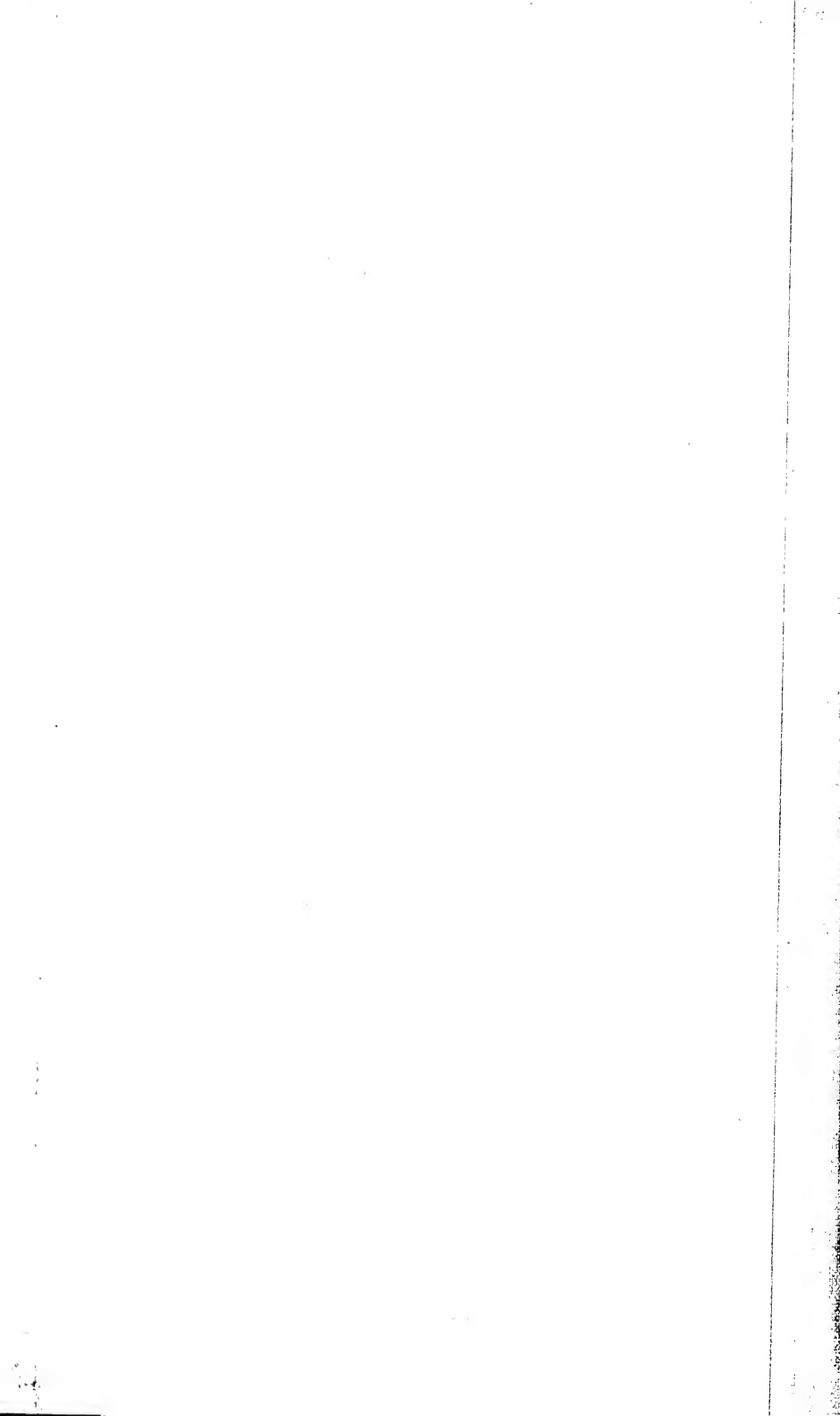


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To A HISTORY of The RICHMOND HOWITZER BATTALION.

PAMPHLET No. 1.

CONTENTS:

- I. Organization of First Company and John Brown Raid. By Captain HENRY HUDNALL, of Second Company. December 13, 1878.
- II. Our Dead. Captain W. GORDON McCABE. December 13, 1878.
- III. The Battle of Bethel. By Rev. E. C. GORDON, of Third Company. December 13, 1882.
- IV. All Official Reports (C. S. and U. S.), Battle of Bethel.

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CARLTON MCCARTHY & Co.
1883.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The Howitzer Association proposes to publish, from time to time, in uniform pamphlet style, as much of the history of the three companies composing the battalion as can be rescued from oblivion. The archives of the Association already hold much valuable and exceedingly interesting material, composed in part of personal diaries, muster rolls, order books, pay rolls, official reports, &c.

Contributions of material of this sort, or indeed of any sort, are earnestly solicited, will be carefully preserved, and finally printed.

The undersigned, having been elected to receive and preserve all matter which may be given or loaned to the Association for preservation in its publications, packages or communications may be addressed to him.

CARLTON McCARTHY,
805 Main Street,
Richmond, Va.



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CONTRIBUTIONS

TO A

History of the Richmond Howitzer Battalion.

ORGANIZATION OF FIRST COMPANY.

Address before the Richmond Howitzer Association, Dec. 13th, 1878.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY HUDNALL, OF SECOND COMPANY.

Comrades of the Howitzer Association:

I suppose that some of you have visited the beautiful cemetery of Laurel Hill—the Pere-la-chaise of Philadelphia—and gazed, at the entrance, upon that exquisite memorial entablature representing Old Mortality with his chisel and mallet, renewing the inscriptions upon the moss-covered tombs of the Covenanters; and each one has drawn his own moral from the instructive scene. The Scotch and the English have long since settled their differences, and harmonized into a common form of government. But the memories of the great principles which led to the formation of the League of the Covenant are still cherished by the one and respected by the other of those two great peoples.

The founders of the Howitzer Association had in view a purpose to cherish sympathies among its members, and to keep alive memories growing out of the great war between the States. Whatever was wrong, on which ever side in that greatest conflict of modern history, let Time, bearing alms for oblivion, bury amid the ruins of the past; but whatever was noble, and whatever was true, it is your duty and your object to preserve it in a casket of gold, and transmit it as an untarnished heritage to succeeding generations. We leave to the casuists and philosophers of future history to determine and settle to their own satisfaction many questions upon which the survivors of that conflict are not prepared to agree.

I speak to-night in this peaceful hall to and for those who know as well as the Light Brigade, when they charged into the valley of death, that the duty of the true soldier is—

“Not to reason why;
Theirs but to do and die.”

Of the six hundred who from first to last were enlisted under the banner of your corps, how few remain to gather here to-night on the occasion of your chosen anniversary to rekindle the camp fires of memory; in the bivouac of life to reilluminate the beacon lights of other days! Pile on the rails, my lads! Come, gather around the blaze and warm your souls. The grand old woods, plaintive with the distant cry of the whippoorwill; the road-side, with its eternal ruts and everlasting mud-puddles; the sedgy old fields of the Peninsula, with their melancholy pines; the blue vault of heaven with its crescent so pale, and all the bright stars which shine o'er the vale, where the Shenandoah brawls along, or the Rappahannock rolls its tributary tide towards the sea; or by the historic York, where your fathers fought their opposers from the old world, where you fought those from the new; or amid swamps and marshes, whose stagnant waters seemed to be the very bed of that sentimental patriotism of which you used to hear so much, which knew no North, no South, no East, no West, so little inclined did they seem to flow anywhere. These are the scenes, once so vivid in your recollections, my comrades, which I wish to revisit with you, and with these our friends, who have honored us on this occasion with their presence. I do not propose to fight in detail any battles to-night. Night, as you know, is a bad time for such bloody work. The poet of battle-songs warns us that the bugles sing truce when the night clouds have lowered, and the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky. The song—the sergeant's story—the corporal's oft-told jokes—some poor fellow's sorry pun, made with a kind heart and a good intention—these have served their turn, the fleeting Cynthia of the hour. While the logs burn bright, and the night-wind whispers a requiem over some fallen comrade's shallow grave, let us open the records of the Howitzer history, and read a page here and a page there. * * * * *

How strangely some of it reads! On the afternoon of the 18th of October, it opens almost as if it were the beginning of a chapter to one of G. P. R. James's romances of the days of chivalry, but for the date—1859, the halcyon quiet of the Seven Hills of Richmond was disturbed by the following startling telegraphic dispatch addressed to Henry A. Wise, then Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia: "An Insurrection"—a word of terrible import at that time in this community—"has occurred at

Harper's Ferry! A band of armed Abolitionists are in full possession of the United States Arsenal. An express train was fired into twice, and one of the railroad hands, a negro, was killed while he was trying to get the train through the town. The Insurgents arrested two men who came into town with a load of wheat, took the wagon and loaded it with rifles, and sent them over to the Maryland shore. The band is composed of a number of whites, followed by a band of negroes, who are fighting." Here you behold through the lurid vista of subsequent events a comparatively small flame lighted by the incendiary and fanatic's torch, but destined to kindle into a nation's holocaust. The military spirit of Richmond—always a favorite element here, and with every gallant people who know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain them—was set aburning at a white heat at the announcement of this horrible intelligence.

Among the first companies which sprang into existence in that exigency of such alarming portent, was one named by its founder, "The Howitzer Battery." George W. Randolph, a distinguished citizen and lawyer of this city, had served in his youth as a midshipman in the old navy. Conceiving the idea of converting the ordinary naval boat-howitzer into an efficient arm of the land service, he invited the coöperation of a number of citizens, the most of whom were then in the springtime of life and enthusiasm, who enrolled their names for the purpose of organizing a company—a *crack* corps, as he was fond of styling it—to be armed with a battery of guns of the denomination of howitzers. The first meeting took place on the evening of the 9th of November, 1859, in the State court-house (the old yellow building with its lofty steps and stuccoed pillars, then standing in the southeast corner of the Capitol Square), at the office of the clerk of the circuit court, James D. Ellett, who three years later sealed his devotion to his State and his command with his life's blood at the battle of Fredericksburg. The efficiency of this arm of the service, the beauty of the drill, as explained by the enthusiastic and accomplished commander, and the zeal with which the movement was entered into by those who had it in charge, insured its success from the beginning. Captain Randolph accepted the command of the company, in a speech, which many of you remember, of that rare and thrilling eloquence of which he was easily a master, expressing his acknowl-

edgments for the compliment unanimously bestowed on him, and giving a detailed and interesting history of the howitzer and its efficiency in the service of the country.

His company did not have to pine long in inglorious ease. On Saturday evening of the following week, Governor Wise received a telegraphic dispatch from Colonel Lucius Davis, then in command of State troops at Harper's Ferry, applying for an additional force of five hundred men, and announcing that he had reason to believe that a large body of persons, armed with rifles and revolvers, were marching upon Charlestown from the borders of Pennsylvania, with a view to the rescue of John Brown and the other prisoners taken at the Harper's Ferry insurrection, and who were then in Charlestown jail awaiting the execution of the sentence of the court for their crimes against the laws of the commonwealth. Immediately upon the receipt of this dispatch, a signal was sounded from the old belfry in the Capitol Square—the first of a long series of tocsins of alarm with which the ears of the inhabitants of this city were soon destined to become familiar. At the tap of the bell, the entire volunteer force of the city hastened to their respective places of rendezvous, and in less than an hour were assembled at the Fredericksburg depot, on Broad street, ready to march, and about 10 o'clock were off for Charlestown. The excitement in the city was intense, nearly the whole male population appearing to have turned out to witness the departure of the volunteers. There was also a host of ladies at the depot, animated by the spirit of the occasion, and come hither to cheer on their husbands, sons, brothers and lovers. When the long train of cars started, the vast concourse of men who lined the street sent up cheer after cheer, which seemed almost to shake the very heavens. From the demonstration of that memorable Saturday night, there could be no mistaking the temper and purpose of all classes of our population in regard to the Harper's Ferry outrage. The hope was universally expressed that the report of hostile forces from the North might prove to be true. Actual war, with all its attendant horrors and calamities, rather than a cowardly system, under varied, malignant and ever multiplying disguises of irritation and annoyance, was the preference declared by all.

But this was only the prelude to a great drama. It was a raw,

rainy evening in December, when the Howitzers and the time-honored Blues returned together from Harper's Ferry. The Blues were a veteran corps, but the young Howitzers, during their brief initiatory campaign, had caught the veteran air and step, and as they marched through Washington, many of the old people looked out of their windows and declared that "those fellows with the red shirts" must be old Revolutioners come to life!

When the proclamation of the President of the United States, in April, 1861, startled the country from its fancied security, and broke the sweet slumbers of political dreamers, and brought the Southern States to a full sense of the responsibilities and duties of the hour, the little band which had marched with Randolph, in their Garibaldi shirts, at the first sound of alarm, responded to the call of Virginia, with a superb battalion of three companies, all fully armed, equipped and trained. To—

"The battles, sieges, fortunes,"

of that battalion, it would, perhaps, on an evening occasion of this sort, be best to make but a passing allusion. To history, when it shall be indited by the pen of the faithful, but impartial annalist of those times, belongs the record of all the vicissitudes of a great war in which you participated with unflinching fortitude and heroic valor. But the hour and the occasion would be but poorly served without an outline, faint from time and imperfect in execution though it be, of the part which you performed.

On the walls of the armory of the present military organization of Richmond Howitzers, who are here to-night in their bright, beautiful uniforms—who have taken the place of the old boys in the red shirts and short jackets and slouch caps of other days; on the walls of your armory, among the patriotic and soul-stirring inscriptions you have recorded there, is a legend wrought in evergreens, which reads:

"From Bethel to Appomattox."

No crusader brought from the paynim's shore a prouder inscription on his shield.

General D. H. Hill, in his report of the battle of Bethel, where you flashed your maiden guns, used this language: "The success of the day was, in no small degree, owing to the splendid service of Randolph's Richmond Howitzers." Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Frayser's Farm, Malvern Hill, Cedar Mountain, both battles of Manassas Plains, Monocacy Bridge and Sharpsburg—the Lodi and Arcola of the Maryland campaign—all attest the valor of this or that company of your battalion. But it was at the great battle of Fredericksburg, fought this day sixteen years ago, that the whole battalion fought side by side in generous rivalry, and contributed to the honors of that splendid victory. Colonel Charles Chesney, an English military critic, very fair to both sides in our late contest, refers to this battle in an article contributed to the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, as a conspicuous example of a great victory achieved against heavy odds, upon a defensive line—a mode of battle generally condemned by theorists, because there is something peculiarly trying to the moral endurance of even the best disciplined troops in feeling that they are pinned down to one spot to await the assaults of the enemy, without any prospect of retaliation. It is strongly intimated by this distinguished critic, that had General Lee adopted the third method of battle known to military theorists as the defensive-offensive, by turning his defensive attitude at Fredericksburg into an offensive, on the repulse of Burnside's attack, the fruits of that victory, unlike so many others, would have ceased to become Dead-Sea apples, turning to ashes upon the lips. The defensive policy, however, was, for purposes which seemed best for it, the policy of the government at Richmond, and for which the Commanding General was not responsible.

On the following year, at Chancellorsville, where your guns again bore well their part in winning another great victory, General Lee, though certainly addicted to the strictly defensive mode of warfare, which was suited to his inferiority of numbers, gave a splendid illustration of the true instinct of seizing any special opportunity offered by the carelessness of an adversary who brought against him apparently overwhelming forces. Without entering into the particulars of that engagement, which would be foreign to the purposes of this address, I think of all the bat-

tles of the four years, Chancellorsville will be regarded by the impartial historian as the best example of the genius which shows the master of the art of war.

What shall I say of the great, I might with propriety say the terribly sublime battle of Gettysburg? You were there, and you have no reason to hang your heads when you recall the incidents of that fatal field. I have studied that battle with all the care I have been able to bestow upon it, and I have come to the solemn, reverential conclusion that God fought that battle, and that neither party of the combatants was responsible for its issues.

Although but an incident in the midst of many like it, I cannot omit to refer to the conduct of the First Company of Howitzers at "Morton's Ford" in the Spring of 1864, when General Grant commenced swinging around the arc in making his first movement towards Richmond. The enemy, under cover of a fog, drove in our pickets, unknown to the battery, and advanced their skirmishers towards the guns. Although no infantry support was in the neighborhood, the battery at once opened a vigorous fire, and held the enemy in check for more than an hour, until reinforcements arrived. A line of battle was quickly formed—advanced—and the enemy driven across the river. The General commanding, in next day's orders said: "The First Company of Howitzers have a second time saved the army from a great disaster."

In the retreat from Petersburg, three days before the surrender, the second and third companies, which had been long separated during the spring and winter campaign, were unexpectedly thrown together at the affair near Deatonsville and in the most critical juncture of the day gave a touch of their old fire in a gallant repulse of the enemy, which has been related in a recent number of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, by Private Carlton McCarthy, in a manner so picturesquely true, that I need not do more than allude to it in passing.

But after all that may be said, and after all that was done—enough to adorn the most splendid records of the days of chivalry—I am reminded of that saddest of all refrains:

"It might have been!"

In the inscrutable mysteries of Divine Providence, the wisdom and might of man is turned to naught; an unseen hand turns

the wheel of Destiny; the bubbles upon the surface do not clearly show the true course of the current of time. How often do the pages of history illustrate the truth, that the best test of patriotism is not always the measure of its success.

At the former capital of Switzerland, on the shores of the beautiful lake of the four forest Cantons, sacred to the memory of Tell and his compatriots, I have seen, hewn out of the natural rock by the hand of the immortal sculptor Thorwaldsen, the "Dead Lion of Lucerne," commemorative of the heroic resistance of the Swiss Guard in Paris in 1792. One paw rests upon the prostrate shield of France, while the magnificent head, with closed eyes, reposes against a leaning shield, bearing the white cross of the Swiss Confederacy. Half buried in the body, over the heart, is a broken spear. Above, festooned by moss and lichens overhanging the cliff, is the noblest epitaph ever inscribed to the memory of Duty and Valor—"Fidei ac Virtuti Helvetiorum!"

Yes, the purest sacrifices to Liberty and Honor are not always found among the *Living Lions*.

"Thy Spirit, Independence, let me share.
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!"

On the walls of the chapel of the Invalides, in Paris, I saw the battle flags of the Republic and the First Empire, made glorious by the genius of Napoleon. There rests the massive sarcophagus containing his remains, with the marble statues of his marshals standing sentinel about it; the superb high altar flooded with golden light from the painted windows, and the gilded dome springing upward from the stately columns that support it.

When the mausoleum of Lee shall have been completed at Lexington, among the tattered banners hung as hatchments over his tomb in respect to the spirit of those who wrought immortal deeds of valor in behalf of true American freedom—not the freedom grudgingly and morosely dispensed by a pent-up Utica of the North, but of the whole boundless Union which is ours—by the torchlight illumined at the altars of our sires, let us also hang there the battle-flag which bears the proud device,

"*From Bethel to Appomattox.*"

OUR DEAD.

At the Howitzer banquet, held at Ford's hotel on the evening of December 13th, 1878, Captain W. Gordon McCabe, of Petersburg, in response to the toast to "Our Dead," spoke as follows:*

Mr. Chairman:

You must allow me, sir, first of all, to thank you and the Howitzers of Richmond for that kind invitation which makes me your guest for this evening. And yet, sir, though I am here as your guest, I could never feel myself a stranger in this company. Not at festive board, not amid such bounteous cheer as we see around us here to-night, did I first learn to know you. Nay, ours is an acquaintance which, I am proud to remember, dates back to the dust and sweat of battle—to the brave old days when Virginia looked for every son to do his duty, and when this historic corps gave such splendid proof that the "Old Mother" had reckoned aright upon the devotion of her children. Aye, comrades, we have shared together the rough delights, the toils, the dangers of field, of battle, and march, and bivouac, and I am glad to be with you here to-night and to recall the stirring scenes when I, too, wore the crossed cannon on my faded cap and had humble "place in the picture near the flashing of the guns" as a private in the "Third Battery" of your famous battalion.

Once more you have gathered together in this battle-crowned capital of our ancient commonwealth, not merely, as I understand your Association, to "tak' the cup o' kindness," and to revive the memories of those eventful days, when, raised high above the petty cares of selfish life, you gave your all, without grudge and without stint, for the safety and honor of your State—but to attest as well by your presence that, while accepting in good faith the decision extorted by cruel odds, you feel no blush of shame for that past, and offer no craven apology for

*At the conclusion of Captain McCabe's response, a resolution was proposed and carried, that his speech be printed. It is due to Captain McCabe to state that he spoke without any notes, and that it was with reluctance that he consented, after the passage of the resolution, to write out his remarks.

your fealty to a cause which is still "strong with the strength" of truth, and "immortal with the immortality" of right. Aye, comrades, let us meet half way, and more than half way, if needs be, every proffer of genuine reconciliation from the brave men whom we so long withstood in arms, but never, through a mistaken sense of what is generous or what is politic—never let a survivor of this battalion, never a survivor of that glorious army to which we belonged, abate one jot or tittle of that conviction, sealed by so much noble and valiant blood, that *ours* was the struggle for constitutional freedom in America, or fail to emphasize that we are only willing to clasp hands, *not* as "erring brethren," but as that breed of fierce soldiery who have known how to bear defeat because untouched of dishonor, and who, despite the malice of fortune, have writ their names among the great armies of the world in the very temple of Victory.

Such, comrades, is the simple and plain duty which we owe our own self-respect and manhood—which we owe to our children, who must bear their fathers' names and inherit their glory or their shame—which we owe to that matchless leader, sleeping yonder at Lexington in the Valley, whose soul was set in the royalty of discernment and resolve, and in whose veins coursed the heroic blood of the old champions of freedom.

Above all, comrades, it is a duty which we owe those dauntless spirits, who have fought the good fight and passed away—who, at the bidding of Virginia, went forth to battle in all the joyous valor of youth, or stern resolve of sober manhood—counting their lives a worthless thing—whose memory, solemnly pledged here to-night with deepest love and reverence, soars high above the reach of malice, and gains but brighter lustre from the touch of time—whose names should go down upon the lips of us, their surviving comrades, ever "eager to speak their biography."

Nor shall we allow that they died in vain. The rubric of freedom is ever stained in crimson letters, and with their brave young blood they have writ a missal, which might may scorn, even as the words of the Master himself were scorned, yet which shall keep alive the sacred flame in the breasts of future worshippers at the shrine of truth, of justice and of right.

Is it a small thing so to have lived and so to have died that the mere mention of their names here to-night brings a light to

the eye and a flush to the cheek of kinsmen and comrades and friends? Is it a small thing that when our children, gathered about happy firesides, ask of these comrades who went up Malvern Hill when wreathed with flame, or who, this night sixteen years ago, held the snow-clad heights of Fredericksburg, or of those who fell in "the bloody angle" at Spotsylvania, or yet of those who died at the guns when McCarthy poured out his bright red blood on the embattled slopes of Cold Harbor—we can answer simply and proudly, "They died '*at the front.*'"

We have mourned them as only brave men can mourn each other, and now the common mother of us all calis us "from weak regrets and womanish laments, to the contemplation of their virtues," and bids us "honor them, not so much with transitory praises as with our reverence, and, if it be allowed us, with our emulation." Sir, to borrow the language of the greatest historian of the ancient world, "whatever we loved, whatever we admired, in the lives of these men, survives, and will survive, in the hearts of their comrades, in the succession of the ages, in the fame which waits on noble deeds." Yes, they may rest secure of this. The love and admiration which fill our hearts to-night are but a prophecy of the justice of posterity

With them all is well.

To us belong the proud sorrow and the unfinished tasks of many a noble life. To them, untouched by any pang of defeat, has come the last promotion at the hands of the Great Captain himself.

They are not dead, but sleeping! Well we know
The forms that lie to-day beneath the sod,
Shall rise what time the golden bugles blow,
And pour their music through the courts of God.

And there amid earth's great heroic dead,
The war-worn sons of God, whose work is done,
Each face shall shine, as they with stately tread
In grand review sweep past the Jasper Throne.

THE BATTLE OF BIG BETHEL.

*An Address delivered before the Richmond Howitzer Association
December 13, 1882.*

BY REV. E. C. GORDON, OF THE THIRD COMPANY.

Cicero has said: "The possession and exercise of noble and manly qualities constitute above everything else the most appropriate and successful defence against the encroachments of old age." "These," he adds, bear wonderful fruit, even down to the end of the longest life, not only because they never leave us, even in the dying hour, but especially because it is most delightful to know that we have passed a well spent life, and to remember that we have performed many beneficent actions." [*De Senectute*, iii: 9.]

I take it for granted, gentlemen, that the Howitzer Association has been founded in part at least, and these annual reunions maintained on the truth set forth in this passage, which I have ventured to translate from the immortal treatise of Cicero on Old Age. As Howitzers grow old, they wish to fortify themselves against the attacks incident to advancing years. To this end they gather about them their former comrades in arms and their later friends, in order to review the record of a well spent past, and to revive the recollection of heroic deeds.

