions were not without foundation, and that the aggressions of those they took to be the enemies of their section were in fact their enemies, and had designs upon them and their institutions that were unlawful and without Constitutional warrant or authority. The South therefore sought escape while escape was possible. After repeated demands made by South Carolina, and after several ineffectual attempts by negotiation for the surrender of Fort Sumter, and after a Federal fleet had sailed, and was then off the harbor of Charleston, for the

provisioning and relief of the garrison in the fort, it was determined to reduce it, and, accordingly, on the 12th day of April, 1861, the bombardment commenced, and immediately the news was telegraphed over the country. The Northern heart took fire; the whole country was aroused to the highest pitch of excitement. The war feeling became manifest. Virginia was still occupying the position or attitude of peace-maker and mediator between the extreme factions North and South. She was still clinging to the Union, and was endeavoring by every means in her power to avert the awful calamity of war; unwilling to sever her ties with that Union which she had been among the first to suggest and to assist in creating. It was her son who had written the immortal Declaration of Independence; her son that led the Continental armies; it was her son who was among the foremost in fanning the flames of revolution, which led to the overthrow of British tyranny, and to the establishment of American independence; and it was her son who was active in the framing of the Federal Constitution, and active for its ratification. It was only when driven to the alternative of either assisting in the coercion and subjugation of her sister States, or of severing her connection with the Union, that she decided to act. She chose the latter alternative, and then only when requisition was made upon her for her quota of

troops to assist in crushing her sister States. It was on the 15th day of April that Mr. Lincoln issued his famous proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand troops, which the Southern people regarded as a declaration of war without authority in the author to declare it, as he possessed no power to make war, that power being vested alone in Congress, and, therefore, this proclamation was without the shadow of constitutional authority,—was not law,—no more than the proclamation of King James, which the English Judges, headed by Chief Justice Coke, pronounced no law. Our people insisted that the President had no powers other than those conferred by the Constitution; that this act or proclamation was an usurpation—that it was the act of an usurper; that the President and his advisers acted in undue haste; that they feared Congress would not or could not at that time be induced to attempt to declare war or levy war against the Southern States in violation of the Constitution, or, in other words—without warrant or authority. The people of the South, therefore, regarded this act of the Executive as a palpable violation of the Constitution and a usurpation of undelegated powers,—an act of tyranny,—for which the student might search in vain the history of constitutional governments for a precedent; that this proclamation—a high-handed measure, as they claimed it to be—was in

itself revolution ; a declaration by one man, hedged in by the limitations of a written Constitution. Its effect was to organize and marshal armies, plunge the country into war by an invasion of the territory of sovereign States, under the pretext of executing Federal laws in States which had withdrawn their assent to the compact, and in which, in truth and in fact, there was no longer Federal laws to execute, and they took the purpose to be subjugation. These were the views entertained by the South, and by not a few of the Northern people, many of whom, with their leading journals, denied the right of coercion, and insisted if the separation must take place, it ought to be peaceable—without bloodshed.

What was Virginia to do? What could she do? As yet she had done no act which could be construed by the power at Washington as hostile to it, other than to call and assemble a convention to consider what should be done. The State of Maryland had not done so much, and yet we saw an armed soldiery marching over her territory, overawing, arresting and incarcerating her citizens ; and in this first demonstration against State sovereignty, here made most manifest, could be read the fate of Virginia, and from it she took warning.

On the second day after Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, and after the demand made upon Virginia for her quota of troops, her convention passed the

Ordinance of Secession. The people were really in advance of their leaders; they complained of the tardiness of the convention, that it was too slow, that it would put off action too long, that delay in the (then) emergency was dangerous. In the Convention were many Union, conservative men, who were willing to make any reasonable concessions and honorable terms for the preservation of the Union: they therefore moved cautiously, doubtless seeing the fearful consequences which was soon to come upon us from a civil war, with all its attendant horrors. And, although the people had become restive, and pressed upon the convention the necessity of prompt action, it did not act until the last vestige of hope for saving the Union and preventing war had disappeared, and Virginia cast her fortunes with her sister Southern States. No sooner was it known that the Ordinance had passed than the excitement became intense throughout the State, and military organization and preparation for war began in earnest.

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL-BOY DAYS WITH REV J. W BENNETT IN
FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1861—THE MUTTER-
INGS PRECEDING THE STORM.

Debating Society—Recollections of Col. Wm. Chambers, Maj. Arnett and Capt. Shooe—My strong State's Rights ideas—Love of Country and Desire to become a Soldier—The Anticipation and the Reality—Return Home—War feeling and Military Preparations.

DURING the months of February and March, the writer was at school on Brush Creek, in the county of Monroe, under the preceptorship of the Rev James W Bennett, a ripe scholar and genial Christian gentleman of rare abilities as a man and instructor, who by his evenness of temper and goodness of heart won the esteem, friendship and admiration of his pupils. Toward the close of the school there was much talk about secession and war : in fact, it was the theme of every day conversation. Even the boys in the school talked learnedly about the questions, and of course were divided in opinion much in the same proportion as their fathers, guardians and neighbors were divided. As day after

day passed and something new was constantly happening, the feeling and excitement became more manifest. And as the war clouds began to arise and seemingly to overshadow us, the mutterings of the distant thunder could be heard in the angry words of debate and discussion in the councils of the country and at home, among the extreme advocates of secession on the one hand, and those holding extreme views opposed to the principal and policy of secession on the other. This was not confined to men alone, but, as before stated, the school boys were would-be statesmen, and in Mr. Bennett's school organized a debating society in which was most frequently discussed the question, "Shall Virginia secede from the Union?"

On Brush Creek, and in that vicinity, a strong Union sentiment prevailed—indeed, largely predominated—and which, as the war progressed, became much more manifest. The meetings of the society were frequently attended by the men of the neighborhood, viz. : Col. William Chambers, Major Arnett, Capt. Shooe and others. Col. Chambers was a fierce, bold, determined and uncompromising Union man, opposed to secession in any and every form or name in which it could be presented, while the latter named gentlemen were much of the same way of thinking, but much more conservative in their views. These men, as well as others, frequently

took part in the discussion, and sometimes sat as judges. The question, "Shall Virginia Secede?" was, as now recollected, always decided in the negative. When the writer took part, it was generally on the affirmative side, my sentiments leading me in that direction, 'though, as a matter of fact, I knew but little, if anything, about the question, not having at that time attained my sixteenth year. I had only caught from my uncle Chapman I. Johnston, who had been educated and trained in the State Rights school of politics, some faint and crude ideas of the questions involved in the controversy. Naturally following my uncle's views, as a matter of course I became and was a strong believer in and advocate of the doctrine of State Rights and secession, without fair comprehension of what was really meant by the terms. My youthful mind was inspired by the thought that I lived in the South, among a Southern people in thought, feeling and sentiment, that their interests were my interests, their assailants and aggressors were equally mine, their country my country—a land on which fell the rays of a Southern sun, and that the dews which moistened the graves of our ancestors fell from a Southern sky. And not only this, but the patriotic songs, and the thought of becoming a soldier, with uniform, bright buttons, marching to the sound of martial music, a journey to Richmond, all animated

and enthused me and had the greatest tendency to induce and influence me to become a soldier. Grand anticipations ! Fearful reality ! When thinking of this, I am often reminded of the story told of Bill Douthat, who, after trying the realities of war and soldier's life for one year, returned home, and being strictly enquired of as to what war was, or what it meant, or how he liked it, he answered, "Well, gentlemen, I have seen the elephant ; don't want to see him any more." And after having tried it, I think I can truthfully say that William expressed fully our views on the subject. Leaving school about the last days of March, or the first days of April, I returned to my uncle's house. Although Virginia had not yet seceded, there was considerable talk of war, and some of the people were rapidly coming to the conclusion that war was inevitable, and that the only way that the controversy could or would be settled would be by a resort to arms and an appeal to the King of Battle—a submission to the arbitrament of the sword. Voluntary military organizations already existed in various parts of the State ; perhaps there was scarcely a county or city in the Commonwealth that did not have at least one company of volunteers. Many over zealous persons declared their purpose to unite their fortunes with States which had already seceded, whatever the course of Virginia might be, and one, if not more

than one Virginian was so much afraid that there would be no war, or none in Virginia, that he hurried to South Carolina to be present or participate in the bombardment of Fort Sumter; but this gentleman's ardor was very much cooled as the war became more and more flagrant, until it is believed it fell below the freezing point and he went over to the enemy and was never again heard of during the war.

CHAPTER III.

GILES COUNTY—ITS FORMATION AND EARLY SETTLERS —ITS GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION AND TOPOGRAPHY—POPULATION IN 1860.

Status of Political Parties and the Election of Delegate to the Secession Convention—Difference of opinions entertained as to what course should be pursued, and, finally, complaints of want of prompt and decisive action on the part of the Convention—Public Meeting addressed by Col. A. G. Pendleton and Resolutions adopted instructing the Delegate for Giles to vote for the Ordinance of Secession.

GILES county, named for Hon. William B. Giles, once Governor of Virginia, was created in 1806, out of a portion of the territory of Montgomery. The county-town or seat of justice, Pearisburg, was named for Col. George Pearis, a soldier of the American Revolution, who donated to the county the land on which the town is located. Col. Pearis was a French Huguenot, born either in France, the Bahama Islands or the State of South Carolina, about the year 1748. He belonged to General Greene's army, and on its retreat through the Carolinas he was wounded in a skirmish at the crossing of the Yadkin

river in North Carolina. His wound, which was in the shoulder, disabled him from performing any further service in the army, and on reaching Virginia he sought shelter with some of his relations then on the New river, near Pepper's ferry, in the (now) counties of Montgomery and Pulaski.

The settlement of what is now the territory of Giles county began at a period anterior to the Revolution, perhaps as early as 1767, and the territory now embraced by Giles was known as Fincastle county. Among the early settlers were the Snidows, Lybrooks, French's, Straleys, Chapmans, Johnstons, Hales, Clays, Hares, Pecks, McKenzies, Pearis', Peters', Shannons, Hughes', Wilburns and Banes, some of whom suffered much from the incursions of the Indians.

The population of this county in 1860 was 6816, of whom 6038 were free white persons. The county is situate in the midst of the great Appalachian chain or range of mountains and is distant from Richmond about three hundred miles. Its length is about thirty miles by a mean width of about twenty miles. The New river flows through it in a northwest direction, the chief tributaries of which, in Giles county, are the Sinking, Walker's, Wolf, Big and Little Stony creeks. Its principal mountains are Walker's, Sugar Run, Angel's Rest, Wolf Creek, East River, Peter's and Salt Pond, which

are high, rugged and precipitous. The streams are rapid, and the surface of the country, outside of river and creek bottoms, generally rough and broken, but the soil rich and fertile. The population in 1861 was made up of sturdy, brave and hardy mountaineers, engaged chiefly in agricultural pursuits, and accustomed to the chase and use of fire arms, which well fitted them for the hardships and privations of soldier life.

Politically, in 1860 and the early part of 1861, the county was pretty evenly divided between the Democratic and Whig parties, with perhaps a slight preponderance in favor of the Democrats, the great body of whom were inclined to secession, while the Whigs were somewhat divided. One wing of the party, known as State Right Whigs, stood upon much the same ground as the majority of the Democrats; but such of the Whigs as were Federalists or Centralists were very strongly Union and somewhat Abolitionists in sentiment; but they comprised a very small per centage of the Whig party in Giles county in the early part of 1861.

At the election for delegate to the Secession Convention, Manlius Chapman, Esq., was the candidate of the Democratic party, and Charles D. Peck, Esq., of the Whigs. The former was a gentleman of the old Virginia style—a man of culture, great intelligence, polite, affable, of high character, personally

popular, noted for his hospitality, and engaged in agriculture. He was a man of strong convictions, a firm adherent and advocate of State Rights, but prudent, quiet, cautious and conservative. Scarcely less can be said of his worthy opponent, Mr. Peck, so far as character, intelligence and sterling worth is concerned; he was highly respected and esteemed by his fellow-citizens, and rightly and justly deserved that esteem—a man of strong mind and determined will, and by occupation a farmer. He was regarded, as no doubt he was, a staunch, conservative, Union man, willing, as he is credited with saying, “to give up his negroes to save the Union.” He was regarded by some persons as a “SUBMISSIONIST,” but he was, more properly speaking, a “CONCESSIONIST,” willing to make any and all reasonable, honorable concessions to save the Union, even to the surrender of his slaves, if that would suffice and save the country from the horrors of war. When no concession could be obtained, and nothing but abject, downright submission demanded, Mr. Peck, like all true Virginians, was ready to champion her cause and supported her with all his might, energy and zeal. Both candidates were personally popular and the contest between them was close, sharp and warm, and resulted in the election of Mr. Chapman by only a few votes. The convention assembled at Richmond on the 13th day

of February, 1861. It was composed of great men, wise men, thoughtful men, who looked to the interest of the country, the momentous issues involved, the fearful consequences of civil strife; they were, therefore, grave, prudent, cautious and slow to act. A committee on Federal Relations was appointed, which, on the 10th of March, reported fourteen resolutions protesting against all interference with slavery; declaring secession to be a right; and defining the grounds on which Virginia would feel herself to be justified in exercising that right, namely, the failure to obtain guarantees; the adoption of a warlike policy by the Government of the United States; or the attempt to exact the payment of duties from the seceded States, or to reinforce or recapture the Southern forts. These resolves clearly define the attitude of Virginia at this critical moment. After much discussion pro and con, all but the last of these resolves had passed the convention, when the news was received that war had begun. The booming of cannon from the harbor of Charleston broke up political discussion. Thus it will be seen that all the efforts made by Virginia to preserve the peace had been defeated. Her commissioners sent to Washington had returned without results favorable for amicable adjustment. The Peace Congress recommended by her had accomplished nothing; the States which had seceded

would not hear her appeal to keep and preserve the peace, and what was far worse, peace seemed to be the least of the thoughts of the Federal Administration. Mr. Lincoln had, in his inaugural, plainly presented the issue. Secession he pronounced as unlawful; that the acts of the seceded States was legally void; that it was his duty to execute the federal laws, and that he should perform it. The direct and square issue was presented and Virginia must decide the momentous question on which side she would fight. "Choose ye this day whom you will serve" was the alternative presented. There was no middle ground; no evading the issue. The crisis pressed and she must meet it. She had been reproached for her delay and charged with being a laggard and without her old resolution; but events proved that she had resolution to decide for herself in her own good time, and not to allow friends or foes to shape her action according to their views. Against her determined, persistent attachment to the Union, the strongest appeals and the bitterest denunciations had not moved her. The convention, by a vote of eighty-nine to forty-five, as late as the first week in April, had refused to secede. When the intelligence of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and the call of Mr. Lincoln for seventy-five thousand troops, was received, the supreme moment had come at last. She no longer hesitated, and on the 17th

day of April, the Ordinance of Secession was passed by a vote of eighty-eight to fifty-five and was ratified by the people of the State by a majority of ninety-six thousand seven hundred and fifty votes out of a total vote of one hundred and sixty-one thousand and eighteen. No such result of the popular will could have been obtained in favor of secession on the day of the election of delegates to the convention. Our people had become more and more united on the question as one event after another transpired which so plainly foreshadowed the designs and purposes of the Federal Administration. Therefore, the safety and protection of homes and firesides and the necessity of adhesion for self and mutual protection, caused many men to vote for the ratification of the Ordinance of Secession who, under other circumstances, would have voted against it. And again, by many it was urged that if the people of Virginia were fully united, one of two things would be the result—either the Federal Administration, seeing us united, would make the concessions demanded, or allow us to depart in peace. These were both delusions. The Federal Administration intended neither. It was either base submission or war; these were the two alternatives presented to Virginia by Mr. Lincoln's Administration. The first we could and would not accept; the latter we were forced to meet. Virginians having once

made their decision to defend themselves and their State, hastened to arms, and as soon as the invader entered upon our soil our people entered on the war with ardor and a determined spirit of resistance.

As before stated, the Virginia convention was being complained of, even by our own people, for its tardiness, and the people became restive and anxious and public meetings were being held in many of the counties throughout the Commonwealth, for the purpose of instructing their representatives in the convention to take action. Such a meeting was held at Giles Court House and was addressed by Col. A. G. Pendleton and a resolution adopted instructing the delegate for Giles to vote for the Ordinance of Secession. Col. Pendleton was a learned and distinguished lawyer, a man of ability and great brain power; yet he was not a leader of public opinion, but was quick to discern the tide of affairs, and the drift of public opinion.

CHAPTER IV

ORGANIZATION OF VOLUNTEER FORCES—GILES NOT BEHIND HER SISTER COUNTIES.

A Company organized at Pearisburg with James H. French as Captain, Eustace Gibson as First Lieutenant, William A. Anderson as Second Lieut., and Joel Blackard as Second Jr. Lieut.—Capt. James D. Johnston on the Committee to Purchase Uniforms, etc.—The Ladies of the Town and Country,—In Barracks and on Drill—Anecdote of the Fifth Lieut.—Dixie—Our Marc to Wolf Creek—Presentation of Bible and Flag.

THE country, on learning of the passage of the Ordinance of Secession, was ablaze with the wildest excitement, and preparations for war began in earnest. Volunteer organizations of troops were forming all over the State. There was at this time in the county, already organized and fairly drilled, the volunteer company of Capt. William Eggleston, of New River White Sulphur Springs. Pearisburg and its people and the surrounding country in most part received the news of the secession of the State with apparent gladness and relief, and immediately James H. French, Esq., of Pearisburg, a lawyer,

and stanch, bold Southern man in education, sentiment and feeling, assisted by others, commenced the raising and organization of a company of volunteer infantry to serve for the period of twelve months from the date of being mustered into service. This was something new, and people are always ready to take hold of or try something new, and as our people were somewhat naturally of a martial spirit, this, together with the excitement and enthusiasm of the occasion, made it no difficult matter to enroll a full company in an incredibly short time. Names were readily obtained and in a few days the organization was made. So anxious was the writer to join this company, and so much afraid that the full complement would be gotten up before he could get his uncle's permission to enroll, that he ran almost all the way home, two and a half miles, in order to ask the permission referred to, and then hurried back to the Court House. Feeling it my duty before enrolling to ask my uncle's permission, under whose care and protection I was; with some hesitation, the permission was granted, with the statement that he would have preferred I should have finished my education, but as the country needed my services, I could go; only regretting that he had no one or no son to go, or words to that effect. I was soon off for the town, and enrolled my name, little thinking or in the remotest degree anticipating

the terrible hardships and privations which would have to be undergone and endured in the four years which followed. The idea then prevalent among some was, that we were not going to be absent a great while; that there would probably be no fighting; and that Mr. Lincoln was not really in earnest about attempting to coerce the seceding States, and that if he was, as previously stated, a few Southern men would suffice to put to rout the hordes of Yankeedom. If, however, the Northern people meant war, our people were ready and willing to meet them—were thoroughly aroused. Most of our people had by this time fully arrived at the conclusion that there could be no settlement of the controversy on peaceable and honorable terms; they had, therefore, left the Union, which appeared to be the only reasonable and honorable solution of the difficulty, and to trust to the arbitrament of arms, if that became necessary, for our protection and preservation; yet always willing to make a child's bargain with the Northern people—"you let us alone and we will let you alone." Some very extravagant speeches and assertions were made as to Southern prowess. It was even said that one Southern man could whip five Yankees; that the old women of the country, with corn cutters, could drive a host of them away; but people who made these assertions knew little of what they were talking

about, and ere the war had long progressed we found we had our hands full, and it soon became evident that we might like to find some one to help us let go.

The organization of the company took place on or about the 25th day of April. The only contest for office worth relating, or that took place, was for the Captaincy, which was between James H. French and Andrew J. Grigsby, and resulted in the election of the former.

The following is a complete roll of the company, with dates of enlistment, rank, etc., and further on will be presented a tabular statement or table of losses in battle, by disease, desertion, discharge, etc.

ROLL OF COMPANY "D," 7TH REGIMENT,
VIRGINIA INFANTRY

DATE OF ENLIST- MENT.	NAME.	RANK.
1861, April	James H. French	Captain.
" "	Eustace Gibson	1st Lieut.
" "	Wm. A. Anderson	2d "
" "	Joel Blackard	3d "
" "	J W Mullins	1st Sergt.
" "	B. P Watts*	2d "
" "	J. C. Hughes	3d "
" "	Wm. D. Peters	4th "
" "	H. J Hale	5th "
" "	A. L. Fry	1st Corpl.
" "	E. M. Stone	2d "
" "	T. N. Mustein	3d "
" "	J. W Hight	4th "
" "	Akers, D. C.	Private.
" August	Akers, G. W.	"
" "	Albert, Wm. R.	"
" April	Bish, Daniel	"
" "	Bane, Allen M.	"
" "	Bane, Robert H.	"
" "	Bane, Joseph E.	"
" "	Barrett, Jesse	"
" "	Bolton, Alexander	"
" "	Burton, Travis	"
" "	Carr, W H.	"
" "	Collins, James M.	"
" "	Crawford, John R.	"
1863, March	Crawford, William	"
1861, April	Croy, James B.	"
" "	Cole, James	"
1865, January	Dulaney, D. E.	"
1861, April	Dulaney, M. J.	"

ROLL OF COMPANY "D," 7TH REGIMENT,
VIRGINIA INFANTRY, (CONTINUED).

DATE OF ENLIST- MENT.	NAME.	RANK.
1861, April	Darr, Tim. P	Private.
" "	Dudley, John S.	"
" "	Douthat, William H.	"
" "	Devenport, Thomas	"
" August	Davis, David	"
" April	Eaton, E. S.	"
" "	East, E. D.	"
" "	East, J W	"
" "	Eggleston, Joseph	"
" "	Eggleston, James H.	"
" "	Farley, F H.	"
" "	Fortner, William C.	"
" "	Fortner, James H.	"
" "	Frazier, J. T.	"
" "	Frazier, William	"
" August	Frazier, Creed D.	"
" April	French, William A.	"
" August	French, A. J.	"
" April	French, J S. W	"
" "	Gardner, J. H.	"
" August	Gordon, Francis Marion	"
" April	Grigsby, Andrew J.	"
" "	Hale, Charles A.	"
" "	Hale, John A.	"
" "	Hare, John D.	"
" "	Hare, Isaac	"
" "	Henderson, James B.	"
1861, August	Henderson, John	"
1862, March	Hoge, B. L.	"
1861, April	Hughes, James	"
" "	Hurt, James J.	"

ROLL OF COMPANY "D," 7TH REGIMENT,
VIRGINIA INFANTRY, (CONTINUED).

DATE OF ENLIST- MENT.	NAME.	RANK.
1861, April	Hurt, George W	Private.
" "	Jones, John F	"
" "	Johnston, M. S.	"
" August	Johnston, George	"
" April	Johnston, David E.	"
" "	Knoll, George	"
" "	Lee, C. N J	"
" "	Lewey, Joseph	"
" "	Lewey, Henry	"
" "	Layton, W H.	"
" "	Lindsey, James	"
" August	Lefler, Pat. H.	"
" "	Meadows, Anderson	"
" April	Meadows, John	"
" August	Meadows, Ballard P	"
" April	Morris, N. J	"
" "	Minnich, Geo. A.	"
" "	Minnich, John H.	"
" "	Manning, A. D.	"
" "	Merrix, Raleigh	"
" "	Mays, Tapley P	"
" "	Martin, Jno. Q.	"
" "	Martin, John H.	"
" August	Muncey, W W	"
" "	Mullins, George C.	"
1862, March	Nye, James J	"
1861, April	Pack, A. C.*	"
" "	Palmer, John	"
" August	Peck, Charles W	"
" April	Sarver, John W	"
" "	Sarver, DeMarcus L.	"

ROLL OF COMPANY "D," 7TH REGIMENT,
VIRGINIA INFANTRY, (CONTINUED).

DATE OF ENLIST- MENT.	NAME.	RANK.
1861, April	Southern, Josephus	Private.
" "	Shannon, S. B.	"
" "	Shannon, Joseph C.	"
" "	Snidow, Wm. H. H.	"
" "	Sublett, John P	"
" "	Sublett, William T.	"
" "	Skeens, L. R.	"
" "	Skeens, Alexander	"
" "	Skeens, Joseph	"
" "	Sumner, A. L.	"
" August	Stafford, Thomas J.	"
" "	Stafford, William H.	"
1863, January	Stafford, R. M.	"
1861, April	Thompson, A. J	"
" August	Thompson, Adam	"
" "	Thompson, Alonzo	"
" April	Taylor, Thomas S. L.	"
" "	Vass, W R. C.	"
" "	Vass, Lee E.	"
" "	Walker, E. R.	"
" "	Wiley, Lewis N	"
" "	Wilburn, G. L.	"
" "	Wilburn, H. J.	"
" August	Wilburn, Wm. I.	"
" April	Yager, Ed. Z.	"
" "	Young, Thomas J	"
" August	Young, Isaac	"
" April	Young, Jesse B.	"

Whole number enlisted, 121.

* B. P. Watts not mustered into service. A. C. Pack appointed 2d Sergt. at Camp Wigfall, June, '61, and dischg'd. in Sept., '62/

So soon as the company was organized a committee was appointed by the County Court to purchase uniforms and blankets. Of this committee was Captain James D. Johnston and, perhaps, Captain R. F. Watts. The committee acted promptly, and the materials for the uniforms were soon on hand, and the ladies of the town and surrounding country went to work in earnest and with energy to make our outfit. Herculean as was the task, they accomplished it in an incredibly short time, and we soon donned our bright new uniforms, with nice brass buttons, and began to think ourselves soldiers indeed. We occupied as barracks the large building situate on the southeast side of the town, the same now owned and occupied by Capt. James D. Johnston as a residence.

While here we usually had daily drill, squad and company. The latter was conducted by the accomplished Captain W. W. McComas, who was then a practicing physician, and who was a soldier in the war with Mexico. After the organization and departure of our company, he raised and organized a company, of which he was elected Captain. He fell at his post in the battle of ^{Union Mills} ~~Union Mills~~, greatly lamented by those who knew him. He, like many others, died too soon for his country's good. During the period which elapsed between the organization

of the company and our departure for Lynchburg, the designated place of rendezvous, and while in barracks, "the boys," as we were wont to call ourselves, played many pranks upon each other, one of which is worth relating. A sham or mock election was held for the election of a 5th Lieutenant, and the choice fell upon a very credulous member of the company, who, after the announcement of his election, became very anxious to know what the duties of his office required of him. And, as we were all utterly ignorant of military duties, we were unable to answer the enquiries of our new Lieutenant. With his consent, it was agreed to refer the solution of the matter to Lieutenant William A. Anderson, who was always full of wit and humor, ever ready with answer, and always enjoyed a good joke. Upon the arrival of the Lieutenant, the question of the duties of a 5th Lieutenant were submitted to him, and without pausing, he promptly answered, "His duties are to carry water, and catch fleas out of the soldier's beds." This seemed entirely satisfactory to our new Lieutenant, and doubtless, as was often afterward demonstrated—for he always obeyed orders and did his duty—he would have gone to work to perform the duties as explained by Lient. Anderson, had not some one else told him that it was all a joke and a sell.

In the early days of May, we were invited to a

dinner prepared for us by the citizens living at and near the mouth of Wolf Creek, whither we marched, partook of a bountiful repast, and returned to our barracks. During our stay in barracks at Pearisburg, as before stated, we were frequently drilled by Captain McComas, who attempted to teach us to keep the step and to cheer or huzzah. The latter was no easy task, for in fact we never did learn uniformity in the "Huzzah," but gradually drifted into that wild "Rebel yell," as it was called, which so often sent a thrill of horror into the hearts of our foes, and which was so easily distinguished from the loud "Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!" of the foe. "Dixie," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and other patriotic songs sung by the choir of the company, greatly enthused us.

As all people of all lands are more or less fond of what is called "Rag Worship," it was altogether fit and proper that the company should have a suitable emblem or flag, and the ladies, always first in every good work, determined to present to the company a Bible and flag. Both were soon in readiness, and it was determined to have a formal presentation of each. Miss Mary Woodram, now the wife of Dr. J O'Keeffe, presented the flag, and the Bible was presented by the pupils of the Pearisburg Academy. It was placed in the custody of J Tyler Frazier, who had been selected as Chaplain. The flag was

delivered to Joseph Edward Bane, the Company's Ensign. J. Smoot Dennis, a little boy only about seven years of age, a pupil of the school, presented the Bible in the following neat little speech, or substantially so, as furnished me by Rev Mr. Frazier. Addressing the Company, at the head of which stood its Chaplain, he said: "The teachers and pupils of Pearisburg Academy beg leave to present this copy of the Holy Scriptures to our magnificent 'Mountain Boomers' as an expression of our confidence in their Christian faith and patriotism," to which our Chaplain responded: "On behalf of the 'Mountain Boomers,' I accept this book, knowing it to be the word of God. I shall read it with care and diligence and on all suitable occasions will endeavor to explain and enforce its claims. Should any of our band fall sick in camp or be wounded on the field then from the great treasure house of its precious promises I will bring balm for the suffering and point them to Him whose mission to earth was to bind up the broken hearted and save that which was lost. If the Pale Horse and his Rider should overtake any of us in a distant land we will rest in hope of the glorious appearing of Him who is the Resurrection and the life, and with whom we shall be gathered into that land which no foe invades and friends are parted no more."

CHAPTER V

THE ELECTION FOR THE RATIFICATION OR REJECTION OF THE ORDINANCE OF SECESSION AND FOR MEMBERS OF HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

Our Departure, and the Scenes incident thereto—Dinner at Shannon's—Arrival at Dublin, and Night Ride to Lynchburg—Quartered in Tobacco Warehouse, and removal to Camp Davis—Our stay at Lynchburg, and our Departure and Arrival at Manassas Junction.

THE election for the ratification or rejection of the Ordinance of Secession was fixed for the fourth Tuesday in May, which came on the 23rd. On that day members of the House of Delegates and, perhaps, other State officers, were to be elected. The candidates for the House of Delegates in Giles were Captain William Eggleston and Dr. John W. Easley. Our departure was doubtless delayed until this day, for the purpose of giving such members of the company as were entitled to vote, the opportunity to do so before leaving home. Of the result of the election, the writer recollects but little, except the facts that Captain Eggleston was elected, and

the Ordinance ratified by a large majority in the State.

To avoid delay, and furnish means to carry us to the railroad, preparations were made in advance for wagons and teams to transport us across the country to Dublin on the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, distant from Pearisburg twenty-one miles. The day arrived at last. It was a lovely May morning, the sun shone out in all his splendor, the birds warbled and sang, all nature seemed to smile, and there was nothing that betokened the scenes which were soon to follow. Up to this hour it only seemed that we were going away on a mere holiday journey to return in a few days. But alas! when the time of departure arrived, what change of scene! The town was being filled with people,—the wives, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children, relatives, friends and lovers of the men who were starting on the errand of war. Some are talking with wives, and trying with brave words spoken in the old tone to drive from their hearts the awful fear. Here was a fond and loving mother clinging to her baby boy, weeping, sobbing, praying the Father of Mercies to protect and preserve the life of her darling child amidst the fury and storm of battle. There stood the patriotic gray-haired father, the tears trickling down his cheeks, giving to his beloved son words of comfort, begging him to act the man, be brave, do

his duty, refrain from bad habits, and shun all appearance of evil. A loving sister might be seen with her arms around a brother's neck, reminding him of her love and attachment, and her grief and sorrow at parting from one with whom she had been associated from childhood's days, upon whom she had in the past leaned for protection, and upon whom her fondest hopes for the future rested, and whose face she was gazing upon, probably, for the last time.

Ears were not deaf to the mutual promises and plighted faith of lovers, of what they hoped one day should be realized. Nor was the eye dim to the parting glances and silent tears, for scarcely could be found an eye that was not bathed in tears on this occasion. It was weeping, shaking of hands, "good-bye" and "God bless you," and so the scene continued until the long train of wagons drove us away. On reaching the residence of that hospitable gentleman, Thomas Shannon, Esq., we found in the orchard near his spring a long table, on which was spread a splendid repast. After partaking thereof, and resting for a short time, we resumed our journey towards Dublin, where we arrived about sunset. Assembling near the depot, we were addressed by Col. Poague and Frank Wysor, Esq., whose speeches were well-timed and patriotic, and together with the good supper furnished us, had

the effect, in some degree, to dissipate the gloom and sadness of the morning.

About 11 o'clock P. M., we boarded the train for Lynchburg, arriving there about sunrise the next morning. We had with us Robinson and Hurt, one a drummer, the other a fifer, who kept us well supplied with music during that long night's ride. Crowded closely in the coaches, sleeping none during the night, and not being accustomed to riding on the cars, we found ourselves on reaching Lynchburg pretty badly used up.

Falling into line at the depot, we marched up Bridge street on to Main, and then to a back street above Main, and went into quarters in an old tobacco warehouse. Here we remained but a night and day. We then removed to the fair grounds, or "Camp Davis," as it was called. We were joined here by Captain Eggleston's company, Captain Richardson's company from Mercer county, and several companies from the counties of Franklin, Henry, Patrick, Floyd, Montgomery, Pulaski and Carroll, which were incorporated into and formed the 24th Virginia Regiment, commanded by Colonel (afterwards General) Jubal A. Early; Peter Hairston as Lieutenant Colonel, and — Hammett as Major. Colonel Early was not in camp with us at Lynchburg, and did not join us till we reached Manassas. The camp was in charge of Lieut. Col. Hairston, a

tall, slender, sandy-haired, blue-eyed man, good natured, but, as we then thought, evidently better prepared to control and manage negroes on his farm, than a green volunteer military force composed of Virginia gentlemen, unused as they were to restrictions or restraints upon their personal liberty. Our quarters were rude plank sheds, with inclined, rough plank floors. Our bedding was not of feathers, but of a little straw and our blankets. As no one in the company knew anything of the art of cooking, what little was done was, as a matter of course, very badly done. Our cooking vessels consisted of a tin cup, camp kettle and frying pan. Bread was generally furnished us from the bakers' shops of the city, while meat, rice, beans, peas, etc., had to be dumped into a camp-kettle and boiled together, so that it will not take a very strong stretch of the imagination to convince the reader that we had a real "MESS." We soon got over this. "Necessity, the mother of invention," compelled us to learn how to cook, and we were right apt scholars.

A few days after taking up quarters at Camp Davis, there was issued to us Springfield muskets, with bayonets, cartridge boxes, and bayonet scabbards, but no cartridges. With these muskets, we performed quarter guard, the chief object of which seemed to be to keep the boys out of the city, and to give us some knowledge as to the handling of

arms. To accomplish the first named purposes, it was all in vain. The guards had muskets, but no powder and ball; therefore, if any one was desirous of passing the lines into the city, he had only to approach the sentinel, wait till the sentry turned on his beat to walk away, and glide quickly across the line; but when the sentry did catch a fellow, he usually made him stand at the point of his bayonet, marking time, till the Corporal of the guard could answer the call of the sentry and conduct the prisoner to the guard-house. Consequently, a different remedy was resorted to by the officers, and that was frequent roll call, by which the absentees were easily ascertained and reported. On their return they were admonished and reminded that the guard-house was erected for the punishment of those disobeying orders. This had the effect to lessen the practice of going into the city without permission. We remained at Lynchburg only eight days, leaving there on Friday, the 31st day of May, 1861, for Manassas Junction, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles from Lynchburg, and about twenty-five from Washington. We left Lynchburg in the evening, in box or freight cars, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, and after a long, tiresome, wearisome ride all night long, we reached Manassas about sunrise on the morning of Saturday, June the 1st; the morning on which occurred, at Fairfax

Court House, a skirmish between the Confederate and Federal scouts, in which Captain John Q. Marr of Fauquier, was killed.

The Confederate post at Manasses was called "Camp Pickens," in honor of Gov. Pickens, of South Carolina.

CHAPTER VI.

STAY AT THE JUNCTION—ORGANIZATION OF 24TH REGIMENT—MARCH TO CAMP DAVIS FORD— FIRST NIGHT'S PICKET DUTY—NIGHT ALARM.

March to the town of Occoquan and back again—A war of words, and a serious fight imminent—Secession of the Company from the 24th Regiment—Camp Tick Grove, and a Personal Difference—A more perfect union—Camp Wigfall—Blondeau's Shot—Capt. French's new command, and Lieut. Anderson's mission—How we cooked, ate and slept—Shannon's Bob—Rumors afloat of a pending battle—Three days rations cooked—and eaten.

THE day, or second day, after our arrival at Manasses, began the organization of the 24th Virginia Regiment, into which our company was incorporated. The regiment was comprised of ten companies, one from each of the counties of Carroll, Floyd, Pulaski, Montgomery, Henry, Franklin, Patrick, Mercer, and two from the county of Giles, the regiment numbering about one thousand men.

We had in our company J. Tyler Frazier, T. S. L. Taylor, the Eggleston boys, and perhaps others, not now recollected, who never retired to bed till they had held prayer—till they had thanked God for his past mercies and blessings, and asked his care and protection during the night. This, they had not failed to do since the organization of the company. Lights had to be put out at the tap of the drum. On the first or second night after our arrival at Manasses, and while the boys were at their devotions, the drum sounded “lights out,” and the light in their tent still burning after the taps, Col. Hairston had them marched to the guard house; but very soon released them.

After spending two or three days at the Junction, we marched in a southeast direction, about seven or eight miles to Davis Ford, on the Occoquan River, a stream formed by the junction of Cedar Run, Broad Run and Bull Run, where we went into camp, pitching our tents on the right of the road in an old field, behind a skirt of pines, which lined the northwest bank of the stream, which was small with pretty high bluffs on both sides. This old field was entirely barren, not even covered with grass. Our bed was mother earth; our rations were cooked in frying pans and camp-kettles, and we had to wash our clothes in an open stream, often without soap or vessel to boil them in, or to heat the water with

which to wash them. It made us often think of home as the dearest place on earth.

Company drill was our daily avocation, and when well and closely followed, was exceedingly laborious and fatiguing. Here we drilled, did picket duty and performed quarter guard. Picket duty was performed by detachment or details from the various companies, under the command of a commissioned officer. This was arranged by alternate service by the commissioned officers, under assignment by the commanding officers, and the men drawn according to the strength of the companies present for duty, beginning with the letter "A" and continuing through the alphabet.

The post was something near a mile in front of the camp, with the small stream referred to flowing between. No one but a soldier can form any just conception of the feelings and imaginations of a green soldier performing his first night's picket duty on the outpost, and in order to present it to the reader as clearly as possible, the writer must here relate his experience his first night on the outpost. It is first necessary to state that the private soldier in the army is a mere machine, and not supposed or presumed to know anything but his duty and to obey and follow implicitly the orders and instructions of his superiors. Therefore, if he is placed on outpost duty, and told that he is on the outpost,

and nothing in front of him but the enemy, for which he is to keep a sharp lookout, and to warn of the approach of danger, he is not expected to ask questions or make inquiries. My time came to go on duty. It was a dark, cloudy night, put pleasant and warm; the hour was 10 o'clock, and I was placed on the road, on or by which it was supposed the enemy might approach. The countersign and usual instructions were given, and I took post on the roadside, near a tree. From 10 o'clock till 12, midnight, was the time I had to remain there, unless the enemy captured or ran me away sooner. What a long two hours! I stood peering through the darkness, away from any human being, so far as I knew, a half mile or more, imagining that every noise or bush shaken by the passing breeze was a blood-thirsty Yank. The long, long two hours had nearly passed away, when, hush! in the distance, on the hard-beaten road, not two hundred yards away, came the sound of approaching hoof strokes. Yankees, of course. Who else could they be? I had no information that any of our troops were on the road in front of us. What should I do? What could I do? To fire before challenging, and thus alarm the camp, would be highly wrong; and to run away without firing or challenging would be an act of cowardice. So, nerving myself as well as I could under the circumstances, re-

remembering the instructions and countersign, I awaited the coming with all the courage I then seemed to possess. Supposing them to have approached within some fifty yards, though it is most likely an hundred, I called out in a clear, strong, though tremulous voice, "who comes there? Halt!" "Friends with the countersign," was the reply. Then came the rejoinder, "one of you dismount, come forward and give the countersign;" this was quickly and promptly done, and the party passed on, and you, gentle reader, may be assured there was one that breathed more freely and with much more ease. The spell was broken and I had less trouble thereafter when on the outpost. A few nights after this occurrence, the soldier on duty at this same post discharged his gun, which aroused the camp almost a mile away. Such excitement was scarcely ever witnessed. The long roll sounded. Officers cried out, "fall in! fall in! the enemy are coming! fall in! fall in!" It was, indeed, fortunate for us that the alarm was a false one, for had it been real, there is but little doubt that in the confusion and darkness of the night, there would have been a slight stampede.

About the 10th day of June we struck tents, loaded them into wagons, packed knapsacks, haversacks, etc. It may not be uninteresting to the reader to state that striking tents had to be done in strict or-

der and military style, by the tap of the drum. Everything in readiness, at a tap of the drum, all pegs are drawn. Another tap, and down goes every tent at one and the same time, and in one and the same direction. Whither we were going to march, and for what purpose, we did not know, and no amount of inquiry furnished us any information. We took up the line of march on the road leaving the Occoquan and in the direction of the Potomac; the day was exceedingly warm and sultry, the road dusty, and the country dry, parched and scarce of water. Many a scuffle took place at wells that we found at such farm houses as we passed, between the men, who were famishing for water, and the officers, who were not only endeavoring to prevent them from leaving ranks, but endeavoring, almost by force, to compel their return. Our march was by the route step—at will—and was therefore rapid, much too rapid for troops unused to marching, and especially as each soldier carried his gun, accoutrements, knapsack, haversack, blanket and canteen, which together weighed from fifty to seventy-five pounds; and this, with the fact that we wore heavy, close fitting coats, made our march burdensome in the extreme, and cruel and tyrannical, because the commandant of the regiment refused to halt for rest or to allow the men to get water. The distance from Davis Ford to the village of Occoquan, where we

halted, was about twelve miles. We reached the town about sundown, after a most fatiguing, laborious tramp, on which we were completely broken down, exhausted, foot sore; the feet of many being so skinned and bruised that they were unable to bear their shoes. The encampment was soon laid off and tents stretched, supper over and off to sleep. With the early morning came the order, "strike tents," and the march began over the same road by which we came; and we all agreed that we could not see why we marched down that hill, unless it was simply to march back up it again.

While on this tramp down to Occoquan occurred a difficulty which at the moment threatened serious results, and which led to the transfer of our company to another regiment. The difficulty occurred in this wise: A Lieut. Hairston, a brother of the Lieut. Col. of the regiment, made use of some rather rough language to Lieut. Gibson, as to the manner in which our company was conducting its march, which the latter named officer construed as insulting, and which he promptly resented by the use of an equivalent. This brought the two "high bloods" face to face, and a portion of their respective companies with fixed bayonets in similar attitude. Lieut. Gibson having squared himself in the road in a position, that to those who knew him best, meant business, a serious fight was imminent, when

fortunately the Major of the regiment rode rapidly up and quieted matters, and the march continued. This rupture between the Lieutenants led to the transfer of our company to the 7th Virginia Regiment. So, on our return to Camp Davis Ford we severed our connection with the 24th. We seceded, took up our line of march in the direction of Manassas, which place we reached that night, having been ordered to report to army head-quarters. On our way we met our Col. Early, who on learning of the trouble and the proposed transfer of our company from his to another regiment, seemed very angry and declared his purpose to have us back; but Captain French succeeded in having us transferred to the 7th Regiment; and the next morning we marched out from Manassas. After proceeding for a few miles, we halted in a grove of pines by the roadside, formed a camp and gave to it the name of "Camp Tick Grove," from the fact of our being so terribly annoyed by the seed-ticks that infest and are so numerous in that region. Nothing of interest while in camp transpired, except the author had a small personal difference with a great burly fellow, which, but for the timely interference of some friends, might have resulted in somebody getting thrashed. It was a trifling affair, soon over, and soon forgotten by the parties, who became fast friends. These differences and misunderstandings occasionally

happened, sometimes resulted in blows, but was confined chiefly to the first year of the war. The men soon learned each other's dispositions and temperaments, and ascertained just how far to go without tramping on each other's toes, or incurring their displeasure. We here did some little picket duty

Our transfer being duly and properly effected, we left the camp of "Terror," and at Camp Wigfall formed a more perfect union with the 7th regiment, commanded by Colonel (afterward Major General) James L. Kemper, of Madison county

This regiment was formed or made up of companies from the counties of Albemarle, Orange, Culpepper, Madison, Rappahanock, Greene, Giles, and one company from the city of Washington, in the District of Columbia. Lewis B. Williams was the Lieut. Colonel and W Tazewell Patton the Major of the regiment.

Camp Wigfall was situate on a beautiful upland grass plot, a short distance southeast from Manassas, and not far from Bull Run. The lands in this section are thin and covered with pine growth, and there is much look of sameness about it, and it is difficult for a stranger to tell one place from another, without there should be some special object to attract his attention. We spent the time during our stay at Wigfall rather pleasantly; had daily drill, company and battallion, and did picket duty on two

old country roads leading in the direction of Bull Run. Occasionally we would have a little stir in camp, caused by a picket firing his gun at some imaginary foe lurking in the bushes. Blondeau, a Frenchman, and member of the company from Washington, while on post one evening about dark, hearing a noise in the pine thicket, and seeing a moving object near him, made the usual three demands of halt! The object not obeying, he fired. Upon examination it was found to be only a neighboring cow browsing in the brush. As before stated, we had almost daily company and regimental drill and dress parade. It was very laborious work in hot June and July days to be drilled by an active, energetic drill master for two hours without stopping. It was a difficult matter to teach some men military tactics and to keep step. One man in particular of our company never did learn it; and the boys used to say the only way he would ever learn would be to tie a bunch of straw to one foot and a bunch of hay to the other, and instead of the usual command of right! left! to call out hay foot! straw foot! It was on one of our company drills that it is said and told that our good hearted Captain injected into the manual of tactics a new command in the manual of arms, which, while expressive of the proper command, seems not to have occurred to the author of the manual. Being, as before stated, on

company drill and the day warm, it became very desirable to find a shade under which we could shelter from the scorching rays of the sun. Near by was a small stream, the banks of which were covered with a pretty thick undergrowth; to this we made our way with our muskets at a right shoulder shift and having to pass under the boughs of the bushes, it would in tactics have been necessary to have brought our muskets, first to a "carry," and then the command would have been "trail arms." The Captain, however, concluding this to be wholly unnecessary, gave the command, "slope arms," which the men, though they had never before heard the command, "slope arms," seemed readily to understand and let fall the muzzles of their muskets over their shoulders, inclining them downward, and thus were enabled to pass under the boughs of the trees without let or hindrance. The Captain can be excused on the same ground that the late Gen. Wise is said to have excused himself upon, when taken to task by an old friend who had heard him in a public speech use words not found in the dictionary. Well, said the General, "hav'nt I as much right to make words as the man that made the dictionary?" And so we thought that Captain French had as much right to originate a new command in tactics as the man that wrote the manual on that subject.

It being desirous to keep up our numbers, in fact

to increase our company strength, Lieut. Anderson was sent home on recruiting service, and did not return until after the battle of Manassas had been fought. He brought with him some truly good men who made splendid soldiers.

Shortly after our arrival at Wigfall the regiment took a tramp towards Yates Ford or Bull Run, but on account of our having had one tramp we were left in charge of the camp until the regiment returned. Shortly before the battle of Bull Run, quite a number of our company had measles and had to be sent to the hospital. The only ones now recollected were Sergt. John W. Mullins and Jos. E. Bane; the latter, hearing of the pending battle, ran away from the hospital and joined us on the morning of the 21st of July.

Reference has heretofore been made to the fact that we had occasional picket shots on the outposts, but up to this time they had given no special cause of alarm, in fact gave us but little concern, except to create a little flurry in camp; but one of these was now to occur which would set the camp in an uproar and frighten some almost out of their wits. Our pickets were standing some half a mile from the camp with the vedettes about one hundred yards in advance of the reserves. The quarter guard around the encampment consisted of a chain of sentinels so connected as to prevent egress and ingress without

permission. Roll call or TATTOO took place at nine o'clock, and very soon thereafter we retired to bed, while the sentinels on their beats called out at the hour of ten, "ten o'clock, and all is well," a requirement not always complied with. About the last nights of June, near two o'clock A. M. a shot at the picket post was heard by the quarter guard, and the officer of the day rushing to the reserved picket post and seeing a small fire by the road side, ran up to it, supposing he would find there the guard or reserve picket, but they, upon the fire of the outer picket, had retired into a cluster of pines close by their post, and mistaking the officer referred to, for the advance of the enemy, let fly at him a full volley, which aroused the quarter guard, the commanding officer of which cried out, "Turn out the guard! turn out the guard! beat the long roll!" The alarm was sounded, and the cry went forth throughout the camp, in the darkness of the night, "Fall in, men, fall in!" And then commenced a scene almost, if not quite indescribable. One cried out, "I can't find my boots!" Another, "Where's my gun?" Another, "I can't find my cartridge box!" "Jim, you've got my cap!" "Who's got my breeches?" Everything was "topsy-turvy;" wrong side up, as usual on such occasions. As yet no ammunition had been distributed, except to the men going on picket, and

to them a very few rounds ; consequently, we were in very poor plight to receive a sudden dash of the enemy After great confusion and much delay the various companies were gotten into line and marched to the front of the quarters of the field officers and the regiment thrown into line, facing the direction it was supposed the enemy were approaching. What a strange or queer spectacle was here presented : some without caps, some without coats, some without trousers, some bare-footed, some without guns, and none with ammunition ; but apparently all ready and willing to fight. What would have been the result had the enemy, in fact, come, we can only conjecture. The commandant of the regiment ordered ten rounds of ammunition to be given each man, and the non-commissioned officers were detailed to distribute it, which was quickly done. It was often told of our Corporal Stone that while dealing out ammunition on the occasion referred to, one of the men remarked to him that he was giving or had given him more than ten caps, to which the corporal replied in quick, sharp tones, "Oh, it's no time to be counting caps now!" Of course no one knowing the corporal, attributed the remark to a want of courage in him, for no cooler, truer, braver man belonged to the company. But such signification as it had was simply that men unused to "war's alarms," aroused from their slumbers at the dead

hour of night, would, despite themselves, become somewhat excited, and especially so when they momentarily expected the enemy to pounce upon them. But no enemy came, and we rested on our arms the remainder of the night. And, while no enemy appeared, still some of the men are credited with having seen some in the distance—on the hills, in the open fields; but when day light came, they turned out to be harmless bushes. This alarm had the effect to teach us, at least, a lesson we never forgot, and that was, to have a place for everything, and that, where we could readily bring it within our grasp. This night of disturbance and alarm was past and in a measure forgotten, and it would have been difficult again for such commotion and confusion to have been produced. We soon settled down to old habits. Rations were abundant, and quantities thrown away and wasted, which in the latter year of the war would have been highly acceptable. The men were divided into messes numbering from six to ten, and lucky was the mess that happened to have a member who could bake bread and make good coffee. Quantities of sugar, coffee, beans, peas and rice were issued to us, and our only vessel in which we could boil beans, peas or rice was a camp kettle, holding some three to four gallons. When we first began to cook rice we would fill one of these kettles with about half rice and half water, and by the time

it was cooked we usually had a quantity about equal to four kettles. In cooking peas or beans we cleaned out the trash and hulls, then placed them in a kettle, poured in water and set it a boiling, and when it needed more water we poured in the needed quantity of cold water and when we had boiled and boiled till we had reason to believe from the length of time they had been boiling, they must be thoroughly cooked and ready to eat, behold! when we lifted them from the kettle they were scarcely so near cooked as when they were put into the kettle to cook. We soon learned that it was the cold water put in while the beans were boiling that produced the hardening, therefore the difficulty was obviated. In the mess of Isaac Hare was Wm. H. Layton, whose turn came to cook while Ike was on guard. Layton was by no means an expert at the business, and it was some trouble with only one kettle to cook beans, rice, peas, pickled pork, beef, &c., and as each mess was entitled to but one kettle, and they were in constant use, none could be borrowed, and consequently peas, beans, rice, etc., must be cooked in one kettle; and to cook them separate was an all-day job. So Mr. Layton concluded to overcome the difficulty of want of vessels by placing in the one kettle, the beef, pork, rice, beans, peas, etc., and cooking them altogether and at the same time. Such a mixture! It's like was scarcely ever

seen, and such curses were seldom heard as when Ike came to dinner. It was determined and agreed that Layton had mistaken his calling, that he could repair a watch (that being his trade) in much better style than he could cook a dinner, and he was not therefore again required to cook for his mess.

A soldier, like other people, loved to sleep, and if his rest was disturbed or broken at night by picket, quarter guard duty or otherwise, he was sure to take a nap the next day, provided the flies, of which there were swarms, would allow him to sleep. If he failed to get his nap during the day he was pretty sure to have his nocturnal slumbers disturbed by gnats and mosquitoes, especially during the warm nights of June, July and August; but on the approach of early fall, the nights became cooler and sleep was more easily obtained and much more refreshing. The days spent at Camp Wigfall were rather pleasant and agreeable. While in camp at Wigfall we had occasional religious services by our chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Boccock, an Episcopal Minister, who remained with us but a short time. Our next chaplain, as now recollected, was the Rev. McCarty, or McCarthy, and the last who acted in that capacity, though not commissioned as chaplain, was J. Tyler Frazier, of our company. A separate chapter of this work will be devoted to the subject, Religion in the Army, and the services of Rev. J. T. Frazier,

Drs. Pryor, Blackwell, Stiles, General Pendleton and others.

Two members of our company, Samuel B. and Joseph C. Shannon, the sons of one among the wealthiest citizens of Giles, had with them a negro man ("Bob") as their servant, to cook, wash, and care for them when sick or wounded. Bob was noted for his laughing propensities, and when in a good glee, could be heard fully a half-mile. Around him the soldiers frequently gathered and told funny stories and jokes, at which Bob laughed lustily, and which afforded the soldiers much merriment. Bob was very patriotic, and often declared his purpose and intention to go into battle with us, that he could fight as well as we, and could shoot as many bloody Yankees as any one of us; and Bob was in earnest and believed what he said; but it was not long before his courage was to be put to a practical test, for rumors were now afloat in the camp that the enemy were advancing and a battle impending. The private soldier at this day knew but little of what was taking place, except that which came under his own immediate observation. His General was supposed to be a man who kept his own counsels and would not let his left hand know what he intended to do with his right. Then how could the private soldier know what was going on, or what was to be done? An order came to cook three days'

rations, pack haversacks and knapsacks, and to be ready to move at a moment's notice. We then knew something was up, something to be done ; just what, we could not tell. However, the enemy were advancing and the battles of Bull Run and Manassas were to be fought. All was now activity and preparation in the camp, and all seemed in high spirits and ready for the fray

CHAPTER VII.