It is my purpose, on this occasion, to contribute my part in the erection of this fortification by recalling and signaling one of the brightest incidents in our annals—

THE BATTLE OF BIG BETHEL.

It is true that this action sank into comparative insignificance after the tremendous engagements of a later day, in many of which the Howitzers played no inconspicuous part. But at the time it was fought the battle of Bethel Church was not without intrinsic importance, while its immediate moral effect was very considerable. It was the first serious conflict of the war on an open field. It stemmed for a time the advancing tide of Federal invasion along what was afterwards shown to be the most practicable route to Richmond. It showed that Southern troops could stand their

ground before a force largely their superiors in numbers. It re-animates the spirits of our people. This last was perhaps its chief significance. It was fought at a time when all hearts in Virginia were distressed and anxious. Alexandria had been surrendered; Fortress Monroe was in possession of Federal troops; the mouth of James River was blockaded; the North Western counties of Virginia had failed to respond, as it had been hoped they would, to the patriotic appeals of Colonel Porterfield, who, in obedience to General Lee's instructions, had gone to Grafton to collect volunteers. His camp at Phillippa had been surprised, and his command dispersed. The movements of our troops on the upper Potomac were not understood, and added to the public distress. Coming at this juncture, the battle of Bethel flashed a bright gleam over the military situation in Virginia. It was like a glass of generous wine to a fainting man. The thunder of guns fought by Richmond men, bearing tidings of victory, re-animates all hearts in the homes of Richmond. It was the prelude, the prophesy, the earnest of the more signal and important victory on the plains of Manassas.

Moreover, in this affair the Howitzers won their first laurels. There Major Randolph, who commanded them, first exhibited those splendid qualities of the soldier, which enabled him in a few months to pass from the position of a lawyer in fair practice to one in which with signal ability he held the portfolio of war. There the subordinate officers and men played their parts so well, that Colonel Magruder, the Commander-in-chief, a veteran officer of artillery, passed this encomium upon them in his dispatches announcing the victory: "The firing of the Howitzer batteries was as perfect as the bearing of the men, which was entirely what it ought to have been."

Before beginning my story, I wish to say that I have done what I could to secure accuracy of detail. I have carefully studied the official reports of the officers on both sides, as well as the contemporary accounts published in the Richmond and New York papers. But I claim no infallibility. The Duke of Wellington has said: "The history of a battle is not unlike the history of a ball. Some individuals may recollect all the little events of which the great result is the battle won or lost; but no individual can recollect *the order in* which, or the exact moment *at* which they occurred, which makes all the difference as to their

value and importance. * * It is impossible to say when each important occurrence took place, or in what order." [*Wellington Papers*—quoted by Macaulay in *History of England*.]

I beg that these words of the Iron Duke may be borne in mind, if my statements in any particular should disagree with those which you have been accustomed to regard as correct.

The Howitzers had the honor of firing in Virginia the first cannon shot at the invaders. Two detachments of the second company, under Lieutenant Brown, were stationed at Gloucester Point at the mouth of York river, just opposite Yorktown. The guns consisted of one twelve-pound boat Howitzer and a Dahlgren rifle, carrying a solid, elongated, conical shot, weighing six or eight pounds. They were supported by some twenty or thirty of the Gloucester Invincibles, and two venerable iron six-pounders.

On the 7th of May "the Yankee," a small steamer attached to the Federal Home Squadron, came up to observe, and, if practicable, to disperse the Confederates. Several shots were exchanged, after which the steamer withdrew. No one was hurt, unless the subsequent contributions to the Commissary Department, made to the Confederates by the ladies of Gloucester, brought on injurious attacks of indigestion.

Colonel J. Bankhead Magruder was assigned to command at Yorktown on the 21st of May. He was a Virginian, had been educated at West Point, and was a Captain of Artillery in the United States Army, when he resigned, in order to offer his sword to his native State. Equally distinguished for his courage and his clothes, he was known as a dashing officer and as the "Dandy Captain." On the Virginia Peninsula he was dubbed the Duke of York. He was tall and of commanding presence. He dressed magnificently in dark blue pantaloons, with a red cord down the seam; roundabout of the same color, lined with crimson velvet, resplendent with buttons and braid. He wore a black cocked hat, adorned with a feather, and as he strode upon the parade ground the point of his sabre-scabard trailed gracefully behind him.

He formed a warm attachment for the Howitzers. He showed this on all occasions, especially by *employing* them whenever it was possible to do so. He never missed a chance of turning them into Horse-Artillery, and sending them out with the

cavalry. Their light boat howitzers, mounted on carriages drawn by two horses, and handled easily by a few men, made this easy to do. Before the campaign ended some of us were wont to say that we had slept in every fence-corner between Williamsburg—and—well—as near to Hampton and Newports News as we cared to go.

On the 22d of May, General Benjamin F. Butler, of the Massachusetts militia, was assigned to command at Fortress Monroe. He proceeded at once to make demonstrations upon Hampton, which he soon occupied, and to seize and fortify Newports News, at the mouth of James river. He proposed to make this point a base of operations either against the Confederate position on the south side of the river, with a view to cutting off Norfolk, or against the defences of Richmond on the Peninsula. During the last days of May he had collected five regiments at this place.

To meet these dispositions and purposes of the Federal Commander, troops, as rapidly as possible, were sent to Magruder. The two Howitzer detachments, at Gloucester Point, were transferred to Yorktown on May 26th, where they were joined by the remainder of the Second Company, on the 27th.

On Tuesday, June 4th, news of the occupation of Bethel church reached Yorktown. A small force, under Captain H. H. Werth, of the Chatham Greys, was sent out to reconnoitre. Wharton's detachment of the Howitzers accompanied it. At the Halfway-House (so called because it is midway between Yorktown and Hampton), Werth learned that the enemy had returned to Hampton. He proceeded to the church and went into camp.

The Federal troops which had been to this place were Dur-yea's New York Zouaves. They behaved well enough to the people of the neighborhood, but defiled the walls of the church with warnings, designed to strike terror into the hearts of Confederates, such as "Avengers," "Death to Rebels," and others of like import. Back of the pulpit was a rude picture of a gibbet, on which a Confederate dangled in the horrors of strangulation. Underneath was written—

"The Doom of Traitors."

The next morning Werth was reinforced by companies of the

Thirtieth Virginia infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, and by the remainder of the Second Howitzers, under Brown, who had been recently promoted to a captaincy. On the 6th a section of this company was ordered to Hunt's Point, on the Pocosin, a stream which enters into the York near its mouth. In order to reach this place, it was necessary to go to the Half-way-House. There they met the First North Carolina, commanded by Colonel D. H. Hill, on its way to Bethel, with the whole of Stanard's battery [Third Company]. This company had arrived at Yorktown from Richmond the day before. Major Randolph was with them.

There were great rejoicings as the Howitzers met, and many a story of camp and march to tell. We of the Third Company looked with pride and pleasure, mingled, perhaps, with a tinge of envy, on the gallant men who, after loading their gun with all the precision of the drill-ground, had fired at the "Yankee" and driven her off.

At Hunt's Point no enemy was found but ticks, and the expedition soon returned to Bethel.

On Saturday the 8th I got my first view of the enemy, and in the capacity of No. 5 bore from limber-chest to muzzle the first shot which Stanard's battery fired at the invaders. Instead of a stale account of the affair, permit me to read one which I wrote to my brother the day after it occurred. It is taken from a letter dated:

CAMP OF OBSERVATION,

12 MILES FROM YORKTOWN,

June 10th (9th), 1861.

"Yesterday (Saturday) one of the scouts came in and reported quite a number of the enemy about four miles from this point. Our piece, with fourteen men, with about sixty infantry started after them. We heard when we got about three miles from the road that they were in a house about a mile farther down. As soon as we came within sight Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, of the North Carolina regiment, through his glass saw them, and our piece started at double-quick time after them. They saw us pretty soon and started to run! We pursued them until we got within about 400 yards, when the command, 'action front' was given. Our little cannon came about beautifully. Venable sighted, and gave the command,

'fire.' The shell struck right by the side of the retreating party, but, O! horrors, it didn't burst. You can't imagine our disappointment. We limbered up and continued at quick time, the infantry in front. We pursued them about a mile further, where we took a prisoner. It was then decided to return, as we were too near the enemy's stronghold for our small force. We went within three and a half miles of Hampton."

[Another expedition under Major Lane, of the First North Carolina, accompanied by a howitzer under Lieutenant West, pursued another party to New Market bridge, capturing a prisoner. In the skirmish which took place Lieutenant West received a ball through his hat.]

If my memory serves me, the prisoner we took was named Mooney. We tied him to the limber-chest and brought him to camp in triumph. As we marched down the hill, across the bridge towards the church, crowds of soldiers from the different commands came out to meet us. Led by the stentorian voice of Venable (the gunner) we struck up one and another of our camp and college songs. Among those were some with refrains running somehow in this fashion :

" Upi dee, ay dee, ay di,
 Upi dee, ay di — "

And—

" Right in the middle of a bomb shell la—long summer's day."

[By the way, this disposition to sing—in season and out of season—was quite characteristic of the Howitzers. I remember late in the fall, when we were out on some scouting expedition near James river, we were aroused at midnight by the booming of heavy guns, "the long roll," and that most miserable of all sounds, the "whizz" of a heavy shell over our heads. After everything was in readiness to fight or to march, we gathered about our camp-fires. Waiting for orders, Tinsley, "Buck" White, Venable and others began to sing. The strains of "Leonora," "Lone Rock by the Sea," and others of a more trivial character were wafted over to the camp-fires of our infantry supports. Among these were some more pious, or more nervous, or more seriously disposed than ourselves, who said: "Those Howitzers had better be praying than singing, while these shells are flying over us."]

This reminiscence of song suggests to me to say a word about the "*personnel*" of the Howitzer batteries before I proceed to a detailed account of the battle. For the most part we were young men, some of us mere lads, from Richmond. There were a goodly number, however, from a distance—among these were some of the most notable men in the battalion. A few had come from the University of Virginia, where they were matriculated as students. These, in several instances, induced their home friends to join them.

The Richmond men, I am sure, will be content that, in this presence, and on this occasion, I shall, as a Richmond man, signalize some of those gallant comrades who came from a distance to join the Howitzers—men, who did so much by their courage and conduct to enhance the reputation of the battalion. I am constrained of course to speak only of those with whom I was personally acquainted, and my acquaintance was almost entirely limited to men of my own company.

There were the three Houston brothers from Wheeling. Of these the oldest, Hale, has become no less distinguished for piety and devotion to the service of his God than he was for courage and fortitude in the service of his country. He was one of the coolest, bravest men I ever knew.

There were the three Venables—two brothers and a cousin—giants all. Richard, the youngest, first joined us. In camp and at college he was known as the most inveterate "tease" that ever worried the life of undergraduate or professor, officer or private. His brother, McDowell, was utterly unlike him save in courage. He saved his own and my life at the mouth of Warwick Creek when we were in winter quarters at Land's End, under circumstances which I never can forget, but which I have not time now to relate.

Andrew Venable, the cousin, was the best man to have in a mess I ever knew. Cooking utensils were his special care. There was always something to eat where he was. I am today his debtor for the first hard cash I handled when "this cruel war was over." After serving Jeb Stuart faithfully; after, with reckless daring, leaping from a car window in the suburbs of Philadelphia while on the way to prison, after marrying in that stronghold of the enemy, he made his way South again to

strike a last blow for the Confederacy, and to aid with his prudent foresight a lot of his impoverished comrades in their journey back to their homes.

And then there was he, over whose untimely grave I have not yet ceased to weep—the gallant Harry Estill. No less a man than Professor Thomas R. Price, who knew Estill only as a civilian, has signalized his “splendid audacity,” which was certainly one of the most conspicuous of his many noble qualities. Never shall I forget his bearing in that miserable skirmish of the 5th of July, in which Colonel Dreux of New Orleans was killed. Though a private soldier, I do not hesitate to say that he did more than any other one man on that occasion to reanimate fainting hearts, to bring order out of confusion, and to save from utter disgrace a well-contrived but badly managed expedition. Assisted by White and Reid, he brought off the body of Hachett of Dreux’s battalion, the only man, except Dreux himself, who was killed. Subsequently he received a commission as first Lieutenant of artillery in the provisional army, and was assigned to ordnance duty on the staff of Brigadier-General Colquitt of Georgia. But nothing could keep him out of battle. After standing his ordnance examination, and with the full assurance that he would receive a commission, he walked all night in order to join his company in time to serve his gun in the battle of Fredericksburg. On Colquitt’s staff, in addition to his ordnance duties, he performed the most arduous and dangerous duties of aid-de-camp, and at times of Adjutant and Inspector-General. He was at the bombardment of Fort Fisher, and walked the parade ground and parapet when the Federal ships were exploding over the fort one hundred pound shells at the rate of sixty a minute. In giving me an account of that tremendous bombardment he said: “Gordon, I was afraid to go into the bomb-proofs. The noise was so frightful, the trial to the nerves so intense, that I was afraid to trust myself. I was afraid if I once enjoyed the quiet and safety of the bomb-proofs I would not care to come out when duty called me to do so.” I think he did himself injustice, for he was one of those rare men who are always equal to the emergency. At fight, or fire, in school-room or battle, meeting his personal enemy or his country’s foes, he always exhibited the same unflinching courage.

My friend, Captain W. G. McCabe, of Petersburg, ought to be

here, if he is not. He formed one of that mess, which, in his own felicitous way, he declares "counts no second in the annals of great revolutions." He appeals to me "by the memory of Brillat-Savarin" not to reflect on his cookery. I shall not do so, except to say that if *he* had reflected on it more when he was about it, there would be less need of his caution now. He won from me the first and only bet I ever made. It was a wager of ten days cooking that he could not cut down a pine sapling some ten or twelve inches in diameter in two hours and a half. He won at the cost of blistered hands and aching arms. I did the cooking for him, having for my only consolation the deliverance which I enjoyed with the rest of the mess from the penalty of eating the results of his attempts with the frying pan and skillet.

While I have mentioned these comrades with whom I was intimately associated and to whom I was endeared by special ties, I wish to emphasize the fact that in fortitude and courage, in devotion and zeal, they were matched by many others. The Howitzers, commanded by Major Randolph, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, constituted a proud and gallant corps. Can I ever forget how Harry Tinsley was outraged when we were in barracks at Richmond College, because the officer-of-the-day said of him and others to the guard at the gate, "Pass these men out?" "Pray," I said to him in reply to his expressions of disgust, "what would you have the officer to say?" "Say," said Tinsley, "I would have him say 'Pass these *gentlemen* out,' or 'pass these *Howitzers* out.'"

By the way, this same Tinsley was, if he be not now, "a fellow of infinite jest." It cropped out even amid the roar of the battle I am about to describe. He was gunner of one of the pieces. It seems that No. 1 became angry with No. 3, because No. 3 failed properly to serve the vent, thereby subjecting No. 1 to the danger of being—like the engineer—"hoist with his own petard," as well as shot by the enemy. A fierce altercation began between the two cannoniers, which was about to end in a fight. Tinsley, with delicate sarcasm, said that if they were unwilling to postpone the settlement of their little private difficulty until the Yankees had been disposed of, he begged leave to suggest that they would give their places at the gun to others. They could then retire to the ravine below, where in seclusion they could settle their quarrel to their mutual satisfaction.

Then, there was our fat and jolly friend Tom Quarles. Who, if present on those memorable nights which we spent on the floor and benches of Bethel church, can ever forget the considerate kindness which prompted him just after "taps" to say from his place in the gallery, "Now, boys, I give you ten minutes to go to sleep. If anybody is awake after that, mind, it is not my fault?" His snoring was like the roar of musketry, mingled with the occasional boom of a heavy gun.

The distance from Yorktown to Hampton is twenty-four miles. Bethel church is fifteen miles from Yorktown and nine from Hampton. As soon as it was determined to make a stand at the church, fortifications were erected under the direction of Colonel Hill, of the First North Carolina, who commanded the entire force, until Magruder himself arrived.

The situation at Bethel is a gloomy one. The church stands on a wooded hill facing the road, and an open field on the opposite side. The hill sinks rapidly on the south and west into low, swampy ground. Through this swamp Wythe creek flows, sweeping in the form of an arc around the hill. This stream, named for Chancellor Wythe, is a branch of Back river, and marks the boundary between the counties of York and Elizabeth City. It is not deep, and runs sluggishly. The only difficulty in crossing it is due to the marshy character of the ground through which it flows. It cuts the road to Hampton about 100 yards below the church, where it is spanned by a bridge forty feet long. Beyond the bridge the road, trending somewhat to the right, rises quickly to an extended plateau. On the right of the road this plateau consists of open cultivated fields, containing houses, fences and orchards. These fields extend for some distance down and to the right of the road, and afford ample room for the deployment of troops. On the left of the road the forest continued from the swamp up to the level ground, and for some distance along the field on the right. It also extended to our left and rear, encircling the field immediately in front of the church. During the day and night of the 7th and 8th, as well as on Sunday, the 9th, strenuous efforts were made to strengthen the position, which presented some advantages for defence, but could easily be flanked by movements veiled in the dense forests which surrounded us on all sides. Notwithstanding the pressure of work, divine services were held in the camp on Sunday. At one of these a certain

Parson Adams preached. His subject was the Christian Soldier, as exemplified by Cornelius, the pious Roman Centurion. Sunday night strong pickets were thrown out and the guard doubled.

At 3 o'clock, on the morning of Monday 10th, we were aroused by reports of the enemy's advance. As soon as possible a strong force of infantry, supported by three guns of Standard's battery, was sent forward to reconnoitre. After marching two or three miles this force met a woman in great distress, who informed the officers that a number of Federal troops, dressed in red, had been to her house a short time before and had taken her husband prisoner. While in her presence the report of guns had been heard down the country, and they had rapidly marched off in the direction of the firing. The person who brought this information was Mrs. Tunnell, a noble woman, who resided near New Market, and who made her way through the woods for this purpose. Her story was correct. The men she saw were the advance guard of Duryea's regiment of New York Zouaves. The Confederate officers, satisfied of the truth of her story, and supposing that the Zouaves were the leading detachment of a large force on its way to attack our position at Bethel, ordered an immediate return to that place. It turned out to be a fortunate movement.

General Butler had been apprized of the occupation of Bethel by the Confederates, and determined to dislodge them. He supposed that they had an outpost of some strength at a place called Little Bethel, three miles south of Big Bethel. His plan was to surround, surprise and capture this outpost, and then to march rapidly forward to seize with a rush the second position at Big Bethel. The command of the troops selected for this enterprise was entrusted to Brigadier-General Ebenezer W. Pierce, of Massachusetts. He was a civilian, but had been General of militia for two years. In October, 1860, he held a conspicuous position at the head of his brigade, when it was reviewed on Boston Common by the Prince of Wales. He was now at Hampton in command of Fort Hamilton.

Minute instructions were given to him by General Butler. Duryea's Zouaves were to cross Hampton creek soon after the midnight of Sunday the 9th, with directions to gain by a circuitous route the rear of Little Bethel. Duryea was to be supported by the third regiment New York State volunteers under Colonel

Townsend. At the same time a battalion of picked companies, marching from Newport's News, and supported by the Seventh New York, were to make a demonstration in front of Little Bethel. When this place was captured the entire force was to proceed to the attack of Big Bethel.

These movements were promptly begun. Duryea, with eight hundred and fifty muskets, was ferried over Hampton creek at the hour appointed. By 1 A. M. his advance under Captain Judson Kilpatrick had reached New Market bridge, and just before dawn was challenged by an outlying Confederate picket. As soon as his reply revealed his character, a horseman of the guard galloped off to Bethel with the intelligence of a Federal advance. Kilpatrick directed his men to fire and charge with the bayonet. It was an affair of a moment. The officer of the guard, Captain Whiting, was captured, but the news of the movement was quickly conveyed to Magruder, who, as we have seen, took prompt measures to ascertain its character. Immediately after this affair with the picket, Kilpatrick's men went to the house of Mrs. Tunnell, who met the Confederate reconnoitering force. There they heard firing in the direction of Hampton, and supposing that a Confederate force was in their rear engaged with their supports, they hastily retraced their steps.

In spite of Butler's minute instructions and cautions against mistakes, Colonel Bendix, commanding the detachment from Newport's News, committed a serious one. The battalion of picked companies, with one field piece, arrived first at the fork of the road, where a junction was to be formed with Townsend, and passed on to support Duryea. Bendix, with his own regiment and another field piece, came next. He seems either to have misunderstood his instructions, or to have lost his reckoning. He had been instructed to hold the fork of the road, and he went into position, as if he expected an attack from the direction of Hampton. From that place Townsend was approaching, wholly unsuspecting of the reception he was to meet with. His force consisted of his own regiment, a detachment of the Second New York, and two mountain howitzers. Duryea, he knew, was far in advance; Bendix and Washburn were either in front or on his flank converging towards him. There could be no danger. [It seems to me that the rear of Bendix's column had passed into the Sawyer's swamp road.] General Pierce and staff rode

some distance in advance of the head of the column. Immediately behind this cavalcade were the two mountain howitzers. Bendix and his men supposed these to be Confederate cavalry, and opened fire upon them with small arms and cannon. Townsend's men were thrown into confusion. They fired in return a few shots, and then sought refuge in the woods on both sides the road. Pierce commanded them to rally, to charge with the bayonet, shouting "Boston," which was the watchword for the occasion. He commanded in vain. Townsend's men retreated to a bit of rising ground beyond New Market bridge, where they were reformed. Pierce sent back to Butler for reinforcements. Bendix, doubtless elated with his easy success, advanced. His skirmishers soon discovered that a blunder had been committed, and the men of the two regiments mingled in peace.

The casualties in this encounter amounted to twenty-one. This loss was not serious, but the moral effect was bad. Moreover, it destroyed all hopes of a surprise of the Confederates. A council was held. Duryea and Washburn, who had returned with their commands, strongly urged that the expedition should be given up. Pierce, however, decided to go on. He was sustained by Major Winthrop and Captain Haggerty, of Butler's staff. After a short time spent for the refreshment of the troops, the march was resumed with Duryea again in advance, while Bendix brought up the rear.

Subsequently, the First New York under Colonel Allen, and the remainder of the Second New York under Colonel Carr, joined them, so that the troops actually engaged at Bethel on the Federal side were as follows:

Fifth N. Y. State Volunteers, Colonel Duryea.....	850	} Estimated.
Third N. Y. State Volunteers, Colonel Townsend.....	650	
Seventh N. Y. State Volunteers, Colonel Bendix.....	750	
Second N. Y. State Volunteers, Colonel Carr.....	750	
First N. Y. State Volunteers, Colonel Allen.....	750	
Mixed Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Washburn.....	600	

The figures given in the case of Duryea's, Townsend's and Washburn's commands are taken from the official reports. Besides these there were three full regiments, the strength of which is nowhere given in any report or account of the battle I have seen. Estimating these full regiments at 750 each, which is the average of the two full regiments reported, Pierce's force amounted

to 4,350 muskets, two field pieces, and two mountain howitzers. To meet this force Magruder had:

1 full regiment (1st N. C.), Col. Hill.....	800		
4 companies 3d Va., Lieut-Col. Stewart	278	{ Walker Childrey Charters Atkinson }	{ — 208 figures given by Stewart. 70 estimated
3 companies, Montague.....	200	{ Grammer Werth Dickerson }	{ Estimated.
1 company, Lt. Chisman, Wythe Rifles..	70		
	<hr/>		
Total muskets.....	1348		
3 companies cavalry.....	152	{ Douthall Phillips Jones }	{ Estimated.
	<hr/>		
	1500		
2 companies artillery—7 guns. These consisted of—			
5 12-pound boat howitzers.			
1 10-pound Parrot gun.			
1 Dahlgren rifle gun.			

This force was disposed as follows:

Beyond the creek on our extreme right front was a howitzer of Brown's battery (Wharton's). This gun was supported on the right by Stewart's companies, which were posted behind a rifle pit in a graveyard, and on the left by a company of North Carolinians (Fayetteville Rifles). In rear of this advanced position a rail bridge had been thrown across the creek to facilitate the retirement of this force if it should become necessary. On our extreme left front Company A, of the First North Carolina, was posted in the dense wood. Near the church, on the right of the road, was a more carefully-constructed earthwork with two embrasures. Through one of these the Parrott gun, and through the other a howitzer of Stanard's battery (Gretter) was pointed, so as to sweep the road and plateau in front. In the road commanding the bridge was a howitzer of Brown's battery (Crane's). On the left of the road was the Dahlgren rifle (Hughes's). Here, also, was the main body of Hill's regiment. Montague's battalion was stationed at a breastwork extending along the crest of the hill behind the church. His line was perpendicular to the front, and overlooked the low swampy ground on the right.

One of Stanard's guns, under Lieutenant Moseley, was at the

Halfway-House; another, under Lieutenant West, supported by the Wythe Rifles, was placed immediately in rear of our position, at a point where the road crosses an open field, into which the enemy, if he gained our rear, must emerge. The cavalry, dismounted, guarded the flanks of this position.

When Magruder had completed his arrangements at this point he directed West and Chisman, if overpowered, to fall back on the main body at the church. He then said: "By overpowering you, Mr. West, I mean of course if three or four regiments come upon you at once." Then gracefully raising his hat, he added: "Gentlemen, I wish you good morning, and let me add, that God never gave a more glorious day on which to die for one's country." He then returned to the battery near the church, where he remained consulting with Hill and Randolph until the fight commenced. Captain Stanard was with the section of his company posted at the church; Captain Brown was with his gun across the creek; Lieutenant Hudnall was with the Dahlgren rifle.

We had white bands on our hats to distinguish us from the enemy, and most of the cannoniers were armed, in lieu of sabres, with large bowie-knives; but, so far as I am informed, these weapons were not used, on this or any subsequent occasion, in the defence of our persons from the assaults of the enemy. They soon degenerated into butcher knives, and were used only on the carcasses of beeves, sheep, pigs and poultry.

While Magruder was making these dispositions the enemy advanced along the extensive plateau in front of us. By 8 o'clock our pickets were driven in by Duryea's men under Kilpatrick.

[Let me say just here that the conduct of this Captain, who certainly that day played the part of a brave and intelligent soldier, effectually silences one of the criticism of the *New York Herald* on the Federal conduct of the battle. The *Herald* of June 13th, blames the Federal commander for a failure to reconnoitre with sufficient care the Confederate position. Kilpatrick's examination clearly revealed to him that position and the approaches to it in front. His exaggerated account of our numbers was not unnatural, in view of the reports he had heard, and of the extended position we occupied. The points selected for attack were not ill chosen, and were made along the only prac-

ticable lines, unless, indeed, an effort had been made to flank the whole position and attack from the rear.]

As soon as he ascertained the Confederate position, Kilpatrick deployed his men as skirmishers on both sides the road. The rest of his regiment (Duryea's) was placed in line of battle to support the right of their skirmish line. As the other troops came up they were deployed in line of battle to the right and left of the road, with the artillery in the centre.

For awhile these movements were veiled. Major Randolph standing on the parapet, near the Parrott gun, examined them as carefully as possible with his glass. Hill was on horseback, near by, and Randolph asked him to indicate the proper time for opening fire. At length a long column was observed moving up the road. It was Bendix's regiment, not yet deployed. When the head of the column reached the blacksmith shop Hill gave the word, and the Parrott gun was discharged. Stanard, who stood between the two guns, cried out: "Boys, that shot nerves me." One of our men asked Hill what o'clock it was, as he wanted to be precise about the beginning of the action. Looking at his watch Hill replied, "fifteen minutes to nine," whereupon the young cannonier thanked him with the politeness of a Count D'Orsay. I am indebted to Colonel Hill himself for this incident, who says: "It was a fine instance of coolness in a lad never before in action."

Federal accounts differ as to the effect of this first shot. According to a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, three of Bendix's men were killed by it; another says, first Lieutenant and first Sergeant. I remember distinctly noting the confusion it caused in their ranks. It was directed at a regiment, apparently in column of fours, extending some distance down the road. When the shell struck the head of this column the entire command rapidly disappeared in the woods.

As soon as this first shot was fired Colonel Hill rejoined his own men, who asked him: "How much do the Yankees outnumber us?" He replied: "Three to one." "Not more?" "Not a man more." "All right then, we can whip them."

The action, so far as the artillery was concerned, soon became general. The duller sounds of the howitzers was joined to the sharp reports of the rifled cannon. One of Magruder's aids stood near a piece of which John Mayo was gunner. He

asked permission to fire the first shot. Mayo politely refused, adding: "It is the proudest moment of my life, sir." The firing was deliberate, though not always accurate. Less than one hundred shots were fired during the engagement, which lasted between four and five hours. Colonel Hill says: "The Howitzer boys amused me a good deal during the action. When they thought they made a good shot, they would cheer lustily, and jump up and creek their heels, as boys do, when satisfied with their luck at more innocent games." He adds: "Major Randolph maintained throughout the coolness of a veteran. I often wondered at his intuitive judgment about matters in which he had had no experience."

The Federal guns were well handled by Lieutenant Greble, of the regular United States army. Shot after shot struck our earthworks, and but for these defences our loss would have been considerable.

Soon after ascertaining our position, the enemy undertook to dislodge Colonel Stewart. For this purpose Townsend's regiment was formed in a lane extending at right angles from the main road. From this place he advanced, preceded by Kilpatrick's skirmishers, who had been concentrated on his right. When they had arrived within one hundred paces of the graveyard, Stewart's men rose and fired by platoons. The enemy immediately fell back in disorder. Unfortunately the howitzer stationed here had become spiked by accident. No. 3, whose duty it is to pierce the cartridge with a priming wire, after it is rammed home by No. 1, had been too quick. He put the wire in the vent before the cartridge had been rammed home. The action of the rammer, of course, bent the wire so that it could not be withdrawn. The cannonier whose misfortune it was, exclaimed, "My God! don't tell anybody I did it." Captain Brown hastened to report the disaster and secure another gun for this exposed position, while Wharton, the sergeant immediately in command, finding he could not remedy the accident, had the disabled gun hid in the bushes.

Magruder, fearing a determined movement to turn his right flank, ordered Stewart to retire. This he did to the line occupied by Montague. Soon after, Greter's gun was moved by hand from the church to his right. For some unaccountable reason Townsend failed to occupy the abandoned position. The

precious opportunity was lost, and did not return. A few of the Zouaves entered the graveyard. At this critical juncture Hill ordered Captain Bridgers out of the swamp on our left front, and directed him to re-occupy Stewart's line. This was done in most gallant style. Firing a volley, Bridgers's men dashed forward. The Zouaves fled in terror. Another company of North Carolinians was then transferred to this threatened side of the Confederate position, and Stewart at his earnest request, in which he was strongly sustained by Hill, was directed to resume his line in the graveyard. One of his companies had been detached, but reinforced by Captain Atkinson, who had fortunately arrived with his company and a detachment of the Wythe Rifles, he crossed the swamp and firmly re-established himself.

The Confederate position was now as good as it was at the beginning of the action, and they had no man killed.

While these events were occurring on the Confederate right, Federal troops in a strong column were moved towards an old ford about three-fourths of a mile below, where Magruder had stationed a picket of forty men. To this point Captain H. H. Werth, of Montague's battalion, was hurried with his company, the Chatham Grays. He saw the Zouaves moving on the ford. Hastening his men at double-quick time he arrived first, obstructed the ford, and posted his men so as to command the road leading to it. The howitzer in the road (under Crane) was sent to his support. With this gun he got one good shot at the Zouaves, who made no serious attempt to cross the stream. Further reinforced by one of Stewart's companies (the Southern Guard), Werth held the ford until the battle ended.

Foiled in these attempts, the enemy made an effort to penetrate our position on the left of the road. This was our weakest point, but here was concentrated our strongest force. The troops engaged in this enterprise were from Vermont and Massachusetts, and formed the battalion commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Washburn. The leader of the attack, however, was Major Theodore Winthrop, who alone, of all the superior Federal officers, appeared in the battle to advantage in view of the Confederates. Under his leadership the battalion crossed the creek and formed in good order near the left angle of our works. They had placed a white band on their caps, and repeatedly called out, "don't fire." As soon as their formation was com-

pleted, they began to cheer, and rushed forward to the charge. Approaching the Confederate works, they began to hesitate. Winthrop mounted a log, waved his sword, calling out: "Forward, men, and the day is ours." He was just in the act of stepping over a fence, when the North Carolina line blazed with fire. He and an Irishman just behind him fell dead. Of the advance party not one escaped. Crane at this instant, from a hillock below, fired a load of cannister into the main body; another round of musketry followed, when the battalion retreated in confusion.

This combat lasted twenty minutes, and was the crisis of the battle. It was the most vigorous attempt at assault that was made, and the combatants were closer together than at any other point on the field. Had the attack been even momentarily successful, the situation of the Confederates would have been critical, if not hopeless. The nature of the ground was such that none of their artillery except the howitzer under Crane could bear on the enemy without firing over the heads of the North Carolinians, and they would have been deprived of the protection which had hitherto been afforded by their entrenchments. During its continuance one officer and two men were wounded at the Dahlgren gun, and the bravest men in the Federal army were killed. If at any time the raw Confederates felt uncertain about the issue, it was at this crisis, and many hearts were encouraged when they heard Magruder say in response to some remark: "Oh! this is nothing but child's play."

Meantime Allen's and Cary's regiments had arrived on the field. These fresh troops, in heavy column, pressed along the Hampton road towards the bridge. The United States flag waved proudly at their head. At this juncture the Confederate centre was their weakest point. Of the five guns directly guarding the approach to the bridge only two remained, and one of these was employed on Winthrop's men. The enemy supposed that the rest had been silenced by his fire. Major Randolph observed that his supports on the right and left were fully engaged, and that his own fire, now restricted to the Parrott gun, did not check this fresh attack. With that intuitive perception of what should be done, which Colonel Hill has signalized, he hurried a howitzer from the rear, loaded it with cannister, and prepared to sweep the approaches to the bridge. Fortunately just at this

time Moseley arrived from the Half-way House with one of Stanard's howitzers. Under Randolph's immediate supervision this piece was hurried across the creek to take the place of the spiked gun.

During these movements the Parrott gun kept up a steady and damaging fire on the Federal columns, and finally checked their advance.

When Randolph had posted Moseley's gun across the creek, he learned of the occupation of a house in front by sharpshooters, and of the gallant but fatal attempt by some North Carolinians to burn it. This attempt was made by four men, who volunteered for the service. It was more rash than wise, and resulted in the loss of the only man killed on the Confederate side. This was Henry L. Wyatt, of Company K.

Under the direction of Major Randolph this house was soon set on fire by shells from the newly arrived gun, and with the loss of this shelter the enemy abandoned all further attacks on our position. The retreat began with Duryea in front. The fresher commands of Carr and Allen brought up the rear. Our cavalry pursued as far as New Market bridge.

General Butler in his official report admits a loss of 18 killed, 53 wounded, 5 missing—total, 76. Among the killed were Major Theo. Winthrop, of Butler's staff, and Lieutenant John T. Greble, United States army, who commanded the artillery.

For a long time it was believed and maintained on both sides that the Federal loss was much greater than this. In the Richmond *Dispatch* of June 15, 1861, there is a statement to the effect that a Zouave asserted that the Federal loss was 225. The Baltimore *Republican* of June 12th puts it at 400. Duryea's Adjutant reported to the New York *Daily News* that the Zouaves lost 186 (quoted in *Whig* of June 29th);

The truth in regard to this matter will perhaps never be accurately known, unless, indeed, it be hid away in the archives in Washington, to be unearthed by some future explorer. The official reports, manifestly, do not correctly give the number of killed. Eighteen, the number stated, exactly corresponds with the dead left on the field. Pierce told Butler [see official report] that *all* the dead and wounded had been brought off. This, while by no means true, would indicate that *some* of the dead were borne from the field. That this was the case is confirmed by the

observation of citizens along the line of retreat, as well as by Federal letter-writers. It seems to me demonstrable, therefore, that the official estimates of the Federal loss are too small. I will not undertake to supply the deficiency, but will venture to say that I think many of the estimates are much too large. I have failed to find any good reason to add largely to the official statements. The figures above given by the Adjutant of the Zouaves, if correct, doubtless includes the missing, many of whom probably were found. At any rate the loss in Duryea's regiment is officially reported as six killed and thirteen wounded.

Moreover, it must be remembered that exaggeration was the order of the day. The letter-writers, especially, were anxious to give satisfactory reasons for the failure of the enterprise. I am constrained to believe that their accounts of the terrible fire, and their own heroism, are to be taken with much allowance. The trees about the Federal positions gave the clearest evidence that there was a good deal of wild shooting by the Confederates, and the combatants were seldom near enough together to warrant the supposition that the casualties on either side were very numerous.

The Confederate loss was confined to the North Carolina regiment and the Howitzers. The North Carolinians lost one man killed, one officer and five men wounded; the Howitzers lost one officer and two privates wounded, and five horses and three mules killed or disabled—a total of ten men and eight animals.

All the Howitzer casualties occurred at one gun—the Dahlgren rifle—and were Lieutenant Hudnall, in command, John Werth, and Harry C. Shook.

The result was received at the North with feelings of disappointment and rage. The New York *Herald* of 12th June, after an account of the attack and repulse, contains a dispatch from Washington to the following effect:

“WASHINGTON, JUNE 12—1 A. M.

“A special messenger arrived an hour since from Fortress Monroe, bringing intelligence that General Butler this morning proceeded with a large reinforcement to Great Bethel, and after a severe fight captured their batteries, one of seven, and the masked battery, of fourteen guns, and took 1,000 rebel prisoners.”

Two days later it apologizes for this dispatch. It is not difficult for anyone familiar with the manner in which rumors grow to account for such a dispatch without a resort to the hypothesis of deliberate lying. I do not mean to say that such an hypothesis in the case before us is not reasonable; but we are not compelled to accept it. There is another. In those early days of the war, so full of novelty and excitement, we all saw things through the distorted medium of our inflamed imaginations. This was especially the case on the 10th June, 1861, with the Federals. To them the Confederate rifle pits looked like elaborate fortifications; their five small guns seemed huge batteries; a handful of troopers became squadrons of cavalry. It was natural for men exposed for the first time to hostile fire to imagine that it was severe. THEY had never seen nor heard the like before. The sight of a man's head knocked off by a cannon ball was shocking, not to say demoralizing. How natural, then, the Federal accounts of the affair. So of the lying dispatch. Reinforcements were sent. Butler himself galloped in hot haste to Newports News, and thence, it was easily supposed, for the battle-field. The news came to Fortress Monroe that "our men" were behaving splendidly. How easy, under these circumstances, for a rumor to reach the Fortress on the eve of the departure of a steamer that Bethel had been captured. "The wish was father to the thought." It is so reported at Washington. The chance traveller becomes "a special messenger;" the *Herald* reporter readily believes the story, and the lying telegram is given to the country.

After the battle the body of Major Winthrop was buried with much respect by the Confederates, and the wounded on both sides were as carefully provided for as circumstances permitted.

A short time after the firing ceased Colonel DeRussy, commanding the First Louisiana, arrived with his regiment, deeply regretting that he was not in time to share the toils and honors of the day.

That night Magruder moved his troops back to Yorktown, leaving a strong outpost at Bethel.

It may not be amiss to add a few words, by way of comment, on this rather remarkable action. I call it remarkable because a Federal force, with a definite aim and a carefully prepared plan of action, outnumbering the Confederates nearly three to one, retreated in utter discomfiture after sustaining no very great loss,

and having inflicted but little injury on their opponents. The immunity of the Confederates is easily accounted for. They were protected by earthworks, and the Federal troops were scarcely ever near enough to inflict serious injury upon them.

There can be no question that the management on the Federal side was bad. General Pierce is said to have "lost his head"—"to have been as ignorant of his business as a child." It is a question whether he had any head, for war, to lose. But he was not alone in incapacity. His officers and men manifested most of the characteristics usually seen in new levies. On more than one occasion his Colonels lost golden opportunities of penetrating the Confederate position.

But behind all this was the most serious mistake of all—a mistake in Butler's plan. The Confederates had no outpost of strength at Little Bethel, and the scheme to surround and capture it was an attack on a man of straw.

Had the Federal Commander been possessed of accurate information in regard to the Confederate position and the roads of the country, he could, without firing a gun, have compelled Magruder to retire to Yorktown, or to fight under the discouraging knowledge that his line of communication was seriously threatened, if not in fact occupied by the enemy. A glance at my diagram will serve to show that a force of Federal troops could have struck the road to Yorktown three miles above Bethel church, moving *via* Lee's store and the Broken bridge road without passing nearer than two miles of Magruder's position. The failure to avail himself of this opportunity was bad Generalship on Butler's part, and the proposed attack on Little Bethel was a blunder, with fatal consequences.

Magruder's dispositions were determined by the nature of the ground he fought on. A review of the action suggests the thought that he was unnecessarily sensitive about his flanks. He had no information leading him to think that Butler had any force on the road from Newport's News to Warwick Courthouse, or that he proposed to manœuvre him out of his position. His immediate right flank was protected by a well-nigh impassable swamp.

His recall of Stewart, it seems to me, was a mistake, which might have been fatal but for the enemy's incompetency. It was preparatory to a retreat on Yorktown, which Magruder contem-

plated, because of his fears for his line of communication—a retreat which, under the circumstances, would have had all the moral effect of a defeat.

It seems to me—I express the opinion with great diffidence—that if Magruder had been bolder, more enterprising, if he had strengthened and extended his lines across the creek towards his right, so as to readily take the enemy in flank, his victory would have been more signal, if not more certain. As it was, he had part of his force faced to the rear. Montague's battalion was constantly exposed to an enfilade fire from the enemy's battery. A well-directed shot—and a slight depression of Greble's guns would have secured many such—might have killed or wounded many of his men, who, themselves, never got a chance to fire a gun. But the truth is, that the Confederates, like the Federals, were at a new business, and mistakes were inevitable. The Howitzers, as Magruder told a Federal officer, who complimented the accuracy of their fire, were not veteran artillerists as yet, but "school-boys from Richmond, with their primers in their pockets." And in the entire Confederate force there were but a few who were any further advanced in the art of war. On that side there was doubtless a great enthusiasm. It appears also that there was no great display of enterprise on the part of the Confederate commanders.

It must be admitted, however, that neither side had yet learned how the other was going to fight. Caution on the Confederate side, in view of their exposed situation, and the odds against them, is to be commended rather than blamed. Magruder at one time suggested a sortie, but was discouraged by Randolph.

It must be acknowledged, too, that *all* the Howitzers were not as skilful and brave as Major Randolph, nor all the North Carolinians as cool and enterprising as Colonel Hill. The trees beyond the creek testified that there was some wild firing with muskets as well as with cannon. After the fight was known to be certain, more than one supernumerary was called on to take the place of some regular numbers at the guns, who suddenly became sick, or who mysteriously disappeared. But you will not have heard my story aright if you have not learned that, for the most part, the Confederates, officers and men, bore themselves well.

Allowing this, as I do most heartily, allowing also for the

services of Colonel Hill and Major Randolph, who confessedly did more than any others to secure the victory, I think it may be said with truth that the Confederate success at Big Bethel was due, certainly as much, perhaps more, to the incapacity and want of conduct on the part of their enemies, as it was to their own enterprise, skill or courage.

It is very amusing to read the letters which were printed in the northern papers about this fight. If there was one Colonel and one regiment on the Federal side which gained no laurels on that day, it was the unfortunate Bendix and the troops he commanded, and yet we are informed by one letter-writer that his men were so eager to charge the Confederate batteries that they could scarcely be restrained from making an assault without orders.

Another writer declares that Butler was ubiquitous, and that when he received the news of the battle he rode at full speed to Newports News to find out all the facts. When we remember that Newports News is scarcely nearer to Bethel than Hampton, we are led to suspect that Butler had no desire to extend his ubiquity in the direction of the Confederates.

Amid this often recurring story of inexperience, incapacity and alarm, the names of several Federal officers shine out, conspicuous for courage and conduct. Major Winthrop and Captain Kilpatrick have been mentioned. Lieutenant Greble commanding the artillery, bore his part with signal ability and gallantry. One Federal account represents him as bearing the brunt of the affair. When urged to retreat by men who flinched from our fire, he indignantly refused. When they asked him to imitate their example in dodging, and in the employment of other protective devices, he replied: "I never dodge. When I hear the bugle sounding 'retreat' I shall retreat, but not before." Finally he was left alone with his cannoniers. Receiving an order to retreat, he directed the gun he was superintending to be withdrawn. At this moment a cannon shot struck him and he fell dead. The same ball passed through the body of another man, and took off the leg of a third. The survivors were panic stricken. One of them spiked the gun, and all abandoned it. It was removed from the field by Wilson's company, of Carr's regiment.

On the Confederate side there was no opportunity for any

special display of heroism. The only exception was the attempt to burn the houses sheltering the enemy, in which Henry L. Wyatt, of the Edgecombe Guards, lost his life. It was a brave but rash act, and when he fell his companions were recalled.

I have read to you the first page in the war record of our battalion. I have tried to tell the simple truth, giving to each, friend and foe, his due.

The time has not yet come when the moral issues of the war can be accurately and dispassionately discussed. No foreigner can discuss them accurately; no citizen of this country, North or South, can discuss them without passion. No man who fought or whose father fought, either with Grant or with Lee, can look at those issues in what Lord Bacon calls a "dry light." It cannot be expected that we of the South should cease to regard the Federal invasion as a most iniquitous attack upon the autocracy of the States; it cannot be expected that the men of the North should cease to regard the practical application of the doctrine of secession as a sacrilegious stab at the object of their idolatrous veneration—the Union. But it is to be expected that brave soldiers, that honorable gentlemen, should endeavor to tell the truth about the things actually said and done on both sides, and to award praise and blame with an impartial hand.

With this thought in mind, I have ventured on this occasion to point out our mistakes as well as the mistakes of our opponents, to suppress every exasperating word, and to signalize the conduct of their brave men as well as our own. I believe the time is coming when the courage, the skill, the devotion of the men in both armies will be claimed as the property of every section of our country—when all that is noble in the conduct of Wyatt and Winthrop,* of Greble* and Randolph, will be recited with equal pleasure and pride from Maine to Texas, from Virginia to California.

In England the valor of those who wore the White Rosé, as well as the valor of those who wore the Red Rose, forms a part of the national glory. The gallantry of Prince Rupert, the grim courage of Cromwell's saints, whose backs no enemy ever saw, contribute each in due measure to England's renown. So it will be with us. The time is coming when the conflict over secession

*These Federal officers fell in the Battle of Bethel Church.

will appear to those who look back upon it as an important, a healthful, a necessary factor in the working out of the country's destiny. Then all hard feelings between the sections will pass away, all contemptuous terms of opprobrium will cease.

But this is not all. It requires no prophet's vision to foresee the time when, under the pressures produced by increasing population and the vaulting ambition of selfish men, the foundations of our government will be subjected to greater strains than those which have tried them in the past; when the conflict between centralized power and local self-government, fostered by the dread of anarchy on the one hand and the dread of despotism on the other, will be fierce and relentless. Then true lovers of freedom and law all over the country will find it necessary to stand together in order to make common cause against tyranny, whether it come from the man or the mob.

To the calm judgment of the patriots of that day—to the verdict of history then to be written—we are content to leave our own and our fallen comrades reputation. Whatever may be said of their political opinions, not even the scrutiny of malice can impugn the motives of the *soldiers* who sustained the Confederate cause. When, therefore, the time comes for wars of faction to succeed wars of principle; when, instead of the spirit of sacrifice, there shall come in an indiscriminate scramble for place and power; when the mob shall roar for the practical application of ultra-communistic principles; when vices flourish which war generates and tyranny fosters; when, with parricidal ingratitude, their own sons forget in idolatrous covetousness the honor of the States that bore them—then will the whole Union miss and pray for the courage, the judgment, the rectitude, the devotion, the unselfishness of the men whom the Howitzers accompanied and followed from Big Bethel to Appomattox. Then the story of their sacrifices will be told at the North as well as at the South, in order to stimulate the zeal of those who, in that day, will strive to maintain free republican institutions in the United States.

Meanwhile, comrades, let us not neglect the duties of the present. It is ours, by a wise use of the means now at hand, to postpone, and, if God will, to avert forever that day of strife. Accepting the results of the war, we must discharge all bitterness from our hearts, and work for the consecration of law and order as well as liberty. We must seek not only the national health

but also the national honor. The virtue of the people, no less than their greatness, should engage our attention. Their elevation in morals and piety is more important than their material prosperity. Rome was never richer than when she was leprous with social vice and political crime. She never possessed a more elegant and luxurious civilization than when her festering carcass was exposed to the beaks of barbarian vultures.

In performing these present duties, at which I have hinted, it can never be out of place to recall the self-denial, the stern integrity, the patriotism of those who have gone before us. Continue, then, to meet from year to year. Cherish, as it ought to be cherished, the memory of Confederate valor. Keep green the graves where rest the Confederate dead. Celebrate in a manner, worthy of their deeds, the patience, the daring, the enterprise, the devotion of the men who, surrendering everything but honor, contended against overwhelming odds for the maintenance of liberty and of law."

June 10, 1861.—Engagement at Big Bethel, or Bethel Church, Va.

- No. 1.—Maj. Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, U. S. Army.
- No. 2.—Brig. Gen. Ebenezer W. Pierce, Massachusetts Militia.
- No. 3.—Col. Frederick Townsend, Third New York Infantry.
- No. 4.—Col. John E. Bendix, Seventh New York Infantry.
- No. 5.—Capt. Judson Kilpatrick, Fifth New York Infantry.
- No. 6.—Letter from Confederate Secretary of War transmitting reports.
- No. 7.—Col. John B. Magruder, C. S. Army.
- No. 8.—Col. D. H. Hill, First North Carolina Infantry.
- No. 9.—Lieut. Col. William D. Stuart, Third Virginia Infantry.
- No. 10.—Maj. George W. Randolph, Howitzer Battalion, C. S. Army.
- No. 11.—Maj. E. B. Montague, Virginia Battalion.
- No. 12.—Capt. W. H. Werth, Chatham Grays, Virginia Cavalry.