STATEMENT OF DISTANCES—THE MARCH TO THE
BATTLE-FIELD—GENERAL BEAUREGARD, HIS
APPEARANCE AND ADVICE—FIRST
CANNON SHOT.

COURAGEOUS BOB, MUSKET IN HAND, BEATS A HASTY RETREAT
—THE RATTLE OF MUSKETRY—JOHN W. EAST WITH
A SEVERE PAIN IN THE REGION OF THE STOMACH.

*The advance—The wounded—The charge—Isaac Hare and John
Q. Martin—Retreat of the enemy—Severe artillery duel—
The Dutchman and his chunk of fat bacon—Casualties—
First night's experience on battle-field—The enemy's dead—
Cries of the wounded and groans of the dying—Our with-
drawal for rest and recuperation—Sunday morning, July
21st, Shelled by the enemy—The march across Bull Run
and back again, double quick to the left, to the sound of the
firing—On the battle field—General Early and Captain
Massie—The rout of the enemy—The killed and wounded
—Terrific rain storm—March to Centerville—Fairfax C.
H.—Picket duty along the line—Return to Centerville and
in winter quarters.*

BEFORE proceeding to give a detailed account of
the march to the battle field and an account of the
battles it will be necessary, to a proper understand-

ing of what follows, to state the different points along the line of march of both armies and the distance from Alexandria to Richmond, etc.

From Alexandria, it is twenty-two miles to Dranesville and thirty-six to Leesburg; eight miles to Anandale; fourteen to Fairfax Court House; twenty-one to Centerville; twenty-six to the battle ground. A turnpike road, known as the Columbia, leads southeasterly from the Long Bridge to the Warrenton turnpike. It intersects the Leesburg and Alexandria turnpike at Bailey's Cross Roads. This point is five miles from Long Bridge and six miles from Alexandria. From the last named point to Manassas is twenty-seven miles, and to Union Mills twenty-three miles. From Manassas Junction to Gordonsville is sixty-one, to Richmond one hundred and thirty-seven miles, and to Strasburg in the Shenandoah Valley (by Manassas Gap railroad) sixty-one miles. The road from Centerville to Warrenton, at about two miles from the former, crosses Cub Run. Here is where the enemy sustained such loss in their flight. About two miles further on the road crosses Bull Run on the Stone Bridge, and a short distance above is Sudley Mills. Just after crossing Cub Run a road curves off to the northwest and intersects the road leading from the battle ground to Leesburg. It was by this route the enemy advanced to the attack on the 21st; it crossed

Bull Run at Sudley Mills ; thus they approached our army from the north and upon its flank. The Confederate army was posted along the southwest side of Bull Run from the Stone Bridge to Union Mills; the road from Centerville to Manassas crosses Bull Run at Mitchell Ford; the Confederate center was posted here. Lower down Bull Run are Blackburn's and McLean's Fords, the scene of the battle of the 18th, which took place on the Confederate right wing. It is about six miles from Centerville to Manassas, and about three miles from Manassas to Blackburn's and McLean's Fords and about the same distance from the Fords to Centerville. Leaving Camp Wigfall on Wednesday, the 15th day of July, the regiment marched in the direction of McLean's Ford on Bull Run, halting on the bluffs some mile or more away from the Run and going into camp, or rather lying down in an old field and resting quietly during the night. Moving out next morning a short distance, we halted on an eminence which rather overlooked Mitchell's, Blackburn's and McLeans Fords, and to some extent, the country beyond. About noon the clouds of dust beyond Bull Run indicated that something moving caused the dust to fly, and our Adjutant, Captain (afterward Colonel) Flowerree, came riding back towards the regiment and in response to an inquiry made by some one as to whether the enemy was

approaching, he said : "The wagons are retreating and the couriers running like h—l, therefore I suppose the Yankees are coming." Very soon after this came the sound of brisk skirmishing and a cannon shot in the direction of Mitchell's Ford, and immediately began the advance of our regiment at a quick step on and along an old country road and through a corn field—or rather, a field where corn had been planted and which had as yet grown but little—leading towards the Run at McLean's Ford. In passing through this field, and near the road side, in charge of a guard, was a "blue coat," the first we had laid eyes on—a Federal prisoner. We eyed him closely, and Bob, the colored man, especially observed him, seemingly with much interest. In passing from this corn field into an old grassfield by a farm house, and at a gate by the roadside stood General Beauregard, the commandant of the Confederate forces : a slim, spare-made, but heavy shouldered man, about five and a half feet in height, swarthy complexion and light mustache. He appeared calm, cool and collected, and as we passed he said in a quiet, low tone, "keep cool, men, and fire low ; shoot them in the legs ;" this he kept repeating as the regiment passed. Pushing forward from this point some two hundred yards, we halted on the left of the road, behind a belt of pines, which concealed us from the enemy. Very soon came the

boom of a cannon and whizzing and buzzing went the ball over our heads. At this moment all eyes turned in the direction of the noise of the ball, to obtain, if possible, a glimpse of the flying messenger of death, which struck the house near which General Beauregard was standing as we passed. A second shot, and over came the ball which cut away an apple tree near the house just referred to, and caused a team of horses to take fright and run away. The colored man Bob, musket in hand, had halted at the house referred to, and on the second cannon shot away went Bob in the direction of Manassas, which from the speed he was making when last seen, he made in less time than most men could have made it on horseback. Soon the rattle of musketry began, which made rather strange music to some of us and which affected some of the men rather peculiarly, and especially John W. East, of our Company, who on account of a very severe pain in the region of his stomach, clasped both hands across his abdomen and became almost doubled and which wholly disabled him for the fight.

The order for the advance came and forward we went along the old road, with a wild yell and at a double quick, accompanied by a section of the Washington Artillery, commanded by Lieut. Squires: meeting on our way some wounded men of the 1st Virginia regiment, pale and bleeding, and

this had any other than a pleasant and happy effect upon our nervous system. Emerging into an open field about two hundred yards in front of Bull Run, by a movement by the right flank we were soon in line and advancing towards the stream, the banks of which were covered with a heavy growth of timber and undergrowth, and the opposite bank high and precipitous. When within one hundred yards or less of the stream, the enemy poured into us, or rather, at us, a heavy volley of musketry, which, thanks to his bad marksmanship, did little or no damage, but caused that sort of action on our part that generally possesses a green soldiery under such circumstances, namely, to seek safety in falling flat upon the ground, and down we went. On the side next the enemy in front of Isaac Hare was John Q. Martin, (who was afterward killed at the second battle of Manassas) who sprang over Ike and left him next to the enemy. Ike, with a curse and threatening gesture, compelled Martin to resume his former position. The regiment immediately sprang up, and as it did, Lieut. Squires' section of artillery, which had unlimbered in our rear, at the command of its officer, fire! opened on the enemy, which command being mistaken by our men for that of our own officers, we let fly a terrific volley into the woods in our front, in the direction from which came the enemy's fire, and a rush with fixed bayonets

was made for the stream behind which the enemy was posted, and from which he fled in confusion on the approach of our columns. Arriving at the bank of the stream, the regiment halted and lay down, and then followed for some two hours a fierce artillery duel between the Federal batteries and the section of Confederate artillery under Lieut. Squires, which resulted in the withdrawal of the Federal batteries. During this terrific bombardment the shell, shot, fragments of shell and shrapnel frequently fell around us, but for the most part passed over us, but occasionally struck among us, wounding a few men of the regiment. The men were as quiet and composed during the shelling as could be expected of raw soldiers, though they seemed to recognize the fact that they were in the midst of danger and likely to be struck by some of the passing, flying missiles, they therefore kept very close the ground. George Knoll, the Dutchman, as he was usually called, seemed on this occasion to be in his usual good mood, complained of being hungry, and although shot and shell rained thick and fast around us, he took from his haversack a chunk of fat bacon and continued to gnaw away at it during the firing. Some suffered from thirst, though there was plenty of water in the creek immediately in our front, no one dared to venture to the stream. At our feet was a pond of dirty, filthy, stagnant water covered

with a kind of green looking scum and filled with frogs and tadpoles, and to which the men had to resort to slake their thirst. In this connection it is proper to mention the joke (for it was a joke) gotten off by Sergeant William D. Peters on one of his brother non-commissioned officers, who, Sergeant Peters said, had during the shelling taken refuge in this filthy pond, on his back and only exposing mouth, nose and eyes, called out, "Oh Bill, if the — asks where I am, tell him here I am!" The firing of the artillery having ceased about sunset and quiet now reigning, we began to look after the wounded and to prepare for spending the night in line of battle in the immediate face of the enemy, who, although repulsed was not beaten, and therefore lingered near the stream as if intent on a renewal of the attempt to cross. The loss in our regiment, as now recollected, was only seven wounded of whom Isaac Hare and Jas. H. Gardner of our company were two, having been struck by spent minnie balls and only slightly hurt. Night came. It was dark, and especially along the low creek bottoms or valley hedged in by the hills on each side and covered with a heavy growth of timber. The cries of the Federal wounded throughout the dreary night, the groans of the dying, the volleys of musketry fired across the stream at real—mostly imaginary—Federal scouts, and the hooting of an owl

made the night hideous and more exciting and alarming than agreeable. Our regiment behaved with great coolness during the entire night, for when a regiment of Confederates on our right or left heard some little noise in their front they blazed away in the direction from which it proceeded and doubtless our regiment might have done likewise, but for the reason that close behind us sat the brave Lieut. Col. Williams, the then commandant of the regiment, Col. Kemper being away on public business, who on every stir or commotion, called out, "Steady, men! Steady! Keep quiet!" The night was thus spent and in throwing up temporary breastworks of logs, dirt, &c. No eye was closed in sleep but was ever watchful and on the lookout. With the coming of daylight our scouts crossed the stream, brought the Federal wounded and a large number of guns, knapsacks, blankets, canteens, cartridge boxes and hats, which were thrown away by the enemy in his flight. By an examination of the enemy's dead in front of our regiment, it was ascertained that the troops we fought was a Massachusetts regiment.

Things remained quiet during Friday and Saturday, the Confederate line of battle extending from Union Mills to Stone Bridge, a distance of several miles in length. The enemy in the meantime keeping up a show of force and menacing our front at

McLean's, Blackburn's and Mitchell's Fords, but at the same time moving his heavy columns far to our left with the view of striking the Confederate battle line in flank or reverse. Our regiment remained Friday night and until late Saturday evening at the same place we had halted at on Thursday, when being relieved by other troops, we retired to a pine thicket in rear of the position we had just left. Here we had a bountiful supply of rations issued to us, and several of the men had received boxes of nice food, cakes, sweetmeats, &c., from friends at home. The night of Saturday was chiefly spent in devouring these good things and relating the incidents of the battle, our personal experience and conjecturing what was to happen next. In the meantime Col. Kemper joined us.

A little after sunrise on Sunday morning, July 21st, the enemies' batteries near Blackburn's Ford opened fire and we were marched to the cover of the pines between McLean's Ford and the road leading to Blackburn's Ford; remaining but a short time our regiment together with Hays' 7th Louisiana commenced the crossing of Bull Run at McLean's Ford with the purpose, as we understood, of attacking the enemies' batteries which were constantly annoying us with their fire, and occasionally threw shots into our ranks, but fortunately striking no one. It will be well recollected by those present that

while lying down behind the pines a shot from one of the enemy's guns struck near the center of our company scattering dust and dirt over us and in all directions. Whether our movement across the Run was intended as a diversion, a sudden dash at the enemies batteries, or in pursuance of the original plan of battle of Generals Johnston and Beauregard, the writer does not know ; however, before getting in reach of the Federal batteries and just as we were preparing to get into line of battle we were ordered to retrace our steps to the cover of the pines from which we had but a short time before emerged. This was about 12 o'clock, M., and by this time we could distinctly hear the heavy firing and roar of battle far to our left, which indicated that a fierce battle was in progress ; and in truth, such was the case, and it had been raging with varying fortune since the early morning ; yet the fact to us was unknown, and doubtless the noise thereof was shut off from our ears by the thunder of the enemy's guns in our front.

Retiring to the cover of the pines we remained but a short time, perhaps till near one o'clock P. M., when we moved out at a rapid gait with the head of the column moving north-west and in the direction of the noise of the battle. The distance from McLean's Ford to the extreme left wing of the Confederate army, by the route we passed, must have

been not less than from seven to eight miles ; yet beneath the rays of a scorching July sun, moving mostly at quick and double quick steps over dusty roads, through dry and barren plains, without water, the three regiments of Early's Brigade, namely, the 13th Mississippi, 7th Louisiana and 7th Virginia, pushed their way in little more than two hours and thirty minutes to and beyond the extreme Confederate left and found themselves face to face with the foe. Here and there some broken down, thirsty Confederate, famishing for water, would throw himself flat over some little mud puddle, in some little ravine or drain, and endeavor to quench his thirst from the muddy, slimy pit filled with wiggle-tails. Most of the men started with their haversacks, blankets, canteens, and some with their knapsacks, (which were mostly dropped by the way)—a load much lighter in the last year of the war.

Approaching near the scene of action we heard a wild, enthusiastic cheer, and just then a man on horseback, without hat, face flushed, covered with perspiration and dust, with sabre brandishing over his head, his horse at a gallop, came shouting, "Glory ! Glory !" and rode rapidly by us. In answer to our inquiry as to what was the matter, he said, "We have captured Rickett's battery and the day is ours." One long, continuous cheer went up from our ranks, and the regiment pressed forward

at a double quick, each step bringing us nearer the enemy

Passing beyond a wood into an open field, our regiment came into line under a pretty severe fire. The 7th Louisiana and 13th Mississippi marching in rear of us, passed and formed on our left, thus completing the battle line with three regiments front. We had not arrived a moment too soon, for the enemy were on the Confederate left flank and preparing to turn it. They were already in full view in front and to the left of us on the high open ground near the famous Chinn house. It was at this juncture of affairs that General Early ordered us not to fire upon them, "that they were our friends" and that Col. Kemper had some sparring with the Gen'l, as well as Capt. Massie, who commanded a company from the county of Rappahannock, which was armed with Mississippi rifles, and who called out, "They may be your d—d friends, Col., but they are none of ours; fire, men!" and fire they did. This incident gave rise to some criticism as to the conduct of General Early on this occasion which was perhaps altogether unjust. In fact from the General's own published statement and report afterwards made, it is shown that the criticism was highly improper, and for the benefit of the reader, and especially those who were then present, General Early's account of what happened is here inserted. He says: "When we

reached General Johnston he expressed great gratification at our arrival, but it was very perceptible that his anticipations were not sanguine. He gave me special instructions as to my movements, directing me to clear our lines completely before going to the front. In some fields on the left of our line we found Col. Stuart with a body of cavalry and some pieces of artillery belonging, as I understood, to a battery commanded by Lieut. Beckham. I found Stuart already in position beyond our extreme left, and, as I understood it, supporting and controlling Beckham's guns, which were firing on the enemy's extreme right flank, thus rendering very efficient service. I feel well assured that Stuart had but two companies of cavalry with him, as these were all I saw when he afterwards went in pursuit of the enemy. As I approached the left a young man named Saunders came galloping to me from Stuart with the information that the enemy was about retreating and for me to hurry on. This was the first word of encouragement we had received since we reached the vicinity of the battle. I told the messenger to inform Stuart that I was then moving as rapidly as my men could move; but he soon returned with another message informing me that the other was a mistake, that the enemy had merely retired behind the ridge in front to form a new flanking column,

and cautioning me to be on my guard. This last information proved to be correct. It was the last effort to extend his right beyond our left, and was met by the formation of my regiments in front. The hill on which the enemy were was Chinn's Hill, so often referred to in the accounts of this battle and the one next year on the same field. An officer came to me in a gallop, and entreated me not to fire on the troops in front and I was so much impressed by his earnest manner and confident tone that I halted my brigade on the side of the hill and rode to the top of it, when I discovered about a hundred and fifty yards to my right a regiment bearing a flag which was drooping around the staff in such a manner as not to be distinguishable from the Confederate flag of that day. I thought that if the one that had been in front of me was a Virginia regiment, this must also be a Confederate one, but one or two shots from Beckham's guns on the left caused the regiment to face about, when the flag unfurled and I discovered it to be the United States flag. I forthwith ordered my brigade forward, but it did not reach the top of the hill soon enough to do any damage to the retiring regiment, which retreated precipitately down the hill and across the Warrenton Pike. At that time there was very little distinction between the dress of some of the Federal regiments and some of ours. As soon as the misrepresentation

in regard to the character of the troops was corrected, my brigade advanced to the top of the hill that had been occupied by the enemy and we ascertained that his troops had retired precipitately and a large body of them was discovered in the fields in rear of Dogan's house and north of the turnpike. Col. Cocke, with one of his regiments, now joined us, and our pieces of artillery were advanced and fired upon the enemy's columns with considerable effect, causing them to disperse. We soon discovered that they were in full retreat. * * * When my column was seen by Gen. Beauregard he at first thought it was a column of the enemy, having received erroneous information that such a column was on the Manassas Gap Railroad. The enemy took my troops as they approached his right for a body of our troops from the Valley; and as my men, moving by flank, were stretched out at considerable length from weariness, they were greatly over-estimated. We scared the enemy worse than we hurt him.'

As before stated, at the time we halted and formed in line in the old field, the enemy, at pretty long range, kept up a kind of irregular fire upon us which inflicted considerable loss in killed and wounded, without our being able to close with them, or get near enough to fire upon them with any likelihood of doing them hurt. They retreated rapidly, we following over the hill referred to by Gen. Early,

and down the slope towards Bull Run, and in advance of the general Confederate line of battle and formed across a peninsula formed by a sharp curve or turn made by Bull Run between Stone Bridge and the mouth of Catharpin Creek, which emptied into Bull Run a short distance below Sudley Church. Just before moving to the position referred to, Mr. Davis, the President of the Confederate States, with several gentlemen, came by where our regiment was standing, and Mr. Davis made a short, stirring address which was received with enthusiasm. Although the enemy was beaten and in utter rout, we did not fully realize its completeness and if we had, on account of our worn out condition caused by our long and wearisome day's march, we were in no sort of plight for an active pursuit, or prepared to reap the benefits of such a grand victory, the fruits of which then lay within our easy grasp ; hence we lay down to rest in line of battle in the position above described. When our brigade arrived on the field the fortunes of battle were hanging, as it were, in the balances ; and in proof of this there will here be quoted what Mr. Davis (who was present) says in his work "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," as to the critical moment : "On the extreme left of our field operations I found the troops whose opportune arrival had averted impending disaster and had so materially contributed to

our victory. Some of them had, after arriving at the Manassas Gap Railroad junction, hastened to our left; then Brigadier-General E. K. Smith was wounded soon after getting into action, and the command of the brigade devolved upon Elzy, by whom it was gallantly and skillfully led to the close of the battle; others under the command of General (then Colonel) Early, made a rapid march, under the pressing necessity, from the extreme right of our line to and beyond our left, so as to attack the enemy in flank, thus inflicting on him the discomfiture his oblique movement was designed to inflict on us. All these troops and the others near to them had hastened into action without supplies or camp equipage; weary, hungry, and without shelter, night closed around them where they stood, the blood-stained victors on a hard-fought field.

The casualties in our regiment for the limited time it was under fire, were pretty severe—nine killed and thirty-eight wounded—our company losing one killed and seven wounded, namely; Joseph Edward Bane killed; Robert H. Bane, A. L. Fry, Manelius S. Johnston, Charles N. J. Lee, Henry Lewy, John P. Sublett and Samuel B. Shannon wounded. We could ill afford to lose such a gallant man as Joseph Edward Bane. Although inclined to be wild, and fond of the world and its ways; yet he was a brave, true man, and every inch a gentleman. We laid

him away to rest on the field where he fell. He was in hospital sick when he heard of the impending battle, and though warned by his physician not to go, he determined to be with his company and share with his comrades the dangers of the field. He joined us only that morning.

There will now be related an incident which happened after we had formed in the field in front of the enemy, and made the first movement forward. The regiment, not being well drilled, as it moved forward under fire, the wings crowded or pushed towards the center almost doubling up the center companies, one of which was ours, and some of the men were pushed out of ranks and to the rear. Our brave Captain (French) observing John Palmer, a member of the company, stepping back, and without being aware of the cause, but supposing that Palmer was disposed to falter, gave him a sudden rap across the back, below the belt of his cartridge box, with the flat side of his sword, which caused John to push up to his place. It further caused him, after the engagement was over, to complain that he had a pretty severe bruise. Of course, explanation made all things right, and the incident became, even with Palmer, more a matter of amusement than otherwise.

During the night of the battle, or rather early the next morning, the rain came down in torrents and

continued throughout the day, and we, being without tents or blankets, became thoroughly drenched, and we were without food, having thrown our haversacks away on the rapid march of the day before. Many of the men on that rainy morning spread over the battle ground and vicinity, and picked up a great many knapsacks, rubber cloths, blankets, etc., as well as sugar and coffee, that had been abandoned by the enemy in his flight. Until we moved forward on the second or third day after the battle, by way of Cub Run Bridge to Centerville, or just beyond, we had not the slightest conception of the complete overthrow of the enemy. We saw evidences of the flight all along our march, and in the abandoned muskets, artillery, caissons, wagons, ambulances, spades, shovels, picks, knapsacks, haversacks, blankets, canteens, sugar, coffee, provisions, etc., we saw the unmistakable indications of the overwhelming character of the defeat. For days, nay, even weeks, afterward, we were constantly finding, even off the main road, and in the woods and buried in the branches, muskets and other implements thrown away by the enemy. Among the articles abandoned were hand-cuffs, (fit appendages for felons, but not of a soldier who came to meet a foeman worthy of his steel), the finding of which excited a just indignation in our people. The purpose to which these hand-cuffs were to be applied,

no one seems to know, but the possession of such articles by our foes, if intended to be placed upon their captives, civil or military, indicated an utter disregard of all the usages of warfare among an honorable, intelligent, cultivated, christian people. After marching beyond Centerville we went into camp in the woods; and while here we frequently went into the little village of Centerville in which was a hotel kept by a gentleman whose name is not now recollected, but at whose house, as stated by him, the Federal General McDowell, commandant of the Federal army on the plains of Manassas, had his head-quarters in the early part of the day, and who, as related by this man, took out his watch about 8 o'clock in the morning, and looking at it, said to those around him: "By 12 o'clock my troops will be at Manassas." How sadly he was mistaken, for in a few short hours his magnificent army, instead of being at Manassas, was fleeing, terror-stricken, past Centerville, in the direction of Washington, with their boasting General, perhaps, in the lead, thinking, if not saying, "Run, men, run! the Rebels take the hindmost one!" Doubtless, a vigorous pursuit would have placed the Federal city in the hands of the Confederates. Whether we should have been benefited thereby is a matter of conjecture. Some have supposed that if the Confederates on this occasion had captured and occupied

Washington, that agreeable terms could have been negotiated with the Administration; while others insist that the tendency would have been to more thoroughly unite the Northern people against us. And there seems some show of reason for this conjecture, because it was claimed that the first troops that rushed to Washington were for its defense. Be this as it may, pursuit was not attempted, and the enemy, soon over his fright, began to organize his army on a much grander scale than ever, and placing at its head General George B. McClellan, whom they were pleased to call the "Young Napoleon," commenced to mobilize and to concentrate in and around Washington the largest army as yet ever organized on this continent; and he evidently was a man in every respect fitted and qualified to make a thorough and complete organization of such an army.

After remaining at or near Centerville for some time, we moved forward to, and a short distance beyond Fairfax Court House, and proceeded to lay out our camp and raise our tents, which we had barely accomplished when the "Long Roll" sounded, and we were quickly in line and on the march towards Alexandria, via Falls Church, the distance from our camp to Falls Church being some eight or nine miles. Our march was rapid and we reached the Church about sunset. Here we learned that a

brisk skirmish between the enemy and some Confederate troops had been in progress during the day, and which only closed with the approach of darkness. At the Church we turned to the right, into the turnpike leading to Alexandria, and continued our march some two or three miles, till we reached the vicinity of Munson's Hill ; halting, we were ordered to load our guns, and as we finished loading and started to move forward again, John W East, one of the company, fell at full length in the road, as if attacked with epilepsy : but it was in reality sheer cowardice—constitutional—he could not avoid it, and, perhaps, proper allowance was never made for such men, who were born cowards, and whose pride of character was not sufficiently strong to overcome their fear. John turned up in camp a few days thereafter in fair health and clothed in his right mind. We shall have occasion to again refer to this man, especially in the role of deserter, which he played to perfection, and to his own personal satisfaction ; though in a manner which came near putting the safety of the army in jeopardy. We shall also have occasion to refer to his brother Dan, whose cowardice and other bad traits became so notorious that he was whipped out of the service for fear that his bad example and evil deeds would bring reproach and shame on the fair fame and name of the company

After John's fall in the road, the regiment passed on a few hundred yards and filed to the left, taking position behind Munson's Hill, where we remained quiet until a little before light next morning, when company "K" and our company, both under the command of Captain Lovell of company "K," moved forward to the right of the turnpike road and through a corn field to take position in line as skirmishers. To our right a few hundred yards was a farm house and an old church or school house in which was a bell, which on our approach through the corn field, rang out in clear, loud tones and away went a body of Federal horsemen that had evidently been picketing near by, and the sound of the bell was the signal for the enemy to get out of the way, which he did in a hasty manner. Our skirmish line was formed behind the line of an old fence, where we lay down, while the enemy several hundred yards away kept up a continual fire at us, but did no damage, when about noon he began advancing upon us with a heavy skirmish line, firing rapidly as he came. Just at this time, for some reason or other, Captain Lovell, or some one else, gave command to fall back, and as we started to retire one of the companies of the regiment posted on the left of the road, not being aware of our position, fired upon us; without, however, doing us any very serious damage. By this time Col. Kemper came dashing

down the road with General (then Colonel) J. E. B. Stuart, and shouted: "Right about face, forward double quick, march!" About we faced, and at the enemy we went, firing as rapidly as we could, while Colonel Stuart pushed forward a piece of artillery which opened on the flying foe, who attempted—in fact, many of them did—take shelter in a large brick house, into which a shot from the artillery plunged, causing the enemy who had taken shelter therein to flee in dismay. In our head-long run we had hemmed a Federal officer in, between our line and a pretty high fence, and it seemed as if he could not get away, but leaning forward and putting spurs to his horse, he forced the animal to leap the fence and thus escaped, however, dropping at the fence a fine Colt's navy six-shooter, which was picked up by John Q. Martin, of our Company. We soon returned and resumed our former position, which we held without further molestation. We were relieved at dark by other companies, and retired behind the hill to spend the night. A little before light next morning, we were aroused, and Company "B" together with our company, under the command of Maj. Patton, quietly marched down on the left of the turnpike road, some mile in front of the hill, to Bailey's house, near the cross roads of that name. On reaching the yard fence, we found it to be of heavy wire and difficult to get

over. Lieut. Gibson, who usually carried a heavy sabre, quickly cut away a sufficiency of it to allow us to pass. By the house and through the yard we rapidly pushed on towards the barn some hundred yards in front. From behind the barn and some other out-buildings, the enemy opened fire upon us which was returned with spirit and was maintained for several minutes, during which Lieut. Swindler, of company "B," was wounded; a ball took a button off Lieut. Gibson's cap; another carried a ramrod from the thimbles of a musket of one of the men. During the melee, a Federal soldier sprang from behind a corn crib, and W. R. Albert,—“old man Riley,” as we called him,—who joined us after the battle of Manassas, and who, although, accustomed to the use of fire arms—flint-lock mountain rifle—forgetting that in order to cock his musket he must draw the hammer back to the full notch, drew it only to the half notch, thought now was his time, so pulling down on the soldier with his gun pointed straight at him, his finger on the trigger, he pulled and pulled, but down the hammer would not go. and while in this dilemma, John A. Hale, who we always called General Ewell, from his striking personal resemblance to that officer, fired away at the Federal soldier, who at the report of the gun, gave quite a loud cry and beat a hasty retreat. By this time it seemed that the whole Federal camp.

(almost in the midst of which we were) was alarmed, and that every mother's son of them had a drum and was beating on it. The command of their officers, "fall in, fall in!" was as distinctly heard by us as the command of our own officers. The fact is, we were almost in their camp, and while, doubtless, they were somewhat alarmed by this sudden dash, we too thought best to turn our heads in a different direction, and therefore beat quite a hasty retreat to the hill, having accomplished no good and lost for a time the services of a valuable officer. On the retreat from the house, we passed through a peach orchard, the trees of which were hanging full of nice, ripe fruit, and the writer concluded to halt and help himself, just reaching up and in the act of pulling off a nice, large peach, when a minnie ball struck near his feet, which made him loose his desire to take that peach, he hastened away.

In a few days we returned to our camp at Fairfax and began our usual avocations of quarter guard, drill—company and regimental—in fact, we did but little else than cook, eat, write letters and sleep. The weather was warm, the water was exceedingly bad; this, with an overabundance of rations and insufficient exercise—in fact, a life of almost inactivity—were the fruitful sources of disease, and many of the men were sent to hospitals. Among the number, Allen C. Pack, Ed. Z. Yager, William

Sublett, John Henderson, William Frazier and H. J. Hale. There may have been, and doubtless, were others. Frazier, Henderson, Sublett and Hale died, as well as Alonzo Thompson, whose deaths and loss were greatly regretted, not only by dear friends at home, but by their comrades in the army. These men were all hale, stout young men, stricken down by the hand of disease, and died, at least most of them, away from home, among strangers. It was a singular fact, and generally true, that the most delicate youths—boys, endured the fatigue and hardships of soldier life better than the more robust and apparently healthy.

While in camp at Fairfax we continued to do occasional picket duty in the direction of Alexandria, mostly at Falls Church and a little beyond. On one occasion our company was sent down to Falls Church to relieve another company of the regiment, then on duty at that point. We reached the picket line, which was in advance of the Church near a mile, in sufficient time to relieve the company on duty, that it might return to camp by night. We remained on post till dark and then retired to the Church, in which we slept during the night, without any one on guard. Why our officers permitted this was unexplainable, for it is evident we were in the situation to be surprised and captured. We returned to our post at early dawn the next morning.

Shortly after the advanced pickets were thrown forward, a Captain Farley, with a smooth face, fair skin and blue eyes, claiming to be a South Carolinian and an independent scout, approached our boys and proposed that some of them go with him into a wood in front of the picket and run the Yankees out. Our boys declined, and on went Farley. He had not been in the wood long till firing commenced and he soon returned with the blood streaming from his ear, which had been struck by a minnie ball.

We generally remained on picket three or four days at a time. During the months of August and September, we were frequently on this duty at Munson's, Upton's and Mason's Hills, and at Anandale. After our lines had been well connected, the Federals, not being able to discover by means of their scouts what we were doing, what movements we were making and what forces we had, resorted to the use of balloons. On one occasion at Munson's Hill, a balloon ascended a little to our left. We could plainly see the man in his basket and almost the rope by which the balloon was held in its place and prevented from escaping. The officer in command of our forces on the line moved a piece of artillery to a good position and opened fire on the balloon, which by the time the second shot was fired, had begun to descend very rapidly, in fact, had

gotten almost below the tops of the timber. This firing had the effect to cause the balloonist to get at a more respectful distance and keep there for some time. A few weeks thereafter, while we were on picket duty at Mason's Hill, we enjoyed the daily visits of the balloon, till finally, we conceived the plan to give the man in charge of it a little scare; so getting hold of the rear part of the running gears of an old wagon and a long piece of stove pipe which we fastened on the axle, we ran the wheels up to the top of the hill in full view of the balloonist. One man pretended to be inserting a shot in the muzzle of the pipe, another with a long pole, representing the rammer, pretending to ram down the ball and another standing behind the piece, as if leveling and sighting the gun. The ruse had only gotten fairly under way, when the balloon went down rapidly, to appear again next day in a new place, but a little further off. We continued to try the ruse until the balloonist regarded himself at so safe a distance that he had but little fear of being struck by a cannon shot. Sometimes the whole regiment would go on picket duty and sometimes only a single company would perform the service. Occasionally the regiment would march to the outposts, remain over night, and return to camp in the morning. On one of these regimental tramps, in the month of August or September, we went down

to Annandale. We halted in the village—in the street, which had been thrown up in the centre, with considerable ditches on each side. We lay down to sleep in the ditches, which were broad, and covered with grass. The night was warm and as we were much fatigued, we were soon asleep, and soundly, too,—so much so that although a heavy rain came down, we did not wake up till the water in the ditch was half way up the sides of some of us. Of course this made us feel very uncomfortable.

An instance is well recollected by the author when our company went alone on picket to Annandale, and remained for several days with Capt. Harrison's company of Goochland Dragoons, which picketed during the day and withdrew behind us at night. One thing that we especially observed concerning the horses belonging to this company of cavalry was that during the night they were equally as quiet as the men, and that the enemy an hundred yards away would not have known by reason of any noise the horses made that such a company was within miles of them.

Our principal food while here was green corn boiled in camp kettles, and it was told of our Alexander Belton that he gulched down him seventeen ears of large green corn at one meal—and yet lived—and so far as the writer knows, yet lives.

The only incident that occurred while on picket

at this particular time was the visit of Capt. French a little after dark to the post of A. J. Thompson. Approaching Thompson from the wrong direction, or forgetting the countersign, Jack had leveled his musket and was about to fire when the Captain was able to make himself known and recognized; and thus no vacancy occurred in the Captaincy of the company.

When through with this service, we again returned to camp. As the enemy perfected his lines he became more bold and pressed close to our lines, which led to frequent collisions and skirmishes. This continued during the greater part of September. General Beauregard, in general orders, denominated it petty warfare and discountenanced and discouraged it, except in cases of necessity—These collisions were not without their casualties—if not caused by the enemy, sometimes by accidental shooting by our men of each other, either by mistaking friends for enemies, or by careless handling of fire-arms in passing through the brush by carrying arms at a trail and catching the hammers against a bush, thereby causing a discharge of the weapon, and the ball striking some one in front.

During our stay at Fairfax Court House, a detachment under Lieut. Allen, of the 28th Virginia Regiment, was sent to Fairfax Station, on the railroad, to guard some baggage and stores that had been

deposited there. Of this detachment was John R. Crawford, of our company. Now, Crawford was a green boy, born and reared on Walker's Creek, Dismal, or Nobusiness, in the mountains; perhaps, until the war began, had never been five miles away from home; but for true physical courage, bravery and self possession, he had scarce an equal. Indeed, it was often said of him that he knew no fear—did not know what it meant—never dreamed or imagined what danger was—that he felt as much at ease amidst a storm of bullets and the roar of cannon as when he sat in the quiet of camp life. Now, most of our readers have heard of the "Louisiana Tigers," who in the first battle of Manassas, at Stone Bridge, when closing with the enemy, threw down their muskets and rushed upon the enemy with their bowie-knives. They were not only regarded by the whole army as a dangerous, blood-thirsty set of fellows, but as men that had no sort of regard for human life. It was with two of these fellows that our man Crawford was to have a rencounter and come off victorious, of which we will now proceed to give the reader an account. As we have said, Crawford was on Lieut. Allen's detachment, and it came his time to be on post, and while there two of these "Tigers" came along and deliberately began to ransack and pillage the baggage. Crawford, in that peculiar, whining, drawling voice of his, called out:

“you had better go away from there!” They did not heed, and he again drawled out: “you had better go away from there or I’ll hurt you!” They still did not heed, and in fact, acted as if they had not heard the warning. Crawford changed ends with his musket and downed the fellow nearest to him, who lay trembling upon the ground, and as he lay there Crawford drawled out: “didn’t I tell you, you had better go away from there!” His companion quickly advanced to his rescue and Crawford squared himself and said: “You come, d——n you, and I’ll give you the same!” Instead of advancing, the fellow with his wounded chum, took to his heels. On John’s return to the camp he was relating this incident, and in connection with it stated that Lieut. Allen had said the 7th regiment was to be made *Cordets* (meaning *Vedettes*) this winter. From this mistake, he won the sobriquet of *Cordet*, by which he was generally called throughout the war.

One thing more must be told of John, which should have been related in connection with life at Camp Wigfall, but which is as well to insert here and now. It was not unusual for friends to visit us in camp, and sometimes our own home people would venture down to the army. Among the number that came was Wm. Crawford, the father of John,

who, at the time of his father's arrival, happened to be on picket or guard duty. Returning therefrom very late in the evening, about dusk, and not having heard of his father's arrival, he approached his mess mates who were standing around or near the camp fire cooking, and some talking to Mr. Crawford, and he happened to spy his father. Suddenly halting, he exclaimed: "If there aint daddy, I'll be d——d!"

But to return again to our camp at Fairfax. As before stated, the enemy seemed inclined to get closer to us along our whole front, and our line extending from Leesburg via Fairfax Court House to some point on the Potomac, was a long one. The winter was fast approaching and it would be difficult to supply us with provisions, and it was desirable to concentrate near the junction, where we would have the benefit of two lines of railroad, and not leave our long lines to be preserved by a chain or cordon of sentinels, and especially as the line we were occupying at Fairfax Court House was not favorable for defense, consequently, about the last days of October we retired to Centerville, where we prepared to go into winter quarters; first raising our tents, and as the weather grew colder, building flues and chimneys. Before proceeding to state our life in winter quarter, it is proper to state that owing to the difficulty of distinguishing our state flag from

many of the state flags carried by the enemy in the battle of Manassas, that we had been threatened with serious consequences, such as occurred with our own brigade on that field, it became necessary to have a flag, uniform in character and design, and one easily distinguishable from that of the enemy. Such a flag was designed by Col. Miles, of South Carolina, and presented by Gen. Beauregard to the army. It was about twenty-two inches square, the field was red, with blue stripes running from corner to corner at right angles, with thirteen stars (white). Each regiment was supplied with one of these flags, there could now be no danger of mistaking foe for friend thereafter on account of the flag. Shortly after we had retired to Centerville our company was sent on picket duty near Fairfax Court-House and Corporal Stone had charge of the outpost or advanced picket, and his vedette was "Cardet" (Crawford). In posting Cardet and giving him instructions, he was especially careful to tell him to keep a sharp lookout, that we were near the enemy; and if anything approached his post to halt it the usual three times; and if it did not stop to shoot. It was not a great while after the Corporal had returned to the reserve guard until he heard his picket call out, halt! halt! halt! and bang went his gun. The Corporal went to see what was the matter. On reaching Crawford he found him standing quietly

at his post as if nothing had happened. On inquiry he found that he had shot a large, fat porker, and when reprimanded by the corporal for shooting a hog, Crawford replied: "You told me to halt three times, the first thing that came along, and if it didn't stop to shoot, and I did what you told me!" This hog was one of the many that fed in and around our camps at Fairfax, and from the waste and refuse had grown very fat; therefore Corporal Stone directed that it be dressed and not allowed to go to waste. That evening there came up quite a rain storm and the company found quarters and shelter in an old out-house which had only a dirt floor and we built a large fire in the center and roasted the porker and feasted on him that night and next morning.

November weather in Northern Virginia is generally severe and we found it necessary to provide more comfortable quarters than mere tents with flues and chimneys. We therefore began to build, as rapidly as we could get the material, log cabins about sixteen to eighteen feet square, and to attach to them rough stone chimneys. By the first days of December we had succeeded in getting ourselves in fairly comfortable quarters.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR DAILY DUTIES IN CAMP—AMONG THE LAST PERSONAL RENCOUNTERS—CLOVEN FEET AND MEAN TRICKS.

Lieut. Gibson, Corporal Stone and others hold a council of war and determine that it is proper to advance and drive McClellan from Arlington Heights—March to the outposts—Grey-backs—Religious exercises—Lieut. Anderson and Wm. H. Layton—Term of service expiring—Depletion of the army—Re-enlistment and furloughs—Retreat from Manassas behind the Rhappahanoek—Riley Albert—Harry Snidow—Gordonsville.

Our duties in camp during the winter were not onerous ones, except quarter guard in inclement weather, especially rain and extreme cold, for it must be remembered that we had no shelters on quarter guard, that is none while on post, and on the beat we had to face the pelting storms. The guards were divided into three classes: first, second and third reliefs; the first went on at 9 o'clock in the morning, the second at 11 o'clock, the third at 1 o'clock, and so on alternately during the twenty-four. When off duty we were required to

remain at the guard house, unless by special permission of the officer of the guard, and this permission was only granted to get meals and in special cases of necessity ; in fact, it was usually against orders to go to quarters for meals. The quarter guard were supposed to be special custodians of the quiet and safety of the camp, to be ready on all occasions or in any emergency that might arise, whether from a sudden dash of the enemy or otherwise, to be under arms in a moment and prepared for action ; hence the necessity of having every man at his post for the whole of the twenty-four hours. The mode of placing the guard on post was by a sergeant or corporal selecting at the guard house, commencing at the top of his roll, the number of men equal to the number of posts, and beginning with post number one, marched around the entire camp relieving each sentinel by a new man. If this was to be performed at night, the countersign which was a pass word adopted at army head-quarters and transmitted to the various subordinates and delivered to the guards by the non-commissioned officers, so that as the sergeant or corporal with the relief approached the sentinel, he called out, "who comes there & halt !" to which the officer replied, "Sergeant of the guard with the relief," to which the sentinel rejoined, "advance Sergeant with the relief and give the countersign." Thus it continued till the rounds were

made. If the sentinel from any cause desired to see an officer of the guard he could not leave his post, but had to call in this wise: "Corporal of the guard, post, no. —" (calling the number of his post) which was repeated by every sentinel around the camp. Occasionally the sentinels would determine to have a little amusement by calling out from a number of posts about the same time, thereby keeping the corporal on the move from post to post, the calls generally coming from opposite directions.

Col. Kemper was absent the greater part of the winter and Lieut. Col. Lewis B. Williams was left in command. Col. Williams was a very rigid disciplinarian and endeavored to have everything done in proper military style and would frequently visit the guard house and order the officer to turn out the guard and to call the roll, and woe to the man that was out of place or not in line. The writer had a little personal experience in this matter and was ordered on double duty, which, however, by a little sharp management, he never performed, but of which he did not think proper to inform the good-hearted Colonel.

We had, while in camp, daily guard mounting, which was attended by the adjutant, sergeant-major and a commissioned officer, called the officer of the day, who had chief command and charge of the camp guard for the twenty-four hours. This officer

was required to be in full uniform, with sword and scarf, the latter drawn across the shoulder and tied around the waist. More will be said about this officer when we get farther on in this narrative.

After we had gotten into our log huts we divided off into messes of some dozen or more to each hut and erected bunks after the fashion of berths on steamboats, so as to have as much room as possible around the fireplace for cooking, etc. We had improved very much in the number and character of cooking utensils, there having been supplied us all that was reasonably necessary. As there was no great scarcity of rations there was but little complaint about enough to eat. Our supplies consisted of flour, bacon, mess pork, sugar, coffee, rice, beans and peas. In order to divide the labor of cooking each man was assigned to duty; one would draw the rations, one would bake the bread, one fry meat, one make coffee, one carry water, one wash dishes, one make fires, one cut wood, etc. Our supply of water, which was limited, was drawn or carried from a small spring below the camp, in which a common flour barrel was placed, and into which we dipped our buckets. The stream being small and weak, it scarcely supplied our actual necessities. There was often a race in the early morning between those who had to carry water, as to who should reach the spring first, for if it happened to be dipped dry,

then those who came must, in turn, wait for it to fill their buckets. This frequently caused great delay in getting meals.

The habit of smoking was acquired by nearly all the soldiers and nearly every man carried his pipe and tobacco. So common was the habit, that when a regiment was on the march perhaps half the men would have pipes in their mouths puffing away.

While in camp at Centerville we had a visitation of yellow jaundicæ, which made many of the men quite sick, and while no one died, numbers were confined to their quarters for days, unable for camp or other duties.

The soldiers were fond of fun and often played pranks on their fellows, such as stuffing old rags and clothes in the chimneys of their huts to force the smoke into the hut and thus compel them to get out into the fresh air for relief till they found out and removed the cause. Another device to alarm some of the inmates of a hut was by throwing gun caps down the chimney into the fire when the cook was busy getting meals, which usually brought him to the door, with poking stick in hand, in search of the offender. These pranks were sure to be played on some one who would suffer himself to be annoyed by them, for so soon as they found the fellow took it all in good part and said nothing about it, they would never try him again. George Knoll, the

Dutchman, was a peculiar kind of make up, who, though fond of getting off a good joke on some one never could enjoy one gotten off on himself. Now, George messed with Wm. H. Layton, who was equally as peculiar as George. Their messmates, knowing that George was especially careful about his clothing, etc., packed away in his knapsack, rather over cautious as to its care and safety, and who, on his return from off guard duty, usually examined his knapsack to see that things were in statu quo, concluded to get off on him and Layton a huge joke, out of which they would have much fun. They waited for the time when George would go on guard and Layton should be absent from the quarters. The opportunity was soon presented, and they took all the valuables from George's knapsack and placed them in Layton's, and removed them from the place where they were usually kept, so as to attract George's attention in particular. They then agreed upon their plan of concealment, or rather of playing knownothings and innocents. George came in from duty and put away his musket and accoutrements. Layton was present, and so were all the mess-mates. George, turning around, fixed his eye on the spot where he had left his knapsack and not seeing it, he began to inquire, "where is my knapsack?" Suddenly discerning it, and that it looked empty, he again asked excitedly, "who has

been in my knapsack?" "who has been stealing out of my knapsack?" "somebody's got my things!" "who is it that's got my things?" First one and then another, except Layton, answered they knew nothing of his things and had not touched his knapsack; but George insisted with so much earnestness that some one of the mess had his goods, that each in his turn, except Layton, threw out his knapsack and called on him to search. George declined to search, believing from this demonstration and show of honesty and fairness that none of the mess who had told him to search their knapsacks could have his goods. George looked at Layton, who, conscious of his innocence, had up to this time remained quiet, but seeing George's eyes fastened upon him, said, "you shall not search my knapsack, you d——d Dutelmän," to which George retorted; "you are the very man that got my things." Layton exclaimed; "you're a liar!" Finally Layton, becoming annoyed, threw out his knapsack and said "search! search!" George gathered the knapsack; opened it, and finding his goods; exclaimed, "I said you was the man that stole my things." Layton, in a rage by this time, cried out "you are a d——d liar." To prevent a personal rencounter, the mess-mates had to interfere and tell the truth about the matter.

Corporal Stone was the greatest tease in the

company. He delighted to have fun at the expense of another. If one of his mess-mates came off guard weary and sleepy and lay down to rest and take a quiet snooze, Stone was sure to disturb him in some way. On one occasion he slipped up to a sleeping comrade and began barking at his ears, and though admonished to desist, he did not do so till he had received a stroke on the head, which, however, good humored as he was, he took in good part.

The men would occasionally get away from camp, sometimes with and sometimes without permission, and those inclined to too much strong drink, on return to camp, would now and then raise a racket. Tapley Mays, and perhaps others, had been out and on their return were pretty lively. Mays, proposing to wrestle with Harvey Farley, soon had him down, and instead of a mere friendly tussel, began choking Farley, when Jack Thompson remonstrated with Mays, insisting that he should not mistreat Farley under such circumstances, whereupon John East came forward as the champion of the cause of Mays. Thompson, whose courage never failed, drew off his coat and was in the act of pummeling East when some of the officers of the guard interposed and sent both Mays and East to the guard-house. This was the last rencounter among the men as now recollected, save two which will be hereafter related.

In the army was a splendid place to try men, their

religion, if they had any, their morals, honesty, dispositions, etc., for as sure as a man had a cloven foot so sure would he put it forward. If there was any meanness it would out. If a man was dishonest and immoral he would quickly show it ; all bad traits in his character would soon be developed. If a man was a correct, upright gentleman at home he was sure to be the same in the army. If the outside seemed right when at home, when in truth the inside was wrong, when he got into the army the inside was turned out and he was seen just as he really was. It is a notorious fact that a bad man in the army in time of war, is a bad man at home in time of peace. The Confederate soldier who was a brave, just, upright man in the army, is still such, and, as a rule, is a thrifty, successful, well-behaved, respected citizen.

It was not uncommon for the soldiers to discuss the conduct of the war, the probabilities and improbabilities of success, peace, etc., and the plan of battles and the policy of war, offensive and defensive. A discussion of this kind is well remembered as having occurred between Lieut. Gibson, then officer of the day, Corporal Stone, Sergeant Wm. D. Peters, Demarcus Sarver, Ike Hare and others, in the quarters of my mess, while we were at Centerville. It was after night ; the boys had gotten in a little stimulant and Lieut. Gibson, on duty around

the camp as officer of the day, dropped in ; after the parties had imbibed pretty freely, they began in a very serious manner the discussion of the question as to the surest and quickest mode of ending the war and restoring peace to our distracted and unhappy country. After much discussion pro and con, Corporal Stone proposed a plan to which all readily agreed, and that was to immediately attack General McClellan's army, drive it from Arlington Heights, and capture and possess the Federal capitol, and there propose an armistice and congress of all the States. Stone was for starting that night, was for prompt and aggressive measures, but Peters was for postponing till morning, which led to some discussion between Stone and Peters as to which was the ranking officer, which was not settled when daylight came, and the long roll sounded to arms, and a march towards Washington sure enough began, but with only our regiment. And oh! such headaches as Stone, Peters and Gibson had, and how impregnable now appeared Arlington heights, which a few hours before had seemed but mole hills. We were going on picket duty, and marched to a point not far from Fairfax Court-House, and relieved a Louisiana regiment which had been there for about a week, and where we had to stay for the same length of time. This was in the early days of January, 1862. The weather was severely cold,

and we were without shelter, save some rude brush shanties put up by those we had relieved, into which they had thrown some straw, which answered a good purpose as long as the weather was cold and dry, which was the case while we remained there. Nothing of special interest occurred while on picket. Our duty performed, we returned to our quarters. Before starting on this journey, there had been given us new clothing—bright new uniforms—grey jackets, pants and caps—and we were rejoiced to crawl into the straw in the brush shanties on picket post to avoid soiling our new clothes. After getting into our warm, comfortable huts, we felt something crawling over us. An examination revealed the fact, that we were covered with vermin—“grey-backs”—and this being the first we had encountered, it was perfectly awful, horrible! We committed most of our clothing to the flames! This was unnecessary, for it was impossible to get rid of them, as they were not only in our clothing, but in our blankets. The next summer, on the Peninsula, in the swamps of the Chickahominy, and around Richmond, we had them in abundance, and the boys used to say they had stamped upon their backs the letters, “I. F. W.,” which they said meant “in for the war.”

During the winter, while in quarters at Centerville, there was little, if any, preaching or religious

exercises, as there was no place to have public services, and the weather was too inclement to have services in the open air. The mess of J. Tyler Frazier, in which were Thomas S. L. Taylor, James B. Henderson, F. H. Farley, John F. Jones, Wm. C. Fortner, Joseph and James Eggleston, and perhaps others, never neglected their religious duties, and when in quarters, invariably read a chapter in the bible, sang a hymn and prayed before retiring to bed. These men, by their upright conduct, observance of their religious duties and christian character and conversation, had great influence over those with whom they came in daily contact, and especially upon the conduct and morals of the company

A little incident occurred during the winter which involved our clever Lieut. Anderson and Wm. H. Layton in a small difficulty, which, under the strict discipline then enforced, could not well be overlooked, and which in the later years of the war would scarcely have been noticed. Both the Lieut. and Layton were fond of a little of the "overjoyful," and especially about Christmas times, and getting on a reasonable supply, they found their way to the guard house a little after dark. Mr. Layton was an exceedingly polite man and his pronunciation and emphasis of the word sir (s-a-h) was peculiar to himself alone. Shortly after their

arrival at the guard house, and while they were enjoying a little fun, Layton stepped to the door, and as he did so, Colonel Williams called for the sergeant of the guard. Layton, supposing it was some one desiring to pass outside, said, "do you want to pass out, sah? If you want to pass out, sah, Lieut. Anderson can pass you out, sah!" Whereupon the Colonel enquired, "what are you and Lieut. Anderson doing here?" Not receiving a satisfactory reply, Layton rested in the guard house that night, and the Lieut. was placed in arrest for a few days. This was the price they paid for their fun and frolic.

The expiration of the term of service of most of the men was rapidly approaching. The ranks had been much depleted by sickness, death, etc., and no adequate provision had yet been made for the retention of those already in the field, or for filling up the ranks. It was evident the war was to be prolonged, and if we were to maintain the contest, we must have an army. One year in the army had satisfied many, who were unwilling to remain. In fact, to have depended on raising an army by getting men to re-volunteer, re-enlist, was the height of folly. It is true the government, to induce re-enlistment, had offered fifty dollars bounty and thirty days' furlough, and quite a number of men availed themselves of an opportunity to go home

for a short time by re-enlisting. Some eighteen of company "D" availed themselves of this offer, of whom Tom Young, Tom Davenport, Wm. H. Layton and John Palmer never returned, but went over to the enemy or within their lines. Perhaps as many as one third of our regiment re-enlisted, and this may have been true of the whole army. The names of those of our company that re-enlisted will, as recollected, be here given, namely: E. M. Stone, John D. Hare, J. W. Mullins, A. L. Fry, J. W. Hight, John W. East, R. H. Bane, J. B. Young; these, with Tom Young, Davenport, Layton, Palmer and the writer, are all that are now recollected. Probably this list is incorrect. On our return we were accompanied by Christian Minnich, who enlisted in the company, having two sons therein. Just how long he remained is not now recollected. The question of re-enlistment was soon settled by an act of Congress, which placed every man in the Confederate States, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, in the army for three years or the war, and retaining all that were under eighteen and over forty-five for ninety days, and continued the then existing organizations, with the right to elect regimental and company officers. It is said of people who move often from place to place with their families, that two moves are about equal to one fire; but to a soldier, except the discomforts of

being out in bad weather and marching through the mud and slush, his moving makes him but little poorer, for he generally carries with him all that he regards as valuable, and as to his conveniences, he soon restores equally as well as before. No sooner is a halt made where it is understood or expected he will remain for a few days than he begins to provide as comfortable quarters as possible and if he can only get hold of an axe and the material, he will soon make himself a shelter and bunk, erect a slab or puncheon for a table, put up a gun rack, etc. When we halted in the woods to camp, somehow or other some fellow knew exactly where to find water, though he had never seen the place before. If it was cold, bad weather, guns would scarcely be stacked before some fellow would start a fire—just where he would get the fire seemed strange. One of the disagreeable tasks of the first year of the war was performing police duty, clearing the camp—a regulation to which little regard was paid in the later years of the war, for the reason, if for no other, that we did not remain long in one place, and police duties were not so necessary.

The enemy, about the first of March, 1862, began to push his lines a little closer up, and to make more frequent reconnaissances, and to extend his lines and operations towards Acquia creek, on the right flank of our army causing our commander some

uneasiness and some doubts as to the tenableness of our position. Consequently, about the 10th day of March, we received orders to cook rations and be prepared to move at a moment's warning. Within twenty-four hours from this notice we were on the high road with the head of the column directed towards Warrenton and the Rappahanock River, reaching and crossing the latter the second or third day after leaving Centerville. The men were heavily loaded with knapsacks, haversacks, blankets, muskets, cartridge-boxes and canteens.

At a point either in Culpepper or Rappahanock, near where we camped one night, was a distillery, of which some of the boys took charge, and procured old man Riley Albert to make a run of brandy for them. After they had filled themselves and their canteens they had no way to carry the residue: but a soldier could always get up some kind of contrivance; he would not be baffled. Harry Snidow, and perhaps others, procured from a store near by, some glass candy jars, filled them and trudged along most of the day (until they were emptied) with the jars in their arms. Of course a number of the men did not drink at all and those who did kept their feet—did not get past locomotion—but kept in ranks. They had, in their way of thinking, a happy, jolly time while the brandy lasted.

Our march was continued till we reached the

vicinity of Gordonsville, in the county of Orange;
near the junction of what was then the Central and
Orange and Alexandria railroads.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STAY NEAR GORDONSVILLE—THE MARCH TO RICHMOND AND JOURNEY TO YORKTOWN—IN THE TRENCHES—SKIRMISHING AND NIGHT ALARMS.

Re-organization and re-election of officers—The retreat from Yorktown—The old lady's prayer—Battle of Williamsburg—The killed and wounded—The retreat from Williamsburg up the Peninsula—Across the Chickahominy—Inactivity and bad water—Terrific rain storm—Battle of Seven Pines and the killed and wounded—Our return to camp.

Our stay in the vicinity of Gordonsville was but for a few days; however it must have been about the first days of April when we set out in the direction of Richmond, a distance of some seventy-five miles. Our route lay through the counties of Louisa, Hanover and Henrico, a low, flat, and to some extent, swampy country, and in the month of March, quite muddy. We passed through a section and among a people as yet unused to seeing large bodies of armed men. The negroes, especially, gazed upon

us with much seeming astonishment. Just how long it took us to make the march to the Capitol City is not now recollected; but as we carried heavy burdens at that day it is probable we did not reach Richmond before the 8 or 9th of the month.

It appears that there was considerable vacillation on the part of General McClellan and the Federal Administration as to what course to pursue in regard to the route by which they should make the "On to Richmond" movement. McClellan insisting upon the route up the Peninsula and the Federal Administration willing, but afraid to uncover Washington, lest General Johnston with his army should quietly glide out from behind the Rappahanock and swoop down upon Washington. Therefore, while Mr. Lincoln consented to the adoption of the Peninsula route, it was upon the condition that a large force should be left in front of Washington for its protection. The uncertainty as to which route the enemy intended to advance induced General Johnston to hold his troops well in hand behind the Rappahanock and Rapidan, to meet either a direct advance by the route from Manassas or to throw his army down the river to Fredericksburgh, should the enemy attempt to advance that way. Awaiting developments of the enemy's plans kept the Confederates much longer on the line of the Rappahanock than was necessary. The Federal army began its

embarkation for Yorktown in the latter days of March, and doubtless, large bodies of them had landed on the Peninsula on, or before the first of April. By the last days of March both armies were moving or being moved rapidly to the Peninsula. About the 10th day of April our regiment left Richmond aboard a steamer on the James, and disembarked at King's Landing, about ten miles from Yorktown, to the neighborhood of which we marched the evening of our embarkment, we took position in or near the trenches and continued to occupy them for several days, occasionally withdrawing and resting, and again returning to relieve other troops. Now and then a brisk skirmish would occur on some part of the lines and scarcely a night passed that we did not have picket firing, alarms, etc., one of which occurred during a heavy rain storm, in which the men stood up for the greater part of the night and were thoroughly drenched with rain.

General Magruder, who had been in command at Yorktown, had done much to strengthen the line between the York and James by throwing up a line of intrenchments, building dams, etc., making the position a strong one, and but for the fact that we had a navigable river on each side of us, up which the enemy's gun-boats could readily ascend, we would have been almost an impassable barrier to the

enemy. The works of General Magruder on this line seemed to be admirably constructed as works for defense, and had the Confederates determined to hold them, it can not well be conceived how the enemy could have met with anything but bloody defeat, had he attempted to force a passage.

The time for re-organization of the army had arrived and this was quietly and peaceably to be accomplished in the very face of the enemy. Before giving in detail the matter of the organization and its result, we will state that a very decided change had taken place among the men as to their estimates of the character and ability of their officers, field and company. Many were moved by their dislikes and prejudices engendered by their first year's service against officers who had endeavored to enforce obedience and strict military discipline and who were prompted by no other motive than the good of the service, yet many of these acts, done in accordance with military law, and inspired by a pure patriotism, were misconceived—misconstrued by men, born freemen and wholly unaccustomed to having restraints placed upon personal liberty and privileges. Such acts and the exercise of certain authority were regarded by our volunteer citizen soldiery as tyrannical and a usurpation, consequently a number of officers who had been foremost in rushing to the country's rescue in the early hours

of her peril, and had bravely and gallantly led their men to the fore-front of the battle, had been kind and indulgent when and where they could be so without the violation of duty, had incurred the displeasure of some of their men on account of some oppression—most generally supposed or imaginary—and had determined when opportunity offered to displace them, with those who were better suited to their own way of thinking. Again, the men in the ranks and the subordinate officers were brought in daily contact and heard the complaints of each others wrongs. Naturally, in sympathy, they became very closely allied, which necessarily led to agreements and combinations for the displacement of those against whom they had complaints and grievances; not that they doubted the courage of their old officers; not that, as a usual thing, their old officers were not gentlemen, for this was almost universally true of them; but the grievances referred to, the desire for change which belongs to all men, more or less, and the natural sympathy existing between the men in the ranks and the subordinate officers, the energy, zeal, kind heartedness of many of the rank and file, their fitness to command developed in action during the past year, and the further fact that the elections were to be entirely free, in which the men of the line chose their company officers and the latter chose the field officers, afforded

the long desired opportunity to get rid of officers who were regarded obnoxious. This proved to be unfortunate in some cases. Gallant and meritorious officers were displaced in some companies by very unworthy, undeserving men, on account of some supposed pique at the old officer, or the personal popularity, without regard to fitness, of the new. However, this may have been the mode of the re-organization, and its results seemed to give entire satisfaction to the men, and we passed from the old organization into the new, apparently without the slightest injury to the public service and with much more ease and quiet than any one could have anticipated.

Prior to the battles of Bull Run and Manassas, our regiment had been brigaded with the 24th Virginia Regiment and others under Gen. J. A. Early. After these battles we were attached to the brigade of General Longstreet, composed of the 1st, 7th, 11th and 17th Virginia Regiments. At one time while at Centerville we were attached or belonged to the brigade of General Ewell. On reaching Yorktown the brigade was commanded by General A. P. Hill and continued under his command until he was made Major General, when Colonel Kemper was promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship and took command of our brigade. This promotion of Colonel Kemper did not occur till

a short time prior to the battle of Seven Pines.

The re-organization took place on Saturday, the 26th day of April, 1862, in the camps and quarters of the respective regiments. Capt. James H. French, of our company, was taken sick on our march from the Rappahanock, and was left at Richmond as we passed through, consequently, he was not present at the re-organization, and perhaps was not a candidate for re-election. Had he been present and a candidate, it is more than probable that he would have been elected without opposition, and the writer feels justified in making the statement, from the fact that no one had or could have any personal grievance against him. He was a man of true and unflinching courage, generous to a fault, kind hearted as a woman, beloved by his men, and no reason could be assigned for his displacement. The Lieutenants of the company were all men of splendid moral and physical courage, and those that were with us in the battles of Bull Run and Manassas and on the skirmish lines at Mason's, Munson's and Upton's Hills had behaved with coolness, self-possession and courage under fire. They were kind hearted and true, yet all were displaced, save one, namely: Lient. Joel Blackard, who was elected Captain. Sergeant R. H. Bane was elected First Lient., Sergeant John W. Mullins, Second Lient. and Corporal E. M. Stone, Third Lient. The non-commissioned

were A. L. Fry, 1st Sergeant, W. H. H. Snidow, 2nd Sergeant, Wm. D. Peters, 3rd Sergeant, Jos. C. Shannon, 4th Sergeant, David E. Johnston, 5th Sergeant. A. J. Thompson, 1st Corporal, Daniel Bish, 2nd Corporal, George C. Mullins, 3rd Corporal and J. B. Young, 4th Corporal.

We will not stop here to comment on the character of the above named officers as ample opportunity and proper occasion will be afforded, in which their character will be examined and presented to the reader. It will suffice to say now that the company had no cause of regret on account of the choice it had made.

Of the regimental officers elected that day, or the following Monday, Colonel James L. Kemper was chosen to succeed himself; Maj. Walter T. Patton was elected Lieut. Colonel; Adjutant C. C. Flowerree, Major; and Lieut. Starke, son of Gen. Starke, was appointed Adjutant; Geo. S. Tansill, Sergeant-Major. Our surgeon was Dr. C. B. Morton with, as now recollected, Dr. Oliver as assistant surgeon, and later, upon the promotion of Dr. Morton to be brigade surgeon, Dr. Oliver became regimental surgeon, with Dr. Worthington as assistant. Capt. James W. Green was regimental Commissary and Capt. Graves Quartermaster.

In this election of field officers, Lieut. Col. Lewis B. Williams, who acted with such coolness and

intrepidity in the battles of Bull Run and Manassas, was entirely displaced and ignored in his own regiment, whether by his own wish or not, I can not say ; but, if not appreciated by his own regiment, he was not to be overlooked, nor his services lost to the country, for he was unanimously elected Colonel of the First Virginia Infantry and displayed thereafter, on many hard fought fields, that same gallantry and courage that had hitherto characterized him in the fury and storm of battle. He was severely wounded in the battle of Williamsburg and finally yielded up his life for his country in the charge made by our division at Gettysburg.

The re-organization having been completed, the officers addressed themselves to the task of making our organizations in equipments and otherwise as thorough as possible, and no effort was spared to make the army as efficient as possible and to put them in proper fighting trim, for the enemy now began to show signs of restiveness by making their approaches nearer and nearer, and skirmishing was of daily, in fact, hourly occurrence, and a general advance and assault by the enemy at any moment seemed probable. The army of General McClellan was a large one, well organized and drilled, with all the conveniences and comforts that it was possible for an army to have when in active service in the field. On the other hand, our army was far inferior

in numbers as well as in organization and equipments, but what it wanted in these particulars was equally, if not more, than made up in courage, self will, self-reliance and individualism. As a soldier is, or must become if he is serviceable, a mere machine, it was no difficult task for the Federal Commander to mould, as it were with a plastic hand, the foreign element, of which his army was so largely composed—men who were accustomed to subordination and obedience to superiors in the countries from which they came. It was quite different with the Confederate volunteer, who was never very ready to acknowledge any superior—he regarded himself as master of his own will, and thus it happened that a spirit of insubordination occasionally crept in and found a lodgment; but this can only be said of the early part of the war. It was often said that a Federal non-commissioned officer, in case of insubordination or the least appearance of it, would not hesitate to kick or cuff any private soldier in which any such spirit was manifested. Such an attempt on the part of a Confederate non-commissioned officer would, perhaps, have cost him his life. Our men could be persuaded, but never driven.

While at Yorktown we were almost constantly moving, therefore, it may be said of us that we were always ready to move, and when the order

came on Sunday evening, May 4th, to retreat, we were soon on the road in the mud, floundering and pushing towards Williamsburg, twelve miles distant, which we reached early next morning without molestation, but quite uncomfortable from the wearisome night march through mud, mire and a drizzling rain. We halted in front of the grounds of the Eastern Lunatic Asylum.

The enemy were determined that we should not get away without trouble, and followed so closely and pressed so hardly upon our rear guard that it became necessary for the Confederates to halt and offer battle. The constant skirmishing and occasional boom of artillery indicated the near approach of the enemy and that a fierce conflict was impending. The morning was dark and cloudy and a light rain was falling; this, with the rattle of musketry and the booming of cannon, furnished no special encouragement to the soldiers. We stood in line from early dawn till near mid-day, muskets in hand and ready to move. The order came and quickly the column passed into one of the principal streets and pressed in the direction of the firing. We were on the street leading to or by William and Mary College. As we were passing a beautiful little villa on our left, an elderly lady appeared on the portico, with clasped hands, and eyes lifted heavenward, uttered loudly and distinctly a prayer to God, to

defend and protect the right and the lives of these soldiers in the coming battle. So fervent and pathetic was that prayer, that it made a lasting impression on all who heard it.

On we passed through the city, by William and Mary College, and had nearly reached a redoubt on the left of the road when a shot from one of the enemy's guns came buzzing past us, almost raking our regiment from front to rear. Quickly filing to the right, across the road, into an old field, behind a skirt of timber, we threw off and piled our baggage. No sooner was our baggage rid of than we were quickly in line of battle and moving forward to this wood in which some of our troops were engaged. As we approached the outer edge of the wood the enemy poured into us a murderous fire at pretty close range which struck down quite one fifth of our men, and as the enemy were in the woods, which was a heavy growth of large timber and undergrowth on which small leaves had made their appearance, he was hid from our view till we had gotten some distance into the wood: the enemy still keeping up his fire, quite a number of our men was shot down after we had advanced some hundred yards from the old field. Among the number that fell here was George Knoll, the Dutchman, who received a dangerous wound in the groin. George was a brave and gallant youth, strong in his

attachment for our cause and when shot, called to Col. Kemper, who chanced to be near by and said, "I am done for this time, but go ahead and give it to them." The Colonel spoke to him some words of sympathy and encouragement and passed on. It appeared ~~that~~ ^{that} the enemy were armed with muskets charged mostly with sixteen buck shot, without ball, and hence the large number wounded as compared with the number killed. After pretty sharp firing for a few minutes, mostly at random on our side, as we had not as yet gotten a look at the enemy, under orders from the Colonel, firing ceased on our side and a little quiet reigned, but it was only that calm that usually precedes the storm. We were ordered to move quietly and stealthily forward to a new rail fence which stood on the backbone of a little ridge or rising ground about fifty yards in front of us, on reaching which we discovered the enemy's line of battle not more than seventy-five yards away, the men standing quietly in place with their guns at order arms, with their attention apparently fixed upon Featherstone's Mississippians moving up some hundred yards or more to our left. From our position they were in full view, with nothing between save some trees and small under brush. Placing our muskets between the rails, at the command, fire! we delivered into them a most terrific volley at which their line vanished as chaff before a

whirlwind. Such fearful destruction of human life from one volley of musketry was scarcely our misfortune again to behold. The ground was literally strewn with the wounded, dead and dying. Over the fence and through the wood, pell-mell, we went for several hundred yards, at the heels of the flying foe, till at last discovering some fallen timber just ahead, our Captain Blackard yelled, "look out, men!" which brought the men to a halt, and a ^{re-}align~~ment~~ took place. The onward advance which was continued to the edge of the fallen timber was made with more caution and prudence up to the down timber, in which was discovered a furled flag which left us in doubt as to who these people were. Colonel Kemper asked who they were, but no answer came. He then demanded that they should unfurl their flag, which they did and to the breeze floated the United States flag. These troops were only a few yards away from us, and their strange conduct in refusing for so long a time to show their colors can only be accounted for on the theory that they had been placed there as supports for the troops we had fired upon at the fence, and the latter, in their confusion and retreat, had not passed directly to the rear, and these troops in the fallen timber were not quite certain whether we were foes or friends. While Col. K. was demanding who they were and to unfurl their flag, there stood near him an Irishman

belonging to the 17th Virginia regiment, which was on our immediate left, and as the flag was being slowly unfurled, the Irishman cried out, "It's the d——d Union flag." Scarce had the flag been half unfurled, when our line poured into the enemy a well directed fire which was promptly returned and the fight was maintained with spirit on both sides for more than two hours, and till our supply of ammunition was running low. The writer fired some thirty-eight rounds, and as one result thereof had the next morning a bruised, blackened shoulder from the rebound of his musket. Many of the men expended every round in their cartridge-boxes. A slow drizzling rain had been falling most all day, and the heat of the muskets, caused by the rapid firing, with the rain falling on them made them very rusty on the outside and very foul on the inside. The enemy shot rather wild of us, frequently cutting twigs out of the tops of the trees, while our fire, as was afterwards discovered, was very accurate and destructive. It may seem strange to one who never witnessed a battle, to say that numbers of men in battle, especially as they first begin to fire, frequently discharge their pieces at an angle of forty-five degrees and others empty the load in the ground not fifteen paces in their front, and this, to some extent, accounts for the small loss sustained. During this fight, the enemy's line was not more than from fifty

to seventy-five yards from us. About sunset or a little before, our brigade commander, Gen. A. P. Hill, passed along saying, "men, you are out of ammunition—you must give them the bayonet." At the order, "charge, go forward with the bayonet," the men rose to their places, started forward, and as they did so the enemy fired into us a volley that brought many to the ground—some killed, some wounded and some to avoid the fire. Near by and almost in front of the author fell Major C. C. Flowerree, of the regiment, and Charley Hale, of the company; both sprang to their feet, the blood trickling down the face of the former from a slight buck shot wound, the latter unharmed. On went the charge and away went the enemy, or such of them as was left and able to run, throwing down their guns and as playing leap-frog over the fallen timber. A number of prisoners, including their dead and wounded, fell into our hands. We pushed forward for several hundred yards and then returned to our position. The havoc produced in the ranks of the enemy during the contest was frightful. Their dead lay thick upon the ground. They had packed their knapsacks behind the logs to make breastworks, which, of course, furnished considerable protection, yet our men were good shots and picked them off rapidly.

The enemy had been severely handled and their

advance checked, but his strong re-inforcements were rapidly arriving and by to-morrow's sun he would be ready to pounce upon us with the greater part, if not all of his army, while we had only part of Longstreet's and D. H. Hill's divisions to meet him, the other portions of the army having passed on in the direction of the Chickahominy. It was therefore evident that we must continue our retreat that night, which we did, leaving our position a little after dark.

Before describing our night's march, a detailed statement of the killed and wounded of our company and other incidents connected with the battle will be given.

Wm. H. Stafford, a young man of great purity of character and of quiet disposition, was killed in the charge just before reaching the fallen timber. The wounded were Lieut. E. M. Stone, and the following men of the line, Allen M. Bane, Charles Wesley Peck, Andrew J. Thompson, John A. Hale, John W. East, Isaac Hare, Geo. Knoll, Anderson Meadows, John Meadows, Demarcus Sarver, Wm. I. Wilburn, Edward Z. Yager and the author, fourteen; total killed and wounded, fifteen—about one fourth of the number carried into action. Many of the wounds were slight, having been made with buck shot. Charles W. Peck was struck in the thigh with a buck shot, halting for a moment, he

took out his knife, removed the shot and rejoined his comrades. John Meadows, who was a very abrupt spoken man, was struck in the mouth with a buck shot and on his way from the field, passed by the place our baggage was piled. The man that had been left to guard it said, "Meadows, are you hurt?" "Yes, by G—d, I am." "Where are you shot?" "In the mouth." "What became of the ball?" "By G—d, sir, I spit it out."

Baldwin L. Hoge had the belt of his cartridge box severed and his cartridge-box cut from the belt, and several of the men had holes shot through their clothing.

It has heretofore been related that while at Fairfax Court House there had been presented to each regiment a battle flag, a description of which has already been given. The one presented to us was delivered to Tapley P. Mays' of our company who had been selected as Ensign of the regiment. He bore this flag aloft during the battle of Williamsburg. The staff was severed three times and the flag pierced with twenty-three balls. For his gallant conduct on this field, he received the thanks of the commanding officer of the regiment, and his conduct was made the subject matter of a complimentary letter from Governor Letcher, promising to see that Mays received a nice sword for his gallantry and meritorious conduct. Mays was killed

before the promise was fulfilled. As before stated, leaving our line a little after dark, we quietly withdrew through Williamsburg, taking the road towards Richmond. Notwithstanding the fact that we started in the early part of the night, we had gotten but a short distance away when daylight came upon us. For several miles, through mud and sloughs, we plodded along the tortuous road, halting occasionally and forming line of battle to keep off the enemy until our long trains and artillery could get out of the way. We marched about twelve miles that day, wearied and hungry, for we had had but little to eat since morning. We threw ourselves upon the damp ground, without supper, and went to sleep. We rose early next morning and without breakfast resumed our march, which was continued until near the middle of the afternoon, when we overtook our good-hearted Major Green, brigade commissary, who informed Colonel Kemper that he had three days rations for the men, and enquired if he should give them all to the men, to which the Colonel quickly replied, "Yes, I feel like I could eat a whole hog myself." Of course, we did full justice to the rations, but perhaps great injustice to our stomachs and health, for most of three days' rations were devoured at one meal, and before the expiration of another day we were ready for another three days' rations, which we did not get.

It must not be supposed that because we were fired and covered with mud above our knees that we were dispirited and gloomy. Such mental condition could not easily exist among such a jolly set of fellows as we had, for we had in each company one or more men who would have their amusement by joking, singing, or otherwise. Some one would strike up some patriotic song and it would often be carried throughout the regiment. Two of these jolly souls belonged to our company—Alex. Bolton and the Dutchman, the latter having been wounded and left at Williamsburg, we had to rely on Aleck on this march.

Frequently while on the march along the roads or through the villages, a citizen would be seen with a high beaver hat on, and thereupon some one would cry out, "Mr., come out of that hat. I know you are in there for I see your feet sticking out." Another would call out, "Mr., my bees are swarming, lend me your hat to hive them in." If they came up with a civilian with high top boots, some one was sure to call out to him, "Come out of those boots. I know you are in them for I see your head sticking out."

The cavalry were always ready to dodge from the infantry on account of their jeers and taunts, especially if a battle was on hands, for when the infantry advanced, meeting the cavalry returning to the

rear, the men would begin to call out, "look out, boys, the Yankees are close about, the cavalry are getting to the rear."

Our march was continued from the point where we received our first supplies after leaving Williamsburg to Long Bridge, over the Chickahominy, there facing about towards the enemy, we remained in line of battle for several days. On or about the 20th day of May we crossed the Chickahominy and went into camp near Richmond, on higher and dryer ground, and where the water was much better than on the Chickahominy. While encamped at this place we did nothing but have occasional drill and dress parade. Inactivity, hot weather and bad water brought on evil attendants—camp fever, dysentery and other diseases, and quite a number were on the sick list and unable for duty.

The one year's service of the men that had not re-enlisted had now expired, and those that were over the age of 35 or under the age of 18 were entitled to their discharges. Pat H. Leffler, David Davis and Wm. R. Albert, over 35, and Wm. H. Douthat and N. J. Morris, under 18, were discharged. At this time, there was on the detached service, the following members of the company, James Collins, blacksmith, Geo. W. Hunt and Raleigh M~~orris~~, teamsters.

Amos L. Sumner, being anxious to see his family,

absented himself without leave and on his return or rather when brought back, was court marshalled and sent to Castle Thunder, a prison for Confederate delinquents. On his return he made a fair soldier. Sergeant A. L. Fry was summoned as a witness on his trial and, consequently, was absent at the battle of Frazier's Farm.

Several days previous to the battle of Seven Pines, Col. James L. Kemper had been promoted to a brigadier-generalship and took command of our brigade. Lieut. Col. Patton became Colonel, Maj. Flowerree, Lieut. Colonel, and Capt Swindler, Major.

Shortly after this we marched away in the direction of Mechanicsville Bridge on the Chickahominy, and after proceeding several miles halted in the road, where we remained the greater part of the day returning to camp late in the evening.

Our frequent intercourse with the men of the various companies of the regiment led to a pretty thorough acquaintance with each other, so that we generally knew each other by name. We often visited one another. There was a man in company "B" whose name was John W. Grubbs, who was our frequent guest. On an occasion of one of his visits, as he was leaving, big Adam Thompson, who seemed not to have caught the name very clearly, asked one of the boys what the man's name was: being

told, he hung his head for a moment and then looking up said, "Grubb am a hard name."

For several days preceding the 30th day of May the weather was very warm and oppressive, and on the night of the 30th of May, 1862, there broke over us a most violent and terrific thunder and rain storm. The rain came down almost in torrents. A flood of water rushed through our tents and submerged everything on the ground, compelling the men to stand up. The vivid flashes of electricity and the fearful peals of thunder reminded one of the progress of a mighty battle, and it was a fit precursor of the morrow's bloody work. No man that was present that stormy night will ever forget it as long as reason is undethroned or memory remains unimpaired.

About daylight next morning, Saturday, the 31st of May, 1862, the order to march came, and we were soon in line and on the move. Although we knew the enemy was in close proximity to Richmond and still extending his lines closer and closer, with a view of investing the city, still we were at a loss to divine where we were going, as we had not had the usual orders to cook rations or pack haversacks. On reaching the Williamsburg road the head of the column turned in the direction of the Chickahominy and we soon learned from parties coming from the front that a battle was imminent. Hurrying

forward at a rapid pace for some distance, we turned off to the right and took an obscure country road which led us to the edge of a swamp in a wood, where we halted and formed line of battle. Remaining there till past noon, perhaps one o'clock, where we could distinctly hear the boom of cannon and indistinctly hear the rattle of musketry apparently, far to the left. Very soon thereafter we moved to the left, in the direction of the firing, at a double quick, and after a rapid march for some distance we found ourselves again in the Williamsburg road, down which we passed but a short distance till we began to meet the wounded and disorganized from the front; and but a few yards beyond we came upon Latham's Lynchburg battery stuck fast in the mud, and the men hard at work trying to prize it out, and around it lay dead men and horses, presenting a horrible spectacle to men just going into action. Crossing by this battery into an open field in front of the camp of the Federal General Casey which was now partly in the possession of the Confederates, we filed to the right, moved a short distance, fronted and was preparing to go forward when Gen. Garland galloped up and pointed in the direction our color sergeant should move with the colors that the regiment might be guided accordingly. Across this field we went until we reached an abatis composed of fallen timber mixed,

and piled in all directions, which impeded our advance, for it was a swamp, and in addition to the tangled timber, was filled with brambles. The enemy was now firing upon us and we were endeavoring to reform preparatory to a charge. While this was being done an Alabama regiment came into the field behind us at the distance of about one hundred and fifty yards; forming in line of battle and mistaking us for the enemy, the officer in command gave the order, "Fire by companies. Commence firing." As soon as the command was given their balls fell thick and fast among us. It was rather a critical situation for us. We were between two fires—the enemy in front and our friends behind. Down we went among the logs and stumps, into the water, generally taking the side next the enemy because more afraid of the aim of the Confederates. It was really a trying moment—a perilous situation. Our Ensign Mays, always cool and calm under fire, mounted a stump, flag in hand, just as the third or fourth company was bringing their guns down on us, and waving his flag shouted to them, "Don't fire. We are friends." The Alabamians caught the sound of his voice and saw the flag, and this put an end to the firing. Quickly forming we pushed forward to an old fence which stood at the edge of a field on the opposite side of which, not more than a hundred yards away, was the Federal

battle line lying down. On reaching this fence most of the men lay down. The author was standing up near or behind a small oak tree about one foot in diameter, and which stood at the lock of the fence, from which several rails had been laid off. We were now in fair view of the enemy who kept up a kind of irregular fire upon us. Lieut. Walker (then sergeant) said to me, "You had better lie down, or you will get shot." Taking him at his word, I dropped quickly and as my head went down a bullet tipped the back of my cap and a moment thereafter, a ball passing between the rails struck Sergeant Walker in the heel and he called out, "I am shot." In less than five minutes came the order, forward! With a rush and under a severe fire we went across the field obliquely, a little to the left. We entered the line of the enemy's abandoned works and made connection with the right of our brigade, immediately in front of an old stable or barn now filled with the Federal wounded. In the trenches, in the mud and water, stood General Kemper with his bright, new uniform bedaubed with mud. Resting here but a few moments, we again went forward in a charge, driving the enemy before us far into the swamp—in fact, drove them until it became too dark to proceed further. Several of the enemy hid themselves in the bushes and fallen timber and were picked up as prisoners. One

little blue-coat had hid himself in the limbs of a fallen pine. Big Adam Thompson came across him, took him by the nape of the neck, raised him from the ground and said, 'is o-u wounded?' Little blue-coat replied in the affirmative, but no wound could be discovered, and he was hurried to the rear.

We had heard something said about breast-plates, but up to this time had seen nothing of the kind. A Federal lieutenant lay dead in front of our regiment and on an examination, made by Lieut. Stone, it was found that he wore a calf skin vest with the hair side out, and between the outside and the lining was a steel plate fitting closely to the breast and extending from the waist up to the chin; but this did not serve the Lieutenant's purpose as the ball that caused his death struck him in the head.

Remaining in the swamp in line of batt'le for some time after dark, we slowly retired to the captured camp of the enemy, which was filled with quantities of blankets, tents, knapsacks, coffee, sugar, rice, molasses, crackers, mess pork, etc., on which we feasted and revelled the whole night. Some made coffee, some cooked pork, either by frying or boiling, while others discussed the events of the battle. Thus the night passed, save the time that was spent in looking and caring for the wounded.

The next morning, June 1st, we changed our

position a little farther to the right to meet a threatened attack of the enemy which was made on a part of the line farther to the right, but which was readily repulsed. We remained on the battle field during Sunday and Sunday night, and on Monday, the 2nd day of June, returned to our camp.

The loss of our company in battle was as follows: Absalom D. Manning, killed; wounded, Sergeant Elijah R. Walker, privates Travis Burton, John W. Hight and Joseph Lewy. Manning was shot through the head and instantly killed. He was born in the county of Giles, of humble parentage, yet was a brave youth who sealed his devotion to cause and country with his life blood. The wounds of Walker, Burton and Lewy were not serious, but that of Hight, which was through the thigh, was much more severe, and he was perhaps saved from bleeding to death by leaping into a ditch filled with water, which, in a great measure, tended to stay the blood till medical aid reached him.

CHAPTER X.

DRILLING WHILE IN CAMP—PREPARATIONS FOR ACTIVE FIELD SERVICE—DRESS PARADE AND SPEECHES OF GENERAL KEMPER AND COLONEL PATTON--SEVEN DAYS BATTLES AROUND

Richmond—Gaines' Mill—Frazier's Farm and Malvern Hill—Testing a man's courage—Every man his own General—March over the battle field in pursuit of the enemy—In camp near the Chickahominy—Sickness among the men—Death of Lewis R. Skeens—Threatening attitude of the enemy in Northern Virginia—Concentration of the Confederate army on the banks of the Rappahannock.

Following the battle of Seven Pines and for the period preceding the beginning of the battles around Richmond, we were engaged in drilling and gathering in absentees. Active preparations were being made to get ready for the conflict. Muskets were required to be put in first class order, cartridge-boxes, bayonets, gun straps, etc., were issued to us

and every indication pointed to an early engagement with the enemy. Inspection of arms and accoutrements, and dress parades were frequent, and the word went from lip to lip, "boys, something is up. All this preparation means business." These and many other such remarks were constantly being made. Rations were cooked and distributed on Tuesday, the 24th day of June, and everything put in proper shape to move out at a moments notice.

Being on dress parade on the evening referred to, General Kemper rode up and made us a soul-stirring, enthusiastic speech, of which so much as is now recollected will be given. He began by saying, "Soldiers, the great battle of this revolution is now about to be fought; if we are successful the Confederacy is a free country and we will all go home together; if we are beaten the war must go on for years. The bayonet is the chief implement to be relied on. You may stand at the distance of three or four hundred yards and fire all day at the enemy and they won't run, but when the point of your bayonets come to glisten at their bosoms they won't stand. Keep well your places in ranks and preserve your organization." These were substantially, if not literally, the words of our heroic brigade commander. He was in earnest—meant what he said, but his prophecy was not fulfilled. Col. Patton followed in a speech of some length, much after

the same spirit and tone, though the voices of the two men were quite different, the General's strong, quick and sharp, while the Colonel's was quick, sharp and shrill, and rather feminine in tone.

Leaving our camp early on the morning of Wednesday, June 25th, we marched into the Mechanicsville road and pushed forward towards Mechanicsville Bridge, on the Chickahominy, halting a short distance from the bridge, under cover of the woods, by the road side, we heard in the distance the roar of the battle at Mechanicsville, which was being fought by the Confederates under Gen. A. P. Hill, and a portion of the Federal army. As the darkness approached we could distinctly see the flashes of the guns. The battle did not cease till near nine o'clock, when all became quiet and we all lay down to rest

sleep, if we could, on the road side, with our guns in our hands. Quite a stir and commotion was produced among the men about midnight by some loose ambulance horses running by which were taken at first for Federal cavalry, but the truth was soon ascertained and quiet again reigned. At early dawn the firing across the Chickahominy began and soon the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry plainly told us that a fierce fight was going on, which continued for more than two hours when it seemed to cease and only an occasional shot

was heard. No sooner had the firing ceased than we fell into line and moved rapidly forward to the bridge and crossed over to the north side of the Chickahominy and pressed down its northern banks on the track of the retreating foe, whose course was marked by the capture of prisoners and the conflagration of wagons and stores.

About noon we reached the vicinity of New Bridge near Gaines' Mill, where we halted and formed line of battle behind a low range of hills which hid us from the enemy's view. From what we could see and ascertain, the enemy occupied a position behind a small creek on a range of hills corresponding somewhat with the range behind which we lay. In front of the position occupied by the enemy was a deep ravine which was filled with their sharpshooters, and in his rear was a wooded bluff on the side of which was a line of infantry protected by rude-log breast works overlooking the sharpshooters, and behind this second line was the third line of infantry on the crest sheltered by slight trenches with the hills behind them crowned with artillery. To reach this position of the enemy our troops must pass over an open place some five hundred yards wide, in the face of the enemy. In our front was the brigades of Wilcox and Pryor, and we were drawn up close behind them as supports.

About the middle of the afternoon the terrific

musketry and artillery fire to our left, in the direction of Cold Harbor, plainly told us that a close and bloody fight was going on, and as the firing seemed to be rather stationery than otherwise, that is about the same place, we concluded the Confederates were being pretty roughly handled, which proved to be true. The roar of battle had continued for perhaps more than two hours. The sun was now getting low. The brigades in the front then to advance and we were moved forward and closer up, so as to be ready to strike if needed, and strike quickly. But a few moments after the troops moved forward to the attack, came shot, shell and minnie-balls flying over and around us. Stubbornly the men of Wilcox and Pryor and stubbornly the enemy resisted: twice was the charge repeated before the enemy yielded, and up from our men went that long, loud, continuous rebel yell—generally the token of success and victory. Night was upon us and no pursuit could be made among the swamps and tangles of the Chickahominy. The enemy's lines were broken and they in full retreat, yet they had not yielded without a gallant, stubborn resistance. Our brigade lay down on the ground then occupied by it and rested until sunrise next morning when it marched over the field over which Wilcox and Pryor's men had won such glorious victory. It was almost incredible that a single line of

Confederates could have forced their way in the face of such a murderous fire, over a position which to all appearances was impregnable, and certainly was such, except as against men fighting for homes, fire-sides and principles they regarded as dearer and more sacred than life itself. The loss of the Confederates was frightful and that of the Federals severe, especially after their line was broken and they started to retire. At each stand they made or attempted to make, their dead strewed the ground, and when we arrived on field next morning the dead and wounded were lying thick and close all around.

We occupied the field Friday and Saturday in a position to make or receive an attack, but the enemy was in no plight--in fact was in no mood to attack us, but on the contrary, was making tracks toward the James River. Our officers did not seem to certainly know what direction the enemy would take, therefore preparations were being perfected by General Lee as rapidly as possible to anticipate the enemy's movements, let him take what direction he would. It seems to have been understood late on the evening of Saturday, the 28th or early on Sunday morning, the 29th, that General McClellan with his army was making for the James, and General A. P. Hill's division, with ours, (Longstreet's) were pushed at an early hour on Sunday morning across New Bridge and to the Darbytown, Long Bridge

roads which led to the right of White Oak Swamp. The day was warm and the roads dusty and the march very fatiguing, especially, as we must have made from fifteen to eighteen miles that day. Halting a little after dark we slept till morning and at an early hour pushed on for some miles till we came up with the enemy about noon on Monday, the 30th day of June, at a place called Frazier's Farm. It will be remembered that it has already been stated that only the divisions of A. P. Hill and Longstreet were pushed out on these roads, and which, after deducting the losses sustained by them in the battle of Gaines' Mill, could not have exceeded twelve thousand men, who were to be pitted against, perhaps, three times their numbers. How these divisions sustained themselves so long and so heroically will be explained hereafter.

After considerable skirmishing—feeling for the enemy and his position, and marching and counter-marching—we got into line about 2 p. m., examination of arms and ammunition took place and all things put in readiness for the attack. We had every reason to believe that we were very close upon the enemy—in fact, from all we could learn or discover, he was not more than from a quarter to a half mile away, at least we expected to close with them before we should get far from the position we then occupied. It must have been near 4 p. m. when

the advance began, which was through a dense wood with a heavy undergrowth filled with brambles and in some places covered with water, and there was no possible chance to keep the men in their places. The march was rapid—in fact almost a run and instead of finding the enemy at a quarter to a half a mile, it was almost if not quite a mile to his position.

When our brigade had cleared the woods, it entered, in a most confused state, an open field, at the farther side of which, some four hundred yards in front of us, was a Federal battery with heavy infantry supports. The shots from this battery had been ploughing and plunging through the woods through which we advanced to the attack. So rapid had been our advance that the men were not only badly scattered and dis-organized, but we had far outstripped in distance the supports on our wings and were rushing wildly upon the enemy, who quietly and coolly awaited our coming—in fact had so far anticipated us as to place their infantry supports for his battery, which occupied a commanding position, immediately behind the same and had thrown out on the right and left, in front a body of infantry, thus laying a trap into which they felt satisfied we would fall, and in which expectation they were not disappointed. The confusion among our men as they emerged from the wood was so

apparent that wisdom and discretion would have dictated a momentary halt for a reforming of the line, although in the face of and in full view of the enemy. A moment's halt might have led to the discovery of the enemy's flanking columns and saved us from the effect of their terrible withering fire and a bloody repulse—the only real one we met with during the entire war. Both General Kemper and Col. Patton were officers of great intelligence, bravery and true courage, and were not deficient in judgment and discretion, yet both were a little impetuous. Seeing the probable result of our head-long rush, Captain Blackard, commanding our company shouted to the Colonel to halt the regiment and let it reform, but the Colonel cried out, forward! forward! he leading in the charge.

If the reader was never in a fierce battle he does not know how a man's courage is so severely put to the test, and it may be well just here to give some idea, if possible, as to testing a man's courage under such circumstances. It is the battle-field which tests it. Here our regiment is in line on the edge of a wood. Less than a quarter of a mile away is another wood. Between the two is an open field bare of the slightest shelter or protection. The regiment is advancing and the line moves out into the clear sunlight. Men will hurriedly reason to themselves, "the enemy is posted in that timber across

the field, and before we move many yards he will open on us with shot and shell. This is, perhaps, my last day." So each man reasons, but every face is sternly set to the front and not a man falters. The shells and shot come and dozens of men are blown to gory fragments, but the line moves on as before, and the living reason, "the fire will presently change from shell and shot to canister and then we shall certainly be hit." The prediction is verified. Gaps are opened through the line, but only to be closed again. The regiment has lost its adhesion and marching step and its lines are no longer perfect, but the movement is still onward, and the men reason, "the infantry are in the support of the battery. We have escaped shell and canister, but when we meet the fire of the musketry we shall be slaughtered." There is no hanging back or turning to right or left—no other thought but to push ahead. The leaden hail now comes! The lines are further disordered and the left wing has lost its front by several feet, but the rest do not stop. As we go on, the men grip their muskets tighter their eyes flash, their teeth shut hard and with a yell, on to the battery they rush, bayonetting the cannoneers at their posts, and then goes up that long, continuous yell of triumph as the infantry supports give away—this is but a faint picture of testing a man's courage in battle.

As our brigade pushed forward toward the enemy's battery led by General Kemper it met a shower of shot, shell, canister and a storm of leaden bullets. It never faltered, but rushed upon the enemy's battery, routing its infantry supports, and T. P. Mays, the ensign, planted the colors of our regiment on the enemy's guns—they were ours, fairly won, after a severe and bloody struggle. As before stated, we had very far preceded our supports on the wings—had penetrated far into the enemy's lines—had fallen into the trap set for us, and now casting about we could see the enemy's flanking column closing in behind us. The men in the ranks could see this as plainly as their officers, and a Confederate soldier at even this early date was his own general when he got into battle, and so far as now recollect, no order was received from an officer to retire, but the men seeing the critical situation in which they were placed, determined to fight their way out as they had fought their way in. At this juncture of affairs, and before the retreat began, Sergeant Allen M. Bane, who was one of the color guards, seeing the dilemma, mounted a wheel of one of the captured guns, and shouted at the top of his voice, "retreat!" Our supports were not near enough to strike a blow for our relief and nothing was left but to make our way out as best we could. The loss on this retrograde movement was heavy—

equally as great as in the advance. Most of the men succeeded in passing the gap before it was closed by the enemy, and in a few moments came our supports, who struck these flanking columns of the enemy and sent them flying and scattered to the rear. Our brigade rallied a short distance to the rear, but the battle continued to rage with great fury, with varying fortune till late in the night. A more gallant fight was not made during the war in an open field in which there was such disparity of numbers. These heroic divisions of Hill and Longstreet deserve the highest praise for their invincible prowess and courage displayed on this field. More than once was the battery referred to, taken and lost, and a number of prisoners were taken. Among them was Gen. McCall, of Pennsylvania. Many of our brave men fell on this bloody field, whose gallant deeds are unrecorded, save in the fond and loving hearts of comrades and friends. During the night Gen. Magruder, with his division, arrived, and Gen. Jackson's command had swung around to the enemy's right, but too late to participate in the action of the day and were reserved for the bloody work of the morrow.

The loss of our company was sixteen—Captain Joel Blackard, a soldier of the Mexican war, who was noted for his coolness, self-possession and courage on the field, was killed. His death was greatly

lamented by the company, and the cause and country had lost one of its bravest defenders. The wounded were J. C. Shannon, Daniel Bish, Jesse B. Young, David C. Akers, H. J. Wilburn, Tim P. Darr, Frances M. Gordon, Geo. A. Minnich, T. P. Mays, John W. Sarver, Joseph Southern, Ballard P. Meadows, Lee E. Vass and Joseph Eggleston, the three latter receiving wounds which proved fatal within a few days; and Allen M. Bane was captured.

A most brutal outrage was perpetrated upon the gallant Ballard P. Meadows, who was wounded and left on the field, and captured by a party of Federal soldiers, who attempted to take him from the field but finding him weak from loss of blood, and themselves about to be captured, turned upon Meadows, shooting him twice and leaving him for dead. So soon as our troops re-occupied the field, he was brought into our lines and lived to tell of the more than savage cruelty inflicted upon an unfortunate, wounded, disarmed prisoner by brutal Federal soldiers—a crime so cruel and cowardly as to put to the blush the cheek of every brave man who wore the blue. Be it said to the credit of both sides that but few, if any, such outrages were committed during the unhappy strife.

Lee E. Vass, who died of wounds received in this battle, was a young man, the son of a widowed

mother. He was noted for his gentle, quiet disposition, and it can well be said of him that he died as he had lived, a just, upright man and without an enemy in the world so far as any man knew

On the fall of Captain Joel Blackard, the command of the company devolved on 1st Lieut. R. H. Bane, a galliant soldier and a worthy successor to our lamented Captain.

Soon After the close of the battles around Richmond, Lieut. Bane was promoted to the captaincy of the company and led it to the end of the war. 2nd Lieut. Mullins became 1st Lieutenant and Lieut. Stone 2nd Sr. Lieut, and E. R. Walker was elected 2nd Jr. Lieut.

Our troops rested on the field that night without disturbance and by morning the enemy having continued his flank movement, was in position at Malvern Hill, on the banks of the James. On the morning of Tuesday, the 1st day of July, Magruder's division marched out at an early hour and formed line in front of the enemy while the divisions of Generals Hill and Longstreet took position on the right and in reserve. The battle did not open until late in the afternoon. The position of the enemy was one of great natural strength. He had posted his numerous and powerful artillery, supported by immense masses of infantry, on the high bank of the river. In his front the ground,

for something like half a mile was open and sloped from the crest of the bluffs toward the position occupied by the Confederates, and every foot of this open space could be swept by the Federal batteries. To reach this open ground, our men had to advance through a broken, heavily wooded, swampy country which, for a long distance, was in range of the batteries on the heights and the gun-boats in the river, the fire from which inspired a fear and terror among our men not justified by the execution they did. While our command was getting into position quite a number of shots from the gun-boats passed over and around us, making rather a strange frightful noise. The boys called them camp-kettles, and the screaming, hissing sound did make one feel rather peculiar.

The tide of battle swept to and fro until far into the night. The repeated charges of our men had failed to dislodge the enemy from his strong, natural position—so strong that it seemed like madness to attempt it. The loss to both sides was severe, and could ill afford to be borne, especially by us. Mr. Davis, President of the Confederate States, was with us on the morning of the battle of Malvern Hill, and was under the fire of the gun-boats, and was with us again the next day.

Resting on our arms during the night, we rose early next morning, in a heavy rain, which continued

throughout the day. It being ascertained that the enemy had deserted his position, leaving evidence of a precipitate retreat, we hastened in pursuit, passing over the battle field of the day before, on which lay the dead of both armies and a large number of wounded. Our long fatiguing march and the fact that we were wet to the skin from the rain, in a measure, prevented anything like rapid pursuit, and after a toilsome, disagreeable, all-day march which brought us in the neighborhood of Harrison's Landing we halted for the night,—in fact, went no farther.

Several days were spent in collecting arms and other property taken from the enemy or abandoned by him in his flight; and he now being hemmed in at and near Westover without exhibiting any disposition to come out from his cover, about the 5th of July we began moving towards Richmond, the vicinity of which we reached on the 8th and went into camp not far from the battle field of Seven Pines.

The great campaign had been fought, and the immense hosts of the enemy, which but a few days before had almost encircled the Confederate Capitol, had been hurled, beaten and discomfited, with a loss of many thousands of killed, wounded and prisoners, and many pieces of artillery and thousands of of small arms, and he now lay penned up, as it

were, on a narrow strip of land, more than thirty miles from his much coveted prize.

From the time of our return to camp, on the 8th of July to the 13th of August, except a short march to the James River, was a period of inactivity, followed as usual, and especially in a low, flat country, such as the one we were in, by sickness. A number of our company were taken sick here. Among them, Charles Wesley Peck, Geo. C. Akers, Wm. C. Fortner, James B. Henderson, John R. Crawford, Lewis R. Skeins, and perhaps others. Skeins died in camp and was buried near by. Peck and Akers died in hospital. About the 1st of August, Fortner, Henderson, Crawford and myself were sent to hospital at Richmond. Under the care of good physicians we rapidly improved, so that by the middle of the month we were ready to return to our command.

After the enemy had taken shelter under the protection of his gun-boats at Westover, our commissariat attempted to reach the large amount of grain, bacon, etc., along the James for many miles below Richmond, and numerous wagons and teams were sent down with escorts to secure the provisions, our company with others going on one of these trips, in which we were attacked by two Federal gun-boats, ~~which~~ which we ~~repulsed~~ quite a number of volleys of musketry at close range, being

sheltered by the banks, and got pretty heavily shelled by the gun-boats. We had a few men slightly wounded.

The threatening attitude of the enemy in northern Virginia made it necessary to transfer General Jackson's command to the Rapidan. It left Richmond about the middle of July, and by the early days of August he was in the neighborhood of the enemy and closed with him on the 9th of August at Cedar Mountain and a fierce battle was fought, and the enemy forced to retire upon Culpeper Court House. This success and the inactivity of the Federal army at Westover on the James led the Confederate authorities to transfer the seat of war again to northern Virginia. On Wednesday, the 13th day of August, our division took up its line of march for Gordonsville, our brigade being moved by rail to that point, where the whole division was concentrated by the evening of the 15th, and on the next day the column moved out to the Rapidan and halted near Stevensburg, in Culpeper county.

On learning that our division was moving to the front for active operations, Fortner, Henderson, Crawford and myself applied for discharges from the hospital and procured transportation, via Lynchburg. Reaching Orange Court House about the 18th, we left the railroad and took the track of the advancing army. The first day's tramp finished up

Fortner and Henderson, both of whom were still feeble—in fact should not have left the hospital. Leaving them on the road, Crawford and myself pushed on and rejoined our regiment at Stevensburg. On the night Fortner, Henderson, Crawford and myself reached Lynchburg on our way to join our command. Crawford, in attempting to get from the top of the box car on which we were riding, fell heavily to the ground and we supposed was badly injured, and such would have been the case with almost any one else—Strange to say, he received no injury of which he much complained.

By the 18th or 19th of August, the whole, or the greater part of General Lee's army was concentrated on or near the banks of the Rappahannock, with the Federal army, under General John Pope, occupying the opposite banks. Everything now pointed to a sharp encounter in the very near future, provided "braggart" Pope, "whose head-quarters were in the saddle, and who never turned his back upon an enemy," should stand by this declaration said to have been made to his troops only a few days before, though now denied by him.

Our division, on the 21st of August, went forward to Kelly's Ford, which we left on the 22nd, and took position near Beverly's Ford, relieving some of General Jackson's command which moved up the Rappahannock. For three or four days

there was considerable skirmishing and several artillery duels across the river. On the 24th, our division proceeded to the assistance of General Jackson's troops, engaged with the enemy at the upper fords of the Rappahanock. Our march was much retarded by the swollen condition of Hazel River and other small tributaries of the Rappahanock, yet we reached Jeffersonton that afternoon. A warm cannonade was progressing in front of us when we arrived. We halted and Jackson's men moved up the river.

CHAPTER XI.

GENERAL JACKSON WITH HIS "FOOT CAVALRY" CROSSES THE RIVER AND PROCEEDS AROUND THE RIGHT FLANK AND TO THE REAR OF POPE'S ARMY.

OUR DIVISION DIVERTING THE ENEMY'S ATTENTION WHILE
JACKSON FLANKS HIM OUT OF HIS POSITION ON THE
RIVER—MARCHING THROUGH ORLEANS AND
SALEM TO THOROUGHFARE GAP.

The enemy's attempt to dispute our passage through the Gap unavailing—Our rapid march through Haymarket and Gainesville to the relief of Jackson—The fighting on 29th—Battle opens in earnest August 30th, 1862—General Kenner in command—Col. Corse leads the brigade—A altercation between Jack Thompson and John Q. Martin—The forward movement and amusing incidents—Lieut. Col. Flowerree and the charge—The result of the battle—Casualties—Retreat in storm and advance to the Leesburg road—March to Leesburg and White's Ford on the Potomac—Instead of "On to Richmond," the cry is "On to Washington."

General Jackson with his "foot cavalry," as his men were often called on account of their rapid marches and wonderful endurance, crossed the

Rappahanock on the 25th, and proceeded by rapid strides through Thoroughfare Gap to the Orange and Alexandria railroad in the rear of Pope's army, seizing his line of communications, capturing many prisoners and stores, and throwing himself between the enemy and the Federal Capitol, doubtless, causing much alarm in that city. So soon as Gen. Pope discovered that the Confederates in large force was in his rear, seized the east side of Thoroughfare Gap and attempted to throw his whole army upon Jackson's command and crush it before assistance could reach it; but General Lee, always on the alert and prepared to meet each emergency as it arose, determined that his trusted Lieutenant should not be crushed, and therefore pushed our division, under Gen. Longstreet, across the Rappahanock at Amisville after dark on Tuesday, the 26th, taking the road through the Piedmont region, passing Orleans and Salem, reaching the vicinity of Thoroughfare Gap on Thursday evening, the 28th. The enemy held the east side of the gap with a considerable force. The evening was spent in reconnoitering, getting into position and preparing for the assault. We were without rations, save green corn and fresh beef, and many of the men were without shoes—myself among the number, yet on our march all was cheerfulness and glee.

The Dutchman had recovered from his wound

and was with us again: he was full of mischief, always running a joke or teasing some one. As we dragged along through the dark, Aleck Bolton would whistle and the Dutchman would laugh and make others laugh at his quaint expressions about Aleck's music, which had very little tune to it.

After we had halted for the night near the Gap, we took to a large field of corn near by which was far advanced towards maturity, and it took but a few moments to strip the stalks clear of the ears: this, with fresh beef which we cooked by slicing and roasting on the coals or ends of sticks, made our supper and breakfast.

Our raider, Wm. Irvin Wilburn, whom we called General Avarill, was with us but he had no time to get off into the country, and aside from this, he was quite cautious how he ventured when we were in close proximity to the enemy, but in ordinary times Irvin would always get plenty to eat if the country afforded it. After eating our supper we lay down to sleep and soon the whole camp was wrapped in slumber. Suddenly arose the cry, "cavalry! Yankee cavalry!" and along came thundering and pitching in the darkness, a lot of horses, tramping down and upon the men as they went. It happened to be some horses belonging to the command that had broken from their fastenings, and an attempt to secure them again had caused them

to run away. No special damage was done, except one man lost his ear by a stroke from a horse's foot. All was quiet again and remained so until morning, when about sunrise we advanced to the Gap through which Hood's Texans, with other troops, by a movement along the mountain side, had passed, causing the enemy to retire.