No. 1.

REPORTS OF MAJ. GEN. B. F. BUTLER, U. S. ARMY.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA,
FORTRESS MONROE, *June 10, 1861.*

GENERAL—Having learned that the enemy had established an outpost of some strength at a place called Little Bethel, a small

church about eight miles from Newport News, and the same distance from Hampton, from whence they were accustomed nightly to advance both on Newport News and the picket guards of Hampton, to annoy them, and also from whence they had come down in small squads of cavalry and taken a number of Union men, some of whom had the safeguard and protection of the troops of the United States, and forced them into the rebel ranks, and that they were also gathering up the slaves of citizens who had moved away and left their farms in charge of their negroes, carrying them to work in intrenchments at Williamsburg and Yorktown, I had determined to send up a force to drive them back and destroy their camp, the headquarters of which was this small church.

I had also learned that at a place a short distance farther on, on the road to Yorktown, was an outwork of the rebels on the Hampton side of a place called Big Bethel, a large church near the head of the north branch of Back River; that here was a very considerable rendezvous, with works of more or less strength in process of erection, and from this point the whole country was laid under contribution. Accordingly, I ordered General Pierce, who is in command of Camp Hamilton, at Hampton, to send Duryea's regiment of Zouaves to be ferried over Hampton Creek at 1 o'clock this morning, and to march by the road up to New Market Bridge; thence, crossing the bridge, to go by a by-road, and thus put the regiment in the rear of the enemy and between Big Bethel and Little Bethel, in part for the purpose of cutting him off, and then to make an attack upon Little Bethel. I directed General Pierce to support him from Hampton with Colonel Townsend's regiment with two mounted howitzers, and to march about an hour later. At the same time I directed Colonel Phelps, commanding at Newport News, to send out a battalion composed of such companies of the regiments under his command as he thought best, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Washburn, in time to make a demonstration upon Little Bethel in front, and to have him supported by Colonel Bendix's regiment with two field pieces. Bendix's and Townsend's regiments should effect a junction at a fork of the road leading from Hampton to Newport News, something like a mile and a half from Little Bethel.

I directed the march to be so timed that the attack should be made just at daybreak, and that after the attack was made upon

Little Bethel, Duryea's regiment and a regiment from Newport News should follow immediately upon the heels of the fugitives, if they were enabled to get off, and attack the battery on the road to Big Bethel while covered by the fugitives, or, if it was thought expedient by General Pierce, failing to surprise the camp at Little Bethel, they should attempt to take the work near Big Bethel. To prevent the possibility of mistake in the darkness, I directed that no attack should be made until the watchword was shouted by the attacking regiment, and in case that, by any mistake in the march, the regiments that were to make the junction should unexpectedly meet, and be unknown to each other, also directed that the members of Colonel Townsend's regiment should be known, if in daylight, by something white worn on the arm.

The troops were accordingly put in motion as ordered, and the march was so timed that Colonel Duryea had got in the position noted upon the accompanying sketch, and Lieutenant-Colonel Washburn, in command of the regiment from Newport News, had got into the position indicated upon the sketch, and Bendix's regiment had been posted and ordered to hold the fork of the road with two pieces of artillery, and Townsend's regiment had got the place indicated just behind, and about to form a junction as the day dawned.

Up to this point the plan had been vigorously, accurately and successfully carried out. But here, by some strange fatuity, and as yet unexplained blunder, without any word of notice, while Townsend was in column *en route*, and when the head of the column was within one hundred yards, Colonel Bendix's regiment opened fire with both artillery and musketry upon Townsend's column, which in the hurry and confusion was irregularly returned by some of Townsend's men, who feared that they had fallen into an ambuscade. Townsend's column immediately retreated to the eminence near by, and were not pursued by Bendix's men. By this almost criminal blunder two men of Townsend's regiment were killed and eight (more or less) wounded. Hearing this cannonading and firing in his rear, Lieutenant-Colonel Washburn, not knowing but that his communication might be cut off, immediately reversed his march, as did Colonel Duryea, and marched back to form a junction with his reserves. General Pierce, who was with Townsend's regiment, fearing that the enemy had got notice of our approach and had posted himself in force on the

line of march, and not getting any communications from Colonel Duryea, sent back to me for reënforcements, and I immediately ordered Colonel Allen's regiment to be put in motion, and they reached Hampton about 7 o'clock. In the meantime, the true state of facts having been ascertained by General Pierce, the regiment effected a junction and resumed the line of march. At the moment of the firing of Bendix, Colonel Duryea had surprised a part of an outlying guard of the enemy, consisting of three persons, who have been brought in to me. Of course, by this firing, all hope of a surprise upon the camp at Little Bethel was lost, and upon marching upon it it was found to have been vacated, and the cavalry had pressed on toward Big Bethel. Colonel Duryea, however, destroyed the camp at Little Bethel, and advanced. General Pierce then, as he informs me, with the advice of his Colonels, thought best to attempt to carry the works of the enemy at Big Bethel, and made dispositions to that effect.

The attack commenced, as I am informed (for I have not yet received any official reports), about half-past 9 o'clock. At about 10 o'clock General Pierce sent a note to me, saying that there was a sharp engagement with the enemy, and that he thought he should be able to maintain his position until reënforcements could come up. Acting upon this information, Colonel Carr's regiment, which had been ordered in the morning to proceed as far as New Market bridge, was allowed to go forward. I received this information, for which I had sent a special messenger, about 12 o'clock.

I immediately made disposition from Newport News to have Colonel Phelps, from the four regiments there, to forward aid if necessary. As soon as these orders could be sent forward I repaired to Hampton for the purpose of having proper ambulances and wagons for the sick and wounded, intending to go forward and join the command. While the wagons were going forward a messenger came announcing that the engagement had terminated, and that the troops were retiring in good order to camp.

I remained upon the ground at Hampton, personally seeing the wounded put in boats and towed around to the hospital, and ordering forward Lieutenant Morris, with two boat howitzers, to cover the rear of the returning column in case it should be attacked. Having been informed that the ammunition of the artillery had been expended, and seeing the head of the column

approach Hampton in good order, I waited for General Pierce to come up. I am informed by him that the dead and wounded had all been brought off, and that the return had been conducted in good order and without haste. I learned from him that the men behaved with great steadiness, with the exception of some few instances, and that the attack was made with propriety, vigor and courage, but that the enemy were found to be supported by a battery variously estimated as of from fifteen to twenty pieces, some of which were rifled cannon, which were very well served, and protected from being readily turned by a creek in front.

Our loss is very considerable, amounting, perhaps, to forty or fifty, a quarter part of which, you will see, was from the unfortunate mistake, to call it by no worse name, of Colonel Bendix.

I will, as soon as official returns can be got, give a fuller detail of the affair; and will only add now that we have to regret especially the death of Lieutenant Greble, of the Second artillery, who went out with Colonel Washburn from Newport News, and who very efficiently and gallantly fought his piece until he was struck by a cannon shot.

I will endeavor to get accurate statements to forward by the next mail.

I think, in the unfortunate combination of circumstances and the result which we experienced, we have gained more than we have lost. Our troops have learned to have confidence in themselves under fire. The enemy have shown that they will not meet us in the open field. Our officers have learned wherein their organization and drill are inefficient.

While waiting for the official reports, I have the honor to submit thus far the information of which I am possessed.

I have the honor to be, most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

BENJ. F. BUTLER,

Major-General Commanding.

Lieutenant-General Scott.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA,
FORTRESS MONROE, *June 16, 1861.*

GENERAL—Upon examination of the official reports of the officers commanding the various corps who were engaged in the skirmish at Big Bethel, I find nothing to add or correct in my

former dispatch, in so far as relates to the dispositions for the attack. It now turns out beyond controversy, as I deem, that the firing was commenced upon Colonel Townsend's by Colonel Bendix's men. It is not so certain whether Colonel Bendix gave the order to fire or not, although the evidence is strong upon the point that he did so. It was evidently a mistake, and in spite of the precaution that, before any order to fire was to be given in the dark, the watchword "Boston" should be shouted, and that Colonel Townsend's men should be distinguished by a white badge upon the arm, with which order Colonel Townsend complied. Lieutenant Greble, of the Second artillery (regulars), whose loss as a gallant officer, thorough soldier, and amiable man we all must deplore, was with Colonel Bendix's command, and participated in the mistake of Colonel Bendix, as I am informed by the Colonel's report. Colonel Townsend has desired a court of inquiry for the purpose of investigating this transaction, with which request, as soon as the exigencies of the public service will permit, I shall comply.

As I stated in the former report, this attack was not intended to enable us to hold Big Bethel as a post, because it was not seriously in our way on any proposed road to Yorktown, and therefore there was never any intention of maintaining it, even if captured. The length of the road and the heat of the weather had caused great fatigue, as many of the troops, the previous night having been cool, had marched with their thickest clothing. I take leave to assure you that every precaution had been taken to prevent notice to the enemy of our approach. A picket guard had been sent out on the night before at 10 o'clock to prevent the egress of persons from our camp in the direction of Yorktown, but we have since learned that information had been communicated to the enemy of our approach, and we believe that we have under arrest the person who communicated the intelligence—a discharged soldier of the United States many years since, who resided in Hampton. If the evidence is satisfactory to a court-martial, he will be dealt with with such severity of punishment as will be a lesson to the many who surround us, and who are engaged in the same nefarious business.

From subsequent information I am certain that the force which was at first in Great Bethel did not exceed a regiment, and had the order been executed which I had given to General Pierce of

attack, that, "if we find the enemy and surprise them, we will fire a volley if necessary, *not reload*, but go ahead with the bayonet," I have no doubt of the capture of the battery. But in attempting to obtain information upon the road as to the force in Big Bethel, the exaggerated statements of the inhabitants and the negroes as to the numbers intrenched were taken, instead of the estimates and information of the Commanding-General, so that it was believed by the officers in command and by the men that there were 4,000 or 5,000 there in force. From the intelligence given the enemy, and the unfortunate occurrence of the morning, two regiments to reënforce them were at last brought up, but not until about the time our troops retired. I make no doubt that the battery would have been taken but for another unfortunate mistake, as reported to me, wherein the Colonel of a regiment mistook two companies of his own men, which had been separated from him by a thicket, for a flanking party of the enemy, making a sortie from the battery, and because of that mistake retired; so that it would seem that the skirmish was lost twice because our officers mistook their friends for their enemies. I am informed, and fully believe, that immediately upon the retiring of our troops, for the purpose, as was supposed by the enemy, of turning the flank of the battery, the battery was immediately evacuated, and remained so evacuated until the second day. If it was so done it would be a matter of no consequence, because, as General Scott had been informed, as I have already previously stated, it was no part of our intention to occupy it. The major part of the officers and men behaved with the greatest gallantry and good conduct, and I have to mention in terms of commendation the gallantry and courage of Colonel Townsend, the coolness and firmness of Lieutenant-Colonel Washburn, and the efficiency of Captain Haggerty, of my staff, who was acting as aid to General Pierce, a part of his own being sick.

The country has to deplore the loss of Major Theodore Winthrop, my acting military secretary, who led the advance corps with Colonel Duryea, and who the moment before his death had gone forward on the right with the detachment of Vermont and Massachusetts troops, under order of Lieutenant-Colonel Washburn, and who at the moment of his death was engaged in finding the best manner of entering the battery, when he fell mortally

wounded. His conduct, his courage, his efficiency in the field were spoken of in terms of praise by all who saw him.

Subsequent knowledge has shown beyond all question that if, at the time our troops retired, an advance had been ordered, the battery would have been taken; but this is the result of subsequent knowledge, and is not to be taken as evidence of the want of efficiency of those in command of our troops. It is a pleasure to be able to announce that our loss was much less even than was reported in my former dispatch, and appears by the official report furnished herewith. Our loss of those permanently injured is twenty-five. I have the honor again to inform you that we have gained much more than we have lost by the skirmish at Big Bethel, and while the advance upon the battery and the capture of it might have added *clat* to the occasion, it would not have added to its substantial results. I have been very careful to procure an accurate account of the dead, wounded, and missing, in order that I may assure those friends who are anxious for the safety of our soldiers and an exact account may be given of all those injured. There is nothing to be gained by any concealment in this regard. The exact truth, which is to be stated at all times, if anything is stated, is especially necessary on such occasions. In this behalf I think we are not to take a lesson from our enemies. I am happy to add that upon sending a message to Yorktown I found that the courtesies of civilized warfare have been and are intended to be extended to us by the enemies of the country now in arms, which in this department at all times shall be fully reciprocated. I have omitted a detailed statement of the movements of the various corps in this attack, because, while it might be interesting, yet, without a map of the ground and details, would serve no useful purpose. I forward herewith the official reports of General Pierce and Colonels Bendix and Townsend, which contain all that may be material.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

BENJ. F. BUTLER,
Major-General, Commanding.

Lieutenant-General Scott.

[Inclosure.]

Casualties in the United States forces at Big Bethel, June 10, 1861.

Commands.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Aggregate.	Remarks.
Staff	1			1	Maj. Theodore Winthrop.
Infantry :					
Fourth Massachusetts.....	1			1	
First New York.....	2	1		3	
Second New York.....	2	2	1	3	
Third New York.....	2	27	1	30	
Fifth New York.....	6	13		19	
Seventh New York.....	3	1	2	12	
First Vermont.....	2	3	1	6	
Second U. S. Artillery.....	1			1	Lient. John T. Greble.
Total.....	18	53	5	76	

No. 2.

REPORT OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL E. W. PIERCE, MASSACHUSETTS MILITIA.

CAMP HAMILTON *June 12, 1861.*

SIR,—Sunday forenoon, June 9, 1861, I received an order requiring my attendance at your headquarters forthwith, where I arrived at about 12 o'clock, and found you and Colonel Duryea, of my command, consulting upon a plan of proposed attack upon places known as Big Bethel and Little Bethel, and received from Captain Butler, of your staff, the following plan of operations:

A regiment or battalion to march from Camp Hamilton (Duryea's), each to be supported by sufficient reserves, under arms in camp and in advance guard out on the line of march. Duryea to push out two pickets at 10 P. M., one also two and a half miles beyond Hampton, on the county road, but not so far as to alarm the enemy. This is important. Second picket half as far as the first; both pickets as much out of sight as possible. No one, whomsoever, to be allowed to pass out through their lines. Persons to be allowed to pass inwards, unless it appeared they intend to go around about and dodge through the point. At 12 o'clock P. M. (midnight) Colonel Duryea will march his regi-

ment, with twenty rounds cartridges, in the county road toward Little Bethel; scows to be provided to ferry them across Hampton Creek.

March to be rapid, but not hurried.

A howitzer, with canister and shrapnel, to go, and a wagon with planks and materials to repair New Market Bridge. Duryea to have the 200 rifles; he will pick the men to whom they are intrusted. Rockets to be thrown up from Newport News. Notify Commodore Pendergrast of this, to prevent general alarm. Newport News movement to be made somewhat later, as the distance is somewhat less. If we find the enemy and surprise them, we will fire a volley if desirable, *not reload*, and go ahead with the bayonet. As the attack is to be made at night, or the gray of the morning, and in two detachments, our people should have some token, say a white rag, or nearest approach to white attainable, on the left arm. Perhaps the detachments who are engaged in the expedition should be smaller than a regiment.

If we capture the Little Bethel men, push on to Big Bethel and similarly capture them. Burn up both the Bethels. Blow up, if brick. To protect our rear in case we take either field pieces, and the enemy should march the main body, if there are any, to recover them, it would be well to have a party of competent artillerists, regular or otherwise, to handle the captured guns on the retirement of our main body; also spikes to spike them. George Scott is to have a revolver. And in pursuance of these orders is issued the following order early Sunday evening:

GENERAL ORDERS, }
No. 12. }

HEADQUARTERS CAMP HAMILTON, *June 9, 1861.*

A plan of attack to-night is herewith inclosed and forwarded to Colonel Duryea, commanding Fifth regiment of New York State Volunteers, who will act accordingly. Colonel Townsend, commanding Third Regiment of New York State Volunteers, will march his command in support of Colonel Duryea. Colonel Carr, commanding the Second Regiment New York State Volunteers, will detach the artillery company of his regiment with their field pieces, and take their position at the burned bridge, near Hampton. Colonels Allen, Carr and McChesney will hold their entire command in readiness, fully prepared to march at a moment's notice. All the troops will be supplied with one day's rations, and each man with twenty rounds of ball cartridges; and

that no mistake may be made, all the troops, as they charge, will shout "Boston." Colonels Allen, Carr, Townsend, Duryea and McChesney will govern themselves accordingly.

By command of Brigadier-General E. W. Pierce:

R. A. PIERCE, *Brigade Major.*

And, in compliance with this order, Colonel Duryea sent out two pickets at 10 o'clock P. M., two and one-half miles beyond Hampton, on the county road, with orders to keep out of sight as much as possible, allowing persons to pass in, but none to pass out. At twenty minutes past 12 o'clock (midnight) Colonel Duryea passed the remainder of his command over the river at Hampton, and pushed on for Little Bethel, having now upon that side of the river some 850 men. He was followed about two hours after by the Third Regiment New York State Volunteers, Colonel Townsend, with 650 men, and a detachment from Colonel Carr's regiment, with two mountain howitzers, under the direction of a non commissioned officer and four privates of the United States Army, accompanied by myself, with an aide-de-camp; and we had proceeded on about four miles, having taken the precaution to keep a mounted officer considerably in advance to reconnoiter the road until we had reached New Market Bridge, where we came up with a considerable number of Colonel Duryea's men, who were left to guard the bridge. Passing on myself, with aide-de-camp still being considerably in advance, we discovered a large body of armed men by the roadside, who appeared to be emerging from the woods and taking up their position on the road, and, believing them to be friends, we were passing on, when we suddenly discovered that they were occupying the road with a field piece, just ready to open fire upon us, and we were immediately saluted by a volley from their small arms and a discharge from their field piece, quickly followed by an indiscriminate fire from Colonel Townsend's regiment. I rode back, ordered them to cease firing, charge bayonets, and shout *Boston*. Colonel Townsend's men fell to the right and left of the road in confusion, but in a few minutes rallied and reformed, by directions of myself and Colonel Townsend, under a very heavy fire. I then ordered the column to withdraw to a position about one-half a mile back across the bridge, on rising ground, where they could sustain themselves, destroying the bridge as we passed. This movement I caused to be made, hoping to draw the sup-

posed enemy from their positions, and also to await reënforcements, which I had sent for, from Hampton. When we found the supposed enemy advancing, I threw out skirmishers, who, to my surprise, I soon found uniting themselves with the supposed enemy, who in a few minutes proved to be friends, and a portion of the forces from Newport News, commanded by Colonel Bendix. The result of this fire upon us was, two mortally wounded (one since dead); three dangerously; four officers and twelve privates slightly; making a total, twenty-one.

Leaving the rest to collect the wounded and refresh the tired men, I had an interview with the commanding officers present—Colonels Townsend, Duryea, and Lieutenant-Colonel Washburn—and was strongly advised by Duryea and Washburn not to proceed, as the enemy, being now warned of our approach, would gain strength from Yorktown, and that the original design of surprise had now become fully frustrated. I decided that it was my duty to follow my written instructions, and in this decision was sustained by Major Winthrop and Captain Haggerty, your aides-de-camp.

In answer to the remonstrance of Colonel Duryea and Washburn that reënforcements would come from Yorktown, I replied that we had already sent for reënforcements from Camp Hamilton, and I hoped that ours at least might equal theirs. We then marched on, being joined by the forces from Newport News; and in reply to the question from Colonel Washburn, how are we to proceed, I said, follow the original design of General Butler to the extent of our several abilities.

Soon after arrived at Little Bethel. That we burned, finding no resistance, and halted the column, bringing the artillery to the front. We soon after obtained the testimony of a woman at a farm-house that Big Bethel was garrisoned by some 4,000 men, and from a negro obtained substantially a like information. When we arrived within a mile of County Bridge the column halted, and Captains Kilpatrick and Bartlett having discovered that the enemy were holding a strong position in battery at the head of the road, we now drew up in line of battle at the skirts of the wood, the artillery and howitzers being pushed some thirty rods up the road. Captains Winslow, Bartlett and Kilpatrick having been ordered to advance as skirmishers, the regiment of Colonel Duryea was by my orders moved out to the right of the

main road, the right flank resting behind a dense wood which skirted the road, where it remained in line of battle in an open field about 800 paces from the battery.

The forces from Newport News were brought into a second line of battle in the field to the left of the road, and were soon after moved by a flank, so as to cross the road to cover the front, then being vacated by the Fifth regiment, now being marched by a flank through, and covered by the woods on the right, the Fifth regiment being supported on the right by the forces from Newport News. The latter, being marched through the woods for that purpose, made several attempts to charge the batteries, but were prevented by creek. Meanwhile the artillery in the road was operated by the directions of Lieutenant Greble, who lost his life just at the close of the action.

While this was being done on the right, I directed Colonel Townsend with his regiment to advance and take a position in a lane at right angles to the main road leading to the battery, where he was directed to send out skirmishers to ascertain the strength of the enemy's right, and for that purpose detailed Captains John G. Butler and Edwin S. Jenny with their companies to cross the field immediately, and to so skirmish as to draw the enemy's fire, which was gallantly performed. The enemy's fire was delivered vigorously. Colonel Townsend now moved his regiment up to the point where the skirmishers were engaged—a movement which the regiment performed in line of battle as if on parade, in the face of a severe fire of artillery and small arms in a manner entirely satisfactory—and were joined by about one hundred of the Fifth regiment as skirmishers on the right of Colonel Townsend's command.

By the time Colonel Townsend's regiment had arrived at its position it became apparent that the battery had been strongly reënforced, and that any effort to take it was useless. Besides, a company of that regiment had been separated from the regiment by a thickly hedged ditch, and as the regiment moved forward towards the skirmishers this company marched into the adjoining field in a line with the regiment. This was not known to Colonel Townsend, who supposed when the regiment approached that it was the entire regiment. Consequently upon seeing among the breaks in the hedges the glistening of bayonets in the adjoining field, [he] immediately concluded that the enemy were outflanking him, [and] conceived it to be his duty to retire and repel

their advance, when, by his order, his regiment resumed their original position. Shortly after I directed all the forces to retire.

Colonel Duryea having said that his men were tired out, completely exhausted, and that they must be taken to the rear, Colonel Allen, of the First New York regiment, advancing at this time, I immediately directed him to throw his regiment into the lane to the left of the main road leading to the battery, and the Second regiment, Colonel Carr commanding, were, by order, promptly formed in line of battle, covering the ground lately occupied by the Fifth regiment, with their field pieces upon the left. I then ordered the killed and wounded picked up placed in whatever vehicle could be procured for their conveyance, the regiments of Colonels Allen and Carr meanwhile keeping the enemy at bay. On the retreat the regiment of Colonel Duryea led the column, followed by that of Colonel Townsend and the forces from Newport News, the regiments of Colonels Allen and Carr forming the rear guard of the retreating column. Some difficulty was experienced in keeping the men in proper order during the retreat, the men being so exhausted by thirst as to rush out of the ranks wherever water was to be had.

For killed, wounded and missing, please refer to my former report.

In closing this report, I wish to bear my testimony to the gallant and soldierlike conduct of Colonel Townsend, who was indefatigable in encouraging his men and leading them in the hottest scenes of the action. I also desire to acknowledge the valuable service rendered me by the lamented Major Winthrop and Captain Haggerty of your staff in carrying orders to posts of exposure and danger. Colonel Carr, in covering the retreat, showed himself a good soldier, ready and willing to do his duty. In the death of Lieutenant Greble, of United States army, who bravely fell at his gun, I recognize the loss of an able and gallant officer, whose conduct in the battle is deserving of all praise, and whose memory should be perpetuated by a grateful country.

Respectfully yours,

EBENEZER W. PIERCE,
Brigadier-General.

Benj. F. Butler, Major-General,
Commanding Department of Virginia.

No. 3.

REPORT OF COLONEL FREDERICK TOWNSEND, THIRD NEW YORK
INFANTRY.HDQRS. THIRD REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS,
June 12, 1861.

SIR,—I have the honor to report, for the information of Brigadier-General Pierce, that on the evening of Sunday, June 9, I received orders from him to have my command in readiness, with one day's rations, to move that night, to form part of a column composed of two regiments from Newport News, and Colonel Duryea's and my own intended to make a reconnoissance in force towards Yorktown. In obedience to these orders, with the concerted sign of a white badge upon our left arms, at midnight I marched my regiment to Hampton, where the General met the command and accompanied it.