As we cleared the gap and reached the vicinity of Haymarket, we could distinctly hear in the distance the roar of Jackson's guns and those of the enemy. Our pace was quickened and we pressed rapidly on through the little villages of Haymarket and Gainesville, and on and along the high road in a perfect cloud of dust, which seemed to be almost shoe mouth deep in the road. The day was exceedingly warm and the men suffered much for the want of water, it being scarce along our line of march. About or a little before noon that day, which was the 29th, we arrived in the vicinity of the battle field, and shortly thereafter the roar of battle on our left told us that Jackson's men, with a portion of our division—Hood and Evans—were hotly engaged, yet beyond some slight skirmishing and artillery shot; along our immediate front, nothing of interest transpired, except we were drawn up in line of battle, prepared, as we understood, to attack a force of the enemy on the right, should opportunity offer. Our position was between the Warrenton,

pike and the Manassas Gap railroad. We again feasted on green corn and fresh beef—and no large quantity at that—but our soldiers bore their privations and sufferings as became the defenders of a sacred cause. There was much less murmuring about shortness of rations and want of clothing than would naturally be supposed.

At an early hour on Saturday, the 30th, some skirmishing and artillery firing was going on along the lines and we were moved a short distance forward and lay down in an open field, by the side of an old fence which ran along the banks of a narrow, country road. The artillery fire and skirmishing ceased about noon, and both sides seemed to be preparing for the final struggle. This lull continued until near the hour of 3 p. m., when it was broken by the lumbering of the artillery and the rattle of musketry.

While we were lying in the field by the side of the old road referred to, a personal difficulty occurred between Jack Thompson and John Q. Martin, and a serious fight was threatened, which was prevented by the timely interference of the company officers and Col. Patton, who with pistol in hand, came close up to the boys, and as they thought, was very rough and abusive (a thing very unusual for the Colonel.) Martin quieted down rather quickly, but Thompson, whose equal for true moral and

physical courage could scarcely have been found in the army, was exceedingly wroth, first at Martin and then at the words of the Colonel, towards whom he advanced and told him face to face that he had never allowed any man to curse and abuse him and that he should not do so. The Colonel, though a man of nerve and true courage, and never faltered in the face of the enemy, was bound to back out on this occasion. He plainly saw the fire flash from Thompson's eyes; he read Thompson's character and disposition at a glance and he was sure, as well he might have been, that there was danger in that great, strong, bold, fierce man. Thompson would have killed him despite every man in the regiment, though for Col. Patton no man had higher regard than he, yet the man was exasperated, angry, driven to desperation, and when in this condition, no man was safe who crossed his path, and when he was not angry no gentler, kinder spirit moved among us, nor one more obedient to his superiors. No man in the army exceeded him in patriotism and love of country, and on no field did he ever falter or shrink from danger.

In a few minutes after this altercation had ended, the battle opened on our left and rolled towards us. The order came, "forward!" and we moved forward at a double quick, meeting on our way our good General, Kemper, who was in command of a division

that day, who shouted to us, "hurry up, men, hurry up! I have seen the whole fight. The enemy is in full retreat, and if you don't hurry up, you won't even get to see their backs." Some one in the ranks, who knew from the sound of the firing that the General's eyes had deceived him, yelled out, "well, General, I guess we will get to see their bellies." These words caused quite a laugh among the men, for we had not as yet gotten close enough to feel serious. We pushed along, fixing our bayonets as we went, reaching an open field, halted and formed line of battle and began the advance with the 17th Virginia regiment, (whose Colonel, Corse, was commanding our brigade that day) on our right: Col. (afterwards Gen'l) Corse—when speaking of him we always called him "grand-mother Corse"—rode in advance of us to the high ground overlooking the position held by the enemy, and returning, gave the command, "left wheel," which evolution was performed in good order and which movement brought us face to face with the enemy. The Colonel riding forward again and returning, quietly said, "boys, there is a battery over there I want you to take." A soldier from the ranks replied, "Col., we can't take it." The Colonel replied in his usual quiet, good-natured tone, "oh, try, try." By this time we had reached a point at which the enemy's shot, shell and minnie balls began to fly and strike

around and among us, wounding several men, among the number, Lieut. John W Mullins, of our company, one of his feet being pierced through by a minnie ball, the noise of which, when it struck his foot, sounded much like the cracking of a whip.

Almost directly in our front and line of advance stood a house, the famous Chinn house of first Manassas celebrity, around which was a picket fence, and just beyond, and between us and the enemy, was a common rail fence running across the ridge at right angles to it, but parallel to our line, and a short distance, perhaps one hundred yards beyond, was a five gun battery of the enemy on each side of which, with their flanks resting upon it, was his infantry supports. In order to pass this house and picket fence around the yard, it was necessary to left oblique, which we did without losing our alignment. The ranks had been very much thinned, the colors had fallen and were siezed and held aloft by Lieut. Col. Flowerree or Lieut. Stewart, but about this time Col. Patton was wounded and the command of the regiment devolved upon Lieut. Col. Flowerree, and if he had the colors at the time, he gave them to Stewart or some one else. About this time the Major of the regiment was shot and a number of the company officers and men had been wounded. We had nearly reached the fence when Colonel Flowerree took command, and as we

approached the fence, Col. F. shouted, "Up to the fence, 7th regiment, and give them h—l!" Up to the fence we rushed, and poured into the enemy's infantry and artillerists, a destructive volley which caused the infantry to recoil, but the brave cannoniers stood to their posts. At the fence, or just after crossing it, Col. Flowerree fell, shot through the thigh. Over the fence went the regiment and brigade with fixed bayonets, and a rush was made for the battery, Col. Skinner on old "Fox," (his sorrowful horse) in the lead. When within a few yards of the battery, (5th Maine, as now recollected) and as a cannonier was ramming down a ball and a man at the breech was in the act of firing, the bold and active Ike Hare, of our company, sprang aside and shouted, "Fire." Whiz went the ball over our heads, and the next moment Col. Skinner was among the artillerists, sabre in hand, cutting right and left. A moment more and we were among them and the battery was ours, together with several regimental flags.

Col. Skinner, who was the Colonel of the 1st regiment, was badly wounded—in fact, so disabled as not to be able to again return to service.

The enemy's infantry were flying, and Jack Thompson shot the last one of them that any one had a chance to shoot at. Just to our left in a little skirt of pines, Hook's Texans were pursuing the

Zouaves, who wore red uniforms—conspicuous marks for the Texans. The enemy was badly beaten, but night was upon us and from long marches, the day's battle and the darkness of the night, pursuit was out of the question, and we rested that night on the field so bravely contested and so hardily won. The night was spent, principally, in removing and caring for the wounded, and in relating the incidents connected with the battle. All did not see the same thing the same way, and the truth is, a soldier in the ranks in the hour of battle, sees or knows but little that is transpiring, except that which comes under his own observation. One who saw a great deal out side of this was, generally, a man who, truthfully, saw very little or was not in the fight at all.

After the battle and during the night, a story was told of an interview between Col. Corse and Lieut. Col. Mayre, (the latter of whom had been so severely wounded in the leg as to make amputation necessary) in which interview it was announced to Col. M. that amputation was necessary, whereupon Col. Corse said to Col. M., "Col., when they stick the knife in, you must not flinch for this is the happiest day of the 1st brigade." This referred to the capture of the 5-gun battery and the flags, and as Col. Corse had commanded the brigade in this battle he naturally felt very proud of its achievements,

though it had been at the cost of the lives of hundreds of our bravest and best men. The loss in our company, out of about forty men carried into action, was one killed—John Q. Martin—and fifteen wounded, namely: Lieut. John W. Mullins, Wm. H. Carr, John S. Dudley, Elbert S. Eaton, Adam Thompson, William C. Fortner, James H. Fortner, Francis H. Farley, J. Tyler Frazier, John W. Hight, G. L. Wilburn, H. J. Wilburn, Wm. I. Wilburn, James J. Nye and Washington R. C. Vass—the latter two mortally—Vass dying that night and Nye in a day or two thereafter. Each was wounded in the charge, and also as they attempted to get off the field. As I now recollect, Nye had four wounds. Vass was badly mutilated by the fragments of a shell which struck him after he had almost reached a place of safety. These men were much loved and esteemed by their comrades for their brave deeds and true christian character. They passed away, the one leaving a widow to mourn his loss, the other, a widowed, broken-hearted mother, whose tears had not yet ceased to flow for the loss of another gallant boy, who had perished scarce two months before, in the battle of Frazier's Farm. Sergeant A. L. Fry, who had been sent to Warrentown with Lieut. Mullins, was captured by the enemy after our army moved into Maryland. John Q. Martin, who was killed on the field, though not as

good a soldier as he might have been, he would do his duty when in battle. The fire from the Federal batteries had set on fire the brown sedge and Martin's clothing was nearly burned off of him and his body badly charred.

The ground on which this battle was fought was in part the same on which the first battle of Manassas was fought—our regiment passing over almost the identical same ground. The Confederate battle line, as seen and observed by us when we reached and captured the Federal battery, was very much in the shape of a broad V, but with rather irregular sides, Jackson's corps on the left and Longstreet's on the right—the enemy having to conform his lines to meet the attack. Thus it will be seen that the enemy could not turn upon Jackson without exposing himself to a flank attack from Longstreet, and likewise was the danger presented to him if he attacked Longstreet, and if he formed his lines to meet both (which he did) he was in a situation to be crushed between the two, and was thus crushed and beaten. By the skillful management and maneuvering of our Generals, the enemy was compelled to fight us at a great disadvantage, and yet it was among the most fiercely contested battles of the war, and in no other did the Confederates acquit themselves with more honor. They had beaten, in an open field fight, an enemy vastly superior to them in number.

and equipments, and inflicted upon him a loss of more than ten thousand men in killed, wounded and prisoners, besides thirty pieces of artillery, a large number of small arms, and numerous colors. In searching over the field on the night of the battle for our wounded, many of the men who were without shoes, supplied themselves from the enemy's dead—myself among the number—but the shoes I got did not fit me and I gave them to a comrade.

A heavy rain fell next day, during which we occupied the battle-field, and burial parties were sent out to bury the dead. Early on the morning of Monday, the 1st day of September, we moved across Bull Run and to the vicinity of Chantilly, reaching there near night and in the midst of a pelting rain. Forming in line of battle in the dark, we stood there during the greater part of the night as well as most of the next day. We moved out on the 3rd toward Leesburg and passed through that town and down to the banks of the Potomac at White's Ford on the evening of the 5th, where we camped for the night. The enemy had retired within the shadow of his strong intrenchments in and around Alexandria and Washington. He was back at the place from which he had started five months before, his grand "on to Richmond" cry changed to the cry of "on to Washington;" all his plans and grand expectations had come to grief and he was now

quaking with fear for the safety of his own capital.

On our way through Leesburg, all the men without shoes, who chose to remain at that place were allowed to do so. Several availed themselves of this offer, while others, among them myself, though foot sore and weary, determined to keep with our commands.

CHAPTER XII.

WADING THE POTOMAC—MY MARYLAND—AT MONO- CACY JUNCTION—MARCH THROUGH FREDER- IC—THROUGH MIDDLETOWN AND AN EXHIBITION OF UNION SEN- TIMENT.

Our entry into Hagerstown—Rapid march to Boonsboro and battle near—Retiring to Sharpsburg—Artillery duel on the 16th and battle on the 17th—Gen. Jones in command of our division—Death of Gen. Branch—On battle field on 18th—Retiring across the Potomac—How we lived and what we did—Across the Shenandoah and the Blue Ridge to Culpeper—Organization of Pickett's division—Incidents of camp life—The author appointed Sergeant Major—The enemy threatening Fredericksburg—Cooking rations and preparing to move—Advance to Fredericksburg and battle—In bivouac after battle—Raw hide moccasins.

A little after sunrise on the morning of Saturday, the 6th day of September, our brigade stepped into the Potomac and began to wend its way to the northern banks. The water was about two feet deep.

therefore gave us little inconvenience, except to the Dutchman, who had very short legs, and the water struck him a little higher than he enjoyed. The width of the river at this point is about a half mile wide and when we had reached a point near the center of the stream, a bugler who had preceded us sounded with his bugle, "My Maryland, My Maryland," to which the men responded with long, loud cheers. Reaching the northern bank and crossing the canal, we took the road leading towards Frederick. Many times we wondered what all this meant, whether we were marching on to Baltimore or whether after a short march northward we would wheel around and march upon Washington. Some of the men were averse to leaving Virginia—preferred to fight it out on our soil—others thought it would give the people of Maryland an opportunity they had long desired, as we supposed, but in which supposition we were sadly mistaken, and thus we marched and thus we reasoned. On that day's march we met a horseman in citizen's dress, who seemed disposed to talk. Some one asked him "where is Jackson?" to which he replied, "several miles ahead, and if he is marching on as rapidly as when I left him, he is now well on his way to Baltimore." Evidently this man, from his remarks, thought Baltimore was the objective point. Of course he knew absolutely nothing about the matter, and yet about

as much as we did. We camped that night at a little village, name not now recollected, reaching Monocacy Bridge, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the next day.

A cloth haversack, canteen and blanket was the sum of our baggage. We had no change of clothing—a grey cap, jacket, pants and colored shirt made up all we had in the way of clothing, and when we thought we would like to have a clean shirt, we took off the soiled one, went to the water, and without soap, gave it a little rubbing, hung it out in the sun and then hunted a shade, waiting for it to sufficiently dry to put on again. We rolled our blankets, tied the ends together and threw them over one shoulder. When on the march in pleasant weather, we carried as little as possible, and at night, if the weather was warm and dry, we would spread down a blanket, and with cartridge-box for a pillow and without removing our clothing, would lay down to sleep. If the weather was cool, two or three would join together, putting down one blanket and covering with the others. If rain came upon us, we would drive down two small forks and lay a pole on them, and then stretch a blanket or a rubber cloth, if we chanced to have it, over the pole, tying the ends to stakes set in the ground and then crawl under. To protect our muskets from the rain we usually stuck the bayonet in the ground so as to

leave the muzzle down, that no water could get into the bore. Frequently our guns became very rusty in wet damp weather and while we were required to keep them bright and clean, this requirement was very little looked after when actively engaged in the field—indeed, after the first year of the war our officers were not very exacting in this matter.

While at Monocacy, our engineers attempted to destroy the bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad over that stream. It was an iron structure, and after repeated attempts they succeeded in getting down one span and destroying some of the masonry.

As now recollected the troops, (our division) remained at Monocacy bridge some three or four days—at any rate, about the 12th, we marched through Frederick and crossed the mountains to Hagerstown. In Frederick there were some indications of Southern sympathy, for as we passed the streets, some young ladies sang “Maryland, my Maryland!” and another, discovering Seven Pines inscribed upon the flag of our regiment, proposed three cheers for “the battle flag of Seven Pines,” which were heartily and lustily given and we passed on.

It had become the custom for each regiment to inscribe upon its flag the various battles in which it had been engaged, and at the time our regiment entered Maryland, it had inscribed upon its flag

“Bull Run, 1st Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Frazier’s Farm, 2nd Manassas,” and as the flag floated in the breeze, the lady in Frederick caught the words, Seven Pines, and proposed the three cheers.

In passing through Middletown we saw quite a demonstration of Union sentiment,—the stars and stripes were exhibited by some ladies, in fact, almost flaunted in our faces as we passed along the streets.

On entering Hagerstown the next day quite a crowd of men, women, boys and girls gathered on the side of the streets and walks, some with smiles on their faces which seemed to betoken a welcome and rejoicing to see the entry of the victorious Confederate host into their subjugated, down-trodden State. The faces of the greater number wore a different look—there could readily be seen and read in their countenances that we were unwelcome visitors, and that in their hearts they were cursing us as rebel scesesh, yet there were some manifestations of Southern spirit and sympathy, for as we passed through one of the principal streets, a little girl, apparently about fourteen years of age, standing on a high gate post, in a clear, distinct tone, cried out, “three cheers for Jeff Davis ; why may not he be honored ?” The men were much given to loud talking, laughing, cheering and yelling, and this

presented a fit opportunity for the exercise of their lung power, and up went cheer after cheer, for we too thought there was no reason why our President should not be honored. A great many questions were propounded by these Hagerstown people as we passed along, and a good many witticisms gotten off by our men at their expense. A story was then told of Pat Wood, of the 1st regiment, a large, broad shouldered, burly Irishman, who in reply to an enquiry, "why our soldiers wore such dirty, bad clothes," said, "well, Madam, we don't put on our good clothes when we go to kill hogs."

Our camp was established on the outskirts of the town where we spent the night and remained until 11 a. m. next day, (Sunday, the 14th) when the long roll sounded, and we were quickly in line and marched rapidly towards Boonsboro, about fourteen miles distant. The roads were cleared of every thing that would in any way hinder or delay our march which was quickened by the continuous roar of the guns east of Boonsboro Gap, where as we understood, General D. H. Hill's command was closely engaged with a superior force of the enemy who was gradually pressing him back towards the mountain top. At this time General Jackson was closely besieging the Federal Garrison at Harper's Ferry, and some Confederate troops on the Maryland Heights were between the army of General

McClellan and Harper's Ferry, and some were guarding the passes in the mountains south of Boonsboro Gap to prevent the Federals from going to the relief of the garrison now so closely held by General Jackson. As previously stated, our division, except one brigade left at Hagerstown, were pressing rapidly from the latter point to Boonsboro Gap to aid General Hill's troops in repelling the enemy and to prevent his going to the relief of Harper's Ferry. By about 2:30 p. m. we reached the little village of Boonsboro, situate at the base of the western slope of the South Mountain. Turning to the right at the town and passing a short distance up and along the slope of the mountain, we turned to the left and passed into the main road leading through the Gap. While ascending an arm of the mountain on the left of the Gap, we were discovered by one of the enemy's batteries to our right and rather to our rear. It at once opened fire, throwing shot and shell among us, one of which struck the head of the leading company killing one man instantly. To dodge at the sound of a cannon shot the whistling of a minnie ball was altogether natural with a soldier; no matter how strong and brave he might be, and was no sign of trepidation or cowardice. Dodging was one of the weaknesses of John Meadows, of our company. John would always dodge but wouldn't run; so on this occasion

John began to dodge and squirm, which happened to be observed by Crawford (Cardet) who called to Meadows in that peculiar tone of voice, which once being heard was never forgotten, "Meadows, what the devil is the use of dodging now? The first thing you know, you will dodge right in the way of a ball!" The march had continued by the flank from the Gap to a point about midway between the gap and the top of the mountain, when came the command in the clear, ringing tones of General Kemper, "forward into line!" which meant a rapid wheel from the left, forward into line, which was done at a double quick—in fact, at a head long run on the part of the rear company—and when completed, found us just behind the crest of the mountain top, and face to face with the enemy's infantry. Lying flat, with our faces to the ground and taking shelter beyond the rocks, logs and trees, the fight opened and raged with unabated fury for nearly two hours, during which time the enemy made repeated efforts to push us back and gain the crest, but was each time repulsed with severe loss. The firing ceased a short while after dark, or at least there was a short lull, during which we could hear the tramp of the enemy's infantry in our front as if he was preparing to renew the assault. In a few minutes thereafter, and but a few yards to our right, in which lay a portion

of our brigade in the edge of a field, came a voice, "there they are, men; fire on them!" and suddenly a blaze and sheet of flame from each of the combatants plainly showed them to be within a few steps of each other. The Confederates delivered a well-directed volley which caused the enemy to reel and retire rapidly. Our regiment did not fire as the enemy in our front did not venture close enough, we only gripped our guns closer and nerved ourselves for the attack, should it come, but it was over; the enemy seemed satisfied to rest where he was. It was now about 9 o'clock, and exceedingly dark, especially in the timber where we were. Our wounded had to be removed and cared for, and this must be done very quietly for we were in the very face of the enemy and the least noise would cause him to fire upon us. The enemy had been foiled in his attempt to pass through the Gap and his check here sealed the fate of the garrison at Harper's Ferry, which surrendered on the morning of the 15th.

My company had twenty-one men in this battle, of whom two were killed and two wounded. The killed were T. P. Mays and James Cole, and the wounded were George Knoll, the Dutchman, severely and John R. Crawford, slightly. Mays was serving in the capacity of Ensign of the regiment: he died at the front where danger was to be met and glory won, with that flag which he had so gallantly,

proudly and defiantly borne aloft on so many victorious fields. Brave and defiant, he ever led where duty called and shared the hardships and privations of camp life and march without a murmur, and finally died with his flag unfurled, its staff clenched in his hands, regretted and lamented by all the regiment—officers and men.

James Cole was about the age of forty—a perfect specimen of manhood, bold, determined and every inch a soldier.

Knoll's ankle bone was badly fractured and he was carried from the field by Isaac Hare, who took him on his back and placed him in the hospital at Boonsboro. On his return to us, he frequently related how the Federal surgeons insisted on amputation—an operation they were too often anxious to perform upon our wounded who chanced to fall into their hands—and that he resisted and told them that he would never submit to amputation, that if he died, he wanted that foot to go into the grave with his body, and thus by his protests and resistance was saved, not only the unfortunate boys' limb but perchance his life, and a good soldier for the Confederacy. Although a foreigner by birth and but a youth in years, no tie to bind him to the country, he was, nevertheless, true and patriotic and stood by us to the end.

On our way down the west side of the mountain

after the close of the battle, and while engaged in ordinary conversation, a voice near the roadside called out, "hold on, Lient. Stone! I'm wounded." The voice was at once recognized as that of Crawford. He said he was shot through the shoulder, but in the darkness of the night the wound could not be examined and we bore him to the hospital, bade him good-bye and marched on, taking the road leading through Keedysville and across the Antietam to Sharpsburg. About daylight next morning, Crawford rejoined us, telling us that a little before day-break the surgeon got around to him and upon examination, found that the ball had not entered the flesh—had merely grazed and scorched the skin and that he determined to get away before the Yankees got him. The fear of prison life was more dreaded by the good soldier than the dangers of the battle field.

Reaching and crossing the Antietam about noon on Monday, the 15th day of September, our brigade now reduced to about six hundred muskets, our regiment to one hundred and seventeen, took position on the range of hills on the south-east of the little village of Sharpsburg and not more than four hundred yards from it, with our batteries occupying the higher grounds behind us. Along this range of hills and parallel thereto, was a ravine which afforded excellent protection from artillery fire, but

to occupy it in case of an attack from infantry, was to give them, to some extent, the advantage of the high ground some seventy-five yards in our front from which a full view could be had of the valley of the Antietam for more than a mile, as well also as a fair view of the position of the Confederates far to our left. On our immediate left, on the same range of hills, supporting a battery, was said to be Anderson's brigade. On our right were some troops scattered along with some batteries. No one looking at this line could have supposed it would be able to make much resistance against the immense host gathering on the opposite side of the little stream.

Nothing of moment occurred during the evening save a partial artillery engagement and some skirmishing with our rear guard, and the quiet of the night was only disturbed by an occasional picket shot. We were without rations and made our supper of green corn, and as for breakfast, we had nothing, but a man seldom feels hungry under fire. The artillery opened and a fierce fire continued throughout the day, which was principally spent by both armies in maneuvering and getting into position—the Federals for attack and the Confederates for resistance. Late in the evening the enemy's fire to our left seemed to increase. During the day some of our troops had passed from our right to

the left and as the artillery fire became more animated, we could hear the rattle of musketry which continued till some time after dark then ceasing, all became quiet again.

Before daylight on Wednesday morning, the 17th, the artillery opened rapidly on our left and very soon thereafter the crash of small arms began and the battle raged with intense fury for hours. From our position on the right we could not see what was going on but could distinctly hear the crash of small arms and the wild Confederate yell. While the battle was raging on the left the enemy was endeavoring to force a passage across the stream in our front at a bridge held by some Georgia troops under General Toombs who held them at bay till a little past noon.

The battle which had begun on the left had extended towards the right until the Confederate troops which held the open ground on the immediate left of Sharpsburg and which was in plain view to us, had become closely engaged. About noon or a little before, we discovered, a little to the left of the village, what appeared to be some Confederate troops rapidly retiring, but at the moment it was thought, in fact spoken by some of the men, that they were some of our troops which had been relieved by others, but we were soon undeceived, for on the track of the retiring Confederates and close

upon their heels appeared a long, black, solid line which continued to advance slowly and carefully until it met the fire from one of our batteries, but a few hundred yards in its front. The fire was so accurate with shell and canister, by which we could see great gaps—day-light holes—knocked out of its ranks, that it halted, reeled, fell back a short distance and lay down. In the mean time the Confederates had rallied and began to advance, but the movements in our front now claimed our attention, and our regiment was hastened to the right about three or four hundred yards and took position in the edge of a field of standing corn in front of which, some two hundred yards, was a large, fresh-ploughed field, doubtless, prepared for wheat. A heavy skirmish line was thrown forward and took position a short distance in front, behind some fencing along the edge of the ploughed field referred to.

Before proceeding to give the details of what next occurred, it is proper to state that our division was on that day commanded by Gen. D. R. Jones, and that the troops under his command were drawn out from near the edge of Sharpsburg to the right for a long distance, with gaps between most, if not all, the brigades, and that the whole division did not number exceeding two thousand men, against whom is now advancing, an army fifteen thousand strong. At about 3 p. m. a heavy line of Federal

skirmishers advanced through this fresh ploughed field, but were quickly driven back by our skirmishers; then came a full line of battle which was about to share the same fate from the fire of our skirmishers alone, when a second and a third line appeared and our skirmishers retired and our regiment was ordered to fall back to a road some hundred yards. The enemy's columns rushed up the hill and to the top, brushing away the thin line unable to resist them; just then Gen. Toombs with his own and some other brigade passed us at a double quick going to our left where a gap had been made by our retiring troops and through which the enemy's column was rapidly passing. On our right but a few yards away, Gen. Branch's brigade rose up and advanced, striking the enemy in flank who brought up a fresh column and struck Branch in flank, and they in turn were struck by some of A. P. Hill's division coming in on the right of Branch. The troops of Toombs had stopped the head-long rush on our left. Our batteries behind us opened a rapid and well-directed fire and the whole line pushed forward and away went the enemy down the hill towards the Antietam.

By the rush of Branch's brigade across our front, (in which rush Branch was killed) our regiment was prevented from firing upon the enemy who had not, when Branch's men advanced, gotten close enough

for us to open on them. The enemy fled in utter confusion to the banks of the Antietam, followed by our troops who soon came under the fire of the batteries across the stream and retired to the heights.

Our regiment lost a few men in killed and wounded, our company losing Isaac Hare, slightly wounded, and John S. Dudley, who, as now recollected, was on the skirmish line, captured.

With the repulse of the enemy on the right came night and with it the battle closed. Our regiment re-united with the brigade and occupied, during the night and next day, the same ground we held the morning the battle began. The battle was over and the field was ours. No fiercer conflict had occurred during the war, and in none did Southern individuality and self-reliance—noted characteristics of the Confederate soldier—shine more brilliantly or perform a more important part.

Considering the actual number of troops engaged on the side of the Confederates and the number engaged on the side of the Federals, it is more than remarkable that the Confederates were not utterly crushed. According to the Confederate accounts they had less than forty thousand men engaged, while on the other hand, General McClellan, in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, says that he put into action more than eighty-seven thousand men. It was tru-

ly the bloodiest day the county ever saw.

On the night of the battle and after everything had become quiet, Lient. Stone and Travis Burton, of our company, strolled down to our skirmish line, and hearing some one call out, "5th Rhode Island," Lient. Stone answered "here." The party approached with his musket on his shoulder, the Lient. stood pistol in hand as the soldier approached and commanded him to throw down his gun, which he did after some little hesitation and the Lient. marched his prisoner up to the regiment, where he was guarded during the night. We discovered, next morning, that he was a mere boy of about sixteen years, and seemed to be alarmed for fear we were going to do him some hurt. No doubt, he had heard the oft-repeated story that we were a blood-thirsty set—had horns, and would eat a man blood raw, but he had nothing to fear from a Confederate soldier for I never knew of a soldier of the army of Northern Virginia being either cruel or insulting to a prisoner of war. Capt. Phil Ash~~ley~~^{ley} commanding the regiment, passed along and discovering the prisoner, asked him from what State he came, and his reply was "Hartford." The Captain remarked that there was no such a State, and after some hesitation and with apparent embarrassment, the prisoner said, "I mean the State of Connecticut." "Then," said the Captain, "you are a regular

blue-bellied Yankee." After a moment's hesitation, the prisoner, with down cast look and trembling voice, said, "I don't know whether my belly is very blue or not."

We remained on the battle-field during the next day, engaged in caring for the wounded—the enemy's as well as our own—burying the dead, gathering up arms, etc. The enemy's sharp shooters prevented us from aiding many of their wounded which lay between the skirmish lines—in fact, some of our regiment was killed and some wounded while engaged in this act of mercy. In front of the position held by the left of our brigade, I counted the dead bodies of more than thirty Federal soldiers of the 16th Connecticut regiment. One of the wounded still lying upon the ground called to me and said, "friend, will you give me a drink of water? If you will and I ever get well I will do anything on earth for you." Having a full canteen, I not only gave him a drink and bathed his wound, but filled his canteen and cup and set them by him, but this was all done at the risk of life, for the enemy's sharp shooters were picking off almost every man that came within their view and within range of their guns. A man belonging to our regiment, who had gone forward to remove some Federal wounded, was shot through the body and killed by a sharpshooter who was supposed to be eight hundred yards away.

The regiment and company had passed through the seven days' battles around Richmond, performed long and arduous marches, fought the battles of Second Manassas, Boonsboro and Sharpsburg, suffering heavy losses except in the latter; the regiment was reduced to a large sized company and the company had bare fifteen men at the close of the battle of Sharpsburg. We had no reserves to draw upon like the enemy, and the boys used to say "kill one Yankee and three will come in his place."

On the night of the 18th, about 10 p. m., we began to move towards the Potomac and during the night crossed near Shepards town and went into camp about daylight some three or four miles from the river, in a few days moving up near Bunker's Hill and again to a point near Winchester near a large limestone spring. Here, half famished, more than half naked and many of the men still bare footed, we rested and cooked our scanty rations, principally in a small frying-pan and large tin cup, which were treated as the common properties of the company. The old cup was one picked up on the battle field and its principal use was to stew some small, green, sour apples which we gathered from a neighboring orchard. This old cup was kept almost constantly on the fire and never allowed to cool till we were asleep at night.

Some additions were being made to our ranks by

the return of the shoeless men left at Leesburg on our advance and some of the sick and wounded left along the route.

Col. Corse, of the 17th regiment, usually marched with his regiment in rear of the brigade. He was severe on stragglers and men disposed to get out of ranks to forage on corn fields, potato patches etc. The old Col. would ride up to a group of men lying on the road-side at night, who had dropped out of ranks to take a nap, and call out, "hello ! whose brigade is this ? Fall in, stragglers!" On our return from Sharpsburg and near Bunker's Hill, some of the men spied a potato patch and made for it and the Col. made for them, calling out, "get out of there : give me a gun and I will make them leave." He never failed, still the men loved him for his plain, blunt ways, gentle disposition and warm heart.

Near the middle of October the enemy began to move along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge and it became necessary for our troops to cross the Ridge in order to place ourselves between him and the Confederate Capitol. We reached Culpeper about the 20th day of October and went into camp a short distance south-east of the Court House. Several of the companies of our regiment were from the counties of Orange, Culpeper, Madison, Green and Rapahannock and while in camp here, their friends and

relatives came to the camp in wagons loaded with provisions and clothing, and thus supplied many of their wants and relieved much of their suffering. We were in a country that grew much fruit and produced considerable quantities of brandy of which several of the men partook rather too freely and among the number of our company were Wm. D. Peters, and Samuel B. Shannon; the former was barefooted, without jacket, in a plain shirt, with trowsers badly worn and torn and split far up from his ankle, with a dingy old Confederate cap thrown back on his head, and having gotten a fair supply of Culpeper brandy, came marching up the hill, puffing and blowing as if imitating a steam engine. Some one called out to him "Bill, what are you doing?" "Only getting the steam up," was his reply. Sam Shannon was around wanting to swap overcoat with every body he met, and not an overcoat did he have.

Pickett's Division was here organized into brigades and composed of the following regiments, commanded by the following Brigadier-Generals, viz. :

1st Brigade—Gen. James L. Kemper.

Regiments—1st, 3rd, 7th, 11th and 24th Virginia regiments.

2nd Brigade—Gen. Garnett.

Regiments—8th, 18th, 19th, 28th and 56th

Virginia regiments.

3rd Brigade—Gen. Armistead.

Regiments—9th, 14th, 38th, 53rd and 57th Virginia regiments.

4th Brigade—Gen. M. D. Corse.

Regiments—45th, 17th, 29th, 30th and 32nd Virginia regiments.

To which were attached Maj. Dearing's 38th battalion of artillery, and Caskee's, Stribling's and Latham's batteries, and Jenkins's South Carolina brigade was said to be part of the organization, but was seldom with us.

Many additions were made to our ranks at Culpeper, and we began to assume something of a show of strength again, and our organization was better as to discipline than it had been at any period before, and the health of the soldiers had much improved, yet we were still deficient in equipments, especially shoes, overcoats and blankets, and the chilly November winds were the precursors of that fearfully cold winter just ahead, in which suffering and privation was to be our lot. The weather had become quite cold before we left our camp at Culpeper and the men would build fires at night, and to keep off the cold ground, would often get two or three flat fence-rails and lay them beside each other near the fire, lie down upon them and cover with a blanket, if they chanced to have one.

Our Sergeant-Major, Tansill, having been disabled from performing further service in the field, by reason of the wound received at the battle of Frazier's Farm, I was appointed to succeed him, so I laid down my musket and was left free from any severe duty while in camp.

It was about the 29th day of November, 1862, when we took up our line of march over the Orange-Plank road for Fredericksburg, passing through the Wilderness country and Chancellorsville, so soon to become drenched in blood and be noted as the spot on which one of the most famous battles of the war was fought.

The evening we reached the vicinity of Fredericksburg, snow had fallen to the depth of about two inches, which, on going into camp, had to be raked away in order to find a dry place to lie upon. Here for more than ten days we remained inactive, not even having quarter guard or picket duty to perform: it kept us busy to get fuel and keep warm. To eat our rations gave us little trouble, not quite so much as the question, where the next would come from. The boys smoked, and some croaked, for it must be remembered that in every army there are necessarily chronic grumblers and croakers—men who complain of short rations, who are continually saying the war will never end; others that we are going to be whipped in the next fight, etc. But

men of this sort were few in number; the greater bulk of the army was in good spirits, buoyant with hope and confident of the final triumph of our cause.

At early dawn on Thursday, December the 11th, we were under arms, the heavy firing along the Rappahanock in front and below Fredericksburg indicating that the enemy who occupied the opposite banks was attempting to force a crossing.

Almost all day long the roar of artillery scarcely ceased, and we stood to arms throughout the day part of the night, the whole of the next day and part of the night. Early on the morning of Saturday, the 13th, we moved out of our bivouac in the direction of the river and proceeded some distance until we reached a point overlooking the valley of the Rappahanock, and although the night was cold and the morning frosty and bracing, a dense fog, equal to that of an early May morning, hovered like a pall over the valley below, shutting off from our view the enemy now in full force along the river banks and in the broad bottoms beneath us where reigned dead stillness. As the sun rose and our forward movement continued we could hear to our left and in the direction of the city an occasional rattle of musketry. Meeting a negro man loaded down with blankets, canteens, haversacks and baggage generally, puffing as if almost out of breath,

some one said to him, "hello Uncle! to what command do you belong?" "Barksdale's brigade, sah!" "Is it running, too?" came the query "No, boss, it never runs, but I always do." By this time the fog had slightly lifted and we could see in front and far to our right the enemy's long line of bright bayonets glistening in the sunshine, though we could not see the men that held the guns on which the bayonets were fixed. We halted on the edge or break of the heights, and while standing here we saw the skirmishers preceding this long line of bayonets open fire on the Confederate skirmishers, who quickly drove back and dispersed their assailants, and then began the advance of the enemy's main column and the Confederate skirmishers retired to the main line. We could by this time plainly discern three long, solid columns of the enemy confronting the veterans of the hero of the valley, in whom the enemy would find foemen worthy of his steel.

We were not permitted to longer witness the progress of the battle, which to us at such a safe distance was much more interesting than had the enemy been assailing us instead of Jackson's men.

We marched down the hill into the fog and formed line of battle at the edge of a wood with an open field in our front. The dictates of self-preservation caused us to quickly throw up some loose

timber which furnished fair protection from rifle and musket balls, but little however from artillery fire. While in this position we could hear the commands of the enemy's officers as distinctly as we could hear our own, and every moment we expected him upon us, but he did not come.

Many of the men without overcoats and thinly clad stood shivering from the cold, their beards white with frost. Laying down their guns, they stood with their hands in their pockets, and their faces to the enemy. Hearing an out burst, a cheer to our right, and looking in that direction, we saw Gen. Kemper riding rapidly towards us. Halting in rear and center of our regiment he asked with a quick voice, "where's the colors of the 7th regiment?" The Ensign, Lieut. Watson, who was suffering from cold, had laid the colors down, and like the others, endeavoring to keep his hands warm by putting them in his pockets. He answered, "here are the colors." The General continued, "don't be afraid to shew your colors, men! Men of the 7th regiment, I love you as I love the children of my loins. There is not a man in the regiment with whom I would not be willing to shed my blood drop by drop. I am going to place you in a strong position to-day and all I want you to do is to hold it, and the Confederacy will be a free country now and forever, and we will all go home together. Not

a word, boys, not a word," as he rode rapidly away, and a soldier from the ranks said, "ah! old fellow, we have heard you talk before"—meaning his speech made to us on the eve of the seven days' battles.

Passing down the line to the 3rd Virginia regiment, which was composed principally of companies made up in the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, then in the possession of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler and his troops, Gen. Kemper made to that regiment a patriotic, soul-stirring speech, telling them of the wrongs and outrages perpetrated upon the people of their native cities, of the insults offered their mothers, sisters, wives and daughters, and that he wanted them on this day to be avenged. This was too much for these men to stand by and hear, and be quiet—there broke forth a wild, continuous cheer, despite the positive order that we should be quiet in order to keep from the enemy the knowledge of our position. Of the noble women of Norfolk and Portsmouth we shall have something more to say hereafter when we present Dr. Blackwell's address.

We held our position on the right center of Longstreet's corps until about 1 p. m. without any attack being made. Our services no longer being needed in that position, and the Confederates being heavily pressed on our left at the foot of Mayres's and Willis's Hills, we were withdrawn and pushed across

the hills and valley to a position immediately in rear and in easy supporting distance of the troops holding Mayre's Hill. While in this position the enemy's balls flew pretty thick around us, and a number of men were wounded--among them was Lewis N. Wiley, of our company, slightly, and Bill Dean, of the 1st regiment and leader of the Glee Club, was struck in the throat which to some extent injured his musical voice. At dark and just as the enemy's last charge was repulsed our brigade advanced across the hill to the foot of Mayre's heights and relieved some Georgia and North Carolina troops, the left of our regiment resting on the road leading out of Fredericksburg over Mayre's Hill and extending to the right along a road leaving the last named at a right angle. Occupying the angle made by these roads, we lay down on the upper side of the road on a wall made by a stone fence built against the foot of the hill which afforded us no protection. The 1st regiment was immediately to our right and behind the famous stone fence referred to in the reports of the battle.

Finding no protection on the wall referred to, the men of our regiment went to work with boards, sticks and their bayonets to dig themselves into the ground, and ere the appearance of light next morning, we had provided a fair line of earth-works sufficient to protect us against minnie balls. About

10 p. m. there was issued to us one hundred rounds of cartridges each, 40 rounds and the 59 in addition to that already in our cartridge-boxes. Instructions were issued directing that this position should be held at all hazards, that behind us was a line of supports and numerous batteries so planted as to rake the fields and roads in our front; that Gen. Burnside's 9th army corps was to assail us the next morning—which, from the report of General Burnside published since the war, was the plan but it was abandoned before the hour arrived at which the charge was to be made. Just how General Lee got this information, no one seems to know—but certain it is that he had it and that it was communicated to us. The men worked with all energy to strengthen their position, and every preparation was made for defence. All night long we could hear immediately in our front the groans and cries of the enemy's dying and wounded and the voices of the ambulance men talking to each other and the wounded. Unlike their conduct towards us at Sharpsburg, we did not molest them nor fire upon them a single shot during that long dreary night, but permitted them quietly to pursue their errands of mercy without let or hindrance.

Around us lay the Confederate dead. Two Georgians lay in the very midst of our company. The night was cool but not cold, there was no moon

but a bright star light night, to which for several hours was added the aurora borealis.

A short while before day-light I had lain down by the side of the dead Georgians to snatch a few moment's sleep, when Capt. Bane, who had been to get his canteen filled with water, aroused me, saying, "they are coming: don't you hear them?" With my ear to the ground, I could distinctly hear hoof strokes approaching from the direction of the city. In a moment every man was at his post, musket in hand; dead stillness reigned; the mounted parties approached, and as it struck the intersection of the roads and moved to our right, suddenly was heard the clicks of the hammers of a thousand muskets. Though dark, we could see the forms of but four persons, and not wishing to cause the useless and unnecessary loss of life, not a gun was fired; but as the party reached our right, and opposite the left of the 1st regiment, a voice from that regiment ordered the parties to surrender, which was promptly done. They were Federal officers—one a member of Gen. Hecker's staff—and had ridden forward to examine their skirmish line and were allowed to pass their own men unchallenged. They were placed in charge of Sergeant Moreaugh, ery of the 1st and a guard, and sent to the rear.

As day-light began to dawn upon us, we could see the enemy's skirmishers in line but a few yards in

front, and the regiment let fly at it a pretty strong volley, which caused the men to disperse and take shelter behind the houses near by. It was now revealed to us the sad havoc inflicted upon the enemy the previous day by our troops holding the position upon which the enemy had made repeated assaults, rushing up to within a few feet of our troops.

There could be counted in front of our line around a small brick house and over a very small piece of ground, and not more than one hundred and fifty yards, about one hundred and fifty dead bodies; while on our side the loss was but few in killed and wounded.

Near 9 o'clock in the morning, Sergt. Moreaughty, who had taken out the prisoners captured the preceding night, came down the road to the left of our regiment and undertook to pass along its rear to his own regiment on the right, when opposite our company in the small ditch, a Federal sharp shooter, who had been annoying us constantly since daylight, now concluded to try his hand on the Sergeant, but we had warned him of his danger and he was on the lookout, and stepping from behind the brick house referred to, exposing only enough of his body to allow him to take aim, fired his piece, and before we heard the report of his gun the Sergeant rather involuntarily dropped down, throwing up one of his arms, through which passed the ball from the

sharp shooter's gun, inflicting a painful flesh wound. The Sergeant declared that he saw the smoke from the cap when the hammer struck it, and that he instantly dropped to avoid the ball which, but for his timely dodge, would have gone into his body.

Toward noon began a fall of rain which continued at intervals during the evening, and nothing of interest transpired except a few light skirmishes and some sharp-shooting, which resulted in the killing and wounding of a few men. A soldier of the 3rd regiment put his hat on his ramrod and stuck it up for a sharp shooter to fire at, but he declined and therefore the man put his hat on his head and raised up, and through his brain went crashing the sharp shooter's bullet.

The expected attack did not take place; why, we could not tell, but it now appears, from the testimony of Gen. Burnside before the "Committee on the Conduct of the War," that he was unable to get his soldiers to renew the attack. Sensible soldiers, whatever may be said of their Gen'l: for had the attack been made, it is altogether within the range of reasonable probabilities that the Federal army would have been utterly ruined, if not entirely destroyed.

The enemy failing to renew the attack on the 14th, it was said among the soldiers and fully credited, that Gen. Lee that evening called a council of war

composed of his principal officers, at which was discussed the propriety of a night attack upon the enemy and that Gen. Lee, after hearing the views expressed by the various Lieutenants, except General Jackson, who sat quietly by, uttering not a word, turned to the latter and requested his opinion, to which he answered, "push them into the river, push them into the river." Although Gen. Lee's Lieutenants favored the attack, yet it did not meet his approbation on account of the danger of not being able to distinguish friend from foe, and thereby possibly result in a useless sacrifice of life, when it was perfectly evident the enemy would be compelled to retreat. It was said that Gen. Jackson's plan to avoid the confusion incident to a night attack and to distinguish our men from the enemy, was that our men should strip off all their clothing except their under garments and with a general rush with the bayonet, push the enemy into the river.

Had this plan been resorted to, it is certain that very few of our soldiers would have had on a single article of clothing, and this on a December night would have been worse than cruelty to the men: yet after the matter was canvassed in camp, it was believed that no Confederate would have hesitated to go, even though it left him in a perfectly nude condition. Whether such council was held

or such suggestions made, the writer does not know but is confident had such an attack been made under anything like favorable circumstances, it would have resulted in the destruction and capture of the entire Federal army. At daylight on the morning of Monday, the 15th, we looked out upon the deserted field—the enemy having taken advantage of the rain storm and the darkness of the night, had crossed the river and taken position on the Stafford Heights, on the north bank of the Rappahannock, and another “on to Richmond” movement had been baffled, and by the enemy abandoned for the time being, but to be renewed with the coming spring on a grander scale, but with no greater success.

The present danger having passed, we retired to the hills in our rear and went into camp, or rather bivouac in the midst of a severe winter, without tents, with but few blankets, and numbers still without shoes and not one in a dozen with an overcoat. We were very poorly prepared for the winter blasts, necessity, however, compels man to resort to almost anything to make himself comfortable, and our men went to work and erected rude wooden shanties out of puncheons or pieces of split timber, placing one end in the ground and slanting the other forward, resting it on a pole held up by forks or trees and on these slabs dirt was thrown to the depth of several inches, and in front we would

build large log fires. Some of the men would roll away their fire at night and brush away the ashes, then lie down on the warm ground.

For shoes, Gen. Longstreet recommended raw hide moccasins, which were made by taking the hide of a fresh slaughtered beef and cutting out the moccasins and stitching them up with thread or strings, turning the hair side to the foot. Some men did not relish the idea of wearing such shoes, but it was better than marching bare-footed on the frozen ground.

The regiments, by detachments, did some picket duty on the river beyond Hamilton's crossing.

During that long, dreary winter, while in our bivouac, amid privation and suffering, the men discussed freely the questions touching the war and its conduct, prospects for peace, etc. The soldiers talked gravely of these matters and discussed them frequently with much earnestness. An ever abiding confidence in our cause and its justness and our belief in the final triumph of right over wrong, coupled with invincible, unconquerable spirits ever ready to brave the storm of battle, caused our sufferings and hardships to be treated as trivial as compared with the great issue at stake. The end was not yet in sight, and little did we dream that it would be reached as it was; for while it might be supposed that the private soldier knew little of what was

transpiring throughout the country—north, south and in Europe—yet it is a fact that the question of the resources of the South in men and supplies, and of the North with the resources and facilities to draw upon the Old World for men to fight their battles, was freely talked of, as well as the possibility of foreign intervention, and its effects upon upon the war; the peace feeling North and its probable effect; our confidence in our soldiers and the armies of the Confederacy; and our ability to successfully resist the Federal armies with their overwhelming numbers was scarcely doubted. It was astonishing what confidence the men had in Gen. Lee; they were ready to follow him wherever he might lead. These discussions frequently lasted for into the night, to be renewed with the morning, and thus the time was passed.

We had in our company one Daniel East, who was never in a battle, yet knew more about it than any one who had gone through it. He always turned up after the battle with a full haversack, knapsack and good blanket, overcoat, shoes, etc. As usual, Dan turned up after the battle and the Colonel determined to punish him: he caused a placard with the word "coward," in large letters, to be fastened across his back, and with a rail on his shoulder, he was marched to and fro in front of the regiment, but this had but little effect on Dan.

and so soon as opportunity was afforded him, he helped himself to a fellow soldier's clothing and other goods, which upon examination, were found in his quarters. The question arose as to what should be done with him. Some, among whom was Lieut. Stone, insisted that as he was of no service, was consuming rations that should be given to a good soldier and was a disgrace to his comrades, that he should be whipped out of service, and application was made to the Colonel for permission to flog him and start him from the camp. Permission was granted and the company formed in double open line, facing each other and prepared themselves with good switches, determined to make Dan run between these lines, each fellow giving him a stroke as he passed. The tallest and fleetest of the company, John W. Hight, Jesse B. Young and A. J. Thompson, took their stand at the far end of the line from that at which Dan was to start. Harry Snidow and some one else led him from his quarters to the starting point and gave the word RUN, giving him as he went severe raps with their brush. Dan was a large, clumsy looking fellow, with an immense foot, and no one supposed he could run very fast, but in this we were mistaken for no sooner had Harry turned him loose and given the word, than he almost flew past us, and by the time he reached the end of the line where

stood Hight, Young and Thompson, he was going so rapidly that they scarcely got to touch him, and consequently Hight and Young pursued him for some distance through the woods, but Dan finally so far outstripped them, that they gave up the chase and returned to camp. In a few days we heard that he had been captured and was in possession of the Provost Guard of the army, then stationed near Hamilton's crossing, and a short time thereafter, that he had escaped and gone up the river and stolen from Gen. Wright two horses and made for Charlottesville where he was taken into custody and sent to Castle Thunder (a Confederate prison) and from there to Charleston, South Carolina, with the Chain Gang, to work on the fortification; and this was the end of his career as a soldier.

Personal encounters seldom occurred, but while in camp here, one took place between John W. Hight and Jesse B. Young, both large athletic men, and pretty equally matched in size, strength and good mettle. The fight was a hard and close one, and would perhaps have resulted in a drawn battle, but for the interference of friends, who separated the combatants. These kind of troubles were soon over and the parties good friends again.

The winter was cold and inclement, with occasional deep snows which led to the adoption of snow battles, in which whole brigades would engage for

hours, their officers mounted on horse back with colors flying, they would fight a mock battle, advance and retreat, capture prisoners, exchange, parole, etc. It, however, became rather dangerous as many of the balls were as hard as ice, and when thrown with force and striking a man about the face, frequently gave severe bruises and contusions.

About January 20th, 1863, we marched up the Rappahanock in the direction of Banks' Ford where Burnside was reported as threatening to cross. We remained out one night in the snow, mud and slosh, returning to our quarters the next day. In a few days thereafter we had orders to cook rations and be prepared to move.

CHAPTER XIII.

LEAVING QUARTERS AND MARCHING THROUGH SPOTTSYLVANIA, LOUISA AND HANOVER— HALTING NEAR RICHMOND—THROUGH RICHMOND—HALTING NEAR CHESTER STATION.

Heavy fall of snow and snow battle—Accident to Anderson Meadows—In camp near Petersburg—James Gardner's exchange of hats—We take train south on Weldon and Petersburg Railroad—Lieut. Stone in a box—Stop at Weldon—Continuing our journey to Goldsboro and Kingston, N. C.—At Suffolk skirmishing with the enemy—Our withdrawal from Suffolk and march to Chester Station—Hood's Texans capturing hats—March through Richmond to Taylorsville—Cooking rations and preparing to move towards the enemy's country.

At an early hour on the morning of Monday, February the 16th, 1863, in the midst of snow, sleet and storm, our division took up its line of march, heading towards Richmond. Reports were rife as to our destination—Charleston, South Carolina.

Savanna, Georgia and Blackwater, Virginia, were all in the list of probabilities. Our line of march lay through the counties Spottsylvania, Lonisa and the slashes of Hanover and via Hanover Junction, at which point Sergt. A. L. Fry (who, as previously stated, had been captured at Warrenton and had been exchanged) joined us.

We halted about eight miles from Richmond and rested a few days from our fatiguing and uncomfortable march, and then proceeded through the city to Chester Station, on the Richmond and Petersburg railroad.

On our march through Richmond occurred an incident that we very much regretted, and it affords me no pleasure to record it here, but the truth ought to be stated. Our good-hearted, gallant Lieut. Colonel (Flowerree) had imbibed a little too freely and used some profane language in telling some ladies we were going to defend them. For this conduct on this occasion he was placed in arrest and so remained for many months, but was finally released and joined us after the battle of Gettysburg. It was peculiarly unfortunate, as we had need of the services of such a valuable officer and one highly esteemed by the regiment, especially on account of his unflinching courage. The affair was soon passed by, and I might say almost forgotten.

The day of our arrival at Chester was cool but

pleasant. The early night was clear and we retired under the beautiful blue sky and shining stars, and there was nothing that betokened any sudden change of weather. Being scarce of blankets, generally about three of us joined together, laid down one blanket and covered with two. Some of the men had small fly tents which they stretched over a small pole fastened in two forks, and then crawled under the tent. On rising the next morning, we found that about twelve inches of snow had fallen, and the men lying stretched around over the ground looked like so many logs covered with snow. They were soon up and had fires and made rude shelters from pine brush.

During the day we had a snow ball battle and many amusing incidents occurred, and many retired from the fight with bruised faces and broken fingers.

The explosion of a cartridge in a cartridge-box that had been hung too near the fire came very near destroying the eyes of Anderson Meadows and caused him much pain for several days. Anderson Meadows was quite a remarkable man. He went into the army without being able to spell, read or write; by close application while a soldier, he learned his letters, read well and learned to write a fair hand, and became a number one cook as well as a brave soldier.

Leaving Chester, we halted a day or two north of Petersburg and then passed over the Appomattox, through the city and went into camp a short distance south of the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad, and about one mile south-east of the city.

It was now about the 1st of March and the weather had very much moderated and our sufferings were not so great. Lieut. Stone, who had been at home on furlough, returned to us while in camp here, and the camp was always more lively when the Lieut. was present, for there was no fun or mischief inaugurated that he did not assist in putting on foot, or take a hand in when started, and if any one escaped detection it was our jolly Lieutenant.

Many of the men went into the city while camped here—some with, and some without leave. Jim Gardner went to the city on one occasion, and on his return it was discovered that he was wearing a good looking hat instead of his old dingy cap, and being asked how he happened to have a hat, he replied, "I swapped with a fellow, but he was n't there."

It was near the 25th of March that orders came to prepare to march. During the night of that day quite a snow fell, and the following morning we were moved into the city, to the Weldon & Petersburg Railroad Depot, and while preparations were being made for our transportation south, the snow continued to fall, and several of the men imbibed

pretty freely of the overjoyful, among them was our jolly Lieutenant, who was disposed to be a lit-wild and noisy, and to keep him out of the clutches of the police, which had already gathered quite a number of our men, we put him in an old box car and fastened the doors, but the Lieut. did not enjoy his prison house and very soon kicked off a portion of one of the doors and came tumbling headlong into the snow, catching one of the legs of his trowsers on a nail or fragment of the door, a little above the knee, tearing off all the lower part of the leg of the trowsers. A young soldier came stepping across the street just then and shouted, "ah! why was I tempted to roam?" to which Col. Flowerree answered, "is n't it a pity that you were tempted to roam?"