On approaching a defile through a thick wood, about five or six miles from Hampton, a heavy and well sustained fire of canister and small arms was opened upon the regiment while it was marching in a narrow road upon the flank, in route step, and wholly unsuspecting of an enemy, inasmuch as we were ordered to reënforce Colonel Duryea, who had preceded us by some two hours, and who had been ordered to throw out as he marched an advance guard two-and-a-half miles from his regiment, and a sustaining force half way between the advance and the regiment; therefore, had Colonel Duryea been obliged to retreat upon us before we reached his locality, we should have heard distant firing, or some of his regiment would have been seen retreating. The force which fired upon us was subsequently ascertained to be only the regiment of Colonel Bendix, though a portion of the Vermont and Fourth Massachusetts regiments were with it, having come down with two six-pounder field pieces from Newport News to join the column. These regiments took up a masked position in the woods at the commencement of the defile. The result of the fire upon us was, two mortally wounded (one since dead), three dangerously, and four officers and twelve privates slightly, making a total of twenty-one.

At the commencement of the fire, the General, Captain

Chamberlain, his aid-de-camp, and two mountain howitzers, were about two hundred and fifty paces in advance of the regiment. The fire was opened upon them first by a discharge from small arms, and immediately followed by a rapidly sustained volley upon my regiment and the field pieces. My men then generally discharged their pieces and jumped to the right and left of the road, and recommenced loading and firing. In a few minutes the regiment was reformed in the midst of this heavy fire, and by the General's directions retired in a thoroughly military manner, in order to withdraw the supposed enemy from his position.

On ascertaining that the enemy were our friends, and providing for the wounded, we joined Colonel Duryea and Colonel Bendix, the former having returned, and proceeded on the reconnoissance at Big Bethel. Some seven or more miles on we found the enemy in force, well fortified, with a battery, said to be of twenty guns, in position, some of them rifle cannon. The information relative to the guns in position at the Bethel battery was given to me on the ground by Colonel Duryea, who informed me that he received it from a reconnoitering officer whom he had sent to the front to ascertain the position of things. On arriving at this point, in order to feel the enemy, battle was immediately given by the orders of the General. We were ordered to take up a position in a field about eight hundred paces from the battery. I was then directed by the General to advance to a position in a road at right angles to the main road leading to the battery, and about two hundred paces from it, on the left of Colonel Duryea. I was then directed to send out skirmishers to ascertain the strength of the enemy's right, for which purpose I detailed Captains John G. Butler and Edwin S. Jenny, with their companies, to cross the field immediately in front of the right of the battery, and so to skirmish as to draw the enemy's fire; which duty they gallantly performed. The enemy's fire was delivered vigorously almost immediately upon these companies entering the field. On crossing it myself, and considering that there might be a possibility of our capturing the battery, I moved the regiment up to the point where our skirmishers were engaged—a movement which the regiment performed in line of battle as if on parade, in face of a severe fire of artillery and small arms, and in a manner entirely to my satisfaction.

By the time the regiment had arrived at its position it became evident that the right portion of the battery had been strongly reënforced by men from the enemy's left, and that an effort to take the battery then was useless; besides, a company of my regiment had been separated from the regiment by a thickly-hedged ditch, and as the regiment moved forward toward the skirmishers, this company marched in the adjoining field on a line with the regiment.

This was not known to me until after the engagement. I supposed when the regiment approached that it was the entire regiment. Consequently, upon seeing among the breaks in the hedge the glistening of bayonets in the adjoining field, I immediately concluded that the enemy were outflanking us, and conceived it to be my duty immediately to retire and repel that advance. I resumed, therefore, my original position on the left of Colonel Duryea. Shortly after all the forces were directed to retire, the design of the reconnaissance having been accomplished.

I, of course, forbear speaking of the movements of other corps, excepting as immediately connected with my regiment, and it were especially gratuitous, inasmuch as the General was upon the field and directed the movements of the various commands in person.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

FRED'K TOWNSEND,
Colonel Third Regiment.

Major R. A. Pierce, Brigade Inspector, &c.

No. 4.

REPORT OF COLONEL JOHN E. BENDIX, SEVENTH NEW YORK
INFANTRY.

CAMP BUTLER, NEWPORT NEWS,
HEADQUARTERS SEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. V.,

June 12, 1861.

SIR,—On the evening of the 10th instant I proceeded, according to instructions, to the cross-roads, and took my position as reserve

with one field piece. The advance, consisting of 300 men of the Vermont, 300 of the Massachusetts, and 150 men belonging to my regiment, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Washburn, of the Vermont regiment, had gone on with one field piece. I was taking my position when we saw what I supposed some cavalry. I asked the gunner if he was loaded. The answer was, "No, sir." Then I directed him to load, but before this was done the firing commenced. Lieutenant Greble, of the United States Army, rode forward for assistance. The firing lasted some fifteen minutes—am not certain which commenced the fire. I did not give the word to fire, but think likely my men fired first, and finding the fire returned, and not expecting friends from that quarter, I stopped the firing as soon as I could, and directed one company to guard the rear and one company to go out in the field on the right and find out where the enemy (as I supposed them to be) were situated; then sent a squad down the road and found, to my horror, that there had been a sad mistake, having fired upon General Pierce and staff and Colonel Townsend's regiment. Our advance then returned to my assistance. Lieutenant-Colonel Kapff, on my right, then reported that he had taken two prisoners (citizens) with double-barreled shot-guns in their hands. One of the pieces had one barrel discharged. The prisoners were sent to Fort Monroe. My men took one gold and one silver watch, with pocket-book, containing some silver and paper money, from them, which I have, subject to orders.

I was then ordered to bring up the rear of the column and proceed to Big Bethel. We had marched some six or seven miles, when I was ordered to the front with the field piece, and before we had got ready for action the enemy opened their fire upon us, striking one man down by my side at the first shot. Not expecting this, it caused some confusion, and having received no orders, I did the best I could as skirmishers in the woods. I then looked for General Pierce, and by his direction took my position on the enemy's left flank with some two hundred Vermont and Massachusetts troops, and we were not strong enough to make an attack, and after firing some time withdrew back into the woods. When we got into the woods I found the troops retiring, and followed. I then saw General Pierce, who told me to retire; which I did in the main column

until we came to the cross-roads, when our detachment came to Newport News.†

* * * * *

I am, sir, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN E. BENDIX,

Colonel.

Colonel Phelps.

No. 5.

REPORT OF CAPTAIN JUDSON KILPATRICK, FIFTH NEW YORK
INFANTRY.

HEADQUARTERS CAMP HAMILTON, *June 11, 1861.*

SIR,—In accordance with your order, I have the honor to submit the following report of my command, acting as the advance guard on the evening of the 9th, and a brief account of my command during the engagement on the following day at the new County Bridge. I left camp with my command at 10 P. M., consisting of fifty men of Company H, one Lieutenant (Cambreleng), four Sergeants, and four Corporals; Company I, Captain Bartlett, one Lieutenant (York), four Sergeants, and two Corporals. Crossed the river at Hampton half past 10 P. M., reached New Market Bridge at 1 A. M., threw out scouts in all directions, and waited for the main body, which arrived at 3 A. M.

According to your orders I advanced on the road to new County Bridge, the point where the enemy was reported to have made a stand. A little before daylight, when within a mile and a quarter of the bridge, we discovered the outlying picket guard of the enemy, and were challenged, "Who comes there?" I replied, "Who stands there?" A horseman attempted to leave. Corporal Ellerson, of Company H, sprang in advance, directing him to halt. I, supposing the enemy to be in force, gave the command to fire and charge. In a moment the affair was over;

† List of casualties, here omitted, is embraced in statement following General Butler's reports, p 49.

twenty or thirty shots had been given and exchanged; the officer of the guard was captured and disarmed. At this time, hearing firing in the rear, and supposing that our rear guard was attacked, I returned to follow the main body under Colonel Duryea, who was advancing by forced march in the direction of the firing, only to discover that, by mistake, our own forces, coming in different directions, and supposing each to be the enemy, had fired several shots before the mistake was discovered. I again advanced, and at 8 A. M. met with and drove in the picket guards of the enemy. I then detached a portion of my command, made an armed reconnoissance, and found the enemy with about from three thousand to five thousand men posted in a strong position on the opposite side of the bridge, three earthworks and a masked battery on the right and left, in advance of the stream thirty pieces of artillery and a large force of cavalry, all of which information I reported to you at once.

I was ordered to advance and engage the enemy in throwing out skirmishers on the right and left of the road leading to the bridge. We rapidly advanced, supported by the advance guard of Colonel Duryea and three pieces of artillery under Lieutenant Greble, of the Second regiment United States Artillery. The enemy soon opened fire on us from the rifle cannon in front. We answered his discharges by a cheer, and continued to advance, clearing all before us, till we reached a point just on the edge of the woods, where the fire was so hot and heavy that we were compelled to halt, and there we remained, as directed by Lieutenant-Colonel Warren, till that gallant officer had made dispositions to turn their flanks. The enemy's fire at this time began to tell upon us with great effect. My men were falling one after another, as was the case with the rest of the command.

After remaining in this position about two hours, and our object having been accomplished—numbers of our men being killed and wounded, having received a grape through my thigh, which tore off a portion of the rectangle on Colonel Duryea's left shoulder, passed through my leg, and killed a soldier in my rear—I withdrew my men to the skirts of the wood. We managed to reach Lieutenant Greble's battery, and bring to his aid several of my men. The charge was then sounded. Lieutenant Greble opened fire with grape and canister within two [hundred] yards of the

enemy's lines. Captains Winslow, Bartlett and myself, charged with our commands in front, Captain Denike and Lieutenant Duryea (son of Colonel Duryea), and about two hundred of the Troy Rifles upon the right, Colonel Townsend with his men to the left. The enemy were forced out of the first battery, all the forces were rapidly advancing, and everything promised a speedy victory, when we were ordered to fall back. Where this order came from I do not know. We maintained our position till Colonel Townsend began to retire with his whole command. Being left there alone, and no prospect of receiving aid, we ordered the men to fall back, which they did, and in good order, forming their line of battle about one hundred and fifty yards in the rear. A few minutes afterwards orders came from General Pierce to cease firing and retire.

It gives me great pleasure to mention the gallant conduct of Captain Bartlett, who came up with the reserve, reënforcing my line, and was ever at the point of danger encouraging his men. Lieutenant York, in command of my left, and Lieutenant Cambreleng, in command of my right, displayed the greatest bravery. Lieutenant York's sword was broken by a grape shot, and he was slightly wounded in the leg. I shall ever be grateful to Captain Winslow, who rescued me after our forces had left. He came to my aid, assisted by Sergeants Onderdonk and Agnus at the last moment, but in time to rescue me from the enemy.

I would also favorably mention Private Wood, who brought me valuable information, and who fired the first shot; Private John Dunn, whose arm was shattered by a cannon ball, and who bore himself with the greatest bravery, and who said to Surgeon Gilbert, while amputating his arm, that he could not have lost it in a nobler cause. The whole command, men and officers, did themselves the greatest credit, and I am satisfied can conquer anything except impossibilities.

Respectfully submitted,

J. KILPATRICK,
Captain Company H.

Colonel A. Duryea.

No. 6.

LETTER OF THE CONFEDERATE SECRETARY OF WAR.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, WAR DEPARTMENT,
Richmond, March 31, 1862.

To the Honorable the Speaker of the House of Representatives :

SIR,—In reply to the resolution of the House of Representatives, I have the honor to communicate herewith copies of the official reports on file in this department of the battle of Bethel on the 10th of June, 1861.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. W. RANDOLPH,
Secretary of War.

No. 7.

REPORTS OF COLONEL J. B. MAGRUDER, C. S. ARMY.

HEADQUARTERS BETHEL CHURCH, *June 10, 1861.*

SIR,—I have the honor to inform you that we were attacked by about 3,500 troops of the Federal army, with several pieces of heavy artillery, firing grapeshot, this morning at 10 o'clock, and at 12:30 routed them completely, with considerable loss on their side. The prisoners report their force to be 5,000. It was certainly 3,500. Ours about 1,200 engaged; 1,400 in all.

Mr. George A. Magruder, Jr., a volunteer aide, who is as conspicuous for his gallantry as for his efficiency, will deliver this in person.

Thirty-five hundred men are on my right flank; 10,000 on my left. Please send reënforcements immediately. Yorktown and Williamsburg, in my rear, have troops quite insufficient in numbers to defend them.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. BANKHEAD MAGRUDER,
Colonel Commanding Hampton Division.

Hon. L. P. Walker, Secretary of War.

HEADQUARTERS CAMP BETHEL,
BETHEL CHURCH, *June 10, 1861.*

SIR,—The enemy, thirty-five hundred strong, attacked us at our post, and after a very animated conflict of two hours and a half was repulsed at all points and totally routed. Four companies of cavalry are now in hot pursuit toward Newport News. I cannot speak too highly of the devotion of our troops, all of whom did their duty nobly, and whilst it might appear invidious to speak particularly of any regiment or corps where all behaved so well, I am compelled to express my great appreciation of the skill and gallantry of Major Randolph and his howitzer batteries, and Colonel Hill, the officers and men of the North Carolina regiment. As an instance of the latter, I will merely mention that a gun under the gallant Captain Brown, of the Howitzer battery, having been rendered unfit for service by the breaking of a priming wire in the vent, and not being defended by infantry from the small number we had at our command, Captain Brown threw it over a precipice, and the work was occupied for a moment by the enemy. Captain Bridgers, of the North Carolina regiment, in the most gallant manner retook it and held it until Captain Brown had replaced and put in position another piece, and then defended it with his infantry in the most gallant manner. Colonel Hill's judicious and determined action was worthy of his ancient glory, and Colonel Stuart, Major Montague, Major Cary, Captains Walker and Atkinson, with every officer and every man under their command, did good service in the front of the fight.

The able and efficient manner in which Captains Douthatt, Phillips and Jones, of the cavalry, performed the duties of infantry, and Lieutenant Chisman, of the Wythe Rifles, in protecting the rear of the position, is deserving of high commendation.

There were many acts of personal gallantry, some under my own observation, and others which were reported to me, that I will take occasion to mention in a subsequent communication. At present I expect another attack, and have no time.

I am extremely indebted to the two brothers, Robert H. and William R. Vaughan, my acting commissary and quartermaster, for the most gallant and efficient services, no less than to my youthful aides, Mr. George A. Magruder, Jr., and Hugh Stannard, who were always in the front of the fight, and upon whom I

request the Government to bestow commissions, as they are desirous of entering the regular service.

In the hurry of this communication I may have omitted to mention many gallant men.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. BANKHEAD MAGRUDER,
Colonel, Commanding.

Colonel R. S. Garnett.

Number of killed and wounded on our side—one killed and seven wounded. Enemy—ten dead bodies found, as reported to me, and perhaps fifty wounded. Three prisoners. Our force, all told, about one thousand two hundred men. Enemy—three thousand five hundred, with 18 and 24 pounder guns, besides light guns.

J. B. M.

HEADQUARTERS YORKTOWN, *June 12, 1861.*

SIR,—I had the honor to transmit by Mr. Hugh Stannard a short account of a battle with the enemy at Bethel Bridge, on the 10th. This was written on the field, and I had not then had time to ascertain the number of killed and wounded on the other side. I think I reported ten killed and many wounded. I have now to report that eighteen dead were found on the field, and I learn from reliable citizens living on the road that many dead as well as a great many wounded were carried in wagons to Hampton. I think I can safely report their loss at from twenty-five to thirty killed and one hundred and fifty wounded. I understand the enemy acknowledge one hundred and seventy-five killed and wounded. It is a source of great gratification to me to be able to say that our own loss as far as heard from was only one killed and seven wounded, but too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the heroic soldier whom we lost. He was one of four who volunteered to set fire to a house in our front which was thought to afford protection to our enemy, and advancing alone between the two fires he fell midway, pierced in the forehead by a musket ball. Henry L. Wyatt is the name of this brave soldier and devoted patriot. He was a member of the brave and gallant North Carolina regiment.

I omitted to mention in my hurried dispatch of the 10th the

name of Captain Jones, of ——— Cavalry, who rendered important service before and during the battle. I regret to say that one of his vedettes was cut off by the enemy, and is presumed to have been taken prisoner.

I cannot omit to again bring to the notice of the General commanding-in-chief the valuable services and gallant conduct of the First North Carolina Regiment, and Major Randolph, of the Howitzer batteries. These officers were not only prompt and daring in the execution of their duties, but most industrious and energetic in the preparations for the conflict. The firing of the Howitzer batteries was as perfect as the bearing of the men, which was entirely what it ought to have been. Captain Bridgers, of the North Carolina Regiment, retook in the most daring manner, and at a critical period of the fight, the work from which Captain Brown, of the artillery, had withdrawn a disabled gun to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy, and which work had been subsequently occupied by the enemy. This work was soon again occupied with another piece by Captain Brown, who resumed an effective fire. Captain Bridgers deserves the highest praise for this timely act of gallantry.

The Louisiana regiment arrived after the battle was over, having made a most extraordinary march. They returned to Yorktown the same night, making a distance of twenty-eight miles. It was not thought prudent to leave Yorktown exposed any longer. I therefore occupied the ground with cavalry, and marched the remainder of my forces to Yorktown. We took several prisoners, among them some wounded.

Our means of transportation were exceedingly limited, but the wounded enemy were carried with our own wounded to farm houses in our rear, where the good people, who have lost almost everything by this war, and who could see the smoking ruins of their neighbors' houses, destroyed by the enemy both in his advance and retreat, received them most kindly and bound up their wounds. I also ordered the humane Captain Brown to bury as many of the enemy's dead as could be found near our camp, which was done.

The cavalry pursued the enemy for five miles, but were stopped by the bridge across Back River at New Market, which was destroyed by the flying enemy after crossing it.

I am sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. B. MAGRUDER,

Colonel, Commanding.

No. 8.

REPORT OF COLONEL D. H. HILL, FIRST NORTH CAROLINA
INFANTRY.

SIR,—I have the honor to report that, in obedience to orders from the Colonel commanding, I marched on the 6th instant, with my regiment and four pieces of Major Randolph's battery, from Yorktown, on the Hampton road, to Bethel Church, nine miles from Hampton. We reached there after dark on a wet night, and slept without tents. Early on the morning of the 7th I made a reconnoissance of the ground, preparatory to fortifying. I found a branch of Back River on our front, and encircling our right flank. On our left was a dense and almost impassible wood, except about one hundred and fifty yards of old field. The breadth of the road, a thick wood, and narrow cultivated field covered our rear. The nature of the ground determined me to make an inclosed work, and I had the invaluable aid of Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, of my regiment, in its plan and construction. Our position had the inherent defect of being commanded by an immense field immediately in front of it, upon which the masses of the enemy might be readily deployed. Presuming that an attempt would be made to carry the bridge across the stream, a battery was made for its especial protection, and Major Randolph placed his guns so as to sweep all the approaches to it. The occupation of two commanding eminences beyond the creek and on our right would have greatly strengthened our position, but our force was too weak to admit of the occupation of more than one of them. A battery was laid out on it for one of Randolph's howitzers. We had only twenty-five spades, six axes, and three picks, but these were busily plied all day and night of the 7th and all day on the 8th. On the afternoon of the 8th I learned that a marauding party of the enemy was within a few miles of us. I called for a party of thirty-four men to drive them back. Lieutenant Roberts, of Company F, of my regiment, promptly responded, and in five minutes his command was *en route*. I detached Major Randolph with one howitzer to join them, and Lieutenant Colonel Lee, First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers, requested and was granted permission to take command of the whole. After a march of five miles they came across the

mauraudders busy over the spoils of a plundered house. A shell soon put the plunderers to flight, and they chased over New Market Bridge, where our little force was halted, in consequence of the presence of a considerable body situated on the other side. Lieutenant Colonel Lee brought in one prisoner. How many of the enemy were killed and wounded is not known. None of our command was hurt. Soon after Lieutenant-Colonel Lee left a citizen came dashing in with the information that seventy-five marauders were on the Back River road. I called for Captain McDowell's company (E), of the First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers, and in three minutes it was in hot pursuit. Lieutenant West, of the Howitzer Battalion, with one piece, was detached to join them, and Major Lane, of my regiment, volunteered to assume command of the whole. After a weary march they encountered, dispersed, and chased the wretches over the New Market Bridge--this being the second race on the same day over the New Market course, in both of which the Yankees reached the goal first. Major Lane brought in one prisoner. Reliable citizens reported that two cart loads and one buggy load of wounded were taken into Hampton. We had not a single man killed or wounded. Colonel Magruder came up that evening and assumed command.

On Sunday, the 9th, a fresh supply of tools enabled us to put more men to work, and, when not engaged in religious duties, the men worked vigorously on the intrenchments. We were aroused at three o'clock on Monday morning for a general advance upon the enemy, and marched three and a half miles, when we learned that the foe, in large force, was within a few hundred yards of us. We fell back hastily upon our intrenchments, and awaited the arrival of our invaders. Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart, of the Third Virginia Regiment, having come with some one hundred and eighty men, was stationed on the hill on the extreme right, beyond the creek, and Company G, of my regiment, was also thrown over the stream to protect the howitzer under Captain Brown. Captain Bridgers, of Company A, First North Carolina Regiment, took post in the dense woods beyond and to the left of the road. Major Montague, with three companies of his battalion, was ordered up from the rear, and took post on our right, beginning at the church and extending along the entire front on that side. This fine body of men and the

gallant command of Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart worked with great rapidity, and in an hour had constructed temporary shelters against the enemy's fire. Just at 9 o'clock A. M. the heavy columns of the enemy were seen approaching rapidly and in good order, but when Randolph opened upon them at 9.15 their organization was completely broken up. The enemy promptly replied with his artillery, firing briskly but wildly. He made an attempt at deployment on our right of the road, under cover of some houses and a paling. He was, however, promptly driven back by our artillery, a Virginia company—the Life Guards—and Companies B and G of my regiment. The enemy attempted no deployment within musketry range during the day, except under cover of woods, fences, or paling. Under cover of the trees he moved a strong column to an old ford, some three-quarters of a mile below, where I had placed a picket of some forty men. Colonel Magruder sent Captain Werth's company, of Montague's command, with one howitzer, under Sergeant Crane, to drive back this column, which was done by a single shot from the howitzer. Before this a priming wire had been broken in the vent of the howitzer commanded by Captain Brown, and rendered it useless.

A force estimated at one thousand five hundred was now attempting to outflank us and get in the rear of Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart's small command. He was accordingly directed to fall back, and the whole of our advanced troops were withdrawn. At this critical moment I directed Lieutenant-Colonel Lee to call Captain Bridgers out of the swamp, and ordered him to reoccupy the nearest advanced work, and I ordered Captain Ross, Company C. First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers, to the support of Lieutenant Colonel Stuart. These two Captains, with their companies, crossed over to Randolph's battery, under a most heavy fire, in a most gallant manner. As Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart had withdrawn, Captain Ross was detained at the church, near Randolph's battery. Captain Bridgers, however, crossed over and drove the Zouaves out of the advanced howitzer battery and reoccupied it. It is impossible to over-estimate this service. It decided the action in our favor.

In obedience to orders from Colonel Magruder, Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart marched back, and, in spite of the presence of a foe ten times his superior in number, resumed in the most heroic

manner possession of his intrenchments. A fresh howitzer was carried across and placed in the battery, and Captain Avery, of Company G, was directed to defend it at all hazards.

We were now as secure as at the beginning of the fight, and as yet had no man killed. The enemy, finding himself foiled on our right flank, next made his final demonstration on our left. A strong column, supposed to consist of volunteers from different regiments, and under command of Captain Winthrop, aid-de-camp to General Butler, crossed over the creek and appeared at the angle on our left. Those in advance had put on our distinctive badge of a white band around the cap, and they cried out repeatedly, "Don't fire." This ruse was practiced to enable the whole column to get over the creek and form in good order. They now began to cheer most lustily, thinking that our work was open at the gorge, and that they could get in by a sudden rush. Companies B and C, however, dispelled the illusion by a cool, deliberate, and well-directed fire. Colonel Magruder sent over portions of Companies G, C, and H of my regiment to our support, and now began as cool firing on our side as was ever witnessed.

The three field officers of the regiment were present, and but few shots were fired without their permission, the men repeatedly saying, "May I fire?" "I think I can bring him." They were all in high glee, and seemed to enjoy it as much as boys do rabbit-shooting. Captain Winthrop, while most gallantly urging on his men, was shot through the heart, when all rushed back with the utmost precipitation. So far as my observation extended, he was the only one of the enemy who exhibited even an approximation to courage during the whole day.

The fight at the angle lasted but twenty minutes. It completely discouraged the enemy, and he made no further effort at assault. The house in front, which had served as a hiding place for the enemy, was now fired by a shell from a howitzer, and the outhouses and palings were soon in a blaze. As all shelter was now taken from him, the enemy called in his troops, and started back for Hampton. As he had left sharpshooters behind him in the woods on our left, the dragoons could not advance until Captain Hoke, of Company K, First North Carolina Volunteers, had thoroughly explored them. As soon as he gave the assurance of the road being clear, Captain Douthatt, with some one hundred dragoons, in compliance with Colonel Magruder's orders, pursued.

The enemy in his haste threw away hundreds of canteens, haversacks, overcoats, &c.; even the dead were thrown out of the wagons. The pursuit soon became a chase, and for the third time the enemy won the race over the New Market course. The bridge was torn up behind him and our dragoons returned to camp. There were not quite eight hundred of my regiment engaged in the fight, and not one-half of these drew trigger during the day. All remained manfully at the posts assigned them, and not a man in the regiment behaved badly. The companies not engaged were as much exposed and rendered equal service with those participating in the fight. They deserve equally the thanks of the country. In fact, it is the most trying ordeal to which soldiers can be subjected, to receive a fire which their orders forbid them to return. Had a single company left its post our works would have been exposed; and the constancy and discipline of the unengaged companies cannot be too highly commended. A detachment of fifteen cadets from the North Carolina Military Institute defended the howitzer under Lieutenant Hudnall, and acted with great coolness and determination.

I cannot speak in too high terms of my two field officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Lee and Major Lane. Their services have been of the highest importance since taking the field to the present moment. My thanks, too, are due, in an especial manner, to Lieutenant J. M. Poteat, adjutant, and Lieutenant J. W. Ratchford, aide, both of them cadets of the North Carolina Institute at Charlotte. The latter received a contusion in the forehead from a grape shot, which nearly cost him his life. Captain Bridgers, Company A; Lieutenant Owens, commanding Company B; Captain Ross, Company C; Captain Ashe, Company D; Captain McDowell, Company E; Captain Starr, Company F; Captain Avery, Company G; Captain Huske, Company H; Lieutenant Whittaker, commanding Company I; Captain Hoke, Company K, displayed great coolness, judgment, and efficiency. Lieutenant Gregory is highly spoken of by Major Lane for soldierly bearing on the 8th. Lieutenants Cooks and McKethan, Company H, crossed over under a heavy fire to the assistance of the troops attacked on the left. So did Lieutenant Cohen, Company C. Lieutenant Hoke has shown great zeal, energy and judgment as an engineer officer on various occasions.

Corporal George Williams, Privates Henry L. Wyatt, Thomas

Fallan, and John Thorpe, Company A, volunteered to burn the house which concealed the enemy. They behaved with great gallantry. Wyatt was killed and the other three were recalled.

Sergeant Thomas J. Stewart and Private William McDowell, Company A, reconnoitred the position of the enemy, and went far in advance of our troops. Private J. W. Potts, of Company B, is specially mentioned by his company commander; so are Sergeant William Elmo, Company C; Sergeants C. L. Watts, W. H. McDade, Company D; Sergeant J. M. Young, Corporal John Dingler, Privates G. H. A. Adams, R. V. Gudger, G. W. Werley, John C. Wright, T. Y. Little, J. F. Jenkins, Company E; R. W. Stedman, M. E. Dye, H. E. Benton, J. B. Smith, Company F; G. W. Buhmann, James C. McRae, Company H.

Casualties.—Private Henry L. Wyatt, Company K, mortally wounded; Lieutenant J. W. Ratchford, contusion; Private Council Rodgers, Company H, severely wounded; Private Charles Williams, Company H, severely wounded; Private S. Patterson, Company D, slightly wounded; Private William White, Company K, wounded; Private Peter Poteat, Company G, slightly wounded.

I cannot close this too elaborate report without speaking in the highest terms of admiration of the Howitzer battery and its most accomplished commander, Major Randolph. He has no superior as an artillerist in any country, and his men displayed the utmost skill and coolness. The left howitzer, under Lieutenant Hudnall, being nearest my works, came under my special notice. Their names are as follows:

Lieutenant Hudnall, commanding (wounded), Sergeant S. B. Hughes, G. H. Pendleton, R. B. Pleasants, William M. Caldwell, George W. Hobson, William H. McCarthy, H. C. Shook (wounded), L. W. Timberlake, George P. Hughes, John Werth (wounded), D. B. Clark.

Permit me, in conclusion, to pay a well-deserved compliment to the First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers. Their patience under trial, perseverance under toil, and courage under fire, have seldom been surpassed by veteran troops. Often working night and day—sometimes without tents and cooking utensils—a murmur has never escaped them to my knowledge. They have done a large portion of the work on the intrenchments at Yorktown, as well as those at Bethel. Had all of the regiments in the field worked with the same spirit there would not be an assailable

point in Virginia. After the battle they shook hands affectionately with the spades, calling them "clever fellows and good friends."

The men are influenced by high moral and religious sentiments, and their conduct has furnished another example of the great truth that he who fears God will ever do his duty to his country.

The Confederates had in all about one thousand two hundred men in the action. The enemy had the regiments of Colonel Duryea (Zouaves), Colonel Carr, Colonel Allen, Colonel Bendix, and Colonel Wardrop (Massachusetts), from Old Point Comfort, and five companies of Phelps's regiment, from Newport News. We had never more than three hundred actively engaged at any one time. The Confederate loss was eleven wounded; of these, one mortally. The enemy must have lost some three hundred. I could not, without great disparagement of their courage, place their loss at a lower figure. It is inconceivable that five thousand men should make so precipitate a retreat without having sustained at least this much of a reverse.

Let us devoutly thank the living God for His wonderful interposition in our favor, and evince our gratitude by the exemplariness of our lives.

With great respect,

D. H. HILL,

Colonel First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers.

Colonel J. B. Magruder, Commander York Line.

No. 9.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT COLONEL WILLIAM D. STUART, THIRD VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

HDQRS. DETACHMENT THIRD REGIMENT VA. VOLS.,
YORKTOWN, VA.

SIR,—I have the honor to report that I took the position assigned me in the engagement of the 10th to the right and in front of the line of battle, and completed the slight breastwork erected to protect the command, consisting of three companies of my detachment, commanded by Captains Walker, Childrey and Charters, numbering, rank and file, two hundred and eight men.

The enemy deployed as skirmishers in the orchard, immediately in front and to our left, protected on the left by several frame buildings and sheds. Those in front were dispersed by a fire from the first platoon of Captain Walker's company, but we were annoyed by the fire from behind the buildings and the battery in the road to our left, but under cover of the breastworks the men remained unhurt. After the dispersion of the skirmishers, a column of about fifteen hundred appeared in the road immediately in our front, extending from the left to right, with a battery of artillery in front, and advancing a line of skirmishers down the ravine on my right, protected from both view and fire, which fact was reported to me by scouts sent out for the purpose of observing their movements. The battery in front commenced advancing on the left of the ravine and immediately in our front. The battery supporting us on the left had been silenced and withdrawn some time before this. These facts being communicated to you, in obedience to your orders I retired in order through the swamp to the second position assigned me on the hill on the left of the church. Here one of my companies was detached and sent to the support of Captain Werth; another, under Captain Walker, was sent to Presson's, near the Warwick and York bridge.

About this time Captain Atkinson's company had arrived on the field, and with this and a detachment of the Wythe Rifles I recrossed the swamp, advanced, and regained my former position. I was supported at this time by a portion of Company G, of North Carolina Rifles, and with their aid again drove off some skirmishers advancing through the orchard. The firing, however, after I regained my position, was irregular on the part of the enemy, and I only permitted some few shots to be fired at a prominent position of their column and stragglers skulking behind the fences, owing to the enemy being much beyond rifle range.

Both officers and men under my command behaved with the greatest coolness throughout the whole engagement, and none were injured.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. D. STUART,

Lieutenant-Colonel Third Virginia Volunteers.

Colonel John B. Magruder.

No. 10.

REPORT OF MAJOR GEORGE W. RANDOLPH, COMMANDING
HOWITZER BATTALION.YORKTOWN, *June 12, 1861.*

COLONEL,—I have the honor to report that in the action of the 10th instant the Howitzer battalion, under my command, fired eighteen solid shot and eighty shells, spherical case and canister, and was injured in the following particulars: A Lieutenant and two privates were wounded, one severely and two slightly; five horses and three mules were killed or disabled; the Parrott gun (iron rifled) had its linstock splintered, and a musket ball passed through the fellow of the left wheel; a musket ball pierced the corner plate and a partition of the limber chest of one of the howitzers and lodged against a shell; two poles of caissons, one set of swinglebars, one large pointing ring, a chain for a rammer, and several priming wires were broken, and one of the howitzers was spiked by the breaking of a priming wire in its vent. I have already made a requisition for ammunition enough to fill all the chests of the battalion, and will submit as soon as practicable requisitions for whatever else may be required.

As the position of the pieces was under your own observation, it is only necessary to state that the Parrott gun and one howitzer were posted in the battery immediately on the right of the road leading to Hampton; that a howitzer was placed in the battery erected on the right beyond the ravine, through which a passway was made for the purpose of withdrawing the piece if necessary; a howitzer was posted near the bridge; the rifled howitzer was placed on the left of the road behind the right of a redoubt erected by the North Carolina regiment, and a howitzer was posted in the rear of the road leading from the Half-way House, a howitzer having been previously sent to the Half-way House under the command of Lieutenant Moseley.

Early in the action the howitzer in the battery on the right, having been spiked by the breaking of the priming wire, was withdrawn from its position, and the infantry supporting it fell back upon the church; but it was subsequently replaced by the howitzer of Lieutenant Moseley, which arrived at a later period of the action.

The ford on the left being threatened, the howitzer at the bridge was withdrawn and sent to that point, and the rifled howitzer was withdrawn from the left of the road and sent to assist in the protection of the rear. The same disposition was subsequently made of the howitzer at the main battery, situated immediately on the right of the road.

The enemy came in sight on the road leading from Hampton a few minutes before 9 o'clock A. M., and their advance guard halted at a house on the roadside about six hundred yards in front of our main battery. Fire, however, was not opened upon them for ten or fifteen minutes, when from the number of bayonets visible in the road we judged that a heavy column was within range. The action then commenced by a shot from the Parrott gun, aimed by myself, which struck the centre of the road a short distance in front of their column, and probably did good execution in its ricochet. At no time could we see the bodies of the men in the column, and our fire was directed by their bayonets, their position being obscured by the shade of the woods on their right and two small houses on their left, and somewhat in advance of them. Our fire was immediately returned by a battery near the head of their column, but concealed by the woods and the houses so effectually that we only ascertained its position by the flash of the pieces. The fire was maintained on our side for some time by the five pieces posted in front of our position; but, as already stated, one of them being spiked and another withdrawn to protect the ford early in the action, the fire was continued with three pieces, and at no time did we afterwards have more than three pieces playing upon the enemy. The fire on our part was deliberate, and was suspended whenever masses of the enemy were not within range, and the execution was good, as I afterwards ascertained by a personal inspection of the principal position of the enemy. The cannonade lasted with intervals of suspension from a few minutes before 9 o'clock A. M. until 1:30 o'clock P. M., and the fact that during this time but ninety-eight shot were fired by us tends to show that the firing was not too rapid. The earthworks thrown up by the battalion were struck several times by the cannon-shot of the enemy, but no injury was sustained. They fired upon us with shot, shell, spherical case, canister, and grape from 6 and 12-pounders, at a distance of about six hundred yards, but the only injury received from their artillery was the loss of one mule.

We found in front of our main battery, in and near the yard of the small house already mentioned, five killed and one mortally wounded by the fire of our artillery. We heard of two others killed at Cramdall's, about a mile from us, and have reason to believe there were many others. The injury done to our artillery was from the fire of musketry on our left flank, the ground on that side between us and the enemy sinking down so as to expose us over the top of the breastwork erected by the North Carolina regiment.

After some intermission of the assault in front, a heavy column, apparently a reinforcement or reserve, made its appearance on the Hampton road and pressed forward towards the bridge, carrying the U. S. flag near the head of the column. As the road had been clear for some time, and our flanks and rear had been threatened, the howitzer in the main battery had been sent to the rear, and our fire did not at first check them, I hurried a howitzer forward from the rear, loaded it with canister, and prepared to sweep the approach to the bridge, but the fire of the Parrott gun again drove them back. The howitzer brought from the Half-way House by Lieutenant Moseley arriving most opportunely, I carried it to the battery on the right to replace the disabled piece. On getting there I learned from the infantry that a small house in front was occupied by sharpshooters, and saw the body of a Carolinian lying thirty yards in front of the battery, who had been killed in a most gallant attempt to burn the house.

I opened upon the house with shell for the purpose of burning it, and the battery of the enemy in the Hampton road, being on the line with it, and supposing probably that the fire was at them, immediately returned it with solid shot. This disclosed their position and enabled me to fire at the house and at their battery at the same time. After an exchange of five or six shots a shell entered a window of the house, increased the fire already kindled until it soon broke out into a light blaze, and, as I have reason to believe, disabled one of the enemy's pieces. This was the last shot fired. They soon afterwards retreated, and we saw no more of them.

The action disclosed some serious defects in our ammunition and equipment, for which I earnestly recommend an immediate remedy. The shell of the Parrott gun have a fixed wooden fuse which cannot be extricated, the shortest being cut for four seconds. The consequence was that the shells burst far in the rear of the

enemy and served merely as solid shot. Had they been plugged and uncut fuses furnished, I think that our fire would have been much more effective. The power and precision of the piece, demonstrated by the thirty rounds fired from it, render it very desirable that all of its advantages should be made available. I therefore respectfully suggest that the shell be hereafter furnished plugged and the fuses left uncut.

It is reported to me that the Borman fuses used by one of the howitzers were defective, the shells cut for five seconds exploding as soon as those cut for two.

The caissons of the navy howitzers were made by placing ammunition chests upon the running gear of common wagons, and the play of the front axles is so limited that the caisson cannot be turned in the ordinary roads of this part of the country, and wherever the road is ditched or the woods impassable it cannot be reversed. There is also great danger of breaking the poles in turning the caissons quickly, as was shown in the action of the 10th instant. I am aware that the expedient of using wagon bodies was resorted to in order to save time, but as it might lead to great disaster I recommend that their places be supplied as speedily as possible with those made in the usual way.

The small size of the limber of the howitzers (Navy) renders it impossible to mount the men, and the pieces cannot move faster than the cannoniers can walk. In a recent skirmish with the enemy, in which we pursued them rapidly, we could only carry two men, and having got far ahead of the others, we had to unlimber and fire with only two cannoniers at the piece. The piece having only two horses, and the carriage being very light, it is hazardous to mount any person on the limber. I therefore recommend that four horses be furnished to each Navy howitzer, one for the chief and the other three for the men usually mounted on the limber.

We have succeeded since the action in unspiking the howitzer disabled by the breaking of the priming wire, but from the inferior metal used in making our priming wires, we shall have to lay them aside altogether, and I must request that better ones be furnished. At present I can say nothing more of the conduct of the officers and men of the battalion than to express the high gratification afforded me by their courage, coolness, and precision, and to ask permission at a future time to call your attention to individual instances of gallantry and good conduct. I have re-

requested the commandants of companies to furnish me with the names of such non-commissioned officers and privates as they think especially worthy of notice.

I am happy at having an opportunity to render my acknowledgments to Colonel Hill, the commandant of the North Carolina regiment, for the useful suggestions which his experience as an artillery officer enabled him to make to me during the action, and to bear testimony to the gallantry and discipline of that portion of his command with which I was associated. The untiring industry of his regiment in intrenching our position enabled us to defeat the enemy with a nominal loss on our side.

I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

GEORGE W. RANDOLPH,

Major, Commanding Howitzer Battalion.

Colonel John B. Magruder,

Commanding Division at Yorktown.

NO. II.

REPORT OF MAJOR E. B. MONTAGUE, COMMANDING VIRGINIA BATTALION.

On the morning of the 10th of June my command reported to Colonel Magruder at Bethel Church, according to orders. At — in the morning information was received that the enemy in force were advancing upon us. Colonel Magruder immediately ordered me to throw up a redoubt fronting toward a ravine, over which it was supposed the enemy might attempt to turn our right flank. My men worked well, and had nearly finished the redoubt when the first gun from our batteries was fired, which took place at — o'clock A. M. The enemy returned the fire with spirit, and the shell and shot flew thick and fast about my command, who were in a peculiarly exposed condition, my redoubt flanking towards and being nearly perpendicular to the points of attack. Fortunately for my command, however, the major part of the enemy's shot had sufficient elevation to pass over our heads, though many shell and solid shot fell within a few feet of our redoubt. One ball passed under my horse between his fore and

hind feet, several others passed within a few feet of his head, and a few buried themselves in our breastwork. Had the enemy's guns been slightly depressed, he must have raked my whole line with his enfilading fire. A very short time after the firing commenced I received an order to direct one of my companies, the Chatham Grays, under the command of Captain Werth, to defend a ford one mile below the bridge against the first battalion of the New York Zouave Regiment, and I saw no more of the company until after the fight.

About -- minutes after the fight, and after Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart had been compelled to fall back across the ravine and occupy my redoubt, Colonel Magruder ordered me to take my command about one and a quarter miles around to aid the Wythe Rifles, under the command of Lieutenant Chisman, in guarding a marsh, where he thought the enemy were attempting to turn our left flank. I immediately carried my command around to the point indicated at the double quick, joined the rifles, and deployed my whole command as skirmishers over a line of a quarter of a mile under cover of a dense foliage. We remained in this position until late in the evening, when we were ordered back by Colonel Magruder to the church. The enemy did not attempt to cross our line, and we remained quiet and inactive during the remainder of the fight.

We had no killed or wounded. Every man in my whole command, both officers and men, was perfectly cool, calm, and collected during the whole time which we were exposed to the enfilading fire from the enemy's battery and to diagonal fire of musketry from his left flank. I have no hesitancy in expressing my gratification at the manner in which my command, the Halifax Light Infantry, Captain Grammer; the Chatham Grays, Captain Werth, and the Old Dominion Rifles, Captain Dickerson, as well as the detachment of the North Carolina regiment, under my command, conducted themselves during the whole engagement.

Respectfully reported.

E. B. MONTAGUE,
Major, Commanding Virginia Battalion.

Colonel J. B. Magruder, Commanding Division.

No. 12.

REPORTS OF CAPTAIN W. H. WERTH, COMMANDING CHATHAM
GRAYS, VIRGINIA CAVALRY.HEADQUARTERS, YORKTOWN, *June 12, 1861.*

SIR,—I beg leave very respectfully to make the following report of my scout:

On Sunday afternoon, the 9th of June, 1861, I procured the corn and oats on the Back River road as ordered, and had the wagons returning to camp in two hours and a quarter from the receipt of the order. I was then joined by one company of North Carolina Infantry, one piece of the howitzer battery, and a detachment of Captain Douthatt's cavalry, as I supposed, to assist me in making observations near Hampton, on the Back River. I approached New Market Bridge at 5 o'clock P. M., planted the howitzer so as to sweep the bridge, deployed my infantry in open order on my right flank in ambush, so that they could rake the road. The cavalry I posted in the rear, and threw out vedettes on each of my flanks to avoid a surprise.

In this position I waited for the appearance of the enemy. I of course had no idea of endangering my command by engaging the enemy if in force. I was too weak. In a few moments alarm guns were fired by a chain of sentinels extending from New Market Bridge to Fort Monroe. In a few moments a force advanced from Hampton (supposed to be a battalion of infantry, but marching in detached companies), whilst at the same time one or more companies approached by the road leading from Newport News. These forces were each advancing upon New Market Bridge from opposite directions, thinking I had crossed the bridge with my command. Upon observing their approach with a glass, I quietly retired from my position to a point in the rear three-quarters of a mile. The enemy approached the bridge, and when they suddenly came in sight of each other they (each mistaking the other for me) opened fire, and kept it up for some five minutes before they discovered their error. I was sitting on my horse near the bridge, and saw the firing plainly with my glass, but did not at the time know the cause, although I suspected it.

At dusk I took up the march for Bethel Church, the enemy following me, and the next morning the fight opened.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. H. WERTH.

Colonel J. B. Magruder, Commanding Division.

One of the prisoners taken (since dead) stated that in this brush there were six killed and thirteen wounded, and corroborated all the above statements of my report.

W. H. WERTH.

CAMP YORKTOWN, *June 13, 1861.*

I beg leave to make the following report of the movement of the troops under my command at the battle of Bethel Church on the 10th instant:

By order of E. B. Montague, Major of the Virginia battalion at Bethel, my company, the Chatham Grays, was placed in the re-doubt to the rear of the church, to defend the right wing in case of a discomfiture. From this point I was detailed by your orders to take position at the ford on the creek, about one mile below the bridge. I crossed my command over the open field under a shower of shell and canister, which the enemy poured into us from their battery, but sustained no damage.

A portion of the Fifth New York Zouave Regiment (three companies) was at this time advancing down the opposite bank of the stream for the purpose of crossing the ford, and thereby turn our left flank. I saw the movement, and at once took double quick and made the distance of over a mile in about nine minutes, beating the Zouaves, and getting in position at the ford in time to cause them to halt. I obstructed the ford in all conceivable ways by felling trees, &c., and then placed my first platoon on the northwest side under cover of an old mill-dam, whilst my second platoon I placed in ambush on the opposite side, where the road leading to the ford could have been raked for four hundred yards with deadly effect.

At 10:10 o'clock one naval howitzer, with a detachment from

the Howitzer battalion, reported to me for duty. I at once placed the gun in position one hundred and twenty yards up the creek from my infantry, where I had a beautiful range for grape or canister on a spot in the road on the opposite side of the stream over which the enemy would of necessity pass in attempting the passage of the ford. From this point I had the pleasure of getting one good shot at the enemy, which, from the sudden rout of the party at which it was aimed, must have done much damage. I also threw down all the fences on either side of the creek, and cleared all the undergrowth and large timber, so that after the enemy had passed the range of the howitzer from its first position I could limber up, and in two minutes have it in position to deliver its fire between my two platoons and immediately upon the ford.

At 10 to 11 A. M. the Southern Guard, Captain ——, reported to me for duty. I at once joined this command with my company, all entirely concealed from the enemy. At a little past 11 o'clock, so completely ambuscaded was my entire force, one of the enemy sent down to examine the ford came up to within twenty yards of my position, and did not suspect the presence of any force until I ordered him to ground arms, which he instantly did, and I had the pleasure of taking him prisoner. He had a fine minie musket, accoutrements, and forty-five rounds of cartridges. I placed him under guard, and afterwards forwarded him to headquarters. All the men under my command displayed a wonderful degree of coolness for troops who had never been under fire, and I am assured, if we had been so fortunate as to have been attacked by a force five times our strength, that the command would have made a desperate resistance.

At sundown I was ordered to withdraw.

This special report is rendered necessary by my being detached from Major Montague's battalion.

With high respect, I am, sir, yours, &c.,

W. H. WERTH,

Captain Chatham Grays, Virginia Volunteers.

John B. Magruder, Colonel, Commanding Division.

July 5, 1861—Skirmish Near Newport News, Va.

REPORT OF CAPTAIN ROBERT C. STANARD, C. S. ARMY.

· YORKTOWN, VA., *July 7, 1861.*

DEAR SIR,—In accordance with your instructions, I hereby submit my account of the skirmish which occurred on the morning of July 5, on the Warwick road, below Smith's, and the occasion of the running off of the howitzer gun.

On the evening of July 4, I rode down from Young's house (where you had stationed me to superintend the erection of breastworks) to Young's Mills, and proposed to Colonel Dreux that we should make a trip with one howitzer and one hundred of his men and twenty horsemen to the point where the skirmish took place. We (the whole force detailed) arrived there about daybreak, or a little before, and were placed on the left of the road, in ambush, my howitzer on the left of the line. Soon after we arrived our guide (a Mr. Fitchett), who had ridden some distance down the road, returned and reported the approach of the enemy. He could not correctly state how strong they were, but told me that he thought they numbered from two hundred to three hundred and fifty men. Colonel Dreux had given instructions that the enemy should be allowed to advance till his rear passed my howitzer, and that he would give the command when the firing on our side should commence. After waiting more than long enough for the enemy to have gotten up to us, and not understanding why they did not come, Colonel Dreux sent out five men as scouts, to ascertain, if possible, where the enemy was. During the absence of these scouts, Lieutenant Moseley (my first Lieutenant) and myself walked into the road, and had not been there five minutes before we saw one of the enemy in advance, coming down the road at a charge bayonet. He had gotten up very close to us when we saw him. We at once jumped into the bushes, and ran to our gun, which was some thirty or forty steps from us. Just as we entered the bushes the man fired, and my impression is that he killed Colonel Dreux, as immediately afterwards I called for Colonel Dreux to know whether I should take the howitzer into the road. The enemy having stopped advancing, and having commenced an oblique fire into the bushes

where we were, I could hear nothing from Colonel Dreux, and my howitzer being where it could not be brought into action unless the enemy came in our front, and being anxious to protect my men as much as possible, I gave the order to have the piece limbered up and taken into the road, so that, if we were to receive the fire of the enemy, we might at least be where we could see them, and fire on them, if necessary. My command was obeyed, but just as the howitzer entered the road the horses took fright and started off at full speed up the road. The driver of the horses to the howitzer (who was a volunteer and not accustomed to the team) informs me that he attempted to halt just as he got into the road, and that the dashing by of the troop which accompanied us caused his horses to become unmanageable, and to run off. Soon as I found that the howitzer had run off, I ran through the bushes, to the right of where we were stationed, and jumped into the road to try and stop it. It had gotten ahead of me, and notwithstanding my running some distance after it, I could not stop it. I then sent my first Lieutenant (Moseley) and my Sergeant (Gretter) in pursuit of the piece. They soon returned with it. The fight (which lasted only five to ten minutes) was then all over. I then, for the first time, heard that Colonel Dreux was killed. I kept the howitzer in the road, for the purpose (if we could get no other conveyance) of putting on it any dead or wounded we might have. A cart was afterwards brought up, and three or four of my men assisted in putting into it the dead body of Private Hackett, of the Louisiana battalion. I afterwards put Colonel Dreux's body in the same cart, and we moved off. I would state that the enemy, I am satisfied, did not know of the running off of the howitzer, as there was no more firing that I heard of after it got into the road. The detachment of the battery which was with the gun stood at their posts, and, had the gun not run off, they would have had it ready for action as soon as it entered the road. This, sir, is my recollection of the affair, and I respectfully submit it to your consideration.