Late in the evening the train moved us off and the next morning found us at Weldon, where we halted and remained several hours. While there, Pat Wood, an Irishman belonging to the 1st regiment, got up some kind of an Irish frolic, which brought out Gen. Ransom, the commandant of the Post, who in attempting to interfere and quiet matters, came near having a personal rencounter with Pat, and which resulted in a peremptory order for the whole command to move on. We were crowded into box cars, and without fire, the result of which was cold feet and much discomfort, but a soldier is

equal to almost any emergency, especially, where personal safety and comfort is involved; the men determined to have fires, and making a kind of hearth out of sand, they made fires of long leaf North Carolina pine. The smoke having no escape from the box settled upon the men, and when we reached Goldsboro late in the evening we looked like "colored troops." Moving out a short distance from the town we bivouaced for the night, and the next day proceeded to the little town of Kingston on the Neuse River, some twenty-five miles from Goldsboro and about thirty-five miles from Newbern. While here we did some scouting and picket duty on the roads leading to Newbern, the object of which, doubtless, was to keep the enemy close to their base of operations, while our Commissariat gathered up all available supplies for our army, as Gen. Longstreet with Hood's division was doing in the neighborhood of Suffolk.

The enemy had occupied Kingston the preceding winter and many of the houses had been burned and most of the inhabitants had removed either inside of the Federal lines or into the interior of the State. The village was, in fact, almost deserted.

As now recollected, we left Kingston about the 9th day of April and moved by rail, via Goldsboro and Weldon, to a point some twenty miles south of

Petersburg, from whence we marched through the Blackwater country—the counties of Isle of Wight and Southampton—to the neighborhood of Suffolk where we joined the division of Gen. Hood then closely investing the town.

Almost constant skirmishing was kept up for several days, the enemy occasionally forming in line of battle and advancing as if to attack us, and we standing to our arms ready to repel the assault. On one occasion, being drawn up in line to meet a threatened attack, Col. Patton said to me, “you stay close by me to-day ; I may need you.” He expected to be shot, for he never escaped—never failed to get wounded in any battle in which he was engaged.

I suppose we reached Suffolk about the 12th, as I see from a letter written to a friend and dated the 25th of April that I state that “this is the thirteenth day that we have been in close proximity to the enemy.” In the same letter I say, “you can form but little idea of how the men behave on the eve of battle. Some sing, some laugh, some swear, while others are calm and cool, but when the enemy is seen advancing everything becomes as quiet as death, but so soon as the battle opens and the firing begins you can hear them shout, yell and swear.” While at Suffolk, three of our company went over to the enemy, viz: Hugh J. Wilburn, James H.

Gardner and John S. W. French. Such conduct on the part of Wilburn and Gardner is unexplainable; they had been good soldiers, and both had been wounded—Wilburn twice. Wilburn had a brother in the company who was a gallant and true soldier; who did his duty to the last.

Having accomplished the objects of the expedition, the troops quietly withdrew from the front of Suffolk a little after dark on the evening of Monday, the 4th day of May, and on reaching South Quay, we heard of General Lee's success at Chancellorsville. Pushing rapidly on, we passed through Petersburg and to Chester Station, again halting for a few days rest and recuperation. While in camp here, Ike Hare and Travis Burton took "French furlough," joined themselves to a portion of the army serving in South-western Virginia, and never came back to us. Baldwin L. Hoge, in handling a knife, accidentally wounded himself in the knee, and had to be taken to the hospital. He was not able for field service for several months.

The death of Gen. Jackson was announced in a few days after our arrival at Chester. The announcement cast a gloom over the whole army. Devoted to the cause he served, he shared with his soldiers the toils and privations of the camp, the march and the battle-field. His place could not well be filled, and it seemed that from the date of his death our

cause waned. The weather was warm and pleasant while we were at Chester and nothing of interest transpired.

Hood's Texans, camped across the railroad from us, amused themselves by putting on the rails, just in advance of an approaching train, musket caps, and taking their stand beside the track, bushes in hand, and as the caps were exploded the passengers put their heads out at the windows to ascertain the the cause of the popping, and they generally got their heads back without hats:

Our march was resumed about the 15th of May and we moved through Richmond to Taylorsville in Hanover county near the junction or crossing of the Va. Central over the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad. A series of religious meetings were held here and many professed faith in Christ. In a letter to a friend dated the 26th day of May 1863, and written at Taylorsville, I say, "we are now resting from our hard marches, which, however, may be resumed at any time. There is a religious meeting going on here now: Rev. Dr. Pryor, of Petersburg is preaching for us. I think he will be able to do great good. Nearly every man in the brigade seems to take an interest in the meeting. I hope that much good may be done—our soldiers are loyal to their country, and oh! how grand if they would only be loyal to God."

In the interim between the ~~13th and~~ 26th of May the division marched across the Pamunkey and into the county of King & Queen and returned to Taylorsville. On the march an old negro woman standing at the door of her cabin exclaimed, "whar did all dese people come from ? Bless God, didn t think thar was this many people in the wo'ld !" On our return to camp we had division review and being drawn up in line as Gen. Pickett and staff passed, we presented arms and the drums were ordered to be beaten. John Whitlock, a little waif picked up by the Drum corps at Richmond, was our drummer boy. He was a bad, mischeivous boy, and usually knocked the head out of his drum or threw away one stick. On this occasion he had but one stick, and as Gen. Pickett approached, Col. Patton called out, "John, beat that drum." Tap went the drum, but no rattle, and the Col. repeated, "John, beat that drum." A single tap was the response. The Col., very much excited, cried out, "John, I say beat that drum," but no beat, and on our return to camp the Col. directed me to take John out and put a drum shirt on him, which was to put the drum over his head and down over his arms. I took him out and he began to cry and promised to do better, so I let him go.

Five or six days after the letter above referred to was written, we took up our line of march, passing

through the counties of Louisa, Orange and into Culpeper to within eight miles of the Court House, arriving at this point on Wednesday, the 10th day of June. A large part of the army was now concentrated here, and on the 9th, Stuart's cavalry had a severe fight with the enemy's cavalry and a portion of his infantry near Brandy Station, and the enemy was reported as crossing at or below Fredericksburg and throwing up intrenchments. All sorts of rumors were rife in camp as to the enemy's movements as well as our own. By reference to a letter of mine dated June 11th, 1863, I make reference to these matters and say, "we have been marching for the last eight days and have now halted eight miles from Culpeper C. H. Our cavalry had a severe fight with the enemy day before yesterday. The next time you hear from us, we may be at Manassas junction or Leesburg. I think we are to have a hard summer's campaign. It is reported that the Yankees have moved back to Manassas and Bull Run. There has been some fighting at Fredericksburg. The enemy has crossed and is throwing up fortifications."

We were accustomed to call the enemy Yankees, an appellation used in speaking of the New England people prior to the war. The word Yankee is a word of uncertain derivation, though it is said to be an Indian corruption of the French word *Anglais*, meaning English. The enemy called us "Johnnies."

Our ranks were being filled up from absentees, those who had been sick, recovered from wounds, and some that had had "French furloughs" (absent without leave.)

The passionate ardor of our people for their country's cause had brought to the army nearly every man that was fit for service in the field, so that but little addition to the army in the way of numbers could be hoped for: it was perhaps the largest number of men and composed of the best fighting material that General Lee had yet, in fact, had ever led forth to battle. Most of them were men well innred to the service, and therefore well prepared to undergo the greatest hardships, and by this time most of the cowards and skulkers had either gotten out of the army or had gone over to the enemy. These men of Gen. Lee knew their duty and bravely did it when called upon or occasion demanded.

The usual orders to cook rations, and prepare to move at a moment's notice were given, and everything was put in readiness, and the bivouac was all bustle and confusion.

CHAPTER XIV.

THROUGH CULPEPER AND SNICKER'S GAP—CROSSING
THE POTOMAC AT WILLIAMSPORT—SHOOTING
A DESERTER—PENNSYLVANIA INVADED
—ARRIVAL AT CHAMBERSBURG.

*Fearing up the Cumberland Gap railroad—Iron works burned—
East of the mountains and roar of the guns at Gettysburg—A
long and rapid march—Roll call and reveille—March to the
battle-field—Inspection of arms and preparation for action—
Fearful artillery duel—The charge—the killed and wounded
—The author wounded and in the hands of the enemy—The
loss of the division—The army retires across the Potomac and
to Culpeper and Orange.*

LEAVING our bivouac early on Monday, June 15th, 1863, the head of the column was directed towards the Blue Ridge, in the direction of Snicker's Gap, through which we passed about the 20th, and crossed the Shenandoah river at Castleman's ferry. Here we were detained several days, as well as near Berryville, for the purpose, as we supposed, of keeping in supporting distance of our cavalry, which

was operating east of the Blue Ridge. We left Culpeper left in front, the enemy being on our right and in close proximity. Our march was so conducted as to face the enemy at any moment if he should be disposed to attack us. Our cavalry had quite severe fighting with the enemy for several days in the neighborhood of Aldie and Upperville, and we were frequently halted and faced towards the enemy, but he desisting, we would resume our tramp.

On such expedition as we were now engaged in, and moving rapidly through the country far from our base, it was no easy matter to supply us with provisions, and it became necessary to take along with us a large number of beef cattle, which could be slaughtered as we needed them. We had such a drove of beeves with us and Jas. B. Croy, of our company, was detached to assist in driving, and luckily escaped the storm at Gettysburg.

While our division with the other divisions of Longstreet's corps were moving along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge and through Ashby's and Snicker's Gaps, Gen. Ewell with the advanced corps of the army had routed Milroy at Winchester and pursued him across the Potomac, and portions of the army had occupied Berryville and Martinsburg; while the cavalry had cut and destroyed the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in several places; and Jenkins' brigade of cavalry had crossed the Potomac:

The advance of our division and corps continued through Martinsburg by Falling Waters, and on the evening of Wednesday, June 24th, crossed the Potomac at Williamsport and bivonaced a short distance out of town on the Maryland shore. Here just as the sun was hiding his face behind the western hills our attention was attracted by the sound of a band playing the Dead March, and looking, we saw in the distance the execution of a poor unfortunate wretch who had been condemned to be shot for desertion. He was, as now recollected, a member of the 18th Virginia Regiment, who after a long, toilsome day's march was hurried into eternity "to sleep that sleep that knows no waking." His name is not now in the mind of the writer and has perhaps passed from the memory of all the living. It was a horrible sight, but such is the fate of all deserters.

The morale and efficiency of the army were never better—officers and men were alike inspired with the greatest confidence in our ability to defeat the enemy anywhere he might choose to meet us, and never did an army move into an enemy's country in better fighting trim and spirit. Everything was in first-class order—no straggling, no desertion, no destruction of private property, no outrages committed upon citizens. The orders of the Commanding General on this subject, as a rule, were strictly

observed. Those that were along on that march will no doubt recollect that among the men in the ranks there was an expression like this: "Well, we would prefer to fight on our own soil; we doubt the propriety of this invasion of Northern territory; its effect will be to rouse the Northern people to a stronger warlike spirit. We are contending against the right to invade us and here we are invading them. They will fight much better and with better heart on their own territory than if on ours. We would prefer to be in old Virginia." These and like expressions were heard. Doubtless the enemy did fight better on his own territory, and that the same feeling and spirit which animated us when we were attacked on our own soil now animated the enemy when we attacked him on his.

Here was a grand—magnificent spectacle! An army of sixty thousand effective men, and every man a soldier in the true sense of the word—the heroes and victors of Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Gaines' Mills, Frazier's Farm, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg and more than a dozen other fields—marching through an enemy's country, unmolested, unobstructed and unopposed—through the country of a people whose leaders had predicted that the war would not last ninety days. We had now entered the beautiful Cumberland Valley of Pennsylvania, the counterpart of our lovely Virginia valley.

As in Western Maryland, we saw little, if any, signs of Southern sympathy; the only smiles that seemed to greet us were Nature's. We saw a land of plenty—large barns with glass windows, fine residences, broad fields covered with wheat not yet quite ready for the sickle. Comparing the desolation and destruction south of the Potomac with what our eyes now gazed upon, one would have hardly supposed that these people knew that a terrible war had been raging for two years only a few miles away; certainly they had felt little of its effects, either upon their population or resources. The bountiful harvest ripened in its own good time and fell by the sickle of its owner, and the mills of the country ground the grain without let or hindrance; a striking contrast as compared with our own Virginia country, whose farmers often sowed amid the tramp of hostile armies, and frequently never saw the grain mature, either driven from home, confined in some Northern prison, or their crops destroyed by an invading host, that respected neither private property, nor the persons of non-combatants.

Our march was continued on the 25th to Hagerstown, where we halted to allow Gen. A. P. Hill's Division, which had crossed the river below us, to pass. On Saturday the 27th day of June, we entered Chambersburg, and halting in the road or street, just on the out-skirts of the town, in front of

a beautiful villa residence, said to be that of a Col. McClure, some ladies appeared and volunteered to deliver to us quite a spicy address, somewhat of a lecture, which was responded to by the band of our regiment with "Dixie." The boys cheered lustily and we marched on a few miles on the York road and went into bivouac. While we remained in the vicinity of Chambersburg for three or four days, the division was chiefly employed in tearing up the track of the Cumberland Valley railroad, which was very thoroughly accomplished by piling up the ties, firing them, and then laying the rails on the fire, and when heated, bending them around trees.

About 2 o'clock on the morning of Thursday, the 2nd day of July, we were aroused from our slumbers by the beating of the "long roll." We were quickly in line and the column moved on the road leading to Gettysburg. The march was rapid and almost unceasing until we reached the vicinity of Gettysburg, a distance of some twenty-five miles, over a dusty road and beneath a burning July sun. On our way we passed the smoking ruins of Thad Stevens' iron furnace, perhaps, unnecessarily destroyed.

The other divisions of our (Longstreet's) corps had preceded us some twenty-four hours and had arrived in time to take part, in fact, to bear the brunt of the second day's struggle.

On reaching the east side of the mountains, we could plainly hear the roar of the guns at Gettysburg, which continued until some time after dark; but such a sound with us was not unusual and therefore caused no alarm. Near the middle of the afternoon our division halted not far from the town and went into bivouac in a wood by and on the right hand side of the road as we faced towards Gettysburg. The evening was beautiful and bright; though warm: The men soon scattered around, some getting water, some eating their suppers and some engaged in conversation. As the evening shades approached, being fatigued by our long, dusty march, we retired early to rest, little dreaming "that upon such lovely eve such awful morn should rise." Fearful were to be the consequences of the morrow. Happy, gentle; brave, jolly spirits; little do you anticipate the horrors of the next twenty-four hours! All was quiet during the night, and until reveille which was sounded before light the next morning, Friday, July 3rd, when we fell into ranks for roll call. Oh, how sad the last earthly roll call of so many of our brave, gallant men who on this eventful day were to pour out their life's blood for constitutional freedom and right, and to go to "that bourne from which no traveller ever returns." Many were to fall far from home and friends, in the land of strangers, and to be denied the privilege of even a decent burial. Sad

were these thoughts to those who thought. With us on that morning were our good-hearted Captian Bane, happy, jolly Lieut. Stone, the excitable, enthusiastic Lieut. Walker, the brave, sturdy Sergt. Taylor ; all ready to lead where duty required and dangers were to be met. With us also were our companions-in-arms, D. C. Akers, Daniel Bish, Jesse Barrett and John P. Sublett, with whom we had marched and fought for more than two years, and had stood side by side in the fury and midst of battle, had shared their common toils and dangers in a common cause in which we were all embarked. We were more than friends. We did not realize that bright July morning that the sun which had risen in all his glory and splendor upon these brave Virginia spirits would set upon their lifeless forms; and witness the saddest day the Confederacy had yet seen. As previously stated, the morning was bright and lovely, indeed, there was nothing to betoken fierce conflict and deadly strife. On our way to the battle field the men were cheerful and seemed to realize their weighty responsibilities and the importance—in fact, the imperative necessity of success, and that probably in their hands rested the destiny of the Republic. If the enemy could be beaten here in his own country, with the political and other troubles North growing out of the draft, etc., it seemed reasonable to suppose that subjugated

down-trodden Maryland would be free, and with her the Confederacy also. These matters were freely discussed by the men in the ranks who seemed fully aware of the gravity of the situation and the absolute importance of victory, and perfect confidence was expressed in our ability to beat the enemy, if we could meet him on anything like fair and equal terms. Southern prowess, individuality and self-reliance had accomplished wonders in the past, and had become the admiration even of our enemies.

A little before daylight on the morning of the 3rd, we moved out of our bivouac near the stone bridge on the road between Casstown and Gettysburg, moving to the right and south east of this road and along a valley, crossing a little stream called Wiloughby's Run, we reached our line of battle ground which was opposite Cemetery Hill and nearly opposite the center of the enemy's position : our position being partially concealed from the enemy's line by a range of hills which runs parallel to Cemetery ridge and between the opposing lines.

In the valley referred to and before getting into line, the usual inspection of arms, ammunition, etc., took place. The men present for duty in my company, as now recollected, were, including commissioned and non-commissioned officers, as follows : Capt. R. H. Bane, Lieut^s. Stone and Walker, sergts. Taylor, Fry and Snidow, Corporals Thompson,

Bish, Mullins and Young, Privates Akers, Barrett, Crawford, Darr, Wm. C Fortner, J. H. Fortner, Hight, Hoge, J. J. Hurt, Jones, Jo Lewy, Anderson Meadows, John Meadows, Minnich, ^{Péféns,} D. L. Sarver, J. P. Sublet, R. M. Stafford, G. L. Wilburn, Wm. I. Wilburn, and myself.

Alexander Bolton belonged to the ambulance corps and Chas. A. Hale was detailed as cook. This list may not be entirely correct. Capt. R. H. Bane had a sun stroke and ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{griev} brought very near death's door, and did not fully recover for several days.

The whole number of men of our company carried into action was thirty-~~five~~ ^{four}. Only three brigades of ours (Pickett's division) were present that morning, the brigades of Corse and Jenkins having been left in Virginia. The brigades present were Garnett's, Kemper's and Armistead's, composed of fifteen Virginia regiments, numbering on that morning about forty five hundred muskets—the aggregate effective strength, rank and file was about forty seven hundred, which, of course, included the General and staff officers, of which there was about the full complement. The division was composed of Virginians—many of them mere youths, school boys. In it were companies from Campbell, Bedford, Franklin, Patrick, Henry, Floyd, Montgomery, Craig, Giles, Mercer, Pulaski, Carroll, Madison, Culpeper, Orange, Rappahaock, Green, Albermarle,

Nansemond, Southampton, cities of Richmond, Lynchburg, Norfolk and Portsmouth—volunteers who had entered the service at the commencement of the war and had become fully inured to the service.

Our brigade, commanded by the gallant and impetuous Gen. James L. Kemper, was in front during the morning's march, and as we formed into line of battle, we held the right with Gen. Garnett's brigade next on our left, and Gen. Armistead's somewhat to the left and rear. The line was formed as early as about 7 o'clock a. m., and everything was in readiness very soon thereafter for the conflict. Heath's division, commanded by Gen. Pettigrew, was placed a little to our left and rear, and was intended as a support in the assault to be made by our division. How well it (Heath's division) performed its part will be hereafter related.

Fencing and other obstructions were cleared away and our line moved forward a short distance into a field on which was growing a crop of rye. Here we stacked arms and were told that at the report of two signal guns we were to lie flat on the ground. In our front was massed our artillery, perhaps as many as one hundred and fifty guns, which were soon to belch forth their iron hail and hurl their shot and shell at the enemy's breast-works—stone fences—behind which they had sought shelter and

quietly awaited our advance. On the hills beyond about eight hundred yards were an equal if not a greater number of guns, prepared and ready to reply to ours. Everything was now in readiness and only awaited the signal for the bloody work to begin. The heat was exceedingly oppressive; several of the men had sunstroke, and all suffered more or less for water. Our position was some two hundred yards in rear of our batteries.

A soldier in the field, not unlike people at home rarely thought his time to die had exactly arrived—that is, he always thought it would be somebody else's time next and not his; he would probably say "yes, in the coming battle some one will be killed, but I don't think it will be myself." Occasionally you met a man who had made up his mind that the next battle would be his last, and I have known men to have such a presentiment and sure enough be killed in the very next engagement; and such was true of our Col. Patton, who always expected to be shot in every battle he was in, and was never disappointed. The promising, brave, good man yielded up his life in the battle which we are now about describing.

Having been notified, as previously stated, that two signal guns would be fired, at the report of which we were to lie down with our faces to the ground, all were on the lookout and awaited with

some anxiety for the signal to be sounded. Of course we could see but little in front of us, having to remain at our posts, and only those who went up the heights occupied by the enemy and came back again were able to give any definite idea of the strong natural position held by him, and the immense host there assembled to repel our assault. We could plainly see the enemy's signal station on "Round Top," from which he was doubtless closely watching our movements. His troops were heavily massed on our point of attack and he had beyond question made every possible effort to be prepared for us. Holding an advanced position almost inaccessible from the difficulties of the ground: first, by a line of skirmishers almost equal to a full line of battle; at the base of the hill; then the steep of the ridge covered with two tiers of artillery and two lines of infantry supports; and on the crest of the ridge were massed his heavy reserves, in supporting distance. Along the side of the ridge ran a stone fence, affording splendid cover and protection to his infantry; while through the bottom or low ground ran a common rail or worm fence; which presented an obstacle to the advance of our men in close column of attack. The distance to be passed over from the starting point to the enemy's line was about eight hundred yards of open ground, a gradual ascent for some two hundred yards to the summit occupied by

the Confederate batteries, then rather a gradual descent over ground somewhat undulating before reaching the base of the hill occupied by the enemy. Over this space, raked by shell, shot and cannister, the column would have to pass before we could get close enough to use our muskets with effect. Almost perfect quiet reigned from the time we took position in the morning until the firing of the signals referred to. This calm but preceded the most terrific storm of battle, such as was never exceeded on this continent. Our division, trusted and tried on many hard-fought fields, having been specially selected for this desperate onslaught, waited with some impatience for the moment to arrive. The men were in good spirits, but rather anxious at the delay, having to stand, sit or lie down in the hot, broiling sun.

The great question of the campaign—perhaps of the war was hanging, as it were, in suspense on the result of the next few hours. Victory or defeat to either side would be, perhaps, a final settlement in effect of the issues involved; this the officers and men alike seemed to feel; the men at least, buoyant in their self-confidence, and appreciating the necessity of success, were rather impatient of the restraint. While to the criminal about to be led to the place of execution the moments may seem to pass rapidly, yet to the brave soldier about going

into battle and knowing he must go, the moments seem to lengthen. This feeling is not born of his love for fighting, but it is rather the nervous anxiety to determine the momentous issue, as quickly as possible, without stopping to estimate the cost, knowing if it must be done, " 't were well if it were done quickly." These men had never yet learned to doubt their ability to beat the enemy whenever and wherever he could be met on anything like equal terms, and this was the constant expression of the men in the ranks. Such their perfect confidence in Gen. Lee that they never for one moment supposed that he would order them to go where he did not know victory was sure to perch upon their banners, and frequently could be heard from the ranks, "well, boys, Gen. Lee knows just what to do and how it ought to be done." And if, on the morning of that eventful day, it had been suggested that we were to meet with a reverse, it would not have been believed.

About the hour of 1 o'clock p. m., the long stillness was broken by the loud boom of the signal guns, and down upon our faces we lay ; and immediately belched forth the roar of more than an hundred guns from the Confederate batteries, immediately in our front, to which the enemy, with a greater number, promptly replied, with telling effect upon our lines, the exact position of which they seemed

to have ascertained,—if in no other way, by means of their signals on Round Top. The very atmosphere seemed broken by the rush and crash of projectiles, solid shot, shrieking, bursting shells. The sun, but a moment before so brilliant, was now almost darkened by smoke and mist enveloping and shadowing the earth, and through which came hissing and shrieking, fiery fuses and messengers of death, sweeping, plunging, cutting, ploughing through our ranks, carrying mutilation, destruction, pain, suffering and death in every direction. Turn your eyes whithersoever you would, and there was to be seen at almost every moment of time, guns, swords, haversacks, human flesh and bones, flying and dangling in the air, or bouncing above the earth, which now trembled beneath us as if shaken by an earthquake. Some of our men with the teams two or three miles away, declared that the window sash in the windows shook and chattered as if shaken by a violent wind. Over us, in front of us, behind us, and in our midst, and through our ranks, poured shot, shell and the fragments thereof, dealing out death on every hand; yet the men stood bravely to their posts—thas is, those that had not been knocked out of place by shot—and all this in an open field, beneath the burning rays of a July sun. The reader must not suppose that no one was alarmed or felt squeamish, for doubtless, many a poor fellow

thought his time had about come—and pray! yes; great big, bearded men prayed, loud too, and they were in earnest—it was really a praying time, for if men ever needed the care and protection of a merciful, loving, Heavenly Father, it was now. Men prayed on that field that never prayed before. This fearful artillery duel continued for about one hour and fifty-five minutes without ceasing, though it almost seemed an age. So rapid was the firing and so great the number of guns engaged, that the fire from one could not be distinguished from another; in fact, there was one continuous roar, and it really seemed that between the fires a bird could scarcely have flown without being struck, yet the gallant Maj. (afterwards Gen.) Dearing, commandant of the battalion of artillery in our front, with flag in hand, rode to and fro among his guns, encouraging his men. Our position was a trying one; much more so than if we had been engaged in a close combat with the enemy, and almost as perilous; for certainly we should not have felt the terrible strain so much could we have given back the blows with our own strong arms.

About a quarter to 3 o'clock, the fire from the batteries of the enemy began to slacken, and our own, out of ammunition, began to withdraw, but the enemy had a battery to our left from which we received an enfilading fire, which was quite accurate, having

almost the exact range, which was, perhaps, guided by the signal corps on Round Top, from which our position was evidently plainly visible. As the fire of the batteries slackened, the order came, fall in! and Gen. Pickett came dashing along and called out, "up, men, and to your posts! Don't forget to-day that you are from old Virginia." The men were quickly in line and the advance to the valley of death began. Our brave Virginians were now to push forward to victory or death—the first was unseen—from the latter; few escaped: A few minutes before the order came; "fall in!" I was severely wounded by a shell thrown from this battery of the enemy on the left, and there will now be related only that which was gathered from those that went up that hill and came back again, and then will be related what happened to myself, etc.

At the order, "forward;" given by Gen. Pickett; his three brigades—fifteen regiments of Virginians moved up the hill by the batteries and across the open field as steadily as ever troops moved under fire. The enemy's batteries; reserved for this moment, now opened upon us at short range, and from behind a sheltered position, the enemy's infantry opened a destructive fire of musketry upon our men as they pushed closer to them. The battery on Round Top opened an enfilading fire upon our advance, which proved very effective, but on the

column moved. As previously stated, the enemy, s front at the base of the hill was covered by a heavy line of skirmishers, which, upon the advance of our men, rallied in front of our (Kemper's) brigade which quickly brushed it away and caused it to retire rapidly to the main line. Twice was it necessary during that forward movement, to march double quick by the left flank in order to strike the position of the enemy supposed to be the most vulnerable, and this movement was accomplished in good order and without confusion. The enemy's first line was reached and carried, but it cost the lives of many of our brave men.

Heath's division, perhaps the strongest in the army, numerically, was as previously stated, posted in our rear, as support in case of necessity. The necessity arose, but for some unaccountable reason, when the supreme moment arrived, these troops failed to take advantage of this so far successful charge of the Virginians; they did not seem inclined to face that withering fire, and somewhere, perhaps midway, they hesitated, wavered, and finally retired in disorder. Although our division had not only broken and crushed the outer barriers of resistance and had shaken and were now making to totter and tremble the very inner walls of defence, and were preparing to penetrate the last line—the heart; yet these men of Heath's division, seeing all

this, for they were in full view, failed or refused to push forward and hold what had already been won at fearful cost. Stranger indeed was their conduct when they must have witnessed with their own eyes; the fierce struggle on the part of our division to gain the heights—the key to the enemy's position—and that this struggle was being carried on against fearful odds and at frightful loss of both blood and life. The result of the battle now hanging in the balances, a few minutes must decide it, the slightest weight on either side must turn the scale, and if it could be turned in our favor, the enemy's line must be severed, and he must rapidly retreat or be beaten in detail. This the men in the ranks realized, and it took no great captain to discern it.

Although our division had lost so many valuable officers and men, yet the spirits of those yet struggling were unbroken; and they continued to advance upon the second line of the enemy, from which a shower of bullets came; striking down hundreds; and about this time fell General Kemper, wounded, General Garnett, Colonel Patton and other meritorious and valuable officers. After their fall, no one seemed to be in command, but every man his own general. The few company officers left cheered on the men and the advance continued. To the rear went young Walker, courier for General Kemper, and dashing up to that bleeding, suffering officer;

informed him that the ranks were being so thinned, unless re-inforced, the brigade could go but little farther. He was directed by General K. to go to General Longstreet and ask him to push forward the supports (Heath's Division). Delivering the message, Walker returned to the line, and finding everybody around the colors of the 11th regiment shot down and the colors fallen to the ground, he sprang from his horse, seized the flag, remounted and pushed up to the enemy's line of works, planting the colors thereon; losing on the way his horse—killed—and having his clothing pierced with a number of balls.

As related to me by Capt. H. Scott, who led one of the companies of the 24th regiment, and who was himself badly wounded, General Kemper fell from his horse at or near the brick house and was caught by one of his staff, and that this was as the brigade began to retire.

A letter from General Kemper to the author is here inserted, which fully explains what occurred at the time, so far as regards himself:

NEAR ORANGE C. H., VA., }
4th Feb'y, 1866. }

MY DEAR SIR:

Your letter, misdirected to Madison C. H., has been forwarded to me after much delay.

I cheerfully give you my recollection of the Gettysburg particulars as to which you enquire. 1

think General Garnett and myself were the only officers of Pickett's Division who went into that battle mounted and remained mounted until shot down. My recollection is that I fell just about the time our men began to give back. I was close enough to the enemy to distinguish features and expressions of faces, and thought I observed and could identify the individual who shot me. Quickly afterwards a Federal officer with several of his men took possession of me, and placing me on a blanket started to carry me, as he said, to a Federal surgeon, when some of our men, firing over my body, re-captured me and carried me to our rear.

As to how the three brigades of our division advanced in line of battle when the artillery ceased firing; as to how the gaps were closed up as men fell and the general alignment was well preserved; as to the *cul-de-sac* of death our unsupported or very badly supported division was hurled into; as to the last unavailing and tragical grapple with the overwhelming numbers of the enemy; all these are matters about which you doubtless know as much as I do.

Let me say, I have never ceased to cherish the most affectionate recollections of company "D," and my sincerest friendship and good wishes will always follow every one of its members.

Faithfully Yours,
J. L. KEMPER.

The second line was taken with a rush and our men had quickly crossed it, and were lying under the guns of the enemy now in our full possession. The moment was momentous—a little help and the day was ours; it did not come. Our men stretched

out their hands to seize a victory already theirs and fairly won, but too weak to retain and hold it. Two lines of guns had been captured, and then two lines of infantry supports, posted behind natural and artificial defences, equal in themselves to an army of ten thousand men, had been driven back upon their heavy reserves upon the top of the heights. Checked in front, hemmed in on either side, and without support, this brave body of men must surrender or fight their way back over the ground on which they had advanced, every inch of which had been won by close and desperate fighting, and almost every yard of which was stained with the blood of their comrades-in-arms. The enemy's heavy reserves were in view, and firing—the Confederate supports had failed to come up—to remain was death, to attempt to retreat was equally perilous and destructive; to surrender was out of the question. Preferring to take the chances of the death to the humiliation consequent upon surrender, the remnant of the division commenced its retreat across the plain under a terrific storm of shell and balls. The loss on the retreat was heavy; in the attack it was likewise heavy, but not so much heeded. Many who had escaped death and wounds in the charge, in the retreat fell victims to the unerring aim of the enemy, who, like ourselves, generally had steadier nerves when firing at a fleeing foe than

an advancing one. The few men who regained the line from which they had started in the charge were mostly either wounded or exhausted, and some without muskets—their muskets either having been shot from their grasp or lain aside in order to enable them to help a wounded comrade from the field. Out of this bold attacking column of some 4500 men, only about 900 were present for duty on the next morning, and this after arming cooks, ambulance men, etc., and that without field, staff or company officers sufficient to command or make reports. Regiments were commanded by captains or lieutenants, and companies by sergeants. Of the whole complement of general and field officers, only one remained unhurt, Lieut. Col. Cabell, who was afterwards killed in the battle of Drury's Bluff. Of the three brigade commanders, Gen. Garnett was killed by a solid shot or shell, which cut him almost in twain. Gen. Lewis A. Armistead was mortally wounded—shot off the top of the enemy's second line, on which he stood in advance of his line, with his hat on the point of his sword, waving, and shouting to his men, "forward! forward!" And our General Kemper, as previously stated, was severely and desperately wounded, and although he recovered, he was never able to take the field again, but did good service in charge of the defenses of Richmond.

Of the regimental field officers, seven Colonels were either mortally wounded, killed or died on the field. Among them was our Col. Walter Tazewell Patton, who, standing with his side to the enemy and directing some movement of the regiment, was struck by a musket ball through his under jaw, which was almost entirely carried away. He fell into the hands of the enemy and died two or three days thereafter. Patriotic, gentle as a child, a polished gentleman, he perished in a strange land, far away from home and friends, much regretted by his comrades and those who knew his sterling worth. Three Lieut. Cols. were killed, Colcott, Wade and Ellis, and five wounded, Hunton, Terry, Garnett, Mayo and Aylett, and three Lieut. Cols. commanding regiments were wounded, Carrington, Otey and Richardson. The loss of the division, as subsequently ascertained, was about 3500—about three fourths of the whole number carried into action. Nearly the whole of the staff of the Maj. Gen. (Pickett) and of the Brigadier-General, including orderlies and couriers, were killed or wounded. Of my own company, which carried into action thirty, seventeen were killed and wounded, of which four were killed, twelve wounded and one captured. The killed were David C. Akers, Jesse Barrett, Daniel Bish and John P. Sublett; the wounded were Lieuts. Stone and Walker, non-commissioned

officers, Sergts. Thos. L. Taylor, myself and Corporal J. B. Young ; privates Wm. C. Fortner, Jas. H. Fortner, J. J. Hart, John F. Jones (leg amputated,) John Meadows, W. W. Muncey and D. L. Sarver ; John W. Hight, captured. Corporal Jesse B. Young was one of the colorguards and after Lieut. Watson, the Ensign, was wounded, he took charge of the flag and bore it up to within a few feet of the enemy's works, when he was struck down by a fragment of a shell and while down a Federal officer from behind the works raised up, pistol in hand, and attempted to shoot Young in the head, instead thereof the ball struck him in the arm, he throwing up his arm to save his head. Upon Young's fall, Corporal Tolbert seized the flag and bore it to the works, where he fell from the effects of a shot through the scalp, but doing him no great harm. Tolbert seems to have been alone and the flag falling against or over the works, a Federal soldier seized it and ran away, and thus the regiment lost its flag.

Lieut. Stone, Young, J. H. Fortner and myself fell into the hands of the enemy ; Stone, Young and Jones on the field, and Fortner and myself the second day thereafter in field hospital.

Many of our dead and wounded lay between the lines, and the enemy's sharpshooters prevented the burial of the dead or removal of the wounded, and we were therefore unable to ascertain with anything

like accuracy, who were left dead or wounded upon the field; but as subsequently ascertained, but few except the wounded were taken prisoners. The many missing, who have not been heard of in this, the lapse of more than twenty years, we have set down as killed.

The bright July sun that had risen that morning upon a brave, confident band of men, who anticipated nothing but victory, went down in sadness upon that field of slaughter, where among our bravest and our best men had laid down their lives for the cause they loved so well and died in the belief of its justness. Many on that eventful day lay weltering in their blood, and many sleep the sleep of the good and brave in the gore and glory of some unknown spot on that fated field, while their memory shall ever live green in the hearts of their friends, with the hope that their spirits may rest forever in the bosom of their Creator.

A description of the battle as given by Charles A. Pictet, of Massachusetts, is here given:

PICKETT'S CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

In all great wars involving the destinies of nations, it is neither the number of battles, nor the names, nor the loss of life, that remain fixed in the mind of the masses; but simply the one decisive struggle which either in its immediate or remote sequence closes the conflict. Of the hundred battles of the great Napoleon, Waterloo alone lingers in the

memory. The Franco-Prussian war, so fraught with changes to Europe, presents but one name that will never fade—Sedan. Even in our own country, how few battles of the Revolution can we enumerate; but is there a child who does not know that Bunker Hill sounded the death knell of English rule in the land?—And now, but twenty years since the greatest conflict of modern times was closed at Appomattox, how few can we readily recall of the scores of blood-stained battlefields on which our friends and neighbors fought and fell; but is there one, old or young, cultured or ignorant, of the North or the South, that cannot speak of Gettysburg? But what is Gettysburg either in its first day's Federal defeat, or its second day's terrible slaughter around Little Round Top, without the third day's immortal charge by Pickett and his brave Virginians. In it we have the culmination of the rebellion. It took long years after to drain all the life-blood from the foe, but never again did the wave of rebellion rise so gallantly high as when it beat upon the crest of Cemetery Ridge.

The storming of the heights of Inkerman, the charge of the noble Six Hundred, the fearful onslaught of the Guards at Waterloo, the scaling of Lookout Mountain—have all been sung in story, and perhaps always will be; but they all pale beside the glory that will ever enshroud the heroes who, with perhaps not literally "cannon to right of them" and "cannon to left of them," but with a hundred cannon belching forth death in front of them, hurled themselves into the center of a great army and had victory almost within their grasp.

To describe this charge, we will go back to the evening of the 2d of July, and recall upon what basis the cautious Lee could undertake so fearful a

responsibility. The victorious Southrons fresh from their triumphs at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville had entered the North carrying consternation and dismay to every hamlet, with none to oppose; their forward march was one of spoil, and it was not till the 1st of July that they met their old foes, the army of the Potomac, in the streets of Gettysburg, and after a fierce conflict drove them back. The second day's conflict was a terrible slaughter, and at its close the Federal army, although holding its position, was to a certain extent disheartened. Many of our best Generals and commanding officers were killed or wounded, scores of regiments and batteries were nearly wiped out. Sickles's line was broken and driven in and its position was held by Longstreet. Little Round Top, the key of the position, was held at a frightful loss of life, and Ewell upon the right had gained a footing upon the ridge. The rebel army was joyful and expectant of victory. The morning of the 3rd of July opened clear and bright, and one hundred thousand men faced each other awaiting the signal of conflict; but, except the pushing of Ewell from his position, the hours passed on relieved only by the rumbling of artillery carriages as they were massed by Lee upon Seminary Ridge, and by Meade upon Cemetery Ridge. At 12 o'clock Lee ascended the cupola of the Pennsylvania College, in quiet surveyed the Union lines, and decided to strike for Hancock's center. Meanwhile, Pickett with his three Virginia brigades had arrived from Chambersburg and taken cover in the woods of Seminary Ridge. What Lee's feelings must have been, as he looked at the hundred death-dealing cannon massed on Cemetery Hill, and the fifty thousand men waiting patiently in front and behind them, men whose valor he knew well in

many a bitter struggle—and then looked at his handful of brave Virginians, three, small, decimated brigades which he was about to hurl into that vortex of death—no one will ever know. The blunder that sent the Light Brigade to death at Balaklava was bad enough, but here was five thousand men waiting to seek victory where only the day before ten thousand had lost their lives or their limbs in the same futile endeavor. Leaving the college, Lee called a council of his Generals at Longstreet's headquarters, and the plan of attack was formed. It is said that the level-headed Longstreet opposed the plan, and if so it was but in keeping with his remarkable generalship. The attack was to be opened with artillery fire to demoralize and batter the Federal line, and was to be opened by a signal of two shots from the Washington Artillery. At half-past one the report of the first gun rang out on the still, summer air, followed a minute later by the second, and then came the roar and flash of one hundred and thirty eight rebel cannon. Almost immediately one hundred Federal guns responded and the battle had begun. Shot and shell tore through the air, crashing through batteries, tearing men and horses to pieces; the very earth seemed to shake and the hills to reel as the terrible thunders re-echoed amongst them. For nearly an hour every conceivable form of ordnance known to modern gunnery hissed and shrieked, whistled and screamed, as it went forth on its death-mission till exhausted by excitement and heat the gunners slackened their fire and silence reigned again.

Then Pickett and his brave legion stood up and formed for the death-struggle; three remnants of brigades consisting of Garnett's brigade—the Eighth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-eighth.

Fifty-sixth Virginia; Armistead's brigade—the Ninth, Fourteenth, Thirty-eighth, Fifty-third, Fifty-seventh Virginia; Kemper's brigade—First, Third, Seventh, Eleventh, Twenty-fourth Virginia. Their tattered flags bore the scars of a score of battles and from their ranks the merciless bullet had already taken two-thirds their number. In compact ranks; their front scarcely covering two of Hancock's brigades, with flags waving as if for a gala day, Gen. Pickett saluted Longstreet and asked: "Shall I go forward, sir?" but it was not in Longstreet's heart to send those heroes of so many battles to certain death; and he turned away his head—when Pickett with that proud, impetuous air which has earned him the title of the "Ney" of the rebel army, exclaimed: "Sir, I shall lead my division forward!"—The orders now rang out: "Attention! Attention!" and the men realizing the end was near, cried out to their comrades: Good-by, boys, good-by!" Suddenly rang on the air the final order from Pickett himself, and his sabre flashed from its scabbard—"Column forward! guide center!" And the brigades of Kemper, Garnett and Armistead moved toward Cemetery Ridge as one man. Soon Pettigrew's division emerged from the woods and followed in echelon on Pickett's left flank, and Wilcox with his Alabama division moved out to support his right flank—in all, about fifteen thousand men. The selection of these supports shows a lack of judgment which it would almost seem impossible for Lee to have made. Pettigrew's division was composed mostly of new troops from North Carolina, and had been terribly used up in the first day's fight and were in no condition to form part of a forlorn hope. Wilcox's troops had also received severe punishment in the second day's

engagement in his attack on the Ridge and should have been replaced by fresh, well-tried brigades. But the movement had now begun and Lee with his Generals about him watched anxiously for the result.

It was nearly a mile to the Union lines, and as they advanced over the open plain the Federal artillery opened again, ploughing great lanes through their solid ranks, but they closed up to "guide center!" as if upon dress-parade: when half way over Pickett halted his division amidst a terrible fire of shot and shell, and changed his direction by an oblique movement coolly and beautifully made. But here occurred the greatest mistake of all. Wilcox paid no attention to this change of movement, but kept straight on the front, thus opening a tremendous gap between the two columns and exposing Pickett's right to all the mishaps that afterward overtook it. To those who have ever faced artillery fire it is marvellous and unexplainable how human beings could have advanced under the terrific fire of a hundred cannon, every inch of air being laden with the missiles of death: but in splendid formation they still came bravely on till within range of the musketry; then the blue line of Hancock's corps arose and poured into their ranks a murderous fire. With a wild yell the rebels pushed on, unflinchingly crossed the Federal lines and laid hands upon eleven cannon.

Men fired in each other's faces: there were bayonet thrusts, cutting with sabres, hand to hand contests, oaths, curses, yells and hurrahs.—The second corps fell back behind the guns to allow the use of grape and double-canister, and as it tore through the rebel ranks at only a few paces distant the dead and wounded were piled in ghastly heaps. Still on they

came up to the very muzzles of the guns ; they were blown away from the cannon's mouth but yet they did not waver. Pickett had taken the key to the position and the glad shout of victory was heard, as, the very impersonation of a soldier, he still forced his troops to the crest of Cemetery Ridge. Kemper and Armistead broke through Hancock's line, scaled the hill and planted their flags on its crest. Just before Armistead was shot, he placed his flag upon a captured cannon and cried : "Give them the cold steel, boys!" but valor could do no more, the handful of braves had won immortality but could not conquer an army. Pettigrew's weak division was broken, fleeing and almost annihilated. Wilcox, owing to his great mistake in separating his column, was easily routed, and Stannard's Vermonters thrown into the gap were creating havoc on Pickett's flank. Pickett, seeing his supports gone, his Generals, Kemper, Armistead and Garnett killed or wounded, every field officer of three brigades gone, three-fourths of his men killed or captured, himself untouched but broken-hearted, gave the order for retreat, but band of heroes as they were, they fled not ; but amidst that still continuous, terrible fire, they slowly, sullenly, recrossed the plain—all that was left of them, but few of five thousand.

Thus ended the greatest charge known to modern warfare. Made in a most unequal manner against a great army and amidst the most terrific cannonade known in wars, and yet so perfect was the discipline, so audacious the valor that had this handful of Virginians been properly supported they would perhaps have rendered the Federal position untenable, and possibly have established the Southern Confederacy. While other battle fields are upturned by the plough and covered with waving grain, Cemetery

Ridge will forever proudly uphold its monuments telling of glory both to the Blue and the Gray, and our children's children while standing upon its crest will rehearse again of Pickett's wonderful charge.

Recurring to the wounding of myself and others as the artillery duel was closing, I will state the surroundings, etc. As Sergeant-Major my position was on the left of the regiment which threw me in the shade of an apple tree which stood in the field on the left of our regiment and on the right of the 3rd regiment. When the signal guns were fired Col. Patton of our regiment and Col. Jo Mayo of the 3rd regiment lay down under the apple tree and I lay down rather between two soldiers of the 3rd regiment and Lieutenant James Brown of our regiment, with my head at the feet of Cols. Patton and Mayo, my head a little higher or further up the hill than the two soldiers referred to, and about on a parallel with Lieut. Brown's. As the batterie began to withdraw and the enemy's fire slackened we found that one of these batteries far to our left was the one that had been doing us considerable damage—in fact, almost enfilading our line. I began to breathe a little more freely and raised my head off the ground and looked around, whereupon Lieut. Brown said to me, “you had better put your head down or you may get it knocked off.” I replied “well, Lieut., a man had as about as well die tha

way as to suffocate for want of air." I had barely spoken these words when a terrific explosion occurred, which for a moment deprived me of my breath and of sensibility, but it was momentary, for in a moment or so I found myself lying off from my former position and gasping for breath. Around me were brains, blood and skull bones; my first thought was that my Colonel's head had been blown off, but this was dispelled the next moment by his asking me if I was badly hurt, to which I replied I thought I was and called for that which a wounded soldier always first wants, a drink of water. The Col. sprang up and called to some one to bring water. By this time I had turned about and discovered that the heads of the two men who lay on my left side had been blown off just over the ears, and that the shell had exploded almost directly over me, a little below my left shoulder blade, breaking several of my ribs loose from my backbone, bruising severely my left lung and cutting my grey jacket almost into shreds and filling it with grains of powder. Lieut. Prown was severely wounded by the same shot—making two killed and two wounded. In a few moments two of my old company—Harry Suidow, the other not recollected—came to me, raised me up, gave me water, put a blanket on the ground near the tree and placed me on it in a kind of sitting position; just then came Gen. Pickett and the order

to advance, as previously stated. In less than ten minutes the wounded men came pouring back over the hill, among them a Lieut. of the brigade whose face was familiar, but his name I could not call; he picked up a limb which had been cut from the tree under which I lay and threw it over the headless bodies of the two men at my feet, doubtless, thinking that such a sight to a wounded man would have a tendency to make him sick. I said to him "Lieut., never mind that, but have me carried off," which he promised to do, and in a short time the corps of litter bearers bore me back some two hundred yards, where I found Drs. Oliver and Worthington, our regimental surgeon and assistant. My wound was examined and the Doctors gave me a quantity of morphine. About dark I was placed in an ambulance and carried some few miles from the battle field to the field hospital, whither Gen. Kemper was also removed and placed in a farm house while the rest of us were placed in an old barn with some of the men detailed as nurses to take care of us. We got no attention of any moment that night. It was thought Gen. Kemper would not live during the night his sufferings were so great—almost beyond endurance.

The long night was over and morning came at last. During the day quite a number of the wounded were brought in—among them, Captain John H.

Parr, adjutant of our regiment, and Lieut. Lewis Bane of the 24th regiment. Some of the wounded died during the day. Our army continued to occupy the field during the 4th and began to retire early that night, though a portion of the troops did not get away till late on the morning of the 5th. Passing the hospital, Gen. Early rode up and proposed to take all the wounded that were able to be hauled in wagons, of which offer several availed themselves, but I was unable to move or be removed.

Both armies were badly hurt, ours not able to renew the assault, the enemy equally loth to attack. No such formidable heights and extensive natural defenses had been encountered by us before. It is reported of President Lincoln, when he was shown the heights which the northern men had so persistently held, he answered, "I am proud to be the countryman of the men who assailed those heights." But our cup of bitterness was full almost to the brim, yet the spirits of our men were unbroken—they still were proud and defiant, still buoyant with hope, took courage and nerved themselves for the fiercer conflicts yet to come. Our division on the march to the Potomac had charge of some four thousand Federal prisoners. It would be entirely out of place here to enter upon any criticisms upon the propriety or impropriety of fighting so important a battle in the enemy's country so far

from our base of supplies. The losses sustained by our army in the battle were never repaired, and this battle was the hill top from which began our gradual descent to final defeat and overthrow.

The army crossed to the south side of the Potomac. All we who were prisoners, knew about its movements was from northern newspapers, which, on the day the army reached the river, said that the "Loyal Potomac was too high to be crossed and Gen. Lee and his army would be bagged." The next or second day thereafter the papers stated that the "old fox and his army was gone." The army moved on to Bunker's Hill and then to the neighborhood of Winchester and finally across the Blue Ridge to Culpeper and Orange, on the line of the Rapidan, where it rested during the latter part of July, the months of August and September. Early in October it advanced towards the Rappahanock, forcing the Federal army back upon Centerville and the line of Bull Run, our army retiring behind the Rappahanock.

It was on this advance across the Rapidan that the story is told that Gen. A. P. Hill came upon one of his soldiers up in a persimmon tree, the fruit of which at that time was very unpalatable. The General asked, "what are you doing there? Don't you know that those persimmons are green?" The soldier answered, "I am trying to draw my stomach up to suit the size of my rations." Of course the General passed on.

CHAPTER XV.

A PRISONER IN FIELD HOSPITAL, MY TREATMENT—
NURSED BY MY FRIEND, JOHN W GRUBBS
—REMOVED TO GETTYSBURG—FORTY
DAYS IN YANKEEDOM AND
MY RETURN TO
DIXIE.

Joining my regiment at Sommerville Ford on the Rapidan—The lunacy of Adam Thompson—Furlough till exchanged—Forty days at home—The regiment goes into winter quarters—Return to my regiment at Taylorsville—Review of the situation of affairs—Dr. Blackwell's address—The health of the soldiers—What we eat and how we cooked—Col. Flowerree, Gen. Beauregard—Colored man Strother and his horse, Botts—Reported love affairs—Ordered to be ready to move.

In a few minutes after the Confederate rear guard had passed the field hospital on the morning of Sunday, the 5th of July, the enemy advanced and took possession and their surgeons had rations issued, and medicines supplied. I was unable to walk, in

fact, could scarcely move ; my left leg, side, arm and shoulder were paralyzed, but I was carefully nursed and kindly cared for by my friend John W Grubbs, who gave me every attention and did all within his power to make my situation as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

A short time before the Confederate rear guard passed Drs. Morton and Worthington paid us a hurried visit, bade us good-bye and hurried on to join the command. My sufferings were intense. For several days I was unable to take solid food and only drank a little lemon toddy. The third or fourth day my friend Grubbs built a kind of plank or board shanty or shelter in the orchard near by and carried me to it. I was more comfortable there than in the old barn. In a few days thereafter, with assistance I was able to get across the road about one hundred feet and see our General Kemper who was still suffering severely ; he was, however, cheerful and expressed hope of recovery, though a few days before his coffin had been prepared.

Near the 20th of the month we were ordered to fall into line and were marched into Gettysburg and placed in some old box cars, which moved us off in what direction we did not know as it was now night. Many of us suffered greatly. The march from the hospital to the town (only a short distance) was too much for me. I thought I would surely die

that night and made up my mind accordingly

With us was John H. Peck, of the 24th regiment, who had a severe, though not dangerous wound in the head. He did what he could to relieve our sufferings, and on reaching Baltimore next morning about daylight he procured for me, from one of the numerous ladies who were endeavoring to supply us with coffee, etc., a mustard plaster, which I placed over my left lung and which, to some extent, relieved the severity of the pain. I was in great danger from hemorrhage from the lung—in fact had been bleeding pretty freely. The lung was evidently very much confused. Leaving the train, we were surrounded by a cordon of soldiers and police, as well as by a host of ladies, boys and men who endeavored to hand us something to eat but were beaten off by the guards. Reaching what was called the West Building Hospital, surrounded by a high plank fence, we were marched within its walls. The ladies again renewed their efforts to supply us with eatables by throwing over the high fence, but were again repulsed by the soldiers' bayonets. With James H. Fortner, who had a severe flesh wound in the thigh, I lay down beside the fence in the shade, not able to move further had I desired to do so. In less than an hour an order came to get into ranks and by some means a report was started that we were to be sent South. Many,

encouraged by this report, took their places in the ranks, though scarcely able to walk. Fortner and myself determined to remain and take chances, and it was fortunate for us that we did, for the poor fellows who marched away stood at Fort McHenry all night long in the rain and mud, and those that were well enough were sent to Point Lookout prison instead of Dixie, as they had expected, while the badly wounded were sent to Chester, Pennsylvania, whither Fortner and myself were sent in a few days.

After our comrades had marched away we crawled into the hospital building and lay down on the floor. During the evening two ladies came in where we were and one asked, "where are you from?" "Virginia," I answered. "Then, you are not more than half rebels, as the people of Virginia are not more than half rebels." I replied, "well, I am a full rebel whatever the people of Virginia may be." From their constant glances at each other and towards the door, I was well satisfied that they were at heart true Southern spirits and had used the language they had to us fearing that the very walls had ears. Presently one of them asked us if we wanted anything to eat, and we told her that we would be glad to have a little milk. One stood watching while the other went for the milk, and soon returning with it they immediately departed.