RO. C. STANARD,

Captain Third Company of Howitzers.

General J. B. Magruder.



CONTRIBUTIONS

To A HISTORY of The
RICHMOND
HOWITZER
BATTALION.

PAMPHLET No. 2.

A DIARY OF THE WAR,

OR

WHAT I SAW OF IT.

BY WILLIAM S. WHITE,

Third Richmond Howitzers, First Virginia Artillery,
Second Corps, A. N. V.

II. ROLLS OF THIRD COMPANY RICHMOND HOWITZERS AS
MUSTERED IN AND AS *SURRENDERED*.

RICHMOND, VA:
CARLTON MCCARTHY & Co.

1883.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

The Howitzer Association proposes to publish, from time to time, in uniform pamphlet style, as much of the history of the three companies composing the battalion as can be rescued from oblivion. The archives of the Association already hold much valuable and exceedingly interesting material, composed in part of personal diaries, muster rolls, order books, pay rolls, official reports, &c.

Contributions of material of this sort, or indeed of any sort, are earnestly solicited, will be carefully preserved, and finally printed.

The undersigned, having been elected to receive and preserve all matter which may be given or loaned to the Association for preservation in its publications, packages or communications may be addressed to him.

The present number (No. 2) speaks for itself.

Pamphlet No. 1, already printed, constitutes the fullest and most reliable account of the Battle of Bethel which has yet been written, and is equally valuable and interesting; being, in the main, the work of Rev. E. CLIFFORD GORDON—one of the best of "The Old Third."

The price of No. 1 is \$1.00. Any Howitzer may have it for 50 cents. Those who have contributed to the publishing fund may have it free of cost.

Pamphlet No. 3 will contain the Diaries of Three Men of the "Second Company," together with other valuable and entertaining matter.

Pamphlets Nos. 4 and 5 in preparation.

CARLTON McCARTHY,

805 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

BATTLES.

- BETHEL CHURCH, JUNE 10, 1861.
DREUX SKIRMISH, JULY 5, 1861.
ELLERSON'S MILL, JUNE 30, 1862.
GAINES'S MILL, JULY 1, 1862.
FRAYZER'S FARM, JULY 3, 1862.
MAYCOCK'S LANDING, AUGUST, 1862.
CHARLESTOWN, OCTOBER 16, 1862.
WILLIAMSPORT, MD., SEPTEMBER 19, 1862.
FREDERICKSBURG, DECEMBER 13, 1862.
CATHERINE FURNACE, MAY 2, 1863.
CHANCELLORSVILLE, MAY, 1863.
WINCHESTER, JUNE, 1863.
GETTYSBURG, JULY 3 AND 4, 1863.
MINE RUN.
SPOTSYLVANIA C. H., MAY 10, 12, AND 18, 1863.
POLE GREEN CHURCH, JUNE 1, 1864.
NEW MARKET HEIGHTS, AUGUST 14, 1864.
LAUREL HILL CHURCH, SEPTEMBER 29, 1864.
DARBYTOWN ROAD, OCTOBER 10, 1864.
DEATONSVILLE, APRIL 6, 1865.
APPOMATTOX C. H., APRIL 10, 1865.



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REORGANIZED
APRIL 19th 1871



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Wm. Ellis Jones,
Printer,
Richmond.

CONTRIBUTIONS

TO A

History of the Richmond Howitzer Battalion.

A Diary of the War; or What I Saw of It.*

By WM. S. WHITE, *Third Richmond Howitzers.*

FALL OF FORT SUMTER.

April 13th, 1861.—The ball has opened; crowds of eager citizens may be seen gathered together at the corners of the streets excitedly discussing the grand topic of the day, and that topic is *war*. Yes! bloody, destructive war will soon be upon us in all its horror. Oh, God! grant us the power and fortitude to withstand the terrible calamity now hanging o'er us, which no power, save that of Divine interposition, can prevent.

Dispatch after dispatch, from the far South, comes over the magnetic wires, and soon the astounding news, "big with the fate" of a new-born people, is shouted by a thousand tongues that

"SUMTER HAS FALLEN."

The crowds on the street soon become a dense mass—calm, dignified men seem instantly transformed into wild *Secessionists*; there are no *Unionists* now; we are *all* determined to stand by the *South*, right or wrong—too late for discussion now—with her to conquer or die.

Some one in the crowd cries out, "For the Governor's House." This was received with a shout, and as "Honest John Letcher"

* This diary was made day by day, as the events narrated occurred, or as soon thereafter as the writer could record them.

had been excessively *Union*, the crowd rushed furiously toward the Governor's mansion, and after repeated calls, Governor Letcher made his appearance, not a little discomposd by the clamor and confusion of this excited mob. He attempted to speak, but the maddened populace suspected "Honest John" was still unwilling to come out boldly for the Confederate cause, and consequently his remarks were unheard, save by those immediately around him.

Only half appeased were the dizzy and infatuated mass. Some other excitement was wanted, and the "Star Spangled Banner" floated, as it were, half timidly upon the highest point of our State Capitol, and each star seemed to weep as the Demon of Death stretched forth his mighty wings to begin his sad flight.

"Tear down that accursed flag," was shouted by the crowd, and immediately some half dozen, bolder than the rest, rushed quickly into the Capitol, in which the State Convention was then sitting, hurried up the steps, and in less time than I take to write this the Star Spangled Banner was torn from its flag staff, and supplanted by Virginia's proud motto, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis.*"

Peal after peal of long continued applause rent the air, seeming to ascend up to the very throne of Heaven and calling upon God to witness the stern determination of the Southern people. The few *Unionists* who still madly clung to the fond hope that *peace* would yet be restored, threatened vengeance on the *Secessionists* for tearing down the United States flag, and, in fact, it was said that "Honest John" went so far as to order out the "Public Guard" to disperse the crowd collected on the Capitol Square.

Well was it for the "Guard," and also for "Honest John" that such was not the case, for had they made their appearance, a terrible riot would have been the inevitable consequence.

Indeed, the times and the Richmond people remind me much of the run-mad Red Republicanism of France, for never were a people so enthusiastically mad as now. However, any nation to be successful, must first be baptized in the blood of its own citizens, and now we are to have this theory brought practically into effect.

Nightfall, instead of quieting the excitement, seemed if possible to add fresh fuel to the flame. The crowded streets and wild shouts of the people, together with the lurid glare of an hundred

tar-barrels, torches steeped in rosin, and rockets whirling high above the houses, presented a spectacle rarely witnessed by our somewhat apathetic people of Richmond.

Already the work of Revolution has commenced. Far away on the coast of South Carolina the smoke and din of battle has awakened the people of Virginia, who too long have slumbered when *work* should have been done, to the consciousness that the war cloud, with all its pent up fury, is now bursting upon them. The question now most agitating the public mind is—

“What will be the action of the Virginia Convention, now sitting in the State-House, and elected as it was by such an overwhelming *Union* majority?”

They cannot withstand this outside pressure brought to bear upon them, and must either remove to some other point in the State or pass the *Ordinance of Secession* at an early date, and then leave it to the people whether or not we will cast our lot with our sister Southern States. My mind is fully made up to join the Southern army no matter whether Virginia secedes or not, though from the time I can remember I have bitterly opposed the doctrine of secession.

VIRGINIA HAS SECEDED FROM THE UNION!

April 17th.—Yes, to-day the Convention passed the Ordinance of Secession, though some of our best men signed it under protest, and some did not sign it at all. The excitement has quietly died away; other and weightier matters than parading the streets and burning tar-barrels now occupy the Southern people. Stern preparations for meeting the impending struggle are seen on every hand. Recruits are rapidly filling up our volunteer organizations, and soon old Virginia will be in condition to enter the arena of war. To-day I re-connected myself with the Richmond Howitzers, commanded by Captain George W. Randolph, having resigned my membership in that command soon after the “John Brown raid.” Its Lieutenants are J. C. Shields, of the Richmond *Whig*, and John Thompson Brown, a prominent lawyer of this city. Captain Randolph bore an important part in the Convention, and always supported the Southern cause, though never an extremist in his views. Our numbers are rapidly increasing, and we expect soon to form a battalion with Captain Randolph as Major.

April 19th.—To-day we received the news of the Baltimore riot, and it has created great excitement. Lincoln's troops have met with a warm reception in Baltimore.

April 25th.—To-day Virginia ratified the Constitution of the Confederate States, and may now be considered one of the Confederacy.

“THE PAWNEE WAR.”

April 21st.—For a day or so since there has been a report current that the United States steamer “Pawnee” was certainly on its way to Richmond, and we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to leave at a moment's notice. We have not yet been “mustered into service,” and of course we spend our nights and spare moments at home, consequently there must be some pre-concerted signal to call us together if we should be immediately wanted. That signal was the tolling of the public bell—three strokes, silence, then three strokes again. Last night I was “on guard,” and this morning 'twas nearly midday before I arose. Having dressed myself I sauntered leisurely up Main street toward the Spotswood Hotel, where our battery was stationed, thinking sombrely of the great struggle before us, when hark! a bell tolls—once, twice, three times—silence; again it tolls. “Fall in, Howitzers!” The first command of the war!

With a shout the soldiers rush to their *rendezvous* and soon we are on our way to Wilton—a high bluff commanding the approach to Richmond, and some eight miles below. Of all the amusing spectacles this “Pawnee War” was the most amusing I ever beheld. It was a matter of utter impossibility for such a vessel as the “Pawnee” to come up the river any where near Richmond, yet no one thought of that—young and old, rich and poor, bond and free turned out *en masse* to drive back or sink with double-barrel shot guns, and long-let-off-from-duty horse-pistols, this formidable Northern War steamer. 'Tis said that one of our heaviest citizens paid Walsh, the gunsmith, *five dollars* in good and lawful Virginia currency to show him how to load his pistol. Walsh must have taken it for granted that somebody was going to be hurt.

The Richmond Howitzers, a battery of six guns; the Fayette Artillery, six guns; the Richmond Grays; Company “F,” and a host of amateur warriors took position on the Wilton Bluffs

and calmly awaited the war ship's approach, but no Pawnee came, and quietly we gathered our blankets around us, and, for the first time, "slept the warrior's sleep."

The "pale moon rose up slowly"—rose on a country just commencing a fratricidal war, and the twinkling stars seemed holding a "council of grief," as from their starry home they beheld sleeping men who would awake to a soldier's life.

April 22d.—No dread "Pawnee" coming we returned to Richmond to-day, and in a few days will go into a camp of instruction. We now consider ourselves regular soldiers of the Southern Confederacy, having received our first orders yesterday, and we date our enlistment from that period.

April 30th.—On or about April 25th, we were ordered to the Baptist College, a large brick building at the west end of the city, where we were put through a regular course of instruction. Having had many accessions to our number, now some *three hundred*, we formed a Battalion of Artillery, and unanimously elected our Captain, Geo. W. Randolph, as its Major. Three companies comprised this Battalion, known as the *First, Second,* and *Third* Companies of Richmond Howitzers.

Of the *First* Company, we elected our former *First* Lieutenant, John C. Shields, one of the proprietors of "The Richmond *Whig*," Captain, and Edward S. McCarthy, a bold and fearless gentleman, Lieutenant.

Of the *Second* Company, we elected our former *Second* Lieutenant, John Thompson Brown, a lawyer of high standing and great personal worth, Captain. As he was then at Gloucester Point, near Yorktown, with two of our guns and about forty men, we elected no other officers for that company, leaving them to supply the deficiency themselves. Here it will not be amiss to state that this detachment of men fired the *first* shot in Virginia, driving back the Federal Tug "Yankee," at Gloucester Point.

Of the *Third* Company, we elected Robert C. Stanard Captain, Edgar F. Moseley, First Lieutenant, and John M. West, Second Lieutenant.

Being a member of the *Third* Company, this "Diary" will, of course, refer more especially to that company and its members. We remained at the Baptist College for a few weeks under the command of Colonel J. Bankhead Magruder, then moved our

camp to Howard's Grove, on the Mechanicsville Turnpike, and finally moved to Chimborazo Hill, east end of the city, where we remained until we left Richmond for the field. About the middle of May our *First* Company, Captain J. C. Shields, was ordered to Manassas, much to our regret, whilst we were left in camp to become more perfect in the Battery Drill. We were under the instruction of a late U. S. Army officer, Lieutenant Smeed, and he evidently understood what he was about. Our officers and men, as yet, know but little about the "Battery Drill," but are rapidly improving.

Tuesday, June 4th.—Last evening we received orders to be ready to move by sunrise this morning, and many of us took the liberty of going into the city to bid our friends farewell—perhaps for the last time, for none of us know the result of this terrible war.

Our destination is Yorktown, where we will report to General Magruder, who now commands our forces on the Peninsula. We "broke camp" after an early breakfast and left in splendid spirits, as all of our boys were eager to "see service."

Well, it was the morning of June 4th, when we were ordered away from Chimborazo to join Magruder's forces on the Peninsula, and we eagerly obeyed the summons.

When marching through Church Hill I felt very sad, for I was passing my old home, and I looked into the garden, all choked up with weeds now, thinking all the while of the fragrant flowers I used to gather there, long ago, and of those dear ones who used to watch them as they first began to bloom in the sunny summer time. Memories of the by-gone crowded thick and fast upon me, and then I saw one who had nursed me in the happy days of childhood. She rushed out into the street, clasped me in her arms, and whilst great tears of grief trickled down her dusky cheek, placed in my hands a huge loaf of bread, begged me to accept it, and humbly apologized because it was *all* she could give.

Lives there a *Virginian* whose soul does not melt into tenderness when memory backward flows to childhood's happy days, and he remembers the ever venerated "mammy," whose name was perhaps the first ever articulated by his childish lips; whose snow-white 'kerchief and kindly heart will ever be in the memories of the happy past; whose ample lap was so often childhood's couch, when tiny feet were wearied in roaming over the green

fields, and joyously wading through the limpid streamlets of the old homestead! And then at night-fall, when the candles were lighted, and the elder ones gathered around the fire-place, how gently, tenderly, that old black "mammy" raised him up in her great strong arms, carried him through the spacious hall, and up the wide winding stair-case; then placing him carefully in his low trundle-bed, first taught his infant lips the hallowed words of the Lord's Prayer.

Ah! mayhap she's dead now, but the memory of that dear old nurse still lingers, and though that blue-eyed boy is a stern strong man, yet the green sod of her grave is oft bedewed with tears.

After a great deal of trouble and some pretty hard work we succeeded in getting our guns and horses on the York River train, and finally bade adieu to Richmond.

June 5th.—Rain poured in torrents all night. We reached West Point about daybreak, remained there three hours, and arrived at Yorktown at 12 o'clock.

An enemy's blockader is in sight, but keeps at a respectful distance.

June 6th.—Left Yorktown this morning to meet the enemy, who are reported to be advancing.

10 P. M.—Camped at Bethel Church; enemy reported six miles off. Our guns occupy a good position. The church exhibits many marks of a late visit of the enemy. Scoundrels! They even write blasphemy upon the walls of a house consecrated to God.

June 7th.—Throwing up breastworks all day, and we now are impatiently awaiting the enemy. Provisions are scarce; had a couple of hard crackers and a teaspoonful of salt pork gravy. Somewhat different from good old Mrs. Mottley's suppers at the Linwood House on Main street, where we Richmond boys most delighted to board. However, I didn't suffer much, having succeeded in getting a good dinner for a slight compensation. The people in this neighborhood are in rather poor circumstances, and of course we are willing to pay for anything we get of them.

MY FIRST FIGHT.

June 8th.—My gun, Fourth Detachment, Third Company, was ordered off to meet a party of the Yankees who had been commit-

ting daily depredations upon the inhabitants of Elizabeth City county. We were supported by thirty First North Carolina Infantrymen and twenty cavalrymen, making in all some sixty-five men. After marching five or six miles we came upon them, and immediately opened with our twelve-pounder howitzer, but the Yankees concluded not to fight and fled precipitately. We captured one prisoner, and he was wounded by an old Peninsula scout, whose name was Ben Phillips, commonly known amongst our soldiers as "*Uncle Ben.*"

It is my impression that this was the *first cannon shot* fired at *land forces* in Virginia, and also that this was the *first* prisoner captured. His name was Mooney, and he belonged to the Second Regiment New York Zouaves.

Soon after we left another gun belonging to my company was sent out to reënforce us, and taking another road it came upon the Yankees before either party were aware of it. The Yankees, as before, made a hasty retreat, and our men captured another prisoner. Nobody hurt on our side.

June 9th.—We are ordered to leave Bethel Church early tomorrow morning on a scouting expedition towards Newmarket Bridge and Hampton.

BATTLE OF BETHEL CHURCH, MONDAY, JUNE 10TH, 1861.

The above-named place is a neat little country church situated some fifteen miles from Yorktown, and twelve miles from Hampton. Since June 6th we have been throwing up rude, but strong breastworks, and fortifying the place in the best manner we knew how.

Our Parrot gun (No. 1) and a brass howitzer (my gun, No. 4) composed the main battery, just to the left of the church. A howitzer of Captain Brown's Second Company was stationed to our right, and about one hundred and fifty yards in our front. A rifled howitzer of the Second Company was stationed about a hundred yards to the left of the main battery. Two of Stanard's howitzers were stationed some miles in our rear, to guard a flanking road, but came up in the heat of the fight and did good service.

There was also a howitzer a few yards to the left of the main battery, its position was changed several times during the engagement.

There were in all *seven* guns engaged in the battle, four belonging to the Third Company and three to the Second Company.

All honor is due to a noble hearted Virginia country woman, who undoubtedly saved our camp from surprise, and kept the forces sent out early this morning from running into the enemy unawares.

These troops were under the immediate command of Colonel Magruder, and their mission was to capture a post called New Market, occupied by six hundred Federal troops; they having left Bethel Church about 3 A. M., with six hundred infantrymen, three Howitzers and a small squad of cavalymen, proceeding in the direction of New Market, towards Hampton. After being on the road some two hours, this woman came towards us in great haste, and gave Colonel Magruder the timely information that the enemy a few moments since, some five hundred strong, had been to her house, but a short distance in our front, had taken her husband prisoner and were then marching to get in our rear.

Believing this party to be an advance guard of the enemy, Colonel Magruder wheeled his column, and we marched rapidly back to Bethel Church, to await further developments.

Our whole force only numbered fifteen hundred, Virginians and North Carolinians, commanded by my old Sabbath-school teacher in the Lexington days of long ago, Colonel D. H. Hill.

At 8 o'clock A. M., our videttes and advanced pickets commenced coming into camp and reported the enemy advancing upon us, five thousand strong, under the command of Brigadier-General Pierce, of Massachusetts.

Major George W. Randolph, formerly Captain of the old Howitzer Company of Richmond, acted during the day with conspicuous gallantry as Magruder's Chief of Artillery.

Then one by one and in squads of five or six came the inhabitants, fleeing before the enemy. At first they came in slowly, but anon their pale faces and the hurried manner of their coming betokened the enemy to be not far distant.

Even the peril, so near at hand, could hardly suppress the smile that flitted athwart our countenances as a superannuated negro, driving lustily an aged mule attached to a dilapidated cart filled with promiscuous plunder, appeared upon the scene evidently making tracks for the rear.

Every man was at his post, but not a cheek blanched, nor did an arm falter, for we felt as if the entire South watched us that day, and we would pay their watching well.

Precisely at 9 A. M. we saw the dazzling glitter of the enemy's muskets as they slowly appeared in battle array marching down the Hampton road—then our trusty Parrot gun opened its dark mouth and spoke in thunder tones the stern determination of our devoted little band—then the howitzer on its left, and right, hurled shot and shell into the bewildered ranks of the advancing foemen; and then came the enemies shot, bursting and whizzing around our heads, and the sharp ring of the rifle told of war in earnest.

Here on one side is a band of beardless boys, who, heretofore, have scarcely been considered as possessing a sufficiency of nerve to *brain a cat*, now handling their artillery with a coolness and consummate skill that war-worn veterans would have gloried in.

On the other side *regulars* and *fanatics* fought for PAY and for the upholding of a government whose oppression had to millions of people now become unbearable.

And the death missiles came hurtling and screaming through the calm, clear, summer's air, but those brave boys quailed not before the storm of death—they thought of kindred, of homes, of peaceful firesides and of loved ones, who, with weeping eyes and anguished hearts were praying to the God of Battles to shield them from all harm, when the hour that tried men's souls drew near.

Not one of our men failed in the discharge of his duty, but silently and rapidly did we pour shot and shell into the enemies ranks.

'Twould be a vain endeavor to attempt to describe one's feelings in a battle, for I believe after the first shock is over they become somewhat blunted, and yet we all *thought* enough to fall flat whenever we saw a shell coming from the Yankee battery. But the musket and rifle balls could not be dodged and they whistled around us in a perfect storm. There seemed to be some unseen hand that warded them off from the men, but the horses and mules were not so fortunate. There was a very stubborn, thick-headed old mule belonging to the Second Company Howitzers, and just before the fight one of the boys hitched him to a cart and endeavored to make him work, but 'twas no use, Mr. Mule

asserted the popular theory of *rebellion* and declined to be pressed into service, whereupon the soldier gave him a "*cussing*," and tied him to a tree, hoping at the same time that the first shot from the enemy "would knock his '*dern'd*' head off." Alas, for the poor mule!—the *second* shot fired by the enemy struck a tree just to the left of my gun, glanced and passed directly through the mule, who, in the agonies of death, doubtless deplored his untimely fate and refusal to work.

For nearly two hours the fight was confined to the artillerists almost exclusively, but so soon as the enemy came in musket range our infantry gave them a reception worthy of Southern hospitality.

About this time one of Captain Brown's howitzers, the one in front and to the right of the main battery, became spiked by the breaking of a priming wire in the vent, and was rendered ineffectual during the rest of the engagement.

By reason of this, three Virginia companies of infantry on the right front flank were in a measure unprotected, and were withdrawn by Colonel Magruder to the rear of the church.

The New York Zouaves seeing the gun disabled charged upon the works in which this howitzer was placed, and our men retired slowly, discharging their pistols as they fell back upon the North Carolina infantry.

Colonel Magruder immediately ordered Captain Bridges of the "Edgecombe Rifles" to retake the lost position, which 'tis said he attempted to do *by himself*, failing to order his company to follow him, in his eagerness to obey orders.

But his company did follow him in gallant style and drove the Zouaves off at a double-quick. The two howitzer guns of Standard's Third Company now coming up from the rear, under the command of Sergeant Powell and Lieutenant Edgar F. Moseley, were immediately placed in position, and again the battle raged.

Major Winthrop, aid to General B. F. Butler, in command at Fortress Monroe, having come up with reënforcements *wearing our badges*, white band around the cap, made an ineffectual attempt to carry our works, and lost his life in the endeavor. After his fall the enemy fled in disorder, having also lost a valued artillery officer, Lieutenant Greble, who commanded his battery with great bravery. Badly crippled and much worse frightened, they now were in precipitate flight toward Hampton, hotly pur-

sued by a small squadron of Virginia cavalry, who reached the field just as the fight ended. If Magruder had have had a thousand cavalry we could have taken the whole force prisoners. Our loss has been comparatively small—one killed and ten wounded, three of the wounded belonging to the Second Howitzers—Lieutenant Hudnall and Privates John Worth and Henry Shook. The only one killed on our side was Private Henry L. Wyatt, of the North Carolina Infantry, who fell in endeavoring to burn a small wooden house in which the enemy were harbored. The Yankee loss was heavy, though we could not find out the exact number, as they carried off many of their dead and wounded in carts, wagons, carriages and buggies, which they took from the neighboring farmers. Their loss was between two and three hundred. They had boasted that they would, with *cornstalks*, drive off the *mob* of Virginians and North Carolinians hastily collected together to impede their would-be triumphal march.