After night we were carried by an elevator up to the third story of the building and placed on cots about two feet from each other. When down I frequently needed help to even rise up in a sitting posture, which for rest I was compelled to do, and Fortner had been in the habit of assisting me. We had lost much rest on our journey from Gettysburg and soon after getting on the cots, we were sound asleep. I awoke about midnight and desired to be raised up and as no one was near to help me except Fortner, I touched and called to him. He, supposing we were on our usual bed, the ground, attempted to roll his body over to me and as he turned fell heavily to the floor with his wounded leg down, which caused him to utter a most piteous cry which brought one of the nurses to our relief and the rest of the night was quietly passed.

The second night thereafter, we were placed aboard the cars (in boxes) and at early dawn next morning we were at Havre de Grace, and after a stop of some hours we crossed the Susquehanna in the cars on a boat. When we reached Wilmington, Delaware, quite a motley crowd surrounded the train and peeped and peered at us as if amazed and astonished that we had no horns and that we resembled other men, except we were badly clad. That evening, reaching Chester, on the Delaware fifteen miles south of Philadelphia, we were taken from the train and

marched to the United States Hospital (now Crozer Seminary) Here we met a number of the men we had parted from in Baltimore, among them, John H. Peck and Jesse B. Young, the latter of my company. The surgeon of our ward was a citizen physician, Dr. Schafer of Philadelphia, who was extremely kind to us while he remained and we had but little reason to complain in any respect. Very soon after the departure of Dr. Schafer, who was taken sick, came a doctor, a Virginia renegade from Franklin county who was insulting, mean and cowardly, and how could it be otherwise with a renegade—a man too cowardly, to fight on either side, but sought to protect his worthless hide and scalp from bullets by getting employment in the bomb proof department far away from danger. The boys gave him many a hard thrust—said many mean things to him they would never have thought of saying to a brave man, conscientiously opposed to us.

After a stay of some twenty days at Chester, all who desired to go south were paroled. On our way from Chester down the Delaware and out into the Chesapeake we encountered quite a gale which gave us terrible sea sickness. We had some jolly souls aboard, one from Georgia whose name was Bill Turnipseed. Bill was a good joker and when the sea sickness struck Bill, he made for the guards for the

purpose of emptying the contents of his stomach overboard, some one said, "Bill, can't you tell us an anecdote?" He answered, "oh, this is no time to be telling anecdotes!"

I took advantage of the first opportunity offered to return to my native land. I was paroled, placed aboard a boat and landed at City Point on the James and proceeded by rail, via Petersburg, to Richmond where a number of us were placed in Camp Lee with directions to remain until exchanged, which I knew would necessarily be some time, perhaps months. I therefore determined to go to my regiment then at Summerville Ford on the Rapidan. After a journey of three or four days on foot I reached the regiment about the 1st day of Sept. My presence was quite a surprise to my comrades and especially to Drs. Morton and Worthington, who said when they parted from me at Gettysburg they never expected to see me again.

Adam Thompson, of the company, had become a lunatic and was raving mad. He took a very great dislike to one of the men of the regiment and ran him out of the camp. Adam was finally sent to the Asylum, restored and returned to the regiment.

As a paroled soldier I dared not take up arms until exchanged and not wishing to remain in camp, applied for a furlough to go home until I was exchanged. The furlough was granted and I made my

way home and remained till the first days of November when I was declared exchanged and rejoined my regiment then at Taylorsville, in the county of Hanover, it together with the brigade having been sent back there about the first of November for the purpose of recruiting and at the same time to guard the railroad bridge over the North and South Anna rivers.

Our long stay and inactivity during the months of November and December of 1863 and part of January, 1864, gave us ample opportunity to reflect and discuss the serious aspect of affairs. Although we had received a stunning blow at Gettysburg, quickly discerned and understood by a glance at our thinned ranks, and the absence forever of brave men whose places could not be supplied. Naturally, the query was often made, how long will the war last? when will it end? what are our prospects? shall it continue until the last man is shot in the last ditch? and what do the Northern people mean? Is their intention to free the slaves, subjugate the the states and overthrow the very citadel of liberty itself? They call us rebels; can a sovereign be a rebel? These and many other similar questions were asked and discussed. We had been taught that the states were sovereign and that their governments were instituted to secure certain inalienable rights of the citizens with which their Creator had endowed them,

and that among these rights were life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness and that the security of all these resided with the states and not with their Federal agent. It was asked if it was possible that the Northern people, by a war unauthorized by the constitution, would put in jeopardy their own liberties for the sake of the freedom of certain negro slaves. Their first war cry was for the Union and time and again the Federal soldier stated to us that if he believed the war was for the freedom of the negro he would not fire another shot, but he was kept in the dark as to the real designs of his superiors.

It was true that some of our soldiers were getting tired of the war, yet were unwilling to quit the service, especially, when they saw the condition of the States overrun by the Federal armies in which they read the fate of their own beloved Commonwealth. We believed the North to be as willing to quit as we were, the only difference was we wanted them to quit first and go home and let us alone. In these discussions we generally arrived at the decision to "fight it out whether it takes a long or a short time."

As previously stated, the regiment had gone into quarters at Taylorsville about the 1st of November. It seems a battle was imminent on the Rapidan between the army of Gen. Lee and the Federal army about the 27th of November as I see from one of my

letters of that date that I say "we had orders yesterday to be ready to march at a moment's warning. It is thought Gen. Lee will have a battle in a few days." The expected battle did not take place and we remained in camp.

During our stay at Taylorsville the Rev. Dr. Blackwell, who had been in the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth during Butler's reign of terror, delivered to our brigade a lecture on Butler, his troops, and the noble women of Norfolk and Portsmouth. I would be glad if I could reproduce it here. After describing the insults of the Federal soldiery, and the sacrifices and heroic conduct of the women of those cities, he proceeded to eulogize them, and so much thereof as is remembered will here be given. He began by saying, "Woman is lovely but not a goddess. We call her angel, but she has no wings to soar quite beyond the bounds of terrene. She is the loveliest form of beauty known to earth, and presents the purest type of that sweet companionship that awaits us in the bright land of the hereafter; but still she is flesh and blood, loves to steal from the bowers of her paradise and dwell with men, mingle in the common concerns and partake of the common infirmities of the human race. As the graceful vine entwines itself around the sturdy oak when riven by the lightnings of heaven, so she, though the feebler, gentler sex, is the prop upon

which the sterner sex in the midst of revolution of ten leans for repose. * * * * And when the history of this revolution is fully written, the noble women of Norfolk and Portsmouth will stand in the front ranks of that illustrious galaxy of Southern females whose heroic acts and beauteous deeds have illuminated our heavens and thrown a halo of fadeless glory around the noble women of Norfolk and Portsmouth.''

Our rations were not abundant while at Taylorsville; one pint of unseived meal and a quarter of a pound of bacon per day. We made coffee of parched wheat, rye and rice. Occasionally some of the boys would get, somehow, potatoes or rutabagas, of which they would make soup. It was said of Aleck Bolton that he could dispense with a gallon at one meal. There was so little of the bacon that we could not well afford to fry it, so we generally eat it raw with an ash cake or johnny cake. We had but few cooking utensils, but taken in connection with the quantities of rations, we had need of few. Our Col. Flowerree had a servant, a negro man, Strother by name, whom he always called Gen. Beauregard, and a fine grey horse that he called Botts and of which he was passionately fond and so was the old negro, who was devoted to the Colonel's interest and welfare. If the Col. took a little too much stimulant, which he occasionally did, Strother was looking

carefully after him, especially if he happened to ride out

We had religious services occasionally, but the weather was mostly too inclement to have preaching out in the open air and we had no church in camp. Such services as were had were generally in the messes or conducted in the quarters of J. Tyler Frazier, to which all were invited that chose to attend. When permission could be obtained we attended a church in the neighborhood at which a Miss —, a pretty maid of about seventeen attended and with whom it was commonly reputed Col. Flowerree had quite a love affair, but this may have been but camp gossip. But Tim P. Darr did have a real love scrape, but the girl he loved was an old maid very much his senior in years, and the boys persuaded or laughed him out of it; but the lady was not to be bluffed; she insisted on his fulfilling his engagement and came all the way down to Chester and brought him nice things to eat, yet Tim refused and that was the last we heard of the matter.

Orders came to prepare to move and we began to make preparations.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MARCH THROUGH RICHMOND AND ON TO PETERSBURG—TRANSPORTED BY RAIL TO GOLDSBORO—THE NEWBERN EXPEDITION— THE EXECUTION OF DESERTERS.

Return to Goldsboro and in camp there—The execution of a deserter and the scene the preceding night—To Wilmington, the Mouth of Cape Fear and South field—Rev. J. Tyler Frazier's love affair—Our return to Goldsboro and march to Tarboro—To Plymouth, Washington and Newbern—News that hastens our return to Virginia—A delightful populace—Confronting Butler, who swiches off—The battle of Drury's Bluff—Pursuit after Butler to Bermuda Hundred—The unmerciful shelling—Death of Lieut. John W. Melles

Our preparations to move being completed on or about the 20th day of January, 1864, we took up the line of march, passing through Richmond and on to Petersburg, where we were put aboard the cars and transported to Goldsboro, North Carolina, where we remained but a few days.

Leaving camp on Saturday, the 29th, we pushed down to Kingston on the Neuse and thence through the swamps, bogs and mud, crossing the Trent to the vicinity of Newbern, where we made some captures of prisoners and stores and blew up a Federal gunboat lying in the river under the guns of the forts, which was accomplished by Col. Wood with his marines. A section of 3rd New York artillery (two guns) was captured, and about five hundred prisoners—among them some thirty-five of the 2nd Loyal N. C. regiment, who had been soldiers in our army and had deserted and joined the enemy. They were recognized and sent back to Kingston. More will be said of them and their fate hereafter.

It seemed our people found Newbern better prepared for defense than they had supposed and after a number of strong reconnaissances on all the roads and gathering up all the supplies that could well be transported, a little after dark on the night of the 3rd of February, as now recollected, we quietly stole away. The mud was so deep and the night so dark that we made slow progress. Crossing the Trent the next morning a little after dawn, we found ourselves covered with mud almost to our waists. During the night we had passed through extensive turpentine orchards which the men fired and which gave us splendid lights to march by and enabled us to avoid many of the deep sloughs into which we

would otherwise have plunged. Halting for a short time after we crossed the Trent, we again pushed on reaching Kingston that evening.

The next day was convened the court martial for the trial of the thirty-five deserters who had been captured with United States uniforms on and guns in their hands, fighting under our enemy's flag. There could be no question as to their fate. By the laws of war, their offence was death by hanging. After a fair and impartial hearing, some twenty-six of their number were sentenced to be hanged, which sentence, after being approved by the Department Commander, was carried into execution in a few days. The execution took place near our camp, but these were scenes no brave soldier desired to witness unless required, therefore but few witnessed the execution, save those whom duty required to be present. These men deserved death, and they must have known when they deserted the Confederate service and entered that of the enemy, that if captured in arms against us, that war's inexorable law fixed death as the penalty of their act, and they could expect nothing else. It is a horrible sight to see even one poor wretch dangling in the air, much more to see twenty-six misguided men launched into eternity—into the presence of their Creator at the same time. Oh, war! thy horrors that carry death and destruction on every hand; the sum of all

human calamities! misery and woe! may our land never again be cursed with its horrors, devastations, destructions and miseries. These men seduced, by the cry for the Union, deserted their country and were ready to redden their hands in the blood of their own kindred.

We again moved on to Goldsboro, reaching there about the middle of February. Rations were still short and there was some complaint by the farmers that their hogs were disappearing and that the soldiers were butchering them. This charge was not without foundation, for by searches made in some of the camps, fresh pork was found, and where the violator could be found he was pretty generally punished, as well he should have been. The principal charges were made against the 24th regiment—but few, if any, against our regiment; though I believe some of the teamsters of the regiment got into trouble about it, and —, charged with having been the informant, though he helped to eat the hog; but they charge, whether true or not I do not know, that — made the disclosure in order to get the furlough offered by the commandant to any one who would inform on any one killing a hog. Be this as it may, — got the furlough, never came back, but went over to the enemy — was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, on his return to camp at Goldsboro claimed that he was not able

for service, and took up lodgings with Geo. W. Hurt and other teamsters. He wrote a letter to Gen. Lee which ran about as follows:

DEAR GEN'L:

I am a member of Co. "D," 7th Virginia Infantry. I was wounded at the second battle of Manassas and am unfit for duty in the field. I am a pretty fair shoemaker, and if I can be detailed I am willing to render all the service I can.

Gen. Lee transmitted the letter to the regiment and the boys had a good deal of fun out of ——. Of course he did not get the detail, but did get the furlough and never returned.

A member of Company "B," as now recollected, was under sentence of death for desertion, and had been for some time, but the sentence and findings of the court had not been approved by Gen. Lee. While awaiting this, the man had been kept under strict guard with ball and chain fastened to his ankles. Late one evening a courier came down from Head Quarters with papers, among them the approval of the findings of the court martial. I happened to be at regimental head quarters (as I was then messing with the Adjutant) and was directed to proceed to the guard house and order the officer of the guard to see that the guns of the guard were loaded. Delivering the message to the officer, I turned to walk

away when I was hailed by a man—the brother of the condemned—and asked, “is my brother to be shot tomorrow?” I answered, “yes.” He asked for Mr. Frazier (J. Tyler) and on being informed that he was out of camp, he requested that so soon as he returned that I should bring him to the guard house, to which I assented. It was late before Mr. Frazier returned, perhaps 10 o’clock at night, but immediately on his arrival I walked with him to the condemned man’s quarters at the guard house. Mr. Frazier asked him if he was aware that he had to die tomorrow and meet his God. He responded, “don’t trouble me; I want to go to sleep.” Thus he repulsed Mr. Frazier repeatedly and finally compelled him to desist and go away. The fact is, the man did not believe he would be shot and only realized it the next morning when a wagon drove up with his coffin in it, on which he was required to ride to the place of execution. The whole brigade was marched out to witness the execution of this poor wretch who had to die, as he said, for going home.

Some days after this execution, about the 5th of March, we moved by rail to Wilmington, thence by steamer to Smithfield at the mouth of the Cape Fear. I see by a letter written by me on 14th that we had been at Smithfield nine days. The letter reads as follows:

CAMP 7TH VA. INFANTRY,
 NEAR SMITHFIELD, N. C., }
 March 14th, 1864.

* * * *

It has been nine days since our brigade arrived at this place. One regiment (the 24th) has been sent to garrison Forts Caswell and Campbell. I have just returned from a visit to the former. We crossed over in an open boat, the distance being about two miles. There was quite a lively time at the Forts this morning. The blockade runner Lucy, in attempting to run the blockade, was beached, and the enemy made an attempt to capture her, but he was driven off by our batteries.

This is certainly the poorest country I was ever in. We have plenty of oysters to eat, very good to those who relish them. I can't say that I am fond of them.

* * * *

Oysters were cheap and could readily be procured. The men cooked them in various ways—some roasted them in the shell, some eat them raw and some mixed them up in corn dough and baked them.

Our Rev. J. Tyler Frazier was with us, that is, except when he was out preaching, which was most generally the case. He frequently preached at Smithfield, and became acquainted with many persons, and especially with the charming w. a. B.,

with whom he was reported as having quite a love affair, and that he was in earnest as well as she. I shall have much to say of our fighting, preaching parson in a chapter which will be devoted to the subject of "Religion in the Army."

As related in the letter above, one of our blockade runners which had succeeded in passing the Federal blockading fleet in safety, was closely pursued and run on to the beach off Fort Caswell. The pursuing vessel of the enemy attempted to approach near enough to capture or destroy the Confederate vessel, and might have succeeded but for the fact that one of our regiments took from the Fort two Whitworth guns and dragged them down the beach to a point near where the vessel was aground and by a few well-directed shots drove the Federal gun boat away and the "blockade runner" came in with the tide.

Our position on the coast was not comfortable—in truth, was made very disagreeable by the strong, cold March winds which caused us to long for our Virginia hills and forests.

Leaving Smithfield on Friday, 25th March, we were again placed aboard a steamer and started for Wilmington. The river was full of torpedoes and the channel in which boats were to pass was indicated by buoys (floating objects.) The Captain of the boat was an Englishman, and the name of the

man at the wheel (the pilot) was Kelley, who seemed to be very drowsy—in fact, sleepy, so much so that the Captain walked the deck and continually called out, “Kelley, look out, buoy on the starboard side! You, Kelly, buoy on the larboard side! Three points off!” All night long this was kept up. We were constantly in dread of being blown into the air by the explosion of a torpedo under the boat. I do not know how we could have passed the night as well as we did had not Bill Dean and his Glee Club kept singing, “Oh! carry me back to old Virginia once more.”

Landing a little after dawn the next morning, Saturday, the 26th, at Wilmington, we found the ground covered with a light snow, which increased in depth as we receded from the coast. We went by rail from Wilmington to Goldsboro, where we camped until Friday, 1st day of April, and then took up the march through snow and mud to Tarborough on the Tar river, which we reached by the 3rd, having made about fifty miles in a little less than three days. Tarborough is a small town situated on the South bank of the Tar river about sixteen miles from the Petersburg and Weldon railroad at Rocky Mount. We rested quietly in camp at Tarborough until Sunday, the 10th, when orders came to get ready to move. On next morning we were under arms and our teams had driven out into

the road and all made ready to march when the order came not to move till further orders, which we received on the 15th, as now recollected, and marched down the Tar, through Greenville and crossing over to the waters of the Roanoke and and through the little villages of Williamston and Jamesville to the vicinity of Plymouth, which we reached on the evening of the 17th. A fort of the enemy about one mile above the town and on the bank of the river gave us quite a shelling, and two of his gun boats which had passed up the river late in the evening were pretty badly used up on their return by one of our batteries (Richmond Fayette Artillery) stationed near the river bank. All was quiet during the night, but with the dawn of day the skirmishing and shelling began and was kept up for the most of the day. Late in the evening our brigade was moved from the river to a point in front of the town and facing an outer fort called Wessels, which commanded the country inland. It was after dark when we arrived on the ground near this fort which had already been assailed by a portion of Hoke's brigade, in which Col. Mercer, of the 21st Georgia, was killed and his men driven back. The fort mounted several heavy guns, and sharpshooters lined the parapet; it was surrounded by a deep, broad ditch on the outside of which was a heavy abatis. Our brigade approached left in

front and the regiments were compelled to counter-march, which they did in good order, but under a pretty severe fire from the fort. So soon as we were in position a line of sharp shooters or skirmishers advanced and surrounded the fort and Col. Dearing with his artillery pushed his guns close up and opened fire. In a few minutes the guns of the fort were silenced and the garrison surrendered. In the mean time our brigade had pushed its way between this fort and the town and was now lying within three or four hundred yards of the enemy's breast works; the right of our regiment resting on the road leading from Fort Wessels into the town. For some time the enemy's gun boats in the river continued to throw shell and shot, but without doing much damage.

The night was a bright moonlight one and the enemy could be seen walking about inside his line of intrenchments. About 10 p. m. Col. Dearing came down the road to our regiment, and taking Captain Parr, our adjutant, Sergeant Wm. Parrott, of company "I," and myself advanced to the front with a flag of truce; after advancing some distance, Parrott and myself were ordered to go forward waiving the flag (a rather dirty white handkerchief tied to a pole.) Failing to attract attention, although within one hundred yards of the enemy's line, in obedience to directions from Col. Dearing, I called out,

“flag of truce.” The query came, “what do you want?” Col. Dearing answered, “the General commanding the Confederate forces wishes to communicate with the General commanding the Federal forces by flag of truce and through a field officer.” The party responded, “your request will be sent to the General.” Parrott and myself were ordered to advance a short distance to the front, where we were in plain view of the enemy’s line. In a few minutes a squad of Federal soldiers came towards us with their guns at a carry and fixed bayonets; one of them had a white handkerchief tied to his bayonet. The officer excitedly asked, “what do you want? what communication have you to make?” I told him that I had none but Col. Dearing was near by that had; and the Col. and the Federal officer stepped aside and after a few moment’s consultation the officer and his men started away. Col. Dearing called to him that he must be back in half an hour and the officer promised compliance. He returned within that time, and again the two officers had a private interview which lasted but a few moments. We bade each other good night, the Federals returning to their lines and we to ours. While neither Sergt. Parrott nor myself certainly knew what this meant, we supposed, and rightly too, that it was a demand for the surrender of the town with its garrison, which had been refused.

During the night the Confederate iron clad ram Albemarle came down the river and with the dawn of day on Tuesday, the 19th, together with our batteries, opened on the Federal gun boats and the town, and Gen. Ransom's brigade assaulted the enemy's intrenchments on his left, Hoke's brigade on on his right, while our brigade moved on the center bearing down upon Fort Williams. We saw Hoke's men enter the enemy's line of works to our left and a shout of exultation arose which immediately drew upon us the fire of the guns in Fort Williams, which threw shell, grape and case shot which caused considerable loss in one or two of the regiments of our brigade, but little in ours—our company having but two men (Sergt. A. L. Fry and John W. East) slightly wounded. Information came that the enemy was escaping by the Washington road and we were ordered to move at a double quick by the right flank. This brought us under the direct fire of the guns of Fort Williams and it was now that our greatest loss was sustained.

A rapid double quick soon found us across the Washington road in line of battle. A few stragglers were captured as they attempted to pass us—among them a large, burly negro in the full uniform of a United States soldier. He, being the first negro soldier we had seen, was quite a sight for us. He was very badly scared for he thought we would eat

him blood raw, but we had no idea of doing him hurt. In a few minutes thereafter the enemy in Fort Williams lowered his flag and we marched into the town.

The fruits of this victory were some 1600 prisoners, besides about 700 negroes, 25 guns and at least 2000 small arms and valuable quartermaster and commissary stores and the capture of one or more Federal gunboats. To the commissary and sutlers' stores the men helped themselves bountifully. Each man soon had a load that would have been heavy for a horse to carry. One had cotton domestics, another an armful of ready made under clothing, another was loaded with boots and shoes and another with bacon hams. Our enjoyment was brief, for that evening we took the road to Washington at the head of Pamlico Sound and pushed off at a rapid gait so that by dark we were in the neighborhood of that town. Early on the next morning, Wednesday, the 20th, Gen. Hoke was preparing to invest the town when it was discovered that the enemy had evacuated it; disgracing themselves and their flag however before their departure by arson and pillage. Gen. Hoke determined to push his successes, marched us immediately upon Newbern, demanded its surrender, which being refused, he was preparing to carry it by assault when he was directed to hasten to the relief of Petersburg.

At Tarborough, Baldwin L. Hoge was taken sick and sent to hospital and James B. Croy a short time before had been sent on detached service in the Blackwater region near Suffolk. Just how many of my company and who they were that were on this expedition to Plymouth, Washington and Newbern, I am unable to state, but I know the company had been much reduced in numbers. Our Lieut. Stone was still a prisoner and Lieut. Walker had not yet recovered from wounds received at Gettysburg and was retired from service during the month of April, 1864, so that Capt. Bane and Lieut. John W. Mullins were the only commissioned officers present at this time.

On the 5th day of May, 1864, the Federal Gen. Butler landed at City Point on the James with some twenty-five thousand troops, and feeling his way carefully and slowly towards the city of Petersburg, had on the 9th reached Swift Creek, some three miles north of that city. Confronting him was Gen. Pickett with only a few hundred North and South Carolina troops and a few pieces of artillery. He kept his troops so well in hand and so maneuvered as to conceal from his adversary his real weakness. At this time the brigades of Terry (ours,) Barton, commanded by Gen. Fry, and Corse, of Pickett's division with some North Carolina troops all under Gen. Hoke, were operating, as previously stated, in

and around Newbern, preparing to carry the place by assault if practicable or to shut up the enemy so closely in the city as to allow the Confederate commissariat to take out with safety all the supplies that could be obtained.

In this situation and while the Confederates were pressing closely upon Newbern and the Federals closely upon Petersburg and threatening to enter the back door of the Confederate Capitol, a messenger reached Gen. Hoke in front of Newbern, informing him of the serious aspect of affairs at Petersburg. Without delay the Confederate column, with its head directed towards the beleaguered city, was set in motion and moved day and night till it reached Stony Creek on the Petersburg and Weldon railroad, some twenty miles south of Petersburg, where it was found that the enemy's cavalry had destroyed the railroad bridge over that stream. The situation at Petersburg was so grave as to demand the presence of our column and without delay. All the rolling stock of every kind of the railroad then in control at Petersburg was run out to meet us and we boarded the trains just when and where we reached them, and by 11 o'clock on Thursday, the 12th day of May, we were in the city. The whole populace, men, women and children, it seemed had turned out en masse to welcome us as their deliverers from the hand and presence of a man whose

conduct, career and notoriety in the cities of New Orleans, Norfolk and Portsmouth had made for him a reputation—world-wide—and regarded by them as the most unfeeling brute then unhung, and in whose hands and under whose control, neither life, liberty, property, reputation nor character of even non-combatants, old men, helpless women and children would be safe. This was why men, women and children shouted for joy when our column entered the city and marched across the Appomattox to interpose between them and Butler and his troops, then scarce three miles away. Our column was moved rapidly forward to Swift Creek and placed in position on the east side of the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike road, and in front of the enemy's skirmishers. By the time we had fairly gotten into position, night came on and we remained in this position, in line of battle, until morning, when it was discovered that the foe had withdrawn, and we went forward along the turnpike road, ascertaining that Butler had switched off, thus leaving our march towards Richmond unimpeded. As the rear guard of the column was passing the Half Way House it was fired upon by the enemy and a brisk skirmish ensued without any special loss to either side; the Confederates were not disposed to bring on an engagement and the enemy seemed satisfied to keep at a safe distance. Reaching the outer defenses of

Drury's Bluff, our brigade, now commanded by Brigadier Gen. Wm. H. Terry, of Bedford, was placed in line of battle on the west side of the tannery-pike and facing southward, having by the day's march succeeded in placing ourselves between the enemy and the Confederate Capitol.

Some slight skirmishing occurred during the evening. Things remained quiet during the night, but the skirmishing was renewed at the dawn of day. As now recollected, Gen. Beauregard arrived early on the morning of the 14th, having passed by way of Chesterfield C. H. and around the enemy's left. About noon of the 14th we were moved to an inner line of defenses which very much shortened our line, this being made necessary by the weakness of our force, which was greatly outnumbered by the enemy, our brigade being now held in reserve and as a support for the troops holding this inner line of defenses referred to.

During the 15th, Gen. Beauregard held a council of war composed of the principal or chief general officers present, the result of which was only known to us by the statement that we were to supply ourselves with sixty rounds of cartridges, that we were going to fight—just how, when or where we did not know, but some how, or in some way, it got to be pretty well understood that we were going to fight and that we were to be the assailants. Our brigade,

with that of Fry, Gracie's Alabama brigade and Hoke's North Carolina brigade, all under the command of Maj. Gen. Robert Ransom, of North Carolina, were marched, late on the evening of Sunday, the 15th, toward the James River, to a point overlooking Kingsland Creek and the enemy's position beyond, some half a mile in front of us. On our left was a body of cavalry occupying the space between our left and the river.

While on the march that evening, Col. Flowerree said to me, "we are going to fight in the morning at daylight." I spoke of this communication to several of my company, but it being so unusual for our officers to make any such communications, they would scarcely believe it; yet we all knew some important matter was at hand from the preparations being made, the sixty rounds of cartridges, etc. Our march from right to left was conducted slowly, carefully and quietly that our movement might be kept concealed from the enemy who at no point along our line was more than fair musket range away. Between 9 and 10 o'clock p. m., we halted in a wood a short distance out of which lay the Confederate skirmish line, within three to four hundred yards of the enemy's line of battle. We were marched into the wood referred to and formed one regiment behind another, and as we stacked arms, our Colonel called out, "lie down, men, and

go to sleep; we got up at 2 o'clock in the morning and charge the Yankees at daylight." This remark produced among the men no sort of impression of its truthfulness, for they could not believe that if true they were likely to be informed of it by the Commander. Down to sleep lay most of the men, little thinking that when the glow and sands of another night should be thrown around them, many of their number would be sleeping in their mother earth. Yet such was the case with many a gallant, beardless youth who had gone to sleep that night thinking, perhaps, of mother, home and friends. Many who had passed the fiery ordeal of battle—some on a dozen fields—yet were to go down on this. The gallant Walker, who had borne aloft and planted on the enemy's works at Gettysburg, the colors of the 11th regiment and had his horse killed from under him, and a number of bullet holes had pierced his clothing, yet escaping unhurt, was to go down on the morrow; and many others as valiant as he were to fight their last fight, pass from among men and be numbered with the dead ere the sun should go down on the next day.

That we were to fight on the morrow, I had no doubt—knew it to be true and some of the reasons why I knew it were that Gen. Lee with the main portion of the army of Northern Virginia was in an almost daily hand to hand struggle in the tangles of

the Wilderness and on the hills of Spottsylvania with the Federal army under Gen. Grant, and the latter by flank movements was getting nearer and nearer Richmond; and every day that Gen. Butler's army was allowed to remain quiet in front of Drury's Bluff it was strengthening its position by earth works, trenches, forts and fortifications, and menacing the Richmond and Danville railroad, then our only line of communication with the other states of the Confederacy. Thus the reason we should fight Butler and drive off his army, or destroy it if we could. This, Gen. Beauregard determined to attempt, and to strike where, if full success attended our efforts, we might hope to capture or so demoralize the enemy that he would not give us further trouble and allow the greater part of the troops operating south of the James to go to the assistance of Gen. Lee. To fight this battle was imperative, and to become the assailants was almost, if not altogether, an absolute necessity, for if the enemy could have maintained his position in front of Drury's Bluff and so near to Richmond, while Gen. Grant would continue his flank movements till he could have joined hands, as it were, across the James with Gen. Butler, the fate of Richmond would have been decided almost a year before it was. Whether this was Gen. Grant's plan when he sent Butler to City Point, or whether he supposed the Confederate

Capitol was unprotected on the south of the James and all the troops for its defense were with Gen. Lee, and Butler's forces would be able to enter Richmond, or whether he expected them to hasten Gen. Lee's retirement from Spottsylvania, I do not pretend to know; but certain it is, had Butler not been driven away, the fate of Richmond and probably of the Confederacy, must the sooner have been decided.

During the night I visited some friends belonging to an artillery company commanded by Capt. David A. French, of Giles county, and which was encamped near by us. This company was to take part in the morrow's conflict.

Promptly at 2 o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 16th, we were roused from our slumbers, that is those who slumbered, not by the rattle of the drum or the beating of the long roll, but quietly we were gotten up and into line. Throwing aside our baggage and canteens—indeed, everything that would make a noise calculated to betray us or our movements to the enemy—we stole quietly out of the wood and down through an open field across Kingsland Creek, where we halted and formed a line of battle on the plan fixed the day before and as related to me by Col. Flowerree, that is, Gracie's Alatan a and Hoke's North Carolina brigades to form the front line, with Terry's (ours) and Fry's at four hundred yards in rear to form the second line.

While the lines were being formed, I said to the Col. that we now had with us John East, of my company, and with his permission I would try and see that East went into the battle, for the boys always said that East had a brave heart but his cowardly legs would carry him away.

My company was the left color or center company and East, a large, stout man, weighing about two hundred pounds and quite tall, occupied a position in the rear rank at the right of the company; who his field leader was I do not now recollect. East showed some little trepidation, for now and then came among or near us a stray shot from the enemy's skirmish line, doubtless suspecting that something strange was going on in front. It required but a few minutes for the men to get into line, but before all things were in readiness, day began to dawn: yet on account of the heavy fog from the river and creek which had settled around us, a man or an object could not be distinguished but a few yards away, and we were so far completely concealed from the enemy, though from the occasional shots from his skirmishers it seems he should have been fully apprised of our approach.

The assaulting column could not have numbered more than four thousand men. Just what was in front of us no man could tell, but were very soon to see and feel. Gracie's Alabama brigade was in

front of ours (Terry's), and as previously stated, we were to follow Gracie at the distance of four hundred yards in order to be ready to lend a helping hand should he need it.

Gen. Gracie was a large man with a stentorian voice. All things being ready, Gen. Gracie's voice, loud enough it seemed to be heard a mile, rang out upon the still morning. "Skirmishers forward, march! second the battalion of direction; battalions forward; guide right, march!" Away went the Alabamians to the front. Gen. Terry, impatient as he always was when in the face of the enemy, anxious to be up and at them, without waiting for Gen. Gracie's line to gain the distance required by the plan of battle, immediately and before the sound of Gracie's voice was hushed, turned to us and gave the command: "Second the battalion of direction; battalions forward; guide right; march!" (The guide was on the second battalion on the right, which was to direct the line of march.)

Alarmed by the commands of our officers, the enemy's skirmishers fired rapidly, and of course, at random; but their firing was the signal that roused his main line of battle which occupied a position only some hundred yards in rear of his skirmish line. The grounds over which the assaulting column had to pass was a gradual ascent from the little bottom along the creek for about one hundred yards

when the summit was reached and then a slight descent for about the same distance to the enemy's battle line, the right of which rested on a sweep rendered almost impeneable on account of the water, rocks, brambles, etc.

Gracie's brigade met the fire of the enemy's main line as it reached the summit and our brigade being only about forty to fifty yards in rear of Gracie's, soon reached the summit and became exposed to the rain of leaden hail aimed at the men in front of us and which seemed as destructive to us as to the Alabamians. Gen. Terry halted our brigade on the summit of the hill referred to, while Gracie's men attempted to press forward to the enemy's line the exact position of which no one seemed to know, and the fog and smoke prevented us from seeing.

The ground over which we were passing and had to pass was entirely open, while, as it was afterwards developed, the enemy was in the edge of a wood and behind a temporary breastwork made of logs which furnished him excellent protection from musket balls. While occupying this position a battery of four guns, commanded by Capt. David A. French, of Giles county, came up on our right and took position on the summit of the hill and opened a rapid fire upon what it supposed to be the enemy's position; and it was mere supposition as the smoke and fog obscured from view the enemy and

his position though scarcely more than one hundred yards away ; consequently the fire of the battery had to be so directed as to fire over our men in front and did but little damage to the enemy's front line. The enemy having on the day previous doubtless surveyed the whole ground in his front was enabled to so direct his fire as to be very effective and terrific ; every ball that missed the Alabamians in our front was most sure to hit some one in our ranks ; and so hot was the fire that some companies on the extreme right of our regiment lay down or attempted to do so, but Col. Flowerree called out "stand up, men ; don't you see that the balls are striking the ground at your feet and there is greater danger lying down than standing up ?" My man East was still in line but dodging every moment.

On our right and in line with us was Barton's brigade, commanded by Gen. Fry, and to its right was Haygood's South Carolina brigade holding Fort Stevenson and the ground between the fort and the right of Barton's brigade. Gracie's men in our front had pushed up to within a few yards of the enemy's line, but meeting such a warm fire and stubborn resistance was compelled to halt and lie down. At this juncture of affairs Gen. Gracie came hurriedly to Gen. Terry and stated that two of his regiments had acted badly or had failed to push forward and that he wanted two of his (Terry's)

regiments. Terry responded, "let your men lie down and I will go forward with my whole brigade." Then came the word, "forward!" which in a moment rang along the whole line. Now was the supremest moment of all! Such an outburst! Such a deafening yell! It must have made every Yankee mother's son quake in his place. Here on this summit we had stood in horrible suspense for full twenty minutes or more, every moment of which we saw gap after gap made in the ranks of the companies on the right of the colors of our regiment. It was a positive relief to hear the word forward. Forward we went through fog, smoke and leaden hail. At each volley delivered by the enemy down went scores of our men. As yet not a man of the brigade had fired a gun, anxious to get to close quarters before delivering their fire.

Our regiment occupied the left of the brigade and overlapped or extended beyond the left of Gracie's line so that in advancing the left half or wing of the regiment saw nothing of Gracie's men in the advance. On reaching a position a few yards in front of the enemy's line of works, three companies of the regiment encountered the swamp referred to and were unable to get through, but Capt. Parr, the Adjutant of the regiment, faced these companies to the right and moved them at a double quick to a position on the right wing of the regiment. Before

this could be fully accomplished the regiment had broken the enemy's line and had crossed his breastworks and was making a wheel to the right, when Capt. Parr led the three companies upon the enemy's flank, striking a Massachusetts regiment, capturing its Colonel (Lee) together with its colors. This wheel and attack upon the enemy's flank and rear relieved the pressure upon the 1st, ~~23d~~, 11th and 24th regiments which for some minutes had been engaged in an almost hand to hand contest with the enemy—indeed, had gotten so close that the men did not take time to return ramrods to their thimbles, but ran down the cartridges and fired away, filling the log breastworks and trees with the ramrods.

The loss in the 1st, 11th and 24th regiments had been severe in officers and men—some companies losing one half of their numbers in killed and wounded. The gallant Col. Maury of the 24th fell severely wounded within a few feet of the enemy's line, while its Major Hambrick was instantly killed. The color sergeant or ensign of the 11th regiment had a bayonet fixed upon the end of his color staff which he used with effect upon the enemy when he reached the works.

Many of the men of the 1st, 11th and 24th regiments fell where the fire from the enemy's muskets almost struck them in the face; and on one part of

the line the men clubbed their muskets and fought across the log works behind which the enemy were sheltering.

As previously stated, our regiment (the 7th) having broken the enemy's line on his right and assailed his flank and rear, quickly relieved the regiments so closely engaged on our right and still bore to the left through the tangled wood, and pushed and doubled the enemy's right, captured large numbers of prisoners, among them, Brig. Gen. Heckman, of New Jersey, and several field officers and four stand of colors. In our headlong rush we ran past Gen. Heckman standing in rear of his brigade; he wore a heavy overcoat somewhat the color of the overcoats worn by our own officers, and being aware that Gracie's men had gone in ahead of us, and that we had not seen them, some of our men supposed, among them Harry Snidow, that Heckman was an officer of Gracie's command and said to him, "Col., is your regiment in front?" "Yes," he answered, "go ahead, you are driving them." Harry passed on; not so with Sergt. Blakey who enquired of the Gen. what was the number of his regiment. This confused him and he could not or did not answer, but said, "go ahead, you are driving them." Blakey said, "you are my prisoner." The Gen. said, "yes." "Have you any side arms," enquired the Sergt. "Yes," answered the prisoner, "but I am

a General officer and prefer surrendering them to a field officer." "All right," replied Blakey, and marched his prisoner up to Col. Flowerree to whom the Gen. surrendered his sword and pistols, and was hurried to the rear with some seven or eight hundred of his brigade.

The brigade continued its movement and advance upon the enemy's flank and along his rear until it had made a complete wheel facing back in the direction of Kingsland Creek, the point from which we started in the morning. Several hundred yards of the enemy's line had been taken and was in the complete possession of the Confederates.

As our brigade on the wheel neared the enemy's line of works, we saw now and then a Federal soldier step away, and occasionally a shot was fired at some escaping soldier. Bill Davis raised up and levelled his musket to shoot a fleeing Federal soldier; standing immediately behind him (Davis) I raised my sword and gave him a severe rap on the arm which caused him to lower his musket and turn and inquire "what's the matter?" I replied, "there is no use to shoot one man and him running." Just then Capt. Harris, the Adjutant General of the brigade rode by, and I said to him, "Capt. Harris, from the wheel we have made, we must be facing our own men, and our boys should be cautioned not to fire." He replied, "that's true," and rode on.

As we were in the act of crossing a ravine, beyond which some fifty yards on some rising ground were the abandoned works of the enemy, we discovered a little beyond these works a solid dark line advancing—meeting us face to face. Although the sun was up, yet on account of the fog and smoke of the battle, it was quite dark and very difficult to distinguish friend from foe at the distance of a few yards; some one cried out, “there they come!” In an instant the hammer of every musket was drawn back and in another moment a deadly volley would have been delivered into the approaching column, but at that moment came the cry, “don’t fire on them; they are our men; do you not see their small flag?” Col. Flowerree asked, “who are you?” The answer came, “who are you?” Lieut. Watson, our ensign, answered, “we are the 7th Virginia regiment, Confederate army.” Gen. Terry, who had by this time reached the front of our line, rode towards the advancing column, raising and waving his cap: the like signal was returned and the column was discovered to be Confederates. Our advance was continued to the abandoned works referred to, crossed them and faced about toward the enemy.

In the rapid movement made through the wood, the troops had become scattered and had not kept up with the line and Sergeant Ed. Yager, of our

company, was sent to gather up the men of the regiment and hurry them forward to the line.

During the lull which followed the storm, I was standing near J. Tyler Frazier and a sergeant of one of the companies of the 1st regiment engaged in conversation about the battle of the morning—its scenes and incidents—when a soldier came rushing up to Col. Flowerree, who was standing near by us, and reported that the Yankees were flanking us on the right. The story was scarcely told before a shower of bullets came whistling among us, which would have done much harm, had not the greater part of the men been lying down. The tree by which Mr. Frazier, the sergeant and myself were standing was struck by a number of balls.

Col. Flowerree, who was always quick to discover what to do and how to accomplish it, promptly ordered the regiment forward and left wheel, during which movement we lost several good men—among them a Sergt. Carpenter, of company A. I lost my man East—not killed, but by as rapid a run as any man could have made, and he did not come back for several months. He claimed to have been wounded, and perhaps was.

The wheel referred to, was completed in much less time than it takes to pen these lines. The regiment faced about to meet the advancing foe, but it just then happened that the Confederate

column upon which we were in the act of firing a few minutes before had marched to our right and were on the flank of the enemy, who was firing upon us. It opened a murderous fire which caused him to beat a hasty retreat. We again moved forward in the direction of the Richmond & Petersburg turn-pike road and finding no enemy, we returned to the line of captured works, then moved to the right and in front of Fort Stevenson over the ground on which Haygood's South Carolina brigade had fought so gallantly and suffered so fearfully. In his front at this point the enemy had stretched telegraph wire around and among the stumps and when Haygood's men charged into this place they became entangled in the wire and suffered great loss; their dead lay thick upon the ground. Quiet prevailed for the most part during the evening and night. We bivouaced on the battlefield the night of the battle burying our dead and caring for our wounded. The loss in the brigade, especially in the 1st, 11th and 24th regiments was very considerable, but the loss was small in our regiment except in two or three companies. My company was especially fortunate—having none killed and only two wounded, John W. East and John S. Dudley.

When ready to advance next morning it was discovered that the enemy had decamped during the night to Bermuda Hundreds and Butler "was

~~lashed~~ up." Both armies had been pretty badly worsted—the Confederates losing about three thousand ; the enemy admitting a loss of four thousand. As we were the assailants, doubtless our loss in killed and wounded was greater, his greater in prisoners. And so ended the battle of Drury's Bluff, which resulted, for the time being, in closing against the enemy the "back door" of the Capitol of the Confederacy

The morning after the battle our brigade pursued the enemy to Howlett's House, on the James, where there was an unfinished Confederate earth work. Our regiment and the 1st were sent to this work and as we approached it, the Col. did not like the appearance of things—thought the enemy might have hid himself behind these works under the cover of his gun boats and monitors in the river. The regiment was halted in the edge of and under the cover of a wood about three hundred yards from the earthwork, which was on a high bluff in open ground overlooking the river. The Col. requested me to go forward and see what discoveries I could make, and there being no way to approach except through an open field, I made straight for the works, which I found deserted. Waving my cap, the regiment came in at a double quick, and it had scarcely halted before the enemy's gunboats, not more than six hundred yards off, opened fire. Oh, that

unmerciful shelling, which lasted the whole evening and all night ! Shot and shell ploughed through the works, sometimes nearly burying men, killing and wounding others. I measured one shot thrown over; it was forty-five inches in circumference. Some of these shots made excavations in the earth large enough to hide a horse if lying down. Next morning, Wednesday, the 18th, Lient. John W Mullins, in command of the skirmish line, was dangerously wounded, and died thereof on the 22nd of June following. Lient. Mullins was a bright young man, brave and patriotic and much beloved by the men of his company

Withdrawing on the evening of the 18th, we marched to the neighborhood of Manchester and bivouaced for the night.

CHAPTER XVII.

THROUGH RICHMOND—MILFORD STATION—HEAVY
SKIRMISH—NEAR SPOTTSYLVANIA—TOM
YOWELL'S YARN—NORTH ANNA—
HANOVER JUNCTION—JOHN A.
HALE'S RETURN WITH A
PRISONER.

DIVISION REUNITED, AND MARCH AROUND ON A PARALLEL
WITH GRANT'S ARMY--BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR--
IMPROVISED TELEGRAPHIC LINE-- NEAR
MALVERN HILL--AMBUSHED BY
THE ENEMY.

Battle at Clay's House—The enemy's works captured—Gen. Lee's letter to Gen. Anderson—Continued marching and counter-marching—Petersburg mine and Richmond Examiner—Pitts Crayford and the author come near being "gobbled up"—Col. Florence and his prisoner—Our close proximity to the enemy—Shooting a deserter—Prisoners captured—John East in the role of deserter—Amos Sumner and the war—John Crayford and the news boy—Jack Thompson and Gen. Butler's amnesty proclamation or order—Sergeant Taylor elected Lieutenant—Christmas dinner—A crank and his bird—

R. M. Stafford, his book and the Dutchman—Sherman's march through Georgia and the outlook at the close of the year.

On the morning of the 19th of May, 1864, we left our night's bivouac and marched across Mayo's bridge, passed through Richmond to the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad depot, were placed aboard a lot of old flats and moved off in the direction of Fredericksburg. With us were seven companies of the 11th regiment and so many of the men of the 1st regiment as had not remained with their friends in Richmond. After an all day's ride, and until 10 p. m., we got off the cars at Milford Station and marched across the little river Mattaponi and went into bivouac. The night was pleasant and we fell down on the ground beside the road and were soon sound asleep. I slept next morning until the sun was shining in our camp and was awakened by a stir among the men; inquiring the cause, some one answered: "the Yankee cavalry are just beyond the depot and we are going over to drive them off." We did not then know but that General Lee was still holding Spottsylvania Court

House. Barton's brigade had just preceded us by the same route only a few hours. Quickly getting into line we marched across the bridge which spanned the little river and formed along the banks, throwing forward a strong skirmish line beyond the railroad and securing at the same time a high knob or point beyond and to the right of the depot. At this time only a few of the enemy's cavalry were in view, but in a few minutes several regiments made their appearance in an open field and pushed forward a heavy line of skirmishers, which were quick repelled by our skirmishers; then came several charging squadrons and our skirmishers returned to the line of the railroad and the squadrons were driven back: then began a contest for the possession of the hill or knob, which after several ineffectual efforts was finally carried and our men forced to return to the line of the railroad. By this time the fight had become quite lively all along our skirmish line, and we could distinctly see the columns of attack forming and a battery brought into the open ground. Our troops present did not exceed five hundred, while we were satisfied that the advancing column could not number less than three to five thousand; therefore our commandant acted wisely in concluding that a good run was better than a bad stand and that to run in time was the policy, indeed the better part of valor just then, and we were withdrawn

across the bridge and moved off at a rapid rate. Before the crisis had arrived repeated requests had been sent to Barton's brigade to return and help us, but the officer in command, moving under orders from his superior, declined to retrace his steps. Our skirmishers determined not to yield without a contest and they continued to pour into the enemy's advancing columns a strong fire; seeing however that they were powerless to prevent the enemy from passing over them and that quickly, they began a hasty retreat, but kept up a running fire; they were sorely pressed and it was evident that most of them must be captured and with the troops which had just withdrawn across the bridge unless something was speedily done for their relief. After the regiment had crossed, Capt. Parr, adjutant of our regiment, and myself stood at the end of the bridge watching the advancing enemy and the retreat of our skirmishers, till at length the Captain called to me and asked if I had any matches. I answered, "no, and if I had you could n't burn the bridge; let's tear it up," which we did by throwing the planks from the center of the bridge into the river. Two of our skirmishers came in a rush and sprang across the chasm; a moment more and the enemy's cavalry came dashing to the bridge, but it was too late. We were safe from that quarter although in danger from another, for one of the enemy's columns

had crossed at another bridge and was moving on a parallel road, with a view to intercept us at a point five miles in our rear where the roads intersected. Many of the skirmishers threw away their guns and swam the river, while others were captured — among them, Tom Yowell, of Culpeper, who told his captors that Gen. Lee's head quarters that morning was just across the river at a large, white house and that his whole army was close by ; this is what Yowell afterwards told us that he had stated to his captors and there must have been truth in it for the Northern newspapers had a similar account and that one or more army corps had halted and intrenched on account of this information and I know the matter was spoken of that Grant had been delayed six hours by this skirmish and show of fight, which enabled Gen. Lee to get across the North Anna in advance of the enemy

Our march was rapid and in passing the intersection of the roads referred to, our rear guard was fired upon by the enemy's advance. We must have marched twenty miles at least that day. for we did not bivouac until we came up with a portion of the main army moving towards the North Anna. The march was resumed the next morning and we passed the North Anna.

On Wednesday, the 25th, all the brigades of our division were brought together and the division

again reunited. On our march from Milford, John A. Hale, of my company, became detached from the regiment and fell in with two other men of the regiment and in their wandering got within the enemy's lines. Pretty well starved, they ventured to a house to procure food and found there a Federal soldier whom they took prisoner. They would gladly have liberated him but for the fear that he would report them and they would be hunted down and themselves made prisoners; they concluded that their only safety lay in retaining him, which they did for several days and finally succeeded in reaching us at Cold Harbor, though they ran many narrow escapes of capture by the enemy, sometimes running up on his picket unawares.

The division was pushed to the front and continued to move to the right on a parallel line with the enemy as he moved. Frequent skirmishing occurred along our front, resulting now and then in the death or wounding of some one.

On reaching the vicinity of Cold Harbor we held a position on the left of Law's Alabama brigade and of Hoke's division. In our front was continual skirmishing and we were subjected to an occasional heavy shelling.

On Thursday, the 2nd of June, about 4 o'clock p. m., the battle opened on our right and raged with intense fury until towards or a little after

sunset, when everything became quiet, but long ere this our new improvised mode of telegraphy had brought us the information that the enemy had been repulsed. This improvised mode was nothing more than the passing of the information from one to another along our line, and generally came as follows: "pass it along the lines that we have whipped the Yankees on the right."

Early on the morning of the 3rd the battle was renewed to our right and again the booming of the artillery and the crash of small arms was fearful, and again, and in a few minutes after the end of the fight, we were informed by our same telegraphic line that the enemy had been repelled. The fight on our front had been nothing more than a heavy skirmish and some cannonading. On the morning of the 4th I obtained permission to proceed to the right where Breckinridge's division had been engaged, to inquire about a friend, an old schoolmate, Lieut. James K. Peck, belonging to a battalion of Breckenridge's division. I passed around to the ground on which the division had been engaged, found Finnegan's Florida brigade and some other troops occupying the line occupied by Breckenridge the day before. I could get no accurate information from them as to where I could find the command. I concluded to retrace my steps; before doing so, however, I took a look over the field in front of

where the divisions of Breckenridge and Hoke had fought. The scene was frightful ; the enemy's dead lay almost in piles and heaps. During the whole war I never saw so many dead men on any one field. On passing Law's Alabama brigade, one of the men invited me to go up to the breastworks and take a look at the Federal dead in front. I declined for two reasons—one was, I did not care to look, and the other was any man's life was in danger who showed his head above the breastworks ; the enemy's sharpshooters were picking off every one that exposed himself to their view.

The weather was warm and the stench was even now horrible, which is always the case on a battle field where the dead are allowed to remain for a few hours, especially if the weather is warm. Blood, burnt powder and dead human bodies in hot weather produce a stench indescribable. I made some inquiries of this Alabama soldier as to how they had been able to produce such havoc in the enemy's ranks. He informed me that on the evening of the 2nd of June the brigade of Gen. Law held a position in advance of that held on the evening of June 3rd, and that although they had repulsed the enemy, they did not regard the position a strong one ; therefore they returned to an inner line having the shape of an arc of a circle, occupying the inner or concave, at each end of which was four guns ; that

on the withdrawal of the brigade on the evening or night of the 2nd, their men had gathered up all the small arms left on the field which they could reach, thereby giving to each man a half dozen or more guns, that the artillery was charged with double charges of canister and that when the enemy advanced on the 3rd that he came with fixed bayonets, uncapped guns and several lines deep and was allowed to come within the arc of the circle when there was delivered into him by infantry and artillery a concentric fire which left the enemy's dead, mangled and wounded in heaps; that only one Federal soldier, an Irishman, reached our lines and that he was pulled over our works, was drunk and that upon an examination of his canteen it was found about half full of whiskey and powder. They were mad—crazy men.

Our loss was exceedingly small—nothing in comparison to the thousands of the enemy. I returned to my regiment and aside from severe skirmishing nothing of interest occurred along the front of our division. The 5th and 6th were spent very much the same way. At early dawn on the 7th, as now recollected, an elderly looking gentleman rode into our quarters and inquired, "what troops are these?" On being informed, he asked for Col. Flowerree, whose quarters were pointed out to him. On meeting the Col., he made some remark about his

“d——d Tar heels” driving the enemy while we were sleeping. Our visitor was Gen. Early, but from his dress that morning no one would have taken him for a Confederate General.

Some days after this I learned that my friend and schoolmate, Lieut. Peck, had been killed on the 3rd. This was not only sad news to me but sadder still to a loving father and mother. He was a promising young man, and had he lived through the war would doubtless have made for himself a reputation, such as any man might be proud of. He was brave, kind-hearted, energetic, high-minded, ambitious, intellectual and the pride of his family

Grant was again moving towards the James and we pushed along in his front, crossing to the south side of the Chickahominy and between the Federal army and Richmond, until we reached the vicinity of Malvern Hill where we halted for a few days and until it was discovered that the enemy was crossing the James. On the 15th of June our column moved up the James and early on the morning of the 16th, crossed on the bridge just above Drury's Bluff or Fort Darling and pushed forward into the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike road, Hunton's brigade in advance, ours (Terry's) next, in the order of march. The day was warm and the road somewhat dusty, and as the march was by the route step and quite rapid, as was natural the command was considerably

strung out. After proceeding several miles from Drury's Bluff in the direction of Petersburg we discovered on the left side of the road some Confederate cavalry evidently on picket duty. On inquiry we ascertained that the enemy was near by and had been on the road in the early part of the morning; this however did not cause us any alarm nor cause us to close our ranks for we supposed that the enemy referred to by the cavalry pickets, were mere scouting parties who were not likely to venture near us. The march continued without interruption for a mile or so further on when we heard in front of us the sharp crack of a rifle or musket and soon another and again quite a volley. Our Col. required the march to be quickened and the men to close up. As we reached the foot of a hill there was poured into us, or rather at us, a considerable volley from the brush and woods on our immediate left, which did but little damage, but which was calculated to throw us into confusion, and with troops not well inured to service would have resulted in a panic; but our men were too old for that—we had become too much accustomed to war's alarms to be thrown into confusion. Col. Flowerre, always cool in the midst of the greatest danger, called out: "halt! front! Capt. Bane, throw your company forward as skirmishers." In a moment the company went forward at a double quick deploying as it went, closely

followed by the regiment. We had proceeded but a short distance before our skirmishers picked up some prisoners, among them, an Englishman who came back saying rather excitedly that he was forced into the army. Of course we did not believe him, for the enemy's army was made up, to a great extent, of a mercenary soldiery—men who had been hired to come to fight us. It was often remarked by our soldiers that we were fighting all Yankee-dom and the rest of mankind.

Capt. T. G. Popham, of our regiment, was in command of the skirmish line, and though bold and determined, yet was prudent when circumstances required prudence. The skirmish line advanced through the wood for a considerable distance and finally came in view of a line of earthworks extending through this wood, between which and our line of skirmishers was a ravine. Capt. Popham did not care to rush the men on to this line until he could ascertain what was behind it. He suspected that the enemy who had fired upon us in the road had retired behind this work, therefore he halted the line and called for some one to volunteer to go forward and reconnoiter; Crawford stepped out and said, "Captain, I'll go!" With his gun at a trail, he went down the hill, across the ravine and straight up the hill beyond to the works, which he mounted, looked about, turned around and shouted,

“come on, Captain, there is nobody here.” Forward went the line over the works and into the open field at the opposite side of which and in another unfinished work and in front of Clay’s or Dunn’s house lay the enemy’s skirmish line which opened a rapid fire upon our line; this lasted but a few moments, our skirmishers forcing the enemy’s back to their main line posted behind a strong earthwork. Our skirmishers halted behind the unfinished earthwork from which it had driven the enemy’s skirmishers, and after dark our line of battle moved forward and occupied the same line.

At dawn on the morning of Friday, the 17th, the skirmishing was renewed with vigor and continued until about 3 o’clock p. m., at which time it was determined to take by assault the enemy’s line in front and not more than one hundred and fifty yards away. Col. Flowerree directed me to go along the line and direct the commandants of companies to get their men ready for the charge. I proceeded about half way along the line of the regiment and had reached my old company and delivered the message to Capt. Bane, when J. B. Young, who was lying down, but was always promptly in his place, rose about half way up and threw his blanket over his shoulder exposing the back of his head to the enemy, one of whose sharpshooters fired at Young’s head, striking him in the back of the

neck or head ; he fell over on his side, dead as we supposed. I said to Charley Hale, "raise up his head ;" as he did so Young opened his eyes. I asked him if he was badly hurt, and he answered, he hoped not much. I then saw it was but a glancing shot and the wound was not serious. Young had not uttered even as much as a groan, much less an exclamation of pain ; he was, as the boys said, good grit. There was a marked difference in men when they received wounds—some would make a great noise, though not seriously hurt, while others, dangerously wounded, would not utter a word. Some, when wounded, would flee from the battlefield if able to run ; others would quietly walk away, encouraging troops going in as supports, while you often met men, sometimes wounded and sometimes not, who would say, "they have cut us to pieces ; it is a horrible place, they have too many men for us ; their guns are too heavy for ours, etc." Again we would meet some poor, bleeding, mangled man, his face all aglow with enthusiasm, calling out, "go ahead, boys ! we have got them ; we are driving them ; our boys are enough for them ; just a little help and all will be well." These were expressions that were heard on every battlefield. Just so sure as we met a badly scared, demoralized fellow getting to the rear, he would tell us it was a dangerous place, that his regiment was terribly cut up—in fact, about

all killed, etc. Such talk as this in the early days of the war when coupled with the sight of bleeding, wounded men quite unnerved us, but we soon learned better, and that it would not do to listen or believe such stories or be affrighted at such scenes. Men frequently died from slight wounds—the loss of a finger, yet others would survive when shot through the head, lungs or bowels. *

But returning to the time at which Young was struck down, I will relate what next occurred. Our batteries had opened a severe fire upon the enemy whose batteries promptly replied with spirit, and before I could reach the right of the line the order for the charge came and over the works went the men—helter skelter, pell mell, with a rush and a yell and in a few moments the works were ours and the enemy flying before us.

The regiment lost a number of men in the engagement though our company had but one wounded. At this time Gen. R. H. Anderson was in command of our corps, Gen. Longstreet having been wounded in one of the battles of the Wilderness. The [conduct of our division in the capture of the enemy's work drew from Gen. Lee a complimentary letter to Gen. Anderson, which was in substance that "we tried hard to stop Pickett's men but could not do so. I believe they will take anything they are put against."

Along this line from Howlet's, on the James, to Fort Clifton, on the Appomattox, we continued to march and countermarch for several nights, sometimes moving towards the James and sometimes towards the Appomattox, until about the middle of July we settled down on a high piece of ground behind a skirt of timber about midway between Howlet's and Swift creek. Here we worked faithfully and energetically to strengthen our lines by increasing the height and thickness of our earthworks by digging ditches and trenches and by the erection of abatis and chevaux de frise in front of our lines.

In the latter part of July the mine explosion took place at Petersburg, and though several miles from us, it shook the earth where we were, but was only felt by the pickets and the men that were awake at the time. The fearful artillery duel that followed convinced us that some important event had occurred at or near Petersburg and during the day we ascertained what had happened and on the second day thereafter we got a full account of it from the Richmond papers.

The Examiner commenting on the retaking of the line by Gen. Mahone's division and the slaughter of the enemy's soldiers in the crater said "the slaughter was so great that Gen. Mahone sickened at the sight and he rode up and told his men for God's sake to stop the slaughter and the next time we hope

Gen. Mahone will shut his eyes." This mining by the enemy induced countermining on the part of our men which was generally done by digging down quite a deep pit in front of the place under which the enemy was supposed to be driving and then stick a ramrod in the ground a few inches, then catching the upper end of the ramrod between the teeth, the sound of the enemy's picks and shovels could be heard if within reasonable distance, this however proved altogether unnecessary as the enemy was not disposed to again try the experiment, or at least did not do so.

During the month of August the enemy continued to move about considerably in our front as if seeking a weak point in our line upon which he could make an assault. These movements caused some uneasiness on the part of our officers and kept us constantly on the alert and frequently on line.

The report came down the line that the enemy were massing in front of our regiment and Col. Flowerree was directed to ascertain the truth of the matter. He directed me to take with me two men and go to the front and discover, if possible, what was going on along the enemy's lines in our immediate front but not to fire unless compelled to do so in our own defence. Selecting Crawford of my company and Pitts of company "C," and borrowing an Enfield rifle from one of the men, we made our way to the

skirmish line in the woods not more than one hundred yards in front and making our mission known to the officer we passed through and pushed down the hill through this wood to a valley or ravine at the base of the hill, halting for a moment and looking towards the enemy's line. We saw a Federal soldier some three hundred yards away and just at the further edge of the wood, walking along unarmed. We at once decided that the enemy's skirmish line was between this soldier and ourselves, and that caution was necessary to obviate discovery. Deploying as skirmishers, Crawford on the right, Pitts on the left and myself in the center, we advanced slowly up the point of a small ridge through the wood, fully understanding that we were each to keep a sharp lookout and the one that should first spy the enemy should halt and by a signal with the hand give warning of danger. The guide was in the center and neither wing was to get more than twenty to thirty paces from the center. We had not advanced more than one hundred yards when Crawford suddenly halted and gave the necessary signal. I cautiously approached him and inquired what was the matter; he replied, "well, there was a nigger standing by that tree (pointing to a tree a few yards in front) and he turned and walked away and looked back. He looked as black as a TARE kiln." Pitts

having joined us we continued our advance, but with even more caution. Very soon Pitts signalled that there was danger ahead. I made my way to him and discovered in his front not more than thirty yards off a Federal soldier standing with his back to me. Believing to shoot him without warning would be cowardly, I challenged him: without turning about to see who I was he took to his heels and fled towards his friends.

In a moment I discovered in front of me and less than twenty paces away, a soldier spring up, musket in hand which he presented at me and took position behind a small tree which did not conceal his body. I at once levelled my piece on him and demanded his surrender. He was so close to me that a portion of his body, his shoulder and hips were exposed to me and his features were plainly visible. Not surrendering at my demand, I again called on him to surrender or I would shoot him, to which he made some response that I did not understand. I called out to Crawford to fire on him, whereupon he took down his gun as if he intended to surrender, and just then began raising up in front of us and around us the enemy as if coming up out of the ground. Remembering my instructions not to fire I told my companions we would get away. Bang! bang! went the guns of the enemy, but we got away unhurt, although the balls flew thick and fast near

us. We made our way back to our own lines satisfied with our reconnoissance, and that the enemy was not massing in our front.

Our line at many points was in close proximity to that of the enemy--so close that we could talk to each other in an ordinary tone of voice, exchange newspapers, tobacco for coffee, etc., and would make bargains not to fire unless required, of which timely notice would be given. The parties became too intimate and our officers determined to put a stop to it if they could, but they found it rather a difficult task. It was often said in camp that our boys would go down between the lines and exchange papers, etc., and play cards with the enemy's soldiers. Our Col. fell upon a plan he thought would put a stop to this free intercourse. Proceeding to the skirmish line with only a private's uniform on, he with some one or more of the men met a Federal soldier between the lines and took him prisoner and bore him within our lines. The soldier was terribly indignant and gave the Col. a round of abuse, said his comrades would report him as a deserter and he would rather die than have it said he was a deserter. The capture of this man closed for a long while the frequent visits of the men, but the enemy was determined to get even with us, as will be related in its proper place.

Desiring to visit some friends in Capt. David A.

French's company of artillery, then stationed near Chapin's Bluff, on the north side of the James. I sought and obtained the permission and on Wednesday, the 28th day of September, I crossed over at Dray's Bluff and spent the evening and night with that company.

At an early hour the next morning rapid firing was heard in the direction of Fort Harrison and soon an order came for the company to move out. I concluded to go along. On the way we met Elliott's city battalion in full retreat. We soon learned that Fort Harrison had been taken by the enemy. On reaching the line near Forts Gilmer and Field we saw the enemy advancing, the battery was unlimbered and opened fire, as did the infantry and the attack was repulsed, a large number of the enemy throwing down their arms and surrendering. Capt. French's company lost several men. Adam Johnston was killed and as now recollect, Wm. A. French and others wounded. I returned to my companions, meeting on the way four regiments of our division going to the aid of our men on the north side of the James, one of the regiments being the 24th of our brigade.

As previously stated, the line from Howlet's on the James, opposite Dutch Gap canal, across to Swift Creek and Fort Clifton on the Appomattox, a distance of some three miles, was held by our

division, which numbered between four and five thousand men. The rifle pits and skirmish lines of the opposing forces were very near each other in many places along the line, and the main lines were but a few hundred yards apart. Our line was so thin and so drawn out when thrown into the trenches that it made scarcely more than a strong skirmish line; yet we held a strong natural position and had greatly strengthened it by artificial means, not only did the soldiers work but the government sent large numbers of negroes to improve the works. Had the enemy dare assail us even with their overwhelming numbers, we had no other thought than that we should be able to successfully resist him. We were frequently in the trenches expecting an assault, and on one occasion, the morning after the battle of Winchester, we were sure the enemy was coming, but he was contented with firing a shotted salute, which was soon over, and we stacked arms. Our soldiers were much more venturesome than those of the enemy and made frequent captures of his pickets, on one occasion sweeping his line of rifle pits for more than four hundred yards, taking and hurrying out more than one hundred prisoners. They seemed satisfied not to attempt such upon us.

About this time desertions from our ranks as well as from that of the enemy became more frequent, and punishment was becoming more certain and

severe on our side. Numbers of the enemy came into our lines and were sent to the rear, and the same course was pursued by the enemy with men deserting from our side. Now and then some of our men, instead of going over to the enemy, would go home and hide themselves and when caught would be brought back, tried and shot. Nor was it strange that men deserted and went home; many had families dependent on them for their daily bread. The soldier's pay was eleven dollars per month and the necessaries of life had advanced to such enormous figures that his month's pay would not buy more than half a bushel of wheat for his family. The cries of his children for bread often reached his ears and this was more than his nature would bear, he became dissatisfied—~~anxious~~ for the suffering ones at home; was willing to bear his breast to the storm and undergo the hardships and privations of camp life and the dangers of the battle field if he knew his wife and children at home were kept from starving, but when their cries for food reached him he could not be induced to stay longer. If he could obtain leave to go, well and good, if he could not, he would go anyhow.

While in camp along this line occurred a scene which was sad and painful; a boy only about seventeen had deserted and gone home, was arrested, brought back, tried by a court martial and sentenced

to be shot. He was a member of company "B," and by the laws of war members of his own company were compelled to be his executioners and the regiment required to witness his death. On the day fixed for his execution the regiment fell into line, marched to the designated place and formed three sides of a hollow square. The doomed boy was required to kneel with his hands tied behind him and drawn over a stake driven in the ground at his back and his eyes bandaged. His company was divided into two platoons of twelve men each; in each platoon the guns of six men were loaded with powder and ball and six with blank cartridges. The guns were loaded by the officer and the men did not know who had a gun loaded with ball and who with powder only. The platoons were drawn up, one in the rear of the other and in front of the condemned. At the fire of the first platoon the boy fell forward and on one side and immediately the surgeon stepped forward, felt his pulse and pronounced him dead. It was horrible to see a comrade shot dead by the enemy on the battle field, much more to see one shot dead by his own comrades. Such, however, is war and the recognized fate of the man who deserts his cause and country. The body of the dead boy was buried near the spot of his execution with no mark to identify the spot.

In the latter part of November, as now recollected,

my company, with the exception of J. W. East and B. L. Hoge, was on the skirmish line and a little after dark Col. Flowerree asked me if any of company "D" were on quarter guard, to which I replied that East and Hoge were on duty as quarter guards. He requested that I should bring them to him at once, which I did. He said, "East, I want a Yankee prisoner and I want you to go with me to the skirmish line and catch one for me." East replied, "yes, Col. I will catch him for you." Knowing East so well, I did not think he was the man for such service, yet thinking he might desire to retrieve his character as a soldier, I said nothing. On reaching the skirmish line it was determined to try to capture the enemy's vedette, that at night stood by a tree some fifty yards in front of his skirmish line and about one hundred yards in front of ours. The Colonel's plan was to move the whole company out of the rifle pits and to the left and then forward a short distance in front of the line, then detail a sergeant and three or four men to go forward as near as they could approach the enemy's vedette without discovery and then send forward one man unarmed who should advance cautiously, closely followed by his comrades, and that so soon as he approached near the vedette he should make a noise and when challenged he should answer that he was a deserter coming in, not to fire upon him. So soon as he

Reached the vedette he was to say "there are two or three of my men close by coming in," and to make a signal at which his comrades was to rush up and make the vedette their prisoner. The plan was good enough if it could be executed and there seemed no reasonable doubt that it could and would be fully carried out. The company in line, Captain Eane called for a man who would volunteer for this important service and out stepped East, the very last man in the company that the men supposed would have offered himself; yet no one dared say he should not go and no one would openly express a doubt as to his fidelity and courage; while all knew him to be a coward and believed that he would betray them if opportunity offered. Sergeant A. J. Thompson, Harry Snidow and B. L. Hoge were selected to go with East. After proceeding a short distance; Thompson, a man of true courage and foresight; suspected that East might play the part of deserter too well or not at all; recalled him, charging him to weigh well all he did and to act with prudence and discretion; that the lives of his companions as well as his own depended on his courage and prudence. East again advanced and was again recalled by Thompson and again admonished to be on his guard, East each time assuring him that all should be well. Finally a point within a few yards of the vedette was reached and East;

true to his promise, gave the signal agreed upon and the vedette challenged; East responded in a low tone, "I am a deserter coming in; don't fire on me." The vedette sharply and roughly ordered him to move up quickly. As East moved on Sergt. Thompson and his squad moved in his track until they were close enough to see East and the vedette by the skylight above the timber; there they waited with bated breath for the second signal to be given by East. It never came—in a moment more the cry was heard up and down the enemy's line, "look out, men, a deserter coming in." It was now over. East had played deserter sure enough—had caught a Yankee and suffered him to carry him into his own lines. The Sergeant quickly withdrew his men to the company, which returned to its rifle pits. In a few minutes a Federal scouting party approached the position held by the company and one of the men attempted to fire upon it but his cap bursted without igniting the powder. This movement made it clear that East had disclosed the plan and attempt to capture the vedette.

The next morning the enemy's picket made known to us that a man of ours had deserted the night before and his name was East. This is the last we heard of him until since the war he was heard of as being in the State of Maine.

Belonging to our company was one Amos F.

Sumner, a quaint old chap who was never a first class soldier, but was timid, yet when with us generally did his duty—in fact, so far as now recollected, never shirked a fight but was terribly scared when in one and often fired his gun at an angle of forty-five degrees. He was fond of reading newspapers and eagerly watched for the newsboys to get a morning Richmond paper. The first papers that came into camp after the presidential election of 1864, at which Mr. Lincoln was re-elected, were sold so rapidly that Amos failed to get one, but heard some one reading the election news and that Mr. Lincoln had called for more men—a million as understood by Sumner—he immediately returned to his quarters, lighted his pipe and sat down pulling his cap brim over his eyes. A comrade approached and seeing that something was troubling him inquired, “Sumner, what’s the matter?” “Oh,” responded Amos, “they say Abe Lincoln is re-elected and has called for a million of men, and Jeff Davis says ‘war to the knife.’ What shall we do!” And no doubt more than Amos asked themselves the same question, for things began to look serious and we were all fully aware of it.

Crawford, like Sumner, was fond of reading newspapers and in order to be certain of his paper he would pay in advance for several, receiving from the boy small cards on one side of which was

printed "good for one paper," and on the other the boy had written the initials of his name. The first of these Crawford received he looked at them very carefully and drawled out: "It says, 'good for one paper' on one side, I don't know what the d—l it says on the other."

As previously stated, during our stay on this line desertions were frequent and considerable intimacy had grown up between our men and the enemy, so much so that they frequently mingled and talked together on the picket line and exchanged papers and bartered and traded in tobacco, coffee, etc. The leader of our band being desirous of procuring some music sheets for the band, asked me to accompany him to the skirmish line and assist him in getting the music which had been promised him the day before by a Federal soldier. On reaching the line, at our request, Sergeant Jack Thompson of my company went with us to the front to meet the Yankee and get the promised music. We met him about midway between the lines, had quite a talk, and as we separated he handed a folded paper to Sergt. Thompson, which he carried in his hands until we got within our own lines and then read it. Finding it to be an order or proclamation of the Federal General Butler, offering to all Confederates who would desert, employment in the quartermasters or commissary departments of the Federal

About this time there appeared in our camp a man representing himself as a citizen of Alabama, who claimed to have nearly completed the invention of an artificial bird, which he would, by the aid of steam power, be enabled to cause it to fly as a natural bird over northern cities and rain down upon them shot and shell, as well as upon the camps of the enemy, and thus put an end to the war. He wanted a small amount of money to put his invention into successful operation—one dollar from each soldier and five from each officer in the army would be sufficient. We decided that he was a crank and therefore declined to contribute, and the man departed.

Ralph M. Stafford, of our company was a thoughtful, sedate man. He gravely discussed the state of affairs and had written many pages of a book, the title of which was "The Signs of the Times," in which he discussed the outlook and the apparent confusion of our great men. Mr. Stafford frequently sat for hours thinking, and once while in one of these moods was approached by the Dutchman, who did not well understand our language, with the query, "Mr. Stafford, what makes you look so silly?"—he meant serious. Mr. Stafford inquired what he meant and the Dutchman looked confused. An explanation made all things right.

Gen. Sherman had cut loose from Atlanta and was pushing almost unopposed through the very heart

of Georgia. Great anxiety was felt by our soldiers. Soon came the news of Hood's defeat at Nashville and various reverses of minor importance throughout the country. The situation was grave in the extreme. We had strange presentiments for the future; the dark cloud that had for some time been overhanging us, was now almost completely overshadowing us; a starless night seemed just at hand; the muttering thunders rolled, the vivid lightning flashed past us; yet there was hope—a patriotic people and valient soldiery might yet accomplish our independence. Something might yet turn up, we thought, by which our desperate condition might be bettered. Foreign intervention was talked of—that France was preparing to help us, etc. Many a people, fewer in number, with less territory and resources, had succeeded in baffling their foes. Why not we too succeed. One of the signs which tended to produce fear was the apparent confusion of our representatives in the legislative branch of the government, as to the policy and measures to be pursued for the defence of the country or the settlement of the controversy in some way alike honorable to both parties. If to pacify the northern people and gain our independence slavery was in the way, the soldiers were ready to see it abolished. Although some of our men were opposed to the enlistment of negroes in our army, yet a large majority favored

it. In fact, the great bulk of the army was ready to make almost any sacrifice for our separate existence as a people and the cause of liberty. Our forefathers had resisted British tyranny; we were resisting Northern oppression—an assault upon constitutional freedom and the sovereignty of the States of the Confederacy. Dark as were these days, the spirit of the army was yet unbroken and the men seemed determined to fight it out to the bitter end; though it seemed but a question of time when we should all go down, for day by day we saw our comrades fall, and a mere calculation, if the war continued, would convince us that our time must come sooner or later.

And thus closed the dark days of 1864. To us it then seemed but a question of time when final overthrow must come. The North was growing stronger and the South weaker day by day. While our cause was waning, that of the enemy was sweeping on like the rush of a mighty river.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RELIGION IN THE ARMY--DRS. PRYOR, STYLES, BLACK-
WELL, FONTAINE, GEN. PENDLETON AND
OTHERS--YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN AS-
SOCIATION--J. TYLER FRAZIER,
OUR FIGHTING, PREACHING,
CHAPLAIN.

Man is naturally a worshipper and most generally a religious being wherever you find him or wherever situated ; and especially is this true of him in a religious point of view when in the face of ever constant dangers. Exposed as was the soldier to death in its multiplied forms, he, as a rule, early sought to make peace with his Creator and take refuge beneath the shadow of the Cross and to seek an interest in the blood of Him that cleanseth from all sin.

While in the beginning of the war we had many wild, profane young men, the reader must not imagine that this continued and that our camp was a scene of vulgarism and profanity. Nay, with scarce an exception, after the first year of the war, there

never was an army freer from vice, immorality and anger. - That which in the first year of the war would have been regarded irreligious, as highly insulting and have brought parties to blows was now laughed at and quietly passed by. The men had come to know and understand each other's dispositions and temperaments. They had lived, marched, fought, eat and slept together too long, and had suffered in common so many hardships and privations that they had become more than brothers; they were, so to speak, "souls that had but a single thought and hearts that beat as one." They were, with a true Christian spirit, ready to bear each other's burdens, care for each other when sick or wounded, comfort each other when trouble and distress, and were thus better prepared to receive the "King of Peace."

Some men of my company, whose names have already been mentioned, were Soldiers of the Cross when they entered the army and who, by their upright and Christian character, exerted upon the men of the company a wonderful influence for good. When quietly resting in camp these men never failed to have prayers in their quarters before retiring. On the Sabbath we usually had services and our chaplains were generally zealous, patriotic men, even going into battle with us, some of whom were killed or wounded.

The Rev Mr. Granbury, chaplain of the 11th

Virginia regiment, went with us into the battle of Seven Pines and received a wound by which, as now recollected, he lost an eye.

Towards the close of 1862 and throughout the year of 1863, a religious spirit seemed to have possessed the army. Christians had great reason to thank God and take courage when they thought on the remarkable progress which the Gospel was making in camp; thousands of men—young men embraced religion. While churches languished at home the Gospel was moving with marvellous strides among the soldiers in the field. Empty benches and half-starved, half-paid pastors at home and the Gospel successfully preached and the standard of the Master borne aloft in the trenches in the very sight of the enemy, even at the cannon's mouth. The baptismal ceremony scarcely ever performed at home, while the banks of the Rapidan, Rappahanock, the James and lesser streams were resounding with songs of praise from the baptismal throngs gathered in range of the guns of the enemy, who stood gazing in silence and wonder at the solemn and impressive scenes. Our chaplains often proclaimed the glad tidings under the noise of the booming cannon and the rattle of musketry. This religious spirit was caught, as it were, by our division at Taylorsville in the spring of 1863, when Dr. Pryor, of Petersburg, preached to us for several

days in succession and hundreds professed faith in Christ. The whole camp was one religious gathering and all the men seemed greatly interested. It was a grand awakening. Many in the spring of 1863 found the Saviour precious to their souls, and rejoiced in his love.

When we left this camp on our march to Gettysburg, wherever we halted for a day or more, religious exercises were carried on. Scarcely would the column halt at night and supper over before you could hear the sacred songs begin, and around those singing would gather a large number of the soldiers, the chaplain or some one else conducting the services.

These religious exercises were continued during the summer and fall of 1863, while we were in Orange and Culpeper, along the Rapidan, again at Taylorsville, in North Carolina, again in Virginia near Hanover Junction, around by Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill and on the South of the James, where Drs. Stiles and Blackwell were frequently with us.

Rev. P. H. Fortaine, a minister of the Missionary Baptist church, visited us in September, 1864, and preached for several days, accomplishing great good. Many desiring to be baptized, we went to a small branch close by the camp in front of our main line in a ravine and built a dam and soon had water amply sufficient to bury a man in baptism. On

Monday, Sept 12th, 1864, the Rev P H. Fontaine baptized a large number of our soldiers—how many is not now recollected, but of our company I recollect that T P. Darr and myself were two. Since the close of the war, Darr has become a Southern Methodist preacher and is now in the State of Tennessee.

While on the Bermuda Hundreds line, the venerable Gen. Pendleton, chief of the artillery, occasionally preached for us. He was a zealous christian and impressed upon his fellow soldiers the supreme necessity of becoming soldiers of the Cross. It was the same Gen. Pendleton, who as Captain of the Rockbridge artillery at the first battle of Manassas, of whom the story was told that when the columns of the enemy were advancing and his men loaded their pieces, he would say, "Lord have mercy on their poor souls. Fire men."

Through the instrumentality of Rev J. Tyler Frazier was organized a Young Men's Christian association of Kemper's brigade, into which was incorporated all the professing Christians in the brigade. It met regularly when we were not on the march. Constitution and by-laws were adopted and one of the provisions of the constitution was that if any member of the association should desert or absent himself from his command without leave, he should be excluded from the Association. The

army or to send them home if their homes were within their lines. Thompson, true hearted and tried, tore the paper into shreds and stamped his foot upon it and declared that no such offers could tempt him to desert his country. Thompson was a poor boy and his only incentive to duty was his patriotism. His bold, chivalric spirit remained unbroken to the last, and no man laid down his musket with more regret.

By the death of Lieut. John W. Mullins a vacancy was created and Lieut. E. M. Stone was promoted to 1st Lieut., and E. R. Walker to 2nd Lieut., and Sergt. T. S. L. Taylor, in the fall of 1864, was elected 3rd Lieut., and E. Z. Yager was made Orderly Sergeant of the company.

Christmas of 1864 was approaching and extensive preparations were being made by city, town and country to furnish the army of Northern Virginia with a splendid Christmas dinner. The newspapers urged the movement forward, committees were appointed to collect and forward the good things to the soldiers. The papers proclaimed that Virginia, downtrodden as she was, with her fields laid waste by an invading host, was yet able to feed her soldiers; that the cattle on a thousand hills were hers, etc. The day came and with it a bountiful dinner, which made us glad and we thanked our benefactors and took courage.

Association stood pledged to discourage desertions and insubordination, and to encourage obedience and fidelity to cause and country, and by all means in its power to diffuse religion and morality throughout the brigade. This institution accomplished great good for the cause of religion and the cause of the country, for by it hundreds were united heart and hand. The organization continued to exist until the opening of the campaign in the spring of 1865, when on account of constant marching and fighting no time was allowed for its meetings.

J. Tyler Frazier, whose name has been frequently mentioned, deserves extended notice. He was born in Giles county about the year 1841, of respectable parentage, and at an early age embraced Christianity. His early opportunities for acquiring an education were quite limited. As previously stated, he was selected by the company as its chaplain, and he did his duty well and nobly. By precept and example, upon all occasions and under all circumstances, he endeavored to impress upon the men the great importance of living a Christian life. In his mess were Taylor, Henderson, Darr and others, all God-fearing, God-serving men.

Frazier preached whenever opportunity offered; not only to our own company and regiment and the regiments of the brigade, but went out into the country and preached to the people.

A vacancy having occurred in the chaplaincy of the regiment and the appointment of Mr. Frazier to that position, which he so well merited and richly deserved, was much desired, and to the end that an effort might be made to secure him the appointment, the Young Men's Christian Association appointed a committee, consisting, as now recollected, of Edward Hoge (now a Presbyterian minister), Thomas S. L. Taylor, of our company, and myself, of which I was chairman, to wait upon our Colonel and request the appointment of Mr. Frazier as chaplain of our regiment. The committee, on or about the 1st day of Nov., 1864, proceeded to regimental headquarters and sought and obtained an interview with the Colonel, who received us with the greatest kindness and politeness, heard us with patience, expressed his regrets, without assigning any reasons; that he could not then appoint Mr. Frazier as chaplain of the regiment; but gave us the assurance that he should go on and act as chaplain with all the privileges pertaining to the position, preach when and where he pleased, have his gun, accoutrements and baggage transported in headquarter's wagon and that the only duty which would be required of him was to go into battle with his musket; that he would take under consideration the question of the recommendation of Mr. Frazier for commission as chaplain of the regiment. The Colonel considered

until the close of the war and Tyler never received his commission. Why this conduct on the part of the Colonel, we did not fully understand. Some insisted that it was his aversion to religion, others said he had had a difficulty with the former chaplain which led to the latter's resignation, and did not care to have a chaplain. It however made but little difference to Tyler or ourselves, for he was quite as useful and efficient acting in the capacity of chaplain without a commission as he would have been with one. He still continued to preach, pray, march and fight, and exhort and encourage men to do their duty to God and their country.

Very soon after this committee had waited on the Colonel, Tyler arranged to have evening service at company headquarters, and hither the men resorted before retiring to rest, and this was continued when practicable to the close of the war. Remarkable it may seem, yet true, that after the inauguration of this service not a man of our company was killed though we passed through several severe engagements before the war ended.

Mr. Frazier's life was spared and he returned home, entered the regular ministry of the Southern Methodist church, has been successful in accomplishing great good and is now a Presiding Elder.

At my request he has furnished me a transcript or memorandum from his diary kept by him during

the war of the times and places of his preaching, which is here inserted. It embraces the period between May 1st, 1863, and Oct. 23rd, 1864, during which time the regiment had no chaplain and the work performed by him was purely voluntary. This does not include company prayer meetings, etc.

Blackwater, May 1st	1863
Falling Creek, near Richmond, Va., May 8th	1863
" " " 9th	"
" " " 11th	"
Hanover Junction	" 24th "
Culpeper Va.	June 14th "
" " "	July 26th "
Orange county,	Aug. 8th "
" " "	" 9th "
" " "	" 11th "
" " "	" 13th "
" " "	" 17th "
" " "	" 21st "
" " "	" 23rd "
" " "	" 24th "
" " "	" 29th "
" " "	" 30th "
" " "	Sept. 5th "
" " "	" 6th "
Hanover Junction,	" 15th "
" " "	" " "

Hanover Junction,	Sept.	21st	1863
"	"	28th	"
"	Oct.	5th	"
"	"	7th	"
"	"	12th	"
"	"	13th	"
"	"	18th	"
"	"	24th	"
"	"	28th	"
"	"	30th	"
"	Nov.	1st	"

(Went home on a furlough.)

Giles county, 28th, 29th and 30th			1863
Near Greenville, N. C.,	April	10th	1864
Eight miles north of Richmond,	May	29th	1864
Near Malvern Hill,	June	14th	"
Eight miles north of Petersburg,	"	19th	"
"	July	15th	"
"	"	16th	"
"	"	17th	"
"	"	18th	"
"	"	22nd	"
"	"	26th	"
"	"	27th	"
"	"	29th	"
"	"	30th	"
"	Aug.	3rd	"
"	"	4th	"

Eight miles north of Petersburg Aug. 5th 1864

" " " 7th "

I am pleased with the present state of things.

Eight miles north of Petersburg, Aug. 10th, 1864

" " " 13th "

" " " 14th "

" " " 17th "

" " " 20th "

" " " 22nd "

" " " 25th "

" " " 26th "

" " " 28th "

" " " Sept. 1st "

" " " 2nd "

" " " 4th "

" " " 8th "

" " " 9th "

" " " 10th "

" " " 21st "

" " " 22nd "

" " " 24th "

" " " 25th "

" " " 25th at night,

(Great grace has come)

" " " 26th 1864

" " " 27th "

" " " 28th "

" " " 29th "

Eight miles north of	Petersburg,	Oct.	2nd,	1864
"	"	"	5th	"
"	"	"	6th	"
"	"	"	8th	"
"	"	"	12th	"
"	"	"	14th	"
"	"	"	15th	"
"	"	"	16th	"
"	"	"	17th	"
"	"	"	23rd	"

This does not include the preaching done by Mr. Frazier in the country to the people at home and in the towns and villages in Virginia and North Carolina. This man's preaching infused into our men the spirit of religious purity and morality. In the year of 1864 profanity was scarcely ever heard, while drunkenness, vice and immorality were seldom known in the camp. There was a better moral tone and instead of the vices usually attendant upon armies there was purity and uprightness of bearing and conduct and a thorough respect and veneration for religion and those professing to be Christians. Men now listened to the preaching of the Gospel that at home were scarcely ever seen at church. Even those who made no pretensions to religion were constrained to say that the army was far better and more efficient as Christians than as open sinners—disobedient to God and his laws. 80

thorough had become this feeling that in the latter part of the year 1863 and in the years 1864-5 when religious services were held in the camp, almost if not quite every man off duty would be found in attendance. Card playing, the besetting sin of the soldiers the first two years of the war, had almost if not altogether disappeared in the last years of the war. Men now read their bibles instead of the light literature of the day—dime novels, etc. So generally and thoroughly had this Christian spirit taken hold on the army, that frequently in passing along in the rear of the trenches in the dark of the night men could be seen on their knees alone pouring out their souls to God in prayer; and what is more gratifying is, that men who came out of the war Christians are still so; and I cannot now recall a single man who has dishonored his profession or brought reproach upon the blessed Master. Of course this only applies to my own company, for it is to them that I have special reference. For this state of things in the company more credit is due to the Rev. J. Tyler Frazier than any other man living or dead.

CHAPTER XIX.

OUR CHANGE OF POSITION—GLOOMY OUTLOOK AT THE
BEGINNING OF 1865—PEACE COMMISSION-
ERS—SPIRIT OF THE ARMY—ADAM
THOMPSON GOES OVER TO THE
ENEMY.

A. L. Fry as regimental clerk and historian—Scuffle between a Confederate and a Federal soldier—Trouble in company D. Gen. Fendleton's speech—Activity within the enemy's lines—Early defeated at Weynesborough—Sheridan's raid—Part of our division withdrawn and sent to meet him—The march to the right of Petersburg—Skirmishing and battle of Five Forks—Unjust criticisms.

In the early days of January, 1865, we changed our position from near Swift Creek to Howlett's House, near the James in an open field. We had some small huts which afforded us shelter from the beating storms; the weather, however, near the middle of the month became milder and we were enabled to get out and engage now and then in a game of ball which gave us considerable exercise.

and good appetites, though they were ordinarily sufficient for all the rations we could get, for at this time our daily allowance had been reduced to one fourth of a pound of bacon and one pint of coarse corn meal unseived and now and then a little sugar, rice, beans or peas. The period was one of gloom. Fort McCalister had fallen: Savannah was in the hands of the enemy; Charleston was seriously threatened; Fort Fisher had fallen; Hood's army had been driven out of Tennessee; Sherman was preparing to march through the Carolinas; Gen. Grant had seized the Petersburg and Weldon railroad and was now threatening to strike the Richmond & Danville road—the only remaining line connecting us with the Southern States from which our supplies were being drawn. The situation was truly grave and serious and this was fully understood and realized by the men in the ranks. Many were absent without leave, and on account of necessitous families and other causes were in no hurry to return. All these things were talked of and discussed by the soldiers around the camp fires and in the huts. Our army, which now probably numbered less than fifty thousand effective men, was holding the line from a point north of Fort Harrison north of the James to Hatcher's creek on the south of Petersburg—several miles in length—and in many places our line amounted to no more than a fair line

of skirmishers, while the enemy was able to confront us with full lines and yet overreach us on the flanks and continued to stretch out his arms, putting in jeopardy our only line of communication with the other States of the Confederacy. Just why General Grant did not cut loose from his base at City Point and swing around our right and thus shut us up and starve us in Richmond and Petersburg or force us to meet him in the open field would seem strange indeed, and his continual inching around our right would seem that his purpose was to either shut us up or force us to abandon our works and retreat by holding on to his base and threatening to hem us in. Whether the one way or the other, he finally forced the evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg, which he could have accomplished months before with less loss and less fighting by swinging around and cutting the Richmond and Danville railroad—our almost only means for the transportation of supplies. During the month of Jan., 1865, I was in the city of Richmond and bread was selling at \$2.00 for a small loaf. I purchased for one of my comrades, to be sent to his wife, one pound of soda for which I gave \$12.00 and a calico dress pattern for which I paid \$25.00. A gold dollar was then commanding \$60.00 in Confederate money.

In the latter part of January, peace commissioners were appointed on the part of the Confederate

government to meet Mr. Lincoln or the representatives of the Federal government with a view to adjust the unhappy differences. These Confederate commissioners passed the lines and went down the James. The information spread quickly through the army and all of us wore anxious faces. We were greatly interested in the mission of the commissioners and were sadly disappointed when we learned that failure had been the result of the conference, for the result was known in a very few days throughout the army and the men were much disturbed, foreseeing that nothing short of a fight to the bitter end was in store for us; and this, the greater number accepted as a foregone conclusion and nerved themselves for the conflict.

Under all the surroundings, the men were remarkably cheerful, and insisted that every absentee should be returned to his place, all able-bodied men should be required to take the field and that every step should be taken to strengthen the army. As an evidence of the general spirit of resistance which then pervaded the army, there is here inserted an extract from a letter written by me to a friend, Feb'y, 1865.—“There is nothing left us but to fight it out. The cry is war—war to the knife; so tell the people to hush about peace. If the people at home will support the army and drive all skulkers and absentees into the army, all will be

right. The Yankees are as tired of war as we are as sick of it as a people well can be. Yet a little more endurance and all will be well."

As previously stated, a large majority of our men were in favor of arming the negroes, giving them their freedom if they would fight for it. The negro was an element of strength which we saw daily passing from us and which was being utilized by the enemy—made to answer as teamsters, guard supplies, to garrison forts, etc., thus enabling his white soldiers to go to the front. It was often said by the men, "negroes are no better than our white men, they could stop bullets as well as we; they are no dearer to the master than his own son who is baring his breast to the storm; that it was not as great a sacrifice as other people had made for liberty and independence, and our object being independence and separate government, we can ill afford to loose both in an attempt to preserve and perpetuate slavery and perhaps in the end be compelled to yeild that also." We thought there was no reason why the negro should not be as loyal to us, if we would guarantee to him his freedom, as he could or would be to the enemy, who gave him no more except better rations, clothing and pay; but even this could not have outweighed his local attachment and his love for and confidence in the people with and among whom he dwelt, desiring rather *the*

friendship of those he knew than flee to others he knew not of. But such councils were not to prevail. Many of the Southern people revolted at the very suggestion of arming the negroes—preferred to run the risk of seeing them torn from them by the fortunes of war and then made their political equals. The attempt was made but came too late. The politicians only yielded when the rank and file of the army demanded the putting of negroes in the army, but this was in the spring of 1865, just on the eve of the retreat from Petersburg. Had it been done as early as 1863 or even 1864 there is no reason why it should not have been successful, and our powers of resistance augmented to such an extent as to have at least prolonged the war and enabled us to make terms that the South could have afforded to accept. The boys used to say Southern negroes were being turned into Northern bonds.

On the line now occupied by us, fuel was scarce and hard to get and we were compelled to resort to a small belt of timber between our skirmish line and that of the enemy, which required some care and precaution to prevent bringing on a collision or having the parties going after wood captured: therefore when one of our parties would go after fuel a guard had to go along and take position so as to protect the party from surprise and capture. Adam Thompson, of our company, late one evening

went out with a party detailed to go after wood and Adam quietly advanced into the enemy's line. Adam was a large man with an enormous foot—so large he seldom found in the quarter master's department a pair of shoes that he could wear and special orders had to be given to get shoes for him. On the morning after Adam went over, one of the enemy's skirmishers called out, 'hey, Johnny! have you another man over there three feet across the back and that it will take half a side of leather to make him a pair of shoes?' Adam had been a brave and gallant soldier and bore upon his body wounds received in the fore front of the battle. He left behind him, in the company, a brother who would have perished rather than desert.

The Virginia State Government having provided for an authentic history of Virginia troops, competent men were selected and detailed from the various regiments to get up the data and materials for the work, to be transmitted to a chief in Richmond who would complete and perfect the history. A. L. Fry, of our company, had been some months prior to January, selected as regimental clerk and historian and had finished his work in good neat style for which he was awarded a furlough of fifteen days. These records were burned at the evacuation of Richmond and the valuable information they contained lost to the country. From these records

a full and complete history of every man, company and regiment in the service of Virginia could have been made and the loss of many accounted for which will ever remain a mystery to their friends.

Hitherto our attempts to sweep the enemy's rifle pits had been successful, and it was now proposed to undertake it on a much grander scale. To that end, a number of men were detailed from each brigade who were to be marched to the right and in front of their respective lines and at a given signal were to pierce the enemy's skirmish line and then to turn and sweep towards the James, and if successful, more than a mile of the enemy's front would have been swept of his skirmishers; but just as the signal was to be given, a soldier on our side accidentally discharged his gun which awoke the enemy to a sense of his danger, and the expedition failed.

Our foes seemed to have been smarting under the sting inflicted in the capture of one of their men who came over to exchange papers, etc., and watched his opportunity to get even with us, but our boys had been on the lookout and would not allow themselves to be trapped. Finally the scare wore off a little and one bright day while we were in camp engaged in a game of ball in an open field behind our intrenchments, a Yankee ventured between the lines and shook a newspaper (the usual signal), and one of our men from the regiment on the right was

indiscreet enough to venture out to meet him. No sooner had he reached the Federal soldier than he drew a pistol on our man and demanded his surrender; to this the Confederate demurred and seized his antagonist, and a hand to hand struggle ensued in which the pistol was discharged. Our man downed the other, disarmed him, seized him by the heels and was making fair time towards our lines. This was more than the Yanks could bear, and they began to fire at our man, who taking fright loosed his hold and broke for our lines, his antagonist making tracks for his friends. Our man escaped with a slight wound in the hand made by the pistol, but secured and brought off the pistol. This firing alarmed the camp and every man seized his gun and made for his place in the trenches, but with the return of the combattants to their respective sides, the affair ended and with it, the exchange of papers, etc

While on the line near Howlett's about the end of January, occurred an event which came near resulting very seriously. It appears that an order had been sent down to our Virginia regiment requiring a company to be sent across the James on to a dike on which the enemy had established a picket post under the cover of his gunboats, land batteries and sharp shooters. To capture or drive away this picket was the object, and it was one of extreme

peril. The Colonel of the regiment selected our company for this dangerous service, no doubt from his perfect confidence in its discretion and courage, but the men thought he was disposed to impose upon the company, for whenever an arduous or perilous service was to be performed, our company was usually selected. The men well knew the dangers of this undertaking; they could view in daylight the whole situation and that it was likely, in fact altogether probable that no man who would cross that river that night would ever return alive. The men regarded it as too great a risk, and which must result in a useless sacrifice of life.

The order came about dark and the company made acquainted with the point of destination and the object of the expedition and the men gravely discussed the situation and the probabilities and improbabilities, and some went so far as to say they would not go; that they were willing to charge the enemy's intrenchments where they would have some chance for their lives, but to go on a service where certain death awaited them, they did not propose to venture. These whisperings came to the ears of the Colonel, who had the company drawn up in line and while making inquiry about it. Crawford spoke out and said, "Col., I would have gone at first if Serjts. Thompson and Snidow would have gone." Thereupon and without further ceremony the company

was ordered to stack arms, and the two Sergeants were arrested for mutiny and sent off to the guard house, and in an unguarded moment Joseph C. Hughes, of the company, used an expression which led to his arrest and immediate incarceration on the charge of encouraging insubordination and mutiny. A court martial was convened and these three were tried and condemned to be shot, but on account of their good character as soldiers and brave and courageous deeds performed on more than a dozen battle fields, the court recommended them to the mercy of the commander-in-chief, Gen. Lee, who would never have given his sanction to the taking of the lives of three of the bravest men of his army. Awaiting his decision, the three were removed to Castle Thunder. But for Crawford's premature remark, this difficulty and trouble would not have arisen. He did it innocently and having no idea that he would thereby place the lives of his best friends and comrades in jeopardy. It was almost certain that death awaited all who should cross the river that night, and yet rather than suffer the humiliation of arrest, trial and the danger of loss of life, these men would have gone on the expedition. The Colonel acted hastily and unwisely, for a moment's thought and reflection, with a word of warning would have ended the matter without resorting to extreme measures, but he doubtless thought that it was a premeditated

plan of insubordination and mutiny, but such was not the case. Though these men had been inconsiderate in their conversation, yet they had not the remotest idea of being guilty of mutiny.

Every man in the regiment seemed interested for these men. Their immediate friends brought all their influence to bear to save them from death, and rallied to their rescue on their trial and produced the strongest proofs of their fidelity, patriotism and courage. To have shot these men under the circumstances would have done our cause more harm than the loss of a regiment. The truth is, so wide spread would have been the dissatisfaction that the result, no man could foretell. These men were incarcerated until the close of the war and were liberated on the fall of Richmond.

On our march through Richmond in the latter part of March, 1864, I implored the Colonel to have these men rejoin the company, promising and guaranteeing that they would fight as bravely as ever. He promised to see that they were released and that he would direct the provost marshal of the division to go and get them, but the promise was not fulfilled. As the end was so near it was a matter of little consequence and the boys escaped a great many privations and hardships they would have had to have undergone had they rejoined us.

Gen. Pendleton, the Chief of Artillery of the

army visited our camp about the middle of March and made a speech to us, in which he said "the time was rapidly approaching for the opening of the Spring campaign; that that man Grant over there meant mischief; that only with a union of strong arms and brave hearts could we hope to win. Pack your haversacks, he said, and be ready to move."

There was now great activity within the enemy's lines: the whistle of the locomotive and the indications by the enemy's inclination to crowd up to us all pointed to an early energetic movement, but the questions were asked: "What are to do? can we get away from here, and if so, how far can we get? We haven't a mule or horse that can pull a hundred pounds five miles through the mud." The question was naturally enough asked, "where are we going?" Bill Peters' question of Geography or rather the answer to it was now pertinent. On one occasion Bill asked some of the boys if they could tell how the Confederacy was bounded. One answered, "on the north by the United States, on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico and on the west by the Rocky Mountains." "No," said Bill, "you are wrong." Then asked one, "how is it?" "Bounded all around by d——d Yankees," answered Bill. This was quite true, for whither could we flee that the enemy did not confront

us. Some said, let us go south and join Gen. Johnston and then unite forces and turn first upon Grant and then upon Sherman. Some said one thing and some another, but all agreed that if Richmond had to be given up it should have been abandoned in the Fall when our horses and mules could have hauled off our guns, that to retreat now in the face of the enemy was a dangerous experiment and would most likely result in the loss of the greater part, if not all, of our guns. This was the daily theme of conversation among the men in the ranks. No one was disposed to believe the end so near at hand, or that we would be forced to yield in open field. We did not believe that Grant could muster men enough to beat our army if we could meet him on anything like favorable ground and terms. The men still evinced that same self-reliance and unconquerable spirit that had hitherto been so prominent.

About the 24th day of March at night we were withdrawn from our position together with one or more of the brigades of our division and hurried up to Richmond and to the outer line of intrenchments north of the city. The Federal Gen. Sheridan, with ten thousand cavalry, had routed and dispersed at Waynesborough the little band of Gen. Early of about 2500 men and was pressing down by way of Charlottesville towards Richmond, and we were sent out to repel him should he attempt to assail the city

from the north. We had heard a great deal of talk about negro Confederate soldiers, and here we saw one on the line of intrenchments with his gun, and we were confirmed in the opinion that there was no reason why they should not be enlisted and that element of strength utilized by us instead of allowing it to be utilized by the enemy.

It being apparent that Sheridan had no idea of attempting to assail Richmond from the north or east and had crossed the Chickahominy and gone in the direction of the White House and would eventually join the main army on the south side of the James, we hastened back through Richmond, and across the James, and instead of following the road leading back to our old line of intrenchments at Howlett's, the march was conducted to the right of Petersburg and to the South-Side railroad: from thence we were transported on the cars to Sutherland's Station, reaching there about 9 p. m. Wednesday, the 29th of March. Leaving the cars, we marched all night in a drenching rain, dawn next morning finding us on the White Oak road and passing along by a part of Gen. Bushrod Johnson's division standing in line of battle, a brisk skirmish going on in front of a part of its line. Our division, consisting of Corse's, Stewart's and Terry's (ours) brigade (Hunton's on the north side of the James) with Ransom's and Wallace's formed in line of

battle in the road on the right of Johnson's division. We remained in this position till near noon, a heavy rain falling the greater part of the time and our skirmishers having an occasional brush with the enemy. About noon the column moved forward along the road in the direction of Five Forks, skirmishing front and flank, and we did not reach the Forks until about sunset. Without halting, Corse's brigade and ours formed in line of battle and pushed forward, driving the enemy's dismounted cavalry through a wood and across the open country beyond, then returning, we lay down under a pelting rain upon the wet, damp ground and rested until morning, when we were again in line ready to fight or march. It was about 10 o'clock a. m., Friday, the 31st, that our advance began in the direction of Dinwiddie Court House, the cavalry in front fighting at every step: pushing across Hatcher's Creek or a branch thereof, were driven back, the stream being so much swollen we could not cross at that point and go to its relief. A short distance below where part of the remains of an old mill was standing, our brigade pushed across in the face of a sharp fire from the enemy, who held the opposite bank. No sooner had we crossed than we formed line and pushed the enemy back to the top of the creek hill where he made a stand, but one well directed volley caused him to quickly retire—in fact, flee in various

directions. Reaching the high ground, which was in a dense wood, the line halted for a moment, and just then in front of the left wing of our regiment in some open ground about fifty yards in front, appeared the head of a body of cavalry. Some one cried out, "they are our men;" another asked, "who are you?" Discovering that they were blue jackets, our men gave them a volley which emptied several saddles, and the main body fled in dismay. The advance continued and so did the skirmishing, the enemy now seeming to be in no particular haste to get out of our way, but rather disposed to dispute our advance at every step, for frequently they stood until we would get within less than one hundred yards of them before retiring. Near sunset we came up with the enemy in strong force some two miles from Dinwiddie Court House. He was strongly posted on both sides of the road with a battery of artillery in the center, which center rested on a large frame dwelling house on the left of the road, with his wings extended near a half-mile on either side.

Immediate dispositions for attack were made. Our brigade occupied the left with a squadron of cavalry protecting our flank. Our advance led through a belt of pines then over some broken ground and down into a ravine, then up quite an ascent to reach the position held by the enemy.

Along our route that day we had gathered up

quite a number of Sharp's carbines, one of which I took charge of, being armed with only a small Sergeant Major's sword. Most of the commissioned officers of the line also armed themselves with guns taken from the enemy

The line being formed and just as the last rays of the sun had disappeared, the charge began and in less than ten minutes we had gained the summit held by the enemy a moment before and he was now retreating in utter confusion before the rapid volleys fired by our men, leaving his dead and wounded thickly strewing the ground. It was now almost dark but the advance continued, and in passing near the house, I saw what I supposed to be the head of a Federal soldier above a fence some thirty yards in my front. I levelled my gun and fired; the object did not move. In a moment more we had reached the spot and to my utter astonishment, the object I had fired at, instead of a soldier's head, was a board with a notch cut in it forming part of an old ash-hopper. No harm was done—only a shot had been unnecessarily thrown away. Beyond this point less than one hundred yards in the midst of the enemy's dead and wounded, we lay down in line of battle, and during the night, humanity, the crowning favor of the brave soldier, secured for the wounded, the enemy's as well as our own, all the care and attention possible. Our loss had been small, especially

in our regiment. Gen. Terry's horse was struck down by a cannon shot which caused it to fall on the Gen'l, giving him quite a severe injury

A little before light the next morning, Saturday, the 1st day of April, we began to retire on Five Forks. It was near 9 o'clock a. m., when our line was formed, with W. H. F. Lee's cavalry on the right, then the brigades of Corse, Terry, Stewart, Ransom and Wallace in the order named, with Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry on the left. Our brigade (Terry's) held the ground immediately on the right of the Forks with its left (our regiment) resting on the Forks at which was posted two guns of Col. Wm. Pegram's battalion of artillery. The enemy did not appear in our front until about 10 a. m.

Five Forks is situate in a thickly wooded, low, flat country and gets its name from the crossing of two country roads at near right angles and the deflection of another road bisecting one of those angles, the last place that a good General with a small force would have selected as ground upon which to fight a battle against a superior force, because it was in an open country and could be easily turned on the right or left, and a small force could be easily isolated from the main army at Petersburg, which, in fact, the enemy did on this occasion, impelling Warren's infantry corps, perhaps twenty thousand strong, against our left and between us and Petersburg.

This point called Five Forks could have only been necessary to hold in order to protect the South-Side railroad and for this reason may have been regarded strategic, but it could not be held by a small force if an enemy in superior numbers chose to turn it.

The enemy's attack began along our front very soon after we had gotten into position, though at first with only a heavy skirmish line. No sooner had we gotten into position than we began to throw up logs and dig trenches and make obstructions, and only ceased when the enemy's attack became so vigorous as to necessitate our seizing our guns to repel it: this we did twice or thrice, each time following the retreating foe with a line of skirmishers and immediately resuming work on our defences. Crawford and Dudley, from our company, were on the skirmish line. The former returned to us about 1 p. m., stating that his gun had been shot in twain at the breech and he wanted another, which was furnished him and he returned to his post. He afterwards told me that in a few minutes after his return he saw the enemy forming a line of mounted and dismounted men, and as he advanced that he (Crawford) called to the men on his right and left that when they got close enough, to shoot the man on foot first and then take their chances against the man on horseback. As they (our men) were in the woods, he thought they would have a better chance

to fight the cavalry. As they came Crawford took his man and sprang behind a tree and attempted to load, but before he was ready the mounted man was upon him, striking at him with his sabre and he was compelled to surrender. Of the whole skirmish line only about a half dozen escaped. This was near 2 p. m. and a general advance and attack began along our whole front and on our right flank which was quickly repulsed and with considerable loss to the enemy, with but little to us, but among our killed or rather mortally wounded, was Col. Pegram, of the artillery, who fell from his horse only a few feet from me and on the left of our regiment and just in rear of two of his guns; he fell after the enemy's charge had been repulsed, doubtless shot by a sharp shooter.

In a few minutes after this attack was repulsed, we heard a terrific fire of musketry on our left and rather to the rear which we did not well understand and some uneasiness was expressed, and fears were entertained that our left wing had been turned and doubled back, placing us in danger of being taken in reverse. These surmises proved too true. While the enemy's cavalry, mounted and dismounted, was engaging our front and right his infantry under Warren was pushing around our left and had forced Ransom's and Wallace's brigades back and doubled them up on Stewart's brigade, of our division. At

this critical juncture of affairs, our brigade was withdrawn from the front and hurried double quick to the endangered, overwhelmed left and was thrown forward to meet the attacking column, our regiment on the extreme left. The men of Ransom's, Wallace's and Stewart's brigades were in utter confusion—badly mixed. Gen. Pickett rode up to Col. Flowerree (commanding our regiment—now numbering less than 300 men) and informed him of the situation of affairs, and said, "I depend upon your regiment to save the day."

We were quickly in position and in order to meet the front and flank movements of the enemy, the regiment, thought few in number and covering but a small space of front, formed in the shape of a broad A and advanced and pressed the enemy back, gradually straightened its line, crossed the road and gained a high ground in an open wood close up to the enemy and scarce forty paces from him, where he was massed in columns and had the appearance of being many deep and covering acres of ground. The contest was sharp and spirited, our men lying down to avoid the destructive volleys of the enemy, while his columns massed as previously stated, would rise and fire the one over the other.

There was no doubt we were grappling with more than ten times our own number, and our ranks were being so rapidly thinned that it was evident

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that the contest could not long be maintained. The Colonel, a gallant, fearless, bold, determined youth, time and again ordered a charge and time and again it was attempted, each time being met by a shower of bullets from the enemy, and the only advantage we gained, if any, was ground and the lessening of the distance between us and the enemy—indeed we had gotten so close to each other, that the conflict became almost hand to hand.

Finding ourselves unable to drive the enemy and only seeing our men falling at every volley delivered by the enemy, our Colonel ordered a retreat, but the men still stood to their posts.

Twice and thrice was the order to retreat repeated before the men moved, then at a double quick by the right flank and in good order. The Colonel called out as we crossed the road, "men, follow that moon." He meant to move westward.

My position as Sergeant-Major was on the left of the regiment, the position I occupied during the battle, seeing the regiment move rapidly to the right and rear, I stood for a moment gazing, reflecting whether I should run the gauntlet—take the chances of death, or become a prisoner. Choosing the former, and passing the road over which we had just fought our way, and passing the Third Virginia regiment of our brigade, moving rapidly to my left, I found myself in company with two men

who were a little in advance of me : proceeding but a short distance we found ourselves in the midst of the enemy's cavalry. A sergeant demanded our surrender. The Confederate closest to him threw down his gun, the one next to me turned to me and asked, "what shall we do?" I still had my carbine but no ammunition, and without making reply to the question or throwing down my gun, but keeping my eyes fixed on the Sergeant, who was separated by a small space from his comrades, I observed that his cap had been knocked off by the limb of a pine bush under which he had ridden, and that without dismounting, he was attempting to reach it from his horse which he had wheeled about with his head from me. Seeing an opening in the ranks of the enemy's column, I darted through midst a shower of bullets, and in less than two hundred yards beyond overtook my command with that of Corse, Stewart and others endeavoring to form across the road. Here Gen'ls Pickett, Terry, Corse, Stewart and Ransom were calling on the men to get into line quickly in order to meet the next assault of the enemy. In the road stood the ensign of the First Virginia regiment with his colors and guard, with Gentry and part of the famous Glee Club, who were singing, "Rally round the flag, boys; rally once again!"—and rally they did, although we were badly mixed, frequently not knowing our right hand

man on our left, and seven or eight deep, but in a few moments and not a moment too soon, for the enemy was coming, order was restored out of chaos. The position we now held was not more than four hundred yards in rear of the Forks and the enemy as yet had gained but little ground, though he had captured a large number of prisoners, principally of Ransom's, Wallace's and Stewart's brigades. When the line was broken and Pegram's artillerists found that their guns must be abandoned, they loosed their horses and brought them back. These men were now with us, mounted on their horses and prepared if the opportunity offered, to return and get their guns.

The enemy now bore down heavily upon our front and right, advancing through an open field in front of the belt of timber in which our line was formed. We moved forward to the edge of the wood and when the enemy had approached within close range we gave them a most murderous and destructive fire, which, as the smoke cleared away revealed to us the fact that his whole line had been swept away as chaff before the wind and nothing remained of it but his dead and wounded and a few flying fugitives. In the mean time the enemy had thrown a heavy force around our right and likewise around our left and again threatened to not only isolate us from the main army at Petersburg, but to crush us between

their heavy columns. He had by this time formed his lines around us very much in the shape of a horseshoe, we standing in the toe and having the heel open to pass out at. As his cavalry pressed down upon our right and rear, it was met, charged and repulsed by the Confederate cavalry, thus opening wider the gap for our escape.

Dark was now upon us. The command was badly scattered and in a country unknown to the men and almost surrounded by the enemy, who were again closely pressing us in front, advancing and often firing at us at the distance of not more than fifteen to twenty paces. One came down the road firing very deliberately, seeing an Enfield rifle lying on the ground, capped and as I supposed loaded, I seized it and drew down upon this bold fellow, who took to a tree. I did likewise, both fired, and I have no reason to suppose that either drew blood, at least he did not strike me and I didn't stop to inquire of him how it was, but passed into the woods which was now on fire. I reasoned with myself what if I should be wounded here and fall where this fire would burn and consume me? I hastened my steps until I struck a pond of water and fell down at it and slaked my thirst, and then pushed on overtaking a large body of our men in an open field who were being formed by Col. Herbert, of the 17th Virginia regiment, who was pleading with the men to get into

ranks, that our only safety from capture lay in organization. The men promptly obeyed him, and we soon marched on, reaching a little stream which we found some difficulty in crossing but finally passed over. Just beyond this stream was passing through an open field a body of troops, mostly cavalry. Some one suggested they are Yankees and that we had better prepare to open on them, but Col. Herbert halted the men and commanded perfect silence. A moment more and some one in the passing column far in advance called out, "oh John!" which he repeated several times. The Col. directed one of the men to answer him and tell him to come back, which he did, and we were much relieved by ascertaining that they were our own men. The Col. directed the soldier to ride forward and tell the officer in command to halt until we could close up on him. This being done, we moved on across the Southside railroad and in the direction of Exeter Mills on the Appomattox, halting near midnight and going into bivouac.

By the time we had reached and crossed the Southside railroad, most of the men that had escaped from the battle had gotten back into ranks, and reasonable order and confidence had been restored.

Our regiment had suffered pretty severely but my company had lost but six men—Crawford, Dudley, Sumner and G. C. Mullins as prisoners and Wm. D.

Peters and John A. Hale severely wounded ~~and~~ left on the field.

Much has been said and written about this battle and some criticisms in regard to the behavior of our men by those wholly ignorant of what occurred. It can be safely and truthfully asserted by those present and who witnessed what occurred, that never were troops placed in a more trying situation—outflanked on both wings, attacked both front and rear by a force at least five times their own numbers in a comparatively open country, away from supports and assistance, and no shelter or protection save a rude log breastwork hastily thrown up and this occupied for only a short time. There was no panic. The men rallied time and again and kept up the fight until after dark when the enemy desisted. Some of the closest fighting of the war was done at Five Forks, some of the men were so close that they clubbed their muskets and left the brains of their antagonists scattered on the ground. One such case occurred with a Giles county man, — McCrosky, of the 24th regiment, and no doubt there were similar instances.

It has been previously stated that we were outnumbered—we knew we were fighting Warren's corps of infantry numbering about twenty thousand, and Sheridan's and Kauntz's cavalry commands which numbered from ten to fifteen thousand men,

making an aggregate of at least thirty thousand well armed, well trained veterans. Against this overpowering force we had Ransom's and Wallace's brigades, aggregating about 1000, Stewart's brigade about 1000, Corse's brigade about 1100, our brigade (Ferry's) about 900, and the cavalry numbering about 2500, and some 300 artillerists, making a total of 6800. At the very first onslaught on the left we were deprived of the services of a large part of Ransom's, Wallace's and Stewart's men, who were captured in the enemy's flank movement. Our cavalry except on the right afforded us but little assistance, as those on the left were dismounted and mostly captured by Warren's corps when it made its swing around our left; so that no time during the battle after Warren's movement could we have had engaged more than 4500 men, who kept up the fight from a little after 2 p. m. until dark put an end to the contest, and we had only been forced back at that time about three fourths of a mile. It was simply a yielding to mere brute force--overwhelming numbers, and the only strange thing about it is, that the whole force was not captured. The folly of which our officers were guilty was in holding on so long--in other words, we should have retired and made our connections with the right wing of the main army before Sheridan made his attack and we should have thus been saved the necessity of guarding both

flanks, as well as the mortification of defeat. Another puzzle is, why both Sheridan and Warren were not court martialed and cashiered for incompetency, for certainly no general officer in command of such a large force could or should be excused for his failure to capture or destroy so insignificant a force as they had to contend with. It was in their power at any time from 2 p. m. until dark to have made prisoners of us all, and nothing but their bad generalship saved us, for their men were brave enough, well equipped and armed, most of the cavalry being armed with repeating rifles. There is no doubt but that Sheridan's men would fight; they were men who had for gallant conduct been taken from the ranks of infantry and placed in the cavalry. They were brave, gallant, generous foes, whatever the facts might warrant us in saying about their General and his barn burning in the Valley of Virginia.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RETREAT VIA OF DEEP CREEK AND AMELIA C. H. —OUR LAST BATTLE, AT SAILORS CREEK —CAPTURED AND IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY—MARCH TO CITY POINT.

Our starved condition—A. L. Fry and the bomb proof—Embarkation for Point Lookout, Md.—Assassination of Mr. Lincoln—Co. D. in prison—Taking the oath—Return home.

Early on the morning of Sunday, the 2nd day of April, 1865, the morning following the battle of Five forks, we moved out from our night's bivouac and marched a short distance in the direction of Sutherland's Depot, and there turned into the main road leading to Amelia C. H., and fell in with portions of Heth's and Wilcox's divisions by whom we were informed that the lines around Petersburg had been penetrated and they cut off from Petersburg. At this we were not surprised, for we had heard in the direction of that city a terrific cannonading going on the night before and early that morning.

We pushed on that day—learning on the way that Gen. A. P. Hill had been killed before Petersburg, and halted that night not far from Deep Creek. We were nearly famished—had no rations, but there was but little murmuring.

During the forenoon of Monday the enemy's cavalry came up with our rear guard and some brisk skirmishing occurred. We finally, about 2 p. m., passed Deep Creek but the enemy pressed our cavalry so closely that it was necessary to halt and send back a part of the infantry to relieve the cavalry and to enable our wagons and artillery to get over. Late in the evening there was issued to us a short and scanty supply of rations, the first since the 29th ultimo.

We bivouaced on Monday night a short distance from Deep Creek, and moved on the next morning towards Amelia Court House, but the enemy was there ahead of us, or rather had been there, and made an attack upon a wagon train but were driven off by the stragglers and teamsters, and when we reached there, they were gone, leaving however, several of their dead and wounded who were still on the ground. Here we first heard of the evacuation of Richmond, and while the news cast a gloom and sadness over many of the men whose homes were in that city, still it was not entirely unexpected and these men kept their places and marched on.

determined to do their duty to the last. From the time we left Amelia Court House on or about noon Tuesday, the 4th, until Thursday, the 6th, at the close of the battle at Sailor's Creek, there was scarcely an hour day or night, that we were not engaged in skirmishing with the enemy. He was on all sides of us—front, rear and both flanks. Time and again we were forced to halt and not only form in line of battle but form a hollow square to prevent capture.

Our march was necessarily slow on account of our trains which moved only at a snail's pace through the mud and mire, drawn by almost famished animals which had but little if any food for several days and while soldiers may live for awhile on enthusiasm, mules and horses must have oats. As for ourselves, we were without anything to eat except a little parched corn when we stopped long enough to parch it, otherwise we took it raw, shelling it from the ear as we marched along. The small amount of rations issued to us at Deep Creek had only been sufficient for one fair meal.

Many of the men were so overcome with fatigue and suffering from hunger and the loss of sleep that they would go to sleep walking along and find themselves stumbling and falling in the road. There was no food to be had in the country along the road upon which we were advancing, as the people had been stripped of everything in the shape of food by

those in advance of us, and it was unsafe to venture far from the command on account of the enemy's cavalry now on all the roads parallel to the one upon which we were moving. We halted for rest but once during the night of Wednesday, the 5th, and then but a few minutes and in line of battle, for the enemy was close upon us.

It was the general expression that if all our sufferings, marchings, hardships and privations for the preceeding four years were added together they would not equal those we were now undergoing and enduring on this tramp.

At daylight on Thursday we had reached a point near Sailor's Creek, a small tributary of the Appomattox, and some five miles below High Bridge and about ten miles from Farmville. We had been marching for the greater part of the past two days, with skirmishers on one and some times on both flanks, calling them in at dark and throwing them out again at dawn. And so it was on this morning that our skirmishers advanced a short distance on our left flank and at once became warmly engaged with the enemy, whose balls came whistling among us. We lay down in the edge of a wood and finding in the line a fair sized pine stump, I concluded to lie down behind it and sleep while the fight in front progressed. I slept very sweetly for some time—until we were required to move again. Here

for the first and last time I saw Gen. Henry A. Wise, a tall, slender, grey-haired, venerable looking old man, but as straight and apparently as active as a man of twenty years.

As previously stated, our division belonged to the corps of Lieut.-Gen. Anderson, to which was also attached the division of Gen. Bushrod Johnson and to this latter division Gen. Wise's brigade belonged. It seems that a portion of our corps (Anderson's) had left the road on which the main body of the army was moving and turned to the left, taking a parallel road on which some of our trains and artillery had moved, either by mistake or in order to enable the army to get along more rapidly.

The skirmishing grew warmer and warmer and we expected every moment to see the enemy in force advance to engage us, but this was the last of his wishes; he only desired to attract our attention and hold us until he could push his troops south and west of us and to cut us off from any possible escape either towards Danville or Lynchburg. A little past noon a heavy force of the enemy's cavalry made a dash at our trains and artillery in advance of us on the road we were travelling, and we hurried forward at a double quick across Sailor's Creek to drive off these bold troopers, however reaching our guns in the road just in time to see most of the artillerists, including Col. Huger, their commandant, hurried

off as prisoners, many of the guns cut down in the road. Moving forward into line, we quickly dispersed the enemy and continued to advance in line of battle on each side of the road and through an open field without meeting with any resistance but as we reached some high ground some one called out, 'look! look!' Casting our eyes to the left and rear, we saw a squadron of the enemy's cavalry making for Gen. Pickett and his staff, who were making equally as good time for our line on our left, which they reached in safety, but the squadron neither turning to right nor the left kept straight on as if they did not see the sturdy braves who had taken position behind some scattering timber just in rear of the main line. On sped this squadron until it reached a point within a few feet of the Confederates, who had taken post for them, and suddenly flashed perhaps fifty muskets, and with the volley every saddle was emptied.

Halting on the brow of the hill and near the intersection of the road on which we were marching with another running directly west we tore away an old worm fence and piled up the rails, making a kind of breastwork and protection. In our rear and beyond Sailor's Creek was the corps of Gen. Ewell and the division of Gen. Kershaw, neither having any connection with us or each other; nor did it seem that we had any connection with troops in front of us.

and were in the exact situation to be beaten in detail. Along our front and fully five hundred yards away we could see passing to our right heavy columns of the enemy evidently bent upon getting ahead of us, and this must have been manifest to our commanding officers who permitted us to stand still and remain idle for more than an hour and until the enemy had made full disposition for attack, which came about 3 p. m. and began by an assault on a body of our cavalry on our right, commanded as we understood by Gen. Munford. Twice while we looked on and before we were assailed, did he charge our cavalry and each time we saw him repulsed and flying across the front part of our division, by whom he was fired upon when close enough to be reached by the balls. Our line was lengthened out to the right in order to aid the cavalry and prevent it from being overlapped or outflanked until there remained but a bare skirmish line.

Gen. Terry had given the order to move to the right when it was discovered that the enemy was advancing in heavy force upon us. The General called out, "remain where you are, men, and don't fire till they get near enough for you to see the whites of their eyes, then every man take his man, and at the word 'charge' give them the bayonet." We lay down behind the rails close to the ground waiting for the enemy, who as yet was a hundred

and fifty to two hundred yards away, and who did not fire until he was within seventy-five yards or less of us, then opened a furious fusilade with repeating rifles, which seemed to fill the air so that if it had been possible to do so, it seemed a man could have reached up and caught a handful.

Immediately on my left was an Irishman by the name of Mike Desmond, who, possessed ^{ing} that same excitable temperament common among his countrymen, rose up and fired despite our protests, and when to wait, ^{keep} quiet, his answer was, "they are coming." Reloading and again remonstrated with, he answered, "they are right at us;" and no amount of remonstrance would prevent Mike from firing. About this time a member of a company on my left raised up and fired and as he took his gun from his face a ball from the enemy struck him in the forehead and he fell over dead. The next moment Capt. Harris, Adjutant-Gen. of the brigade, raised up to look over at the enemy and fell dead in his place. Just as Capt. Harris fell, Lieut. Rivercombe, to my left called to me and said, "come here." I asked, "what do you want?" He again said, "come here." In the act of rising to comply with his request, I saw Col. Flowerree move to our left toward Col. Carrington, of the 18th, whose regiment was next on our left. The firing at the moment ceased and I heard a heavy tramp to the rear. Looking back over my

shoulder saw a heavy column of the enemy's cavalry in a few feet of us and rising and looking to the front his line then was not more than ten feet away. Some one cried fire and a portion of our regiment delivered its fire into the very faces of those in front. In a moment began a kind of mixed, indiscriminate fight; the color bearer of the 18th regiment fought with his color-staff till he was knocked down by a blow from a sabre which gave him a severe and ugly wound on the side of the head and face. Our color bearer, Tolbert, did not know that the enemy was near him until one of them had ridden up behind him and had seized the flag and compelled Tolbert, with drawn pistol, to lose his hold. Taking in the situation I saw that further resistance on our part was wholly useless and began to walk slowly away towards the left. The fire on some parts of the line still continued. Meeting a Federal officer, I said to him, "our men have surrendered. I hope you will treat us as prisoners of war and not allow your men to keep shooting us." He replied, "as soon as your men stop shooting, ours will quit."

In a moment more all was over and we marched out into an open field where we were surrounded by a cordon of cavalry. The fight was still raging between the men of Ewell, Kershaw and the enemy, and we had hopes of the defeat of the enemy, but

very soon the firing ceased and most of Ewell and Kershaw's men were marched in as prisoners and with them, Gen. Ewell.

How strange the scenes among the captives. Some cried, some prayed, some cursed, some sulked—looked mad, others talked cheerfully and said all is not lost, but it was too apparent that the struggle was about over. We had fired our last shot and the flag which we had followed to victory on so many fields was now furled forever.

The sun was fast sinking and as it went down the men stretched themselves upon the ground and were soon asleep, many of us not waking until the sun was high in the heavens. Gloom was depicted on every countenance and sorrow outlined on every face, yet these men said to each other if they could escape they would fight on, on to the bitter end, for the land they loved and the cause they had espoused. True they had seen their comrades day by day go down, and had plainly seen and was painfully reminded that if the war continued and they had remained in the ranks, that it would have been only a question of time when they too would bite the dust. They, however, had this consolation regarding their dead comrades, that they had gone down in the conscientious belief of the justness of their cause, in the hope of victory and the final triumph of their country's cause and had not lived to see

their flag furled in defeat, and were saved the humiliation of tasting the bitter cup of submission of which we were compelled to drink to its very dregs. The gallantry and devotion of our men in the unequal struggle proved how thorough were their convictions of the righteousness of their cause, and by their devotion to that cause and their country, and their kindness and humanity to those whom the fate of war placed in their power, proved them worthy sons of chivalric ancestors. They viewed the attempt at coercion on the part of the Northern people as aggression, tyranny and usurpation, and their action in defence of their country, homes and firesides as an inherent, unalienable right—a defence of constitutional liberty

Immediately upon our capture, the Federal soldiers stripped our men of all their good hats, boots, etc. Our Colonel, who had a splendid new hat and boots, was deprived of both, and in lieu thereof was given a worn out, dingy, old cap and rough shoes. Just why this conduct on their part I cannot explain except upon the theory that they wanted these things as trophies, not that they had any need of them, for such was not the case for they were well supplied with everything that a soldier in the field should have.

We were without food and had been since the preceeding Monday night and Tuesday morning,

except the raw corn gathered on the way. These men (our captors, Custer's, Crook's and Devine's men) were themselves poorly supplied but seemed disposed to divide with us their scanty supply, and aside from their robbing us of our hats, etc., they were kind and obliging.

About six thousand of our men had been captured in the battle of the day before and were now brought into this same field preparatory to being marched off. While arrangements were being made for this, a band mounted on horseback passed by us in company with Gen. Custer, whose escort carried twenty-one of our battle flags captured the day before. This exhibition was evidently intended as a further act of humiliation, but our cup was already full to overflowing and we gave to the procession and display but a glancing look and made but little comment. In this last fight our regiment, which numbered about one hundred and sixty men, my company, including officers, about seventeen, were as true and faithful as ever. The casualties were few in the regiment and none in the company. The officers present were Capt. Bane and Lieut. Taylor, and as now recollected, the following non-commissioned officers and privates were present, all of whom were captured, namely: Sergts. Yager, Fry and myself; privates Bolton, Darr, Eaton, Gordon, Henderson, J. J. Hurt, Meadows, Minnich, Southern, J. C.

Shannon, R. M. Stafford and Wiley. Some members of our company were with the wagon trains and some may have escaped; those who surrendered with the army at Appomattox, were Geo. W. Hurt, Henry Lewy, Joseph Lewy, G. L. Wilburn, W. I. Wilburn, Charles A. Hale and Raleigh Merrix. Part of these men were cooks and part teamsters.

The fearful and continuous roar of artillery a few miles away told plainly that the Confederates were still able to maintain the fight. This firing continued throughout the day, but we did not know the result, only conjecturing that our men were still retiring.

About noon on Friday, the 7th of April, we began our march toward Petersburg, reaching Burkesville that night after dark, at which place a number of beeves were killed, carved up and issued to us where we stood in line and without opportunity to cook it, we moved on, compelled to eat the fresh, warm beef in its raw state without salt, which made many sick and gave to them severe cases of dysentery.

Next morning, Saturday, found us near Nottoway C. H., where we rested most of the day, resuming the march in the evening and marching nearly all night, again halting and resting Sunday and until Monday. In the mean time the troops by whom we had been captured, had been relieved and we turned over to a set of "bomb proof" fellows, who

had seen but little of the war, especially the fighting part and who undertook to relieve us of what few hats had been left us by their predecessors. I had an excellent hat which I had picked up on the battle field of Drury's Bluff the preceding May, and which I had preserved until starting out on this campaign. I had succeeded in saving it this far by keeping near the center of the column and away from the guards. Now in the hands of a fresh swarm I felt sure my hat would go, but determined to save it if I could—resorted to the expedient of dipping it in a pond of muddy water, so that when the mud dried upon it, no one would have supposed it worth having. When I reached the prison I cleaned off the mud and my hat was equal to a new one. These "bomb proof" soldiers made themselves exceedingly disagreeable by their taunts and jeers, which occasionally came near producing violence. As we passed through Petersburg on the morning of Thursday, the 13th, one of these soldiers was so provoking that A. L. Fry told him that no one but a coward would abuse a prisoner—a man within his power. The fellow became very angry and would have done violence to Fry if he had not moved out of his reach.

Near 10 a. m. we were halted about one mile below Petersburg and a bountiful supply of rations were issued to us—the first supply we had received since

the 29th of March. Several were too sick to eat, myself among the number; our long march, weak and enfeebled from dysentery resulting from eating the warm, raw beef at Burkesville, our stomachs were in no condition either to receive or digest food. Resuming the march late in the evening, we reached City Point at or a little before dark, where we were forced to stand all night long in the mud and a drizzling rain, without rest or sleep and not even a place to lie down except in the mud and water. During the day we were placed aboard a steamer and in the evening moved down the James. Whither we were going was a matter of speculation; but when aroused the next morning (Saturday) we found the boat anchored off Point Lookout, Md. Very soon it was whispered about that Mr. Lincoln had been assassinated the preceding night, but the story was not credited by our men. They believed it a Yankee invention for the purpose of furnishing some excuse to inflict upon us some unusual punishment. We were however soon convinced that some fearful event had happened, as the flags on the shipping were hanging at half mast. So soon as we were landed we became convinced that the report was true, for it was again repeated by the Federal soldiers and officers, who informed us that any signs of exultation would result in the opening of the batteries upon us and we saw that the guns were turned

upon the prison. They however, very much mistook the spirit and feelings of our men, though stung by defeat yet brave and chivalrous, they could in no wise justify, excuse or palliate so cold blooded a murder, much less rejoice at its commission. The general expression among the men was that it was extremely unfortunat for the South as Mr. Lincoln was inclined to pacific measures toward the South and had great influence with his people and would have been able to prevent the adoption of extreme measures and policy in the settlement of questions growing out of the war : therefore the enemy found no cause to open upon us his guns.

So soon as we were landed and marched within the prison walls, we were searched from head to foot and every article of value except small pocket knives taken from us, they were however deposited in a room at headquarters and their return promised. If any of the men had money gold, silver or United States currency, it was turned over to the sutler and a small book with name of owner and amount given to the party from whom it was taken, and what he failed to spend with the sutler was returned when the party was released and discharged. The prison was laid off in divisions, and was now already much crowded, there being about twenty two thousand within its walls in which was enclosed not over twenty acres. The quarters consisted of

small tents into which was crowded about eight to ten men, large enough for about five, and we were divided into companies and in charge of our own sergeants.

Around the prison was a tall plank fence with a platform at the top on which the guards stood. The supply of water was drawn from numerous wells, the water of which had a sweet copperas taste and made our teeth perfectly black. The only place outside the prison we were allowed to go was on the bay side where we were permitted to go between sunrise and sunset ; at the latter hour the gates were closed.

Our rations consisted of eight ounces of loaf bread per day, a thin piece of fat bacon, boiled and cut so thin that when held up between us and an object was almost transparent, and a pint cup of bean soup in which we occasionally found a bean.

April rains brought upon us much suffering. As we had no fire, many were taken sick and had to be removed to hospitals—among them, Josephus Southern who died a short time after his removal. For morality, uprightness and gentleness he had no superior in the company

When we reached Point Lookout we found with those of the company captured at Five Forks there was nineteen of Co. D. in this prison, namely : Fry, Yager, Crawford, Dudley, Mullins, Sumner,

Meadows, Darr, Stafford, Wiley Shannon, Southern, Bolton, Eaton, Minnich, Henderson, Gordon, Hurt and myself, at least this is as now recollected. Our rations were wholly insufficient and as the result we were always hungry, went to bed hungry and got up hungry and were always hungry I went to prison weighing one hundred and sixty-five pounds and came out weighing one hundred and twenty seven, and yet was not sick a single day. We had nothing to do and but little to read. Those of us fortunate enough to have a bible or testament spent most of our time in reading that. Some of the men were very ingenious workmen and became adepts in the manufacture of finger rings from gutta percha buttons, which they sold to the Federal guards. Anderson Meadows succeeded well at the business, made money enough to supply himself with tobacco and provisions, which for the money he could buy from the sutler. When the weather became warm enough, which was about the middle to the 20th of May we were allowed to bathe in the bay. Some of the men were allowed to go out on detail to unload vessels, and thereby succeeded in getting additional rations. Finally cooks were selected from among the prisoners and the boys said they all soon became bald headed, having their hair worn off by diving into the pots after the beans.

Our guards were inclined to be kind to us, and

accommodating as far as allowed by their officers, but these men were removed and a lot of negro guards took their places, who on the slightest provocation would fire into the camp, frequently killing and wounding the prisoners, which drew forth a remonstrance from the prisoners, especially as to having the camp patrolled at night by the negroes and resulted in the officer selecting a patrol from among the prisoners and we had but little trouble thereafter. Most of the men bore their imprisonment very well, some chafed and fretted, among them Ed Yager, of our company, who would almost rave at times and was at war with everything and everything, paced up and down the streets declaring that we would never get out of this place, would die here, that it would have been better to have perished on the battle field than by the slow process of starvation. This state of things was not long to exist. The Federal government was to release and discharge us upon our taking the oath of fidelity to the government. This, numbers of the men declared they would never take, but they finally changed their minds and concluded it was better to take all the oaths that might be required and get out.

About the middle of June the order came for our discharge and the officer in charge of the prison decided to begin alphabetically and discharge as rapidly as transportation could be had to bear us away

to our respective places of destination. No sooner was it announced that all men whose names began with the letter A would repair to headquarters, than it seemed that the names of half the prisoners in the prison began with that letter. Many a fellow, in his anxiety to get away, went out under an assumed name, which commenced, of course, with the letter A. I deemed it more prudent to bide my time. The letter J was not called until Wednesday, the 28th day of June, when we found but comparatively few to respond and the prison almost deserted.

Repairing to headquarters, thirty-two of us fell into line under the American flag stretched above us, and the oath administered, whereupon we were required to face an officer who gave to his clerk a personal description of us and another took our height and place of residence, and we then passed outside the wall of the prison. Below is an exact and full copy of the oath and certificate of discharge, the original of which I preserved and still have.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA :

I, David E. Johnston, of the county of Giles and the State of Va., do solemnly swear that I will support, protect and defend the constitution and government of the United States against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign; that I will bear true faith, allegiance and loyalty to the same, any ordinance, resolution, or laws of any State, convention,

or legislature to the contrary notwithstanding ; and further that I will faithfully perform all the duties which may be required of me by the laws of the United States ; and that I take this oath freely and voluntarily without any mental reservation or evasion whatever

D. E. JOHNSTON

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of June, A. D. 1865.

A. C. BRADY,

Maj. and Provost Marshal.

The above named has fair complexion, brown hair and hazel eyes and is 5 feet and 9½ inches high.

CERTIFICATE OF RELEASE OF PRISONER OF WAR.

Head Quarters, Point Lookout, Md., }
Provost Marshal's Office, June 28, 1865. }

I hereby certify that David E. Johnston, prisoner of war, having this day taken the Oath of Allegiance to the United States, is in conformity with instructions from the War Department hereby released and discharged. In witness whereof I hereunto affix my official signature and stamp.

A. C. BRADY,

Maj. and Provost Marshal.

{ A. C. BRADY,
June 28th, 1865,
Maj. and Provost Marshal. }

Steamers were lying at the wharf and so soon a

a sufficient number whose destination was Richmond were discharged to fill the boat we went on board. Landing at Richmond on Thursday, the 29th, late in the evening, we walked up on the streets seeing or meeting no one that seemed to greet us with a smile; we had little to eat and no one offered us anything. Richmond presented quite a different appearance from that when last seen by us. Now the very heart of the city was in ruins including its warehouses, the post office, the treasury the principal banks, newspaper offices, etc. As we had no money we could not get accommodation at a hotel, nor could we buy food, and we were not inclined to beg and had no disposition to steal, therefore we wisely concluded to do without unless some one chose to offer us food. Some suggestion was made to us that the soldiers passing through Richmond on their way home had been staying all night at old Chimborazo Hospital; to this point we made our way about dark. Finding the place entirely deserted and fearing to sleep inside the buildings in which had been all manner of diseases, we lay down on the ground and slept until morning, and then pushed down into the city and across the James to the depot of the Richmond & Danville railroad at which was assembled three to five hundred men awaiting transportation for which the outlook was rather slim, but in a little while a few old box cars

were gotten together and an engine attached and we all clambered in and on the old boxes. I with others concluded to try on top as we would have more room and plenty of fresh air; but as the box was covered with sheet iron and the rays of a burning sun poured down upon it we found it rather uncomfortable position. The old engines, very much like our mules and horses on the retreat from Petersburg, too weak and cranky to do much pulling, halted on the first heavy grade. While the engineer was trying to get it in working order we left the top of the old box and procured the boughs of bushes and made a kind of arbor on the box to shield us from the parching heat. After much labor the engine started again and pulled us slowly along, something like as fast as the gait of a very ordinary trotting horse. Late in the evening a heavy rain storm came up and gave those of us that were on top the boxes a thorough drenching. We reached Burkeville after night and in the midst of this rain storm. Ascertaining that no trains were moving between that point and Farmville on account of the destruction of High Bridge over the Appomattox and that by reaching Farmville by 9 o'clock next morning we would get a train that would carry us within six miles of Lynchburg, we hastened on along the railroad track, walking all night and crossing the Appomattox at High Bridge at

laylight on Saturday morning where we found a lot of cranberries of which we ate freely. Putting some in our haversacks, we pushed on and reached Farmville just in time to get the train, which carried us to within six miles of Lynchburg, where we boarded a packer boat and got into Lynchburg late in the evening where we met some gentlemen who directed us to the Soldiers' Home, prepared by the ladies and where we had fair quarters and something to eat, which came none too soon, as we were nearly famished.

By this time our party, that is those who came as far as Lynchburg, had been reduced to less than a dozen of whom, as I now recollect, was a man by the name of Leonard, of Carroll county, Isaiah Johnston, of Craig, and Sam'l Lucas (little Sam, we called him), of Giles. On reaching Lynchburg, we ascertained that we could not get a train before Monday morning and that would only carry us to Big Spring at the foot of the Alleghanies. Therefore we had to spend Sunday in the city rather reluctantly than otherwise, for we were very anxious to press homewards as rapidly as possible. We were travelling without purse or scrip, and had not even been called upon to show our certificates of discharge as prisoners of war.

While in prison I had made the acquaintance of A. J. Camp, Esq., a member of the 11th Virginia

regiment and a citizen of Lynchburg, who had been released some days before I got away, knowing he was at home, or at least supposing he had preceded me several days, on Sunday morning I strolled down on to Bridge Street and found him in his business house. He received me kindly and invited me to go home with him. I declined and he said, "come back here at noon and I will have your dinner." Of course I went back, and found a splendid repast and ate as much as I thought prudent, for my condition was then such that it would have been an easy matter to have put my life in danger.

Leaving Lynchburg early on Monday, the 3rd of July, we reached Big Spring depot late in the evening. This being as far as trains were running, from there we must walk home for there was neither public nor private conveyance to be had. Isaiah Johnston left us at Salem and Sam'l Lucas at the tunnel on the Alleghany, so Leonard and myself travelled on alone reaching Christiansburg depot about 9 p. m. The night was warm and pleasant and we spent no time searching for quarters or a shelter but finding the shades of a friendly oak tree near by, we threw down our blankets and lay down, sleeping sweetly until morning. We arose early and resumed our journey for several miles until we found our strength failing from hunger and exhaustion. We halted and Leonard, for the first time, proposed to

to a farm house nearby and beg ; I assented, and
if he went, soon returning with some bread and our
anteens filled with milk, which we soon disposed
of and again passed on to Dublin where Leonard
bid me good bye and turned to the left and I to the
right, pursuing my way slowly over the mountains
reaching and staying over night at Thomas Shan-
on's. About 3 p. m. on the next day, Wednesday
the 5th day of July 1865, four years, one month
and twelve days from the day on which I had left
for the war I reached home. Satisfied with my ex-
perience it would have required much more than an
ordinary effort to have induced me to have again
entered the army. The truth is, I had lost all de-
sire for war, and felt that it was a very unpleasant
business any way it was taken and that we had not
fairly counted the cost in the beginning.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

With the close of the war the survivors of the company, a history of which has been attempted in the preceding pages, returned home and accepted the results of the war in good faith and these men again entered the pursuits of civil life. As they had been brave and gallant soldiers they became law-abiding, upright citizens. Many of the company had perished on the battle field, in the hospital and in prison. Some were buried on the field where they fell and others in a foreign land with no monument or even slab to mark their last resting place; yet they died for a cause, the justness of which they never for a moment doubted. The survivors were spared to lament over a sacred cause for which they had toiled, suffered and poured out their blood. Of those who survived the war, several have gone to their final account, namely: Capt. R. H. Bane, Joseph C. Shannon, John H. Minnich, Isaac Hare, Lewis N. Wiley, William Riley Albert, George C. Mullias, Allen M. Bane, James H. Fortner, Joseph

C. Hughes, Ralph Monroe Stafford and Edward Z. Yager.

To me this narrative, imperfect as no doubt it is in many respects, has been a labor of love which I trust may prove acceptable to those to whom it is dedicated. Fully aware that the subject might have been far better presented by others, yet I am contented in the belief that it has at least been plainly and truthfully presented. Writing almost entirely from personal recollection, the assistance furnished by comrades and data and memoranda preserved during the war, this work may be open to many criticisms. If I have shown that by the thorough conviction of these men in the righteousness of their cause, by gallantry and devotion, by their humanity to the wounded and prisoners who chanced to fall in their hands, they were worthy to be freemen and live in a land of liberty and freedom and entitled to the respect and confidence of mankind, I am satisfied, though theirs was a sacrifice for a liberty not to be gained, and a struggle in which all was lost save honor and manhood, which they held more sacred than life itself.

TABULAR STATEMENT OF COMPANY,
GIVING RANK, DATES OF DEATHS, WOUNDS, DIS-
CHARGES, ETC.

No. 1. James H. French, captain ; elected captain April, 1861, and served 12 months ; was in battles of Bull Run July 18, 1861, and Manassas 21st July, 1861 ; served with distinction and gallantry ; was with the company in winter quarters at Centerville in winter 1861-2.

2. Eustace Gibson, first lieut. ; elected 1st lieutenant April, 1861 ; served 12 months ; was in battles of Bull Run, July 18, 1861, and Manassas 21st July, 1861 ; participated in skirmish at Bailey's Cross Roads, Sept., 1861 ; a gallant faithful soldier ; served a short while on staff of Gen. A. P. Hill, then joined artillery company of Capt. D. A. French and was several times wounded in an engagement with Federal gunboats.

3. Wm. A. Anderson, second lieut. ; elected 2nd lieutenant in April, 1861 ; was at home on recruiting service in July and August, 1861 ; participated in skirmish at Bailey's Cross Roads and was in winter quarters with the company at Centerville in winter 1861-2 ; now lives near Nashville, Tenn.

4. Joel Blackard, second jr. lieut. ; elected 2nd jr. lieut. in April, 1861 ; a soldier of the Mexican war ; was in the battles of Bull Run, 18th July, and Manassas, 21st July, 1861 ; participated in skirmish at Bailey's Cross Roads ; elected Captain at reorganization April 26, 1862 ; led the company in the battle of Williamsburg, May 5th, 1862 ; killed on the field at battle of Frazier's Farm, June 30th, 1862.

5. R. H. Bane, captain; wounded at the first battle of Manassas, July 21st, 1861; elected 1st lieutenant at reorganization April 26th, 1862; promoted to captain after the death of Blackard; led the company at the battles of Second Manassas, Boonsboro, Sharpsburg, Plymouth, N. C., Drury's Bluff, Clay's House, Five Forks and Sailor's Creek; died since the war.

6. John W. Mullins, first lieutenant; elected 1st sergeant April, 1861; 2nd lieutenant at reorganization April, 1862; promoted to 1st lieutenant on promotion of Bane; wounded at 2nd battle of Manassas and Howlet's House, 18th of May, 1862, and died of his wounds on 22nd of May, 1862; a gallant soldier.

7. E. M. Stone; elected 2nd corporal April, 1861; was in battles of Bull Run and Manassas; elected 3rd lieutenant at reorganization April, 1862; in battle of Williamsburg, as well as at Gettysburg; captured at the latter named place and remained a prisoner until near the close of the war; promoted to 1st lieutenant at the death of Lieutenant Mullins; bold determined soldier.

8. Elijah R. Walker, second junior lieutenant, sergeant; elected 2nd junior lieutenant in 1862; promoted to 2nd lieutenant after the death of Lieutenant Mullins; wounded at battle of Seven Pines, 31st May, 1862, and Gettysburg, July 3rd, 1863, and disabled and retired from service, April, 1864.

9. Thos. S. L. Taylor, second junior lieutenant; at one time 1st sergeant; elected 2nd junior lieutenant Nov. 25, 1864; slightly wounded at battle of Gettysburg; captured at battle of Sailor's Creek and held in captivity to the close of the war; always at his post; now sheriff of Giles county, Va.

10. B. P. Watts; elected 2nd sergeant in April, 1861, but on account of ill health, not mustered into service.

11. J. C. Hughes; elected 3rd sergeant in April, 1861; on duty as hospital steward for most of the war; returned to regiment in Fall of 1864 and arrested on charge of encouraging mutiny and condemned to be shot and incarcerated in Castle Thunder until the close of the war; died since the war.

12. Wm. D. Peters, fourth sergt.; elected fourth sergeant April, 1861; severely wounded at battle of Five Forks, April 6, 1865, and was elected 3rd sergeant at reorganization, April, 1862.

13. Hamilton J. Hale, fifth sergt; elected 5th sergeant April, 1861; died of disease at Culpeper Court House, October, 1861.

14. A. L. Fry, first sergeant; elected 1st corporal April, 1861; wounded at first battle of Manassas, July 21st, 1861; elected 1st sergt. April, 1862; captured at Warrenton in 1852; slightly wounded at battle of Plymouth, N. C.; detailed as regimental clerk and historian 1864-5; captured in battle at Sailor's Creek and a prisoner at Point Lookout until close of the war.

15. Wm. H. H. Snidow, 2nd sergeant; elected second sergeant April, 1862; went through the war unscathed though in every battle in which his company was engaged except Five Forks and Sailor's Creek; unfortunately charged with mutiny, condemned to death, incarcerated in Castle Thunder in Feb'y, 1835; released at close of war.

16. Joseph C. Shannon, 4th sergeant; elected 4th sergt. at re-organization in April, 1862; slightly wounded at battle of Frazier's Farm, June 30, 1862; captured at battle of Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1835.

17. David E. Johnston; elected 4th sergt. at re-organization April, 1862; slightly wounded at battle of Williamsburg, May 5th, 1832; appointed sergeant-major 10th December, 1862; severely wounded at

Gettysburg, July 3rd, 1863, and captured; also captured at battle of Sailor's Creek and a prisoner till the close of the war

18. T. N. Mustain, second corporal; elected 2nd corporal in April, 1861; transferred in 1862 to 57th Va. regiment.

19. John W. Hight, fourth corporal; elected 4th corporal April, 1861; wounded at battle of Seven Pines, May 31st, 1862. Second Manassas, August, 1862; captured at Gettysburg, 3rd August 1863, and never returned.

20. A. J. Thompson, first corporal; elected 1st corporal at re-organization; afterwards appointed sergeant; wounded in the battle of Williamsburg; condemned to be shot for mutiny in Feb'y, 1865, and confined in Castle Thunder until the close of the war; a brave, deserving soldier

21. Daniel Bish, second corporal; elected 2nd corporal at re-organization; wounded at battle of Frazier's Farm; killed at battle of Gettysburg; 2nd July, 1863.

22. Geo. C. Mollins, 3rd corporal; elected 3rd corporal at re-organization, April, 1862; captured at battle of Five Forks, April, 1865, and a prisoner until the close of the war; died since the war.

23. Jesse B. Young; elected 4th corporal at re-organization; was for awhile regimental ensign; wounded at battles of Frazier's Farm, Gettysburg, July 3rd, 1863, captured; and wounded at Clay's House, 17th June, 1864; a valiant soldier.

24. Ed. Z. Yager, first sergt.; appointed 1st sergt. after the election of Lieut. Taylor in 1864; wounded at battle of Williamsburg and captured at Sailor's Creek, and a prisoner at Point Lookout until close of the war; died since the war

25. David C. Akers, private; enlisted in 1862;

wounded at battle of Frazier's Farm, June 30th, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, July 3rd, 1861.

26 Geo. W. Akers; enlisted in August, 1861; died of disease, June, 1862.

27. Wm. R. Albert, enlisted in August, 1861; participated in skirmish at Bailey's Cross Roads in Sept., 1861; discharged in 1862, being over 35 years of age.

28 Allen M. Eane; transferred from 4th Virginia regiment; slightly wounded at the battle of Williamsburg; captured at battle of Frazier's Farm, 30th June, 1862; died since the war

29. Alex Bolton; detailed as cook, also a member of ambulance corps, but participated in some battles.

30 Joseph E. Bane; killed in first battle of Manassas, July 21st, 1861.

31. Jesse Barrett; killed at battle of Gettysburg, July 3rd, 1863.

32. Travis Furton; enlisted Aug., 1861; wounded at battle of Seven Pines; joined some troops in South Western Va., and was absent from the company thereafter.

33. Wm. H. Carr; wounded in second battle of Manassas and disabled and retired from service August, 1864.

34. James M. Collins; detailed as smith in 1861, and never in active service in the field

35. John R. Crawford; slightly wounded at battle of Boonsboro, Md., 14th Sept., 1862; captured at battle of Five Forks, and a prisoner until close of the war

36. Wm. Crawford; discharged—too old for service

37. Jas. B. Croy; on special detailed service as a scout on the James River and the Blackwater, and captured in 1864; a prisoner till near close of the war.

38. James Cole; killed battle Boonsborough, Md., 14th Sept., 1862.

39. T. P. Darr; wounded and taken prisoner at battle of Frazier's Farm, June 30, 1862, and also captured at battle of Sailor's Creek and held in captivity until the close of the war.

40. John S. Dudley; wounded at second battle of Manassas, August 30th, 1862, and captured at battle of Sharpsburg; slightly wounded at Drury's Bluff, 16th May, 1864, and captured at battle of Five Forks.

41. M. J. Dulaney; died of disease 25th June, 1862; taken sick on Peninsula campaign.

42. D. R. Dulaney; transferred from Virginia reserves and re-transferred to same in 1865.

43. Wm. H. Douthat; discharged in summer 1862, being under 18 years of age.

44. Thomas Davenport; deserted in the spring of 1862.

45. David Davis; discharged in summer of 1862, being over 35 years of age.

46. Elbert S. Eaton; wounded at 2nd battle of Manassas, 30th of August, 1862, and captured at Sailor's Creek, April 6th, 1865, and in captivity till close of the war.

46. Elisha D. East; whipped out of service in Dec. 1862.

48. John W. East; wounded at battles of Drury's Bluff, Williamsburg and Plymouth, N. C., and deserted to the enemy in Dec., 1864.

49. Joseph A. Eggleston; died July 9th, 1862, of wounds received at battle of Frazier's Farm.

50. James H. Eggleston; died of disease June 13, 1862.

54. John S. W. French; deserted at Suffolk in May, 1863.

52 F. H. Farley; wounded at 2nd battle of Manassas, Aug. 30, 1862, and deserted in 1864.

53. Wm. C. Fortner; wounded and captured at Gettysburg, July 3rd, 1863.

54. James H. Fortner; wounded at battle Gettysburg, and captured; died since the war.

55. J. Tyler Frazier; slightly wounded an 2nd battle of Manassas, 30th August, 1862.

56. Wm. Frazier; died of disease at Culpeper, Va., Oct., 1861.

57. Creed D Frazier; discharged in fall 1861 on account of ill health.

58. Wm. A. French; enlisted in April, 1861; participated in battles of Bull Run, July 18, 1861, and Manassas, July 21st, 1861; discharged on account of disability to perform military service, July 30th, 1861.

59. Andrew J. French; enlisted in August, 1861 and discharged in fall of 1861.

60. James H. Gardner; slightly wounded at the battle of Bull Run; deserted in 1863.

61. Francis M. Gordon; wounded at battle of Frazier's Farm, 30th June 1862; prisoner at battle of Sailor's Creek.

62. Andrew J Grigsby; promoted to Maj. 27th Virginia regiment, May, 1861.

63. Chas. A. Hale; surrendered with army in northern Virginia; in number of battles but not wounded.

64. John A. Hale; wounded at battle of Williamsburg, 5th May, 1861, and at Five Forks, April 6th, 1865.

65. John D Hare; died of disease Nov. 23, 1862.

66. Isaac Hare; slightly wounded at the battle of Bull Run and severely wounded at battle of Williamsburg; united with a command in South

Western Va. and never returned to our company.

67. John R. Henderson; enlisted in August and died of disease, Oct., 1861.

68. James B. Henderson; a good soldier; one of the few who escaped wounds and participated in most of the battles in which the company was engaged.

69. Baldwin L. Hoge; enlisted in March, 1862; participated in battles of Williamsburg, Frazier's Farm, 2nd Manassas, Boonsboro, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Plymouth and Gettysburg; at home sick at the close of the war.

70. James Hughes; discharged and died in 1861.

71. James J. Hurt; wounded at battle of Gettysburg and prisoner at the close of the war.

72. Geo. W. Hurt; detached as teamster in 1861; surrendered with army of Northern Virginia.

*72. John F. Jones; wounded at battle of Gettysburg; leg amputated; discharged from service.

73. George Johnston; discharged.

74. Manelius S. Johnston; severely wounded at the 1st battle of Manassas; disabled and discharged.

75. George Knoll; wounded at battle of Williamsburg; also wounded and captured at battle of Boonsborough, Md., 14th Sept., 1862.

76. Charles N. J. Lee; severely wounded at first battle of Manassas; disabled and discharged.

77. Henry Lewy; wounded at 1st battle of Manassas, and surrendered with Army of Northern Va.

78. Joseph Lewy; wounded at battle of Seven Pines and surrendered with Army of Northern Va.

79. Wm. H. Layton; deserted in February, 1862.

80. James Lindsay; discharged from service.

81. Pat H. Leller; enlisted in August, 1861, and discharged in 1862, being over thirty-five years of age.

82. Anderson Meadows; wounded at battle of Williamsburg; captured at battle of Sailor's Creek, and a prisoner at Point Lookout.

83. John Meadows; wounded at the battle of Williamsburg and Gettysburg; died in June, 1864.

84. Ballard P. Meadows; died June 18, 1862, of wounds received in battle of Frazier's Farm.

85. N. J. Morris; discharged in 1862, being under eighteen years of age.

86. Geo. A. Minnich; wounded at battle of Frazier's Farm and captured at battle of Sailor's Creek and a prisoner at Point Lookout.

87. John H. Minnich; unfit for military service on account of ill health and discharged; died after the war.

88. Absalom D. Manning; killed at the battle of Seven Pines, 31st May, 1862.

89. Raleigh Merix; detailed as teamster in 1861, and continued as such throughout the war.

90. Tap P. Mays; wounded at battle of Frazier's Farm and killed at battle of Boonsboro, Sept. 14th, 1862.

91. John Q. Martin; killed at 2nd battle of Manassas, 30th August, 1862.

92. John H. Martin; transferred in 1861, to 4th Va. regiment, and died of disease.

93. Wiley W. Mancey; wounded at battle of Gettysburg.

94. James J. Nye; killed at 2nd battle Manassas.

95. Allen C. Pack, 2nd sergt.; participated in battles of Bull Run and 1st Manassas; discharged in fall 1861.

96. John Palmer; deserted in February, 1862.

97. Charles W. Peck; appointed corporal; wounded at battle of Williamsburg; died of disease in in summer of 1862.

98. John W. Sarver; severely wounded at the battle of Frazier's Farm; disabled and discharged.

99. Demarcus L. Sarver; wounded at the battles of Williamsburg and Gettysburg, and deserted.

100. Josephus Southern; wounded at battle of Frazier's Farm and taken prisoner; also captured at Sailor's Creek and died in prison at Point Lookout, June, 1865.

101. Sam'l B. Shannon; wounded at 1st battle of Manassas, after which he joined a portion of the Confederate army operating in South Western Va. and never returned to our company

102. John P. Sublett; wounded at battle of 1st Manassas, and killed at the battle of Gettysburg.

103. Wm. T. Sublett; died of disease, Oct., 1861

104. Lewis R. Skeens; died of disease August 6, 1862, in camp below Richmond.

105. Alex. Skeens; discharged in 1862.

106. Joseph Skeens; discharged in 1862 or '3 from inability to perform military service.

107. A. L. Sumner; captured at battle of Five Forks and a prisoner at Point Lookout.

108. Thos. J. Stafford; discharged; under eighteen years of age.

109. Wm. H. Stafford; killed at battle of Williamsburg.

110. Ralph M. Stafford; enlisted in March, 1862, and captured at battle of Sailor's Creek and a prisoner at Point Lookout.

111. Adam Thompson; wounded at battle second Manassas; deserted in Feb'y, 1864.

112. Alonzo Thompson; died of disease, Nov., 1862.

113. Lee Ed. Vass; died August 4th, 1862, from wounds received at battle of Frazier's Farm.

114. Washington R. C. Vass; killed in battle of second Manassas.

115. Gordon L. Wilburn; wounded at second battle of Manassas, and surrendered with Army of Northern Va.

116. Hugh J Wilburn; wounded at battles of Frazier's Farm and second Manassas; deserted in May, 1863, at Suffolk, Va.

117. Wm. I. Wilburn; wounded in battles of Williamsburg and second Manassas and surrendered with army of Northern Virginia.

118. Lewis N Wiley; slightly wounded at battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862; died since the war.

119. Thos. J. Young; deserted in February, 1861.

120. Isaac Young; transferred to 28th Virginia battalion in 1865.

Whole number of enlisted men, 121.

Number killed in battle, 13.

Number died of wounds, 4.

Number wounded, 52.

Number wounded more than once, 10.

Number died of disease, 13.

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