About 4 o'clock P. M. we were reënforced by the Second Louisiana Regiment, and had they have gotten to us sooner our victory would not have been fruitless. Thus ends the first pitched battle between the United States troops and the Confederate forces. Although in itself it was a battle of no magnitude or great importance, yet it showed to the boasting North how terribly we were in earnest, and gave comfort and encouragement to the faint and weak-hearted on our side.

June 11th.—The enemy having retired to Fortress Monroe, we left Bethel Church last evening and arrived at Yorktown at 1 o'clock in the night.

Nothing of interest to-day, save the sending off of a howitzer belonging to my company, guarded by a squadron of cavalry. They will return to Bethel Church.

June 12th.—Slept the greater portion of the day—had no “roll call”—feet much blistered and unable to wear shoes, consequently the hot, broiling sun has full sweep at them. The New Orleans Zouaves, Colonel Coppens commanding, six hundred strong, arrived at Yorktown this evening. They are a rough looking set, but are splendidly drilled and well officered.

June 13th.—Had a grand review of all the troops stationed at Yorktown to-day, numbering five or six thousand. Magruder is a magnificent looking soldier when in full dress uniform.

Stanard's battery, Third Company, with the New Orleans

Zouaves, ordered back to Bethel Church, left about sun down, and took the road easily, marched eight or nine miles and camped on the roadside. Nothing has been heard of the enemy since the late fight. According to their account of the late battle, our *one* Parrot gun was a masked battery of *forty* pieces of rifled artillery.

June 14th.—Arrived at Bethel Church this morning about 9 A. M., and immediately set to work to get breakfast—such a breakfast: salt pork, black Rio coffee and hard crackers. Well, such is a soldier's life, and we mustn't complain. The Zouaves are having even a harder time of it than we, for their rations have not yet arrived. Most of their officers seem to be gentlemen, but some of them are very cruel to their men. The Second Louisiana regiment came down a few hours since.

June 16th.—Our position here, at Bethel, is not considered very tenable, as it is very easily flanked, but so far the enemy has shewn no disposition to make any advances.

June 17th.—A Dinwiddie trooper was shot to-day by a Georgian, through mistake, wounded slightly. Sent a howitzer with mounted men and a strong guard of cavalry to New Market Bridge, near Hampton, to reconnoitre. Saw a small body of the enemy, but too far off to get a shot at them. The enemy, under cover of a flag of truce, sent for the bodies of Major Winthrop and Lieutenant Greble, who fell in the battle of Bethel. The body of the former was found, and of course their request granted, but the body of the latter could not be found.

June 18th.—Magruder arrived at Bethel Church a few hours since, and right glad were we to see him, for "Old Mac," as we call him, has our fullest confidence. Sent my "detachment," mounted, with a guard of cavalry to New Market Bridge to reconnoitre. Results: procured *two* cart loads of corn, *one* spade and two shovels, shot at one of our own videttes, but didn't hit him, as he ran too fast. We could have been easily cut off had the Yankees possessed any daring.

A BIG SCAMPER.

June 19th.—Reported by our videttes that the enemy, ten thousand strong, were moving rapidly on the Warwick road, and would attack us from the rear.

Magruder instantly ordered a retreat, and the troops made very quick time for men *not* frightened.

There was a good deal of hard swearing, some throwing away of baggage, and in fact a little touch of *stampede*, but when we reached Yorktown the *ten thousand* Yankees turned out to be only a marauding party of some fifty or more.

Hardly had we gotten into Yorktown when my detachment was ordered to return to Bethel, with a squadron of cavalry, to guard a wagon train sent back to recover the stores left there.

This time we were mounted but were pretty well broken down when we reached Bethel, as the train moved very slowly. Upon reaching the church I had the good fortune to find a cold boiled ham, and with the aid of ship crackers, I soon made a good square meal. As soon as we loaded up the wagon train, we started back for Yorktown; being much fatigued and very sleepy I could scarcely keep my seat in the saddle. A fifteen mile march, and a thirty mile ride on horseback, in one day is no easy matter.

June 20th.—Reached Yorktown early this morning so wearied and fatigued I could hardly hold my head up. Slept three or four hours on the ground and woke up feeling but little refreshed.

June 21st.—Nothing of importance stirring—very hot and rather hard to get anything to eat unless one's pocket is well lined with Confederate money and then you can get any quantity of prime fish and oysters, with an occasional "sniiter" to aid digestion. Our men seem disposed to find fault with everything—continually quarreling among themselves, and seem disposed to fight *something*.

June 22d.—Early this morning we were awakened by a heavy wind storm and we had as much as we could do to keep our tents from being blown away. Sent off a gun from Brown's Second Company on a scouting expedition.

June 23d.—Everything quiet—no signs of the enemy and I do not think they will make an attempt against Yorktown unless with a much larger force than they have at Fortress Monroe. Several small schooners have run the blockade and arrived at this port.

June 24th.—*Twenty-one* years of age to-day! Little did I

think this time last year that I would be here now, and in arms against the United States government.

No—then other and brighter prospects filled my mind, but, alas! those bright dreams of the future have been long since dispelled and years of bloody war face me now.

June 25th.—The salt meat and horrid low country water have an injurious effect on our men, and many have been made sick. The heat is also quite oppressive, but in the afternoon we are much refreshed by the cool sea breeze, which in some measure repays us for the oppressiveness of noon day. And then a bath in the clear waters of the beautiful York! that is well worth the dull monotony of the day. Reinforced to-day by Georgia and Louisiana troops.

June 26th.—Our strength at this place now amounts to about seven thousand men—on the entire Peninsula, nearly ten thousand.

It is quite evident that the Yankees will not act on the offensive, and we must decoy them out of their strongholds if we wish to bring on another engagement.

June 27th.—Received orders for two howitzers with twenty-five picked men, mounted, to report to Lieutenant-Colonel Chas. Dreux, commanding the First Louisiana Battalion. Left Yorktown with an infantry force of some two thousand men and marched within six miles of Bethel Church. It is reported the enemy intend landing a large force on the Poquosin River, and we are acting as a small corps of observation. Magruder joined us a short while since.

June 28th.—Slept on the roadside all night, and just missed being run over by a wagon, whose driver did not see me. Our rations being short, I was sent out in the afternoon to procure something to eat for the boys. Being unsuccessful at the adjoining farm-houses, I rode some four miles, and at last succeeded in getting an old woman to promise to bake me some corn bread, but I could not get it until 10 o'clock, as she was very busy. When my bread was ready, it was raining in torrents, and I concluded to stay all night, though I well knew some hungry stomachs were yearning for my appearance at camp. Was given a very nice, comfortable bed, but being unaccustomed to such effeminate luxuries, I slept on the floor, lulled into forgetfulness of a soldier's life by the pattering of the rain-storm on the roof above me.

June 29th.—Arrived at camp early next morning, and found our entire force had moved in the direction of Hampton. The rain was still falling without intermission, and my cakes having long since become all dough, I threw them away. Followed the tracks of our troops until I was within a short distance of New Market Bridge, when I found they had turned off the main road and had taken the direction of Newport News; then I became completely bewildered, and wandered about in the woods for a long time, unable to find my way back, and fearing to go forward, as I was, knowing the distance I had ridden, not more than a half mile from the enemy's camp. Finally I got into the main road, and soon after came across one of our scouts, "Uncle" Ben. Phillips, and he put me on the right track. We captured a negro, dressed in a blue uniform, just as he was going into the enemy's camp at Newport News, and turned him over to General Magruder.

June 30th.—Our troops are nearly "used up" on this march, as it has been raining the whole time. At one time we were in sight of the enemy's camp, but we did not have the force to attack nor they the courage to come out. Camped about five miles from Newport News.

July 1st.—Changed our position to Young's Mill, a strong position nine miles from Newport News.

Throwing up breastworks, reënforced by four pieces of artillery and Fifth Louisiana regiment.

July 2d.—We have now at this point eight pieces of artillery and three thousand men. Sent to Yorktown for eight days' rations and our tents.

This is one of the most beautiful camps I ever saw, but the great scarcity of good water makes it undesirable.

July 3d.—Quiet along the lines; some little "cursing" of Magruder in camp, for marching us so much in such rainy weather.

July 4th.—A portion of our infantry, with the First and Third detachments of my company, left to-day for Harwood's Mill.

An expedition is spoken of to-morrow, but the way liquor is circulating through camp to-day makes me somewhat afraid of a *fiasco*.

THE "DREUX SKIRMISH," JULY 5TH.

It pains me no little to write the following account of this sad affair, but it was my intention when I first commenced this jour-

nal to give, as far as I was able, a just and truthful account of the scenes through which we passed during the war and if there seems to the general reader a small amount of *egotism* he must excuse it. Other and more elaborate histories of the war will be written by professed journalists but few of them will be real actors on the bloody stage.

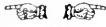
Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Dreux, commanding the First Battalion of Louisiana Volunteers, and also commanding this expedition was as brave and gallant an officer as ever drew sword for Freedom.

Our attempt to capture a small marauding body of the enemy ended in miserable failure, and cost poor Dreux his life—cut down in the prime of life. Twenty picked men were selected from each of the five companies of the Louisiana Battalion, but instead of those being commanded by one ranking company officer, each squad of twenty took its full compliment of company officers, thus having at least four times as many commissioned officers as was necessary; there were also twenty cavalymen belonging to the “Halifax (Va.) Catawba Troops,” and eight picked men from my Company (Fourth Detachment, Third Company) with a Sergeant, Corporal and two Commissioned officers, Captain Stanard and Lieutenant Moseley; in all about one hundred and fifty men.

Unfortunately the driver to our howitzer was totally inexperienced and his horses were then being driven for the *first* time and were quite wild.

The plan was this:

TO NEWPORT NEWS.



TO YOUNG'S MILL.

Yankees.

Howitzer.

+

Cavalry.

Dreux's Battalion.

We left Young's Mill about midnight, and taking the road to Newport News reached our destination a short time before dawn of day, and Dreux's plan was to form his infantry on the left of the main road, his howitzer on the left of the infantry and in a small country road running into the main road, whilst the cavalry were in rear of the howitzer and acting as its especial guard. We were expressly ordered *not to open fire* until orders were given by Dreux in person, and it was understood that we were to allow the Yankees to pass the country road, our gun being concealed, and ready for action, when we were to run our gun into the main road "by hand to the front" and open upon them, whilst the infantry would uncover, and the cavalry "charge" at the same time. The Yankees coming up rather slowly Colonel Dreux sent out a small scouting party to see what had become of them, and this party ran plump into the Yankees before they were aware of it. Several shots passed and there was no chance of an ambuscade then, and the first thing I knew we were all mixed up together, the Yankees having come through the woods right upon us, not confining themselves to the main road. A very deliberate looking "blue coat" took a cool aim at my head, fired, the ball grazing my cheek, and I think killed Dreux, who was standing a few paces behind me, though none of us saw him fall. This was the first shot fired and the Yankee was not more than fifteen paces from me. Here was a predicament—our gun charged with "canister," within twenty yards of the enemy, and we ordered not to fire unless Dreux gave the order—and he dead, unknown to us, and the Yankees popping away at us at a fearful rate, their fire feebly returned by a portion of our infantry, they, like ourselves, being ordered *not to fire* unless Dreux gave the order. Stanard and Moseley, who were *both* absent, I never have known where, at the commencement of the fight, now rushed up to us, and Stanard, in a very excited manner ordered the gun to be "limbered up" and taken out of the road, as the Yankees were all around us (so he said). We begged him to let us give the enemy a shot, but no! "limber to the front, and get out of that road!" The cavalry, not knowing what "limber to the front" meant, I presume, concluded it was too hot for *them* and, after shooting one of our own scouts, dashed down the road in a com-

plete panic—running against our horses, attached to our gun, who likewise took affright, and, by just a “*leetle*” help from the driver, scampered off and up the road in confusion—worse confounded. One of our detachment, W. Gordon McCabe, seeing this yelled out to the Louisiana troops: “Our *gun* is gone, but our *men* are all here!”

The Yankees hearing this extraordinary rumpus, concluded they had gotten into a “hornet’s nest” and betook themselves *down* the road as fast as our cavalry and gun horses scampered *up*.

One of our scouts being mortally wounded, three of us went after him, put him in a “pressed” cart and brought him where our infantry was, but he, poor fellow, died whilst we were putting him in the cart. We then put Dreux’s body in the same cart and mournfully wended our way back to Young’s Mill, where the remainder of Dreux’s Battalion met us, perfectly overwhelmed with grief, for he was *Charley* Dreux with the humblest private in the ranks and the idol of his command. In the afternoon it was reported the Yankees were advancing upon Young’s Mill, but it turned out to be a false alarm.

August 17th.—Returned to Bethel Church where we remained until the 22d.

August 22d.—Returned to Young’s Mill.

August 23d.—Having but a limited supply of underclothing with me at this camp, I doffed my garments and turned washerman for the nonce, intending to seat myself on the sunny side of the mill pond and wait patiently until my clothes were sundried thoroughly. Only *one* shirt, *one* pair of drawers and *one* pair of socks. As a *washist*, I never have been a success, but clear water and a good will accomplishes much,—when all at once the drum beats to “fall in”—on went my wet clothes and away we marched to Yorktown, reaching that place thoroughly chilled through and through.

October 28th.—Our Captain, Robert C. Stanard, died to-day at Camp Deep Creek, of disease contracted in the army. He was a man of warm impulses and generous heart.

Remained in Williamsburg about ten days, when I concluded to call on my Gloucester friends once more, as it would be worse than folly to return to my command in such ill health.

Hired a buggy in Williamsburg and went to “Bigler’s Wharf,” on the York River; there hired a boat and crossed over the river

to Cappahoosic Wharf. At this place I found a member of my company who lived some half a mile from the wharf.

Remained at his father's, Captain Andrews, (a Captain of artillery in the war of 1812) for several days, eating oysters and rolling ten-pins.

Captain Andrews is a jolly specimen of an old Virginia gentleman, whose motto seems to be *Dum Vivimus Vivamus*.

From Captain Andrews's I went to "Waverly," where I most pleasantly spent ten days, after having been joined by my brother, Rev. Thomas W. White, who insisted on my getting a discharge from the army. Concluded to return to my command, he and I going to Cappahoosic Wharf, he taking the up boat for West Point and I waiting for the down boat for Yorktown. Whilst on the wharf, I was again taken with a severe chill, and remembering my friend, Captain Andrews, I crawled, rather than walked, to his house. I was then seriously ill, but had every attention possible; my physician being Dr. Francis Jones, brother of the owner of Waverly. Dr. Frank, seeming to take a fancy to me, told me if I would come to his house, where he could pay me especial attention, he would promise to get me all right in a week. As soon as I could sit up, I took him at his word, and he put me through a regular course of medicine, watching carefully everything I eat. Kind hearted old Virginian; I wonder if it will ever be in my power to repay him and other dear friends in this good old county for kindnesses to me? When I commenced improving, I felt a longing desire to get back to camp, and accordingly returned to Yorktown in the latter part of November. My company officers now are: Captain, Edgar F. Moseley; First Lieutenant, John M. West; Senior Second Lieutenant, Benjamin H. Smith; Junior Second Lieutenant, Henry C. Carter.

Found they were stationed some twenty miles from Yorktown, and next day started to hunt them up. Hearing they were at Young's Mill, I went to that place, but found the First and Second detachments had returned to their camp, at Deep Creek, on the east side of Warwick River, whilst the Third and Fourth detachments were on picket duty at Watt's Creek, six miles from Newport News. Joined them at that place, having been absent three months. None of the boys ever expected to see me again, and they wondered but the more when I told them that since I

had left them I had swallowed enough quinine pills to reach from Newport News to Bristol, Tennessee, were they to catch hold hands.

We remained at Watt's Creek very quietly for a few days, but one night the Yankees brought up a gun-boat and gave us a terrific shelling; when we got up and "dusted."

My mess, composed of Andrew, Dick and Mac. Venable, Gordon McCabe, Clifford Gordon, Kit Chandler, and myself, owned a stubborn mule and a good cart, driven by a little black "Coffee" whose appellative distinction was "Bob." Now, "Bob" and the mule came into our possession under peculiar circumstances—in fact, we "pressed" them into service on some of our trips and kept them to haul our plunder. Bob was as black as the boots of the Duke of Inferno and as sharp as a steel-trap; consequently, we endeavored to give his youthful mind a religious tendency: yet Bob *would* gamble. Not that he cared for the intricacies of *rouge et noir*, *ecarté*, German Hazard, or King *Faro*, or even that subtlest of all games, "Old Sledge." No, no; he devoted his leisure time to swindling the city camp cooks out of their spare change at the noble game of "Five Corns."

George Washington (*Todd*) had never heard of that little game, or there would have been a *Corn Exchange* in Richmond long before the war.

It seems that they shuffled the corns up in their capacious paws and threw them on a table or blanket, betting on the smooth side or pithy side coming uppermost.

Night reigned—so did "Bob," surrounded by his sable satellites, making night hideous with their wrangling.

"Say dar, nigger, wha' you take dem corns for? My bet. I win'd dat."

Boom!—boom!—and two nail-keg gunboat shells come screaming over our heads, disappearing into the woods, crashing down forest oaks and leaving a fiery trail behind them.

"Hi—what dat? Golly!" and up jumped Bob, leaving his bank and running into our tent. "Say, Marse Andrew, time to *git*, ain't it?"

"We must wait for orders, Bob."

"I woodd'n wate for no orders, *I* woodd'n; I'd go *now*," said Bob, as he tremblingly slunk back into his house. But the De-

mon of Play had left Bob and grim Terror held high carnival within his woolly head.

Boom! Boom!! Boom!!! and as many shells came searching through the midnight air in quest of mischief.

And Bob knelt him down and prayed long and loud: "O-h! Lord, Marse, God'l Mity, lem me orf dis hear one time, an' I'll play dem five corns no more. Mity sorry I dun it now."

And Robert ever afterward eschewed the alluring game.

Returned to our camp at Land's End, on the west side of Warwick river.

December, 1861.—Our Third and Fourth Detachments are camped for the winter at Land's End, under the command of Lieutenant John M. West, and supported by the Fourteenth Virginia Infantry, Colonel Hodges commanding. The third gun is stationed immediately on the James River where the Warwick empties into it, and the fourth gun one-and-a-half miles up the Warwick River, supported by Company "K," Fourteenth Virginia Infantry, Captain Claiborne, of Halifax county, Va., commanding. We have comfortable log cabins, built by our own men, with glass windows, plank floors, kitchen attached, etc., and our cuisine bears favorable comparison with home fare. Time does not hang very heavily on my hands, for I am now drilling a company of infantry from Halifax county, Captain Edward Young's, in artillery tactics, previous to their making a change into that branch of the service. Then we get up an occasional game of ball, or chess, or an old hare hunt, or send reformed Bob to the York River after oysters, we preferring the flavor of York River oysters to those of Warwick River.

Fortunately we have managed to scrape up quite a goodly number of books, and being in close communication with Richmond, we hear from our friends daily.

Soon the spring campaign will open, and then farewell to the quiet pleasures of "Rebel Hall," farewell to the old messmates, for many changes will take place upon the reorganization of our army during the spring. No more winters during the war will be spent as comfortably and carelessly as this. Soon it will be a struggle for life, and God only knows how it will all end.

My health has but little improved, but I had rather die *in* the army than live *out*.

During the latter part of February we were ordered with the Fourteenth Virginia Infantry to fall back to the left flank of Mulberry Island, some four or five miles in rear of our former position.

Mulberry Island is the nearest water battery on the north side of the James River to Newport News, and mounts seven or eight heavy guns. It is supported by the Day's Point battery, on the south side of the James, mounting seventeen guns. Magruder, as soon as we reached this place, sent us six hundred negroes to throw up heavy fortifications. Our position here is quite a strong one; on our left flank is the Warwick River, on our right is a deep marsh and the heavy battery at Mulberry Island; in our front is a broad, open field, our guns commanding it. Reinforced by the Fifth Louisiana Infantry.

OPENING SPRING CAMPAIGN—1862.

March 5th.—Yesterday we received orders to move this morning at daylight. We will join the right section of our battery, from which we have been separated for six months, and march to King's Mill Wharf, on the James River, there take the steamer to City Point; from that place going through Petersburg to Suffolk by rail. We are now attached to the brigade of Brigadier-General George W. Randolph, our former Captain, who has just been promoted.

After a march of six miles we joined our right section, and at 3 o'clock reached King's Mill Wharf. A twenty-mile march through mud and mire is no easy undertaking, and then to camp on a barren bluff minus every comfort is enough to try the patience of Job. No water, no wood in two miles of us, and the cold wind holding a jubilee over our comfortless situation. Our force numbers about five thousand. This will be a large force to take from Magruder, but a fight is early expected at Suffolk, whilst everything seems quiet on the Peninsula.

March 6th.—Camped on the sobby ground, and were awakened this morning to find sleet, ice and snow for our pleasant companions. Last night was one of the most miserable I ever spent, my limbs were nearly frozen, and to-day it is so very cold we have to keep wrapped up in our blankets all the time. The steamers are at the wharf and waiting for us to embark, but we are to remain here until we receive further orders.

March 8th.—Contrary to my expectations, we embarked at midnight on the steamer "William Allison," taking our guns and men, sending our horses by land route to Suffolk. We reached City Point about daybreak, and were as hungry as wolves. Not seeing any provision made for breaking our fast at City Point, I straggled out into the country and soon was making myself at home at a neighboring farm-house, where I succeeded in getting a comfortable meal. At 12 o'clock we left City Point for Petersburg, and as we passed the farm houses on the road side, we were continually greeted by loud cheers from the inhabitants.

We reached Petersburg in a short time, and some of our boys (myself included) remained there all night; our brigade going on to Suffolk.

March 9th.—Left Petersburg this morning for Suffolk. Was quite ill on the train, and when I reached Suffolk, had to take my bed. Heard to-day of the actions of the Merrimac—all honor to the noble Buchanan, for he has added new glories to the Southern cause.

March 10th.—After breakfast I walked through the village of Suffolk; 'tis a pretty little place of some 2,000 inhabitants, and is the county seat of Nansemond. It presents a neat and pleasant appearance to the soldier who has been nearly a twelve month on the dull fields of the Peninsula.

March 12th.—Have been confined to my bed for two days with chills and fever. The Suffolk people are very kind to our sick.

March 13th.—Our forces at this place amount to 7,000 effective men, with ten pieces of light artillery. We are in reinforcing distance of Norfolk, where we can concentrate a large force at a short notice.

March 14th.—All quiet along our lines, and we have come to the conclusion that the Yankees have postponed their attack upon this place.

March 15th.—Left Suffolk to-day, on recruiting service, for Richmond; will be absent about two weeks.

March 28th.—Returned to camp to-day; accomplished but little in Richmond, as most of the men had gone into service by reason of our militia being ordered out. Had a most pleasant time in Richmond, but oh, how much I missed my former companions. Alas! some of them are sleeping in soldiers' graves and some of them are wasting away in Northern prisons.

April 21st.—To-day I have been in the Confederate service for

one year, and the war seems scarcely begun. Those who entered the army thinking it was nothing more than a "Harper's Ferry" frolic, have been sadly disappointed, for the future is as dark as chaos, and none, save the Almighty, can see the end. My determination is fully made up to remain in the service as long as the war lasts.

The late order issued by the Secretary of War, causing all soldiers to remain in their present organizations, has caused some dissatisfaction in our camp. Yet it was absolutely necessary, for the prior acts of enlistment passed by the Confederate and State authorities have, instead of benefitting us, so mystified the matter that the above order must be enforced, or our army would be disbanded.

Every little Corporal was bent upon raising a company; Captains were hopefully looking forward to Colonelcies, and Colonels dreamed fondly of "three stars wreathed in gold."

In one regiment, the Fourteenth Virginia, there were about *twenty* new companies in process of formation, and every man of them expected a commission. Then the old companies had to be kept up, and if all went well, the Confederacy would have at least three regiments instead of one. That would be a considerable gain, provided the three regiments were *full*, and commanded by competent officers. I much fear the result would be three inefficient regiments in the place of one fully organized and equipped.

This order of General Randolph, now Secretary of War, has dispelled all such bright dreams of promotion, and I hope it will be strictly carried out and cheerfully obeyed. Many changes have taken place since this day twelve months, and years of bloodshed must ensue before peace will be restored to our unhappy country.

Oh! may a just God be our protector and give success to our at present unsuccessful arms. Defeats and disasters have followed, each after the other, until some of our faint-hearted are drooping and doubtful of our final triumph. Though we may be defeated on the battle-field; though our cities and villages may be captured, burned and destroyed; though our entire land may be devastated, yet we will never be *conquered*. We may be forced to yield to preponderance of power, but the WILLING unity of the States is severed FOREVER.

To-day we leave our native soil to fight our battles for liberty

in our sister State of North Carolina. Willingly do we go, for we are not fighting the battles of Virginia alone. The march was trying to the men, and our camp for the night was far from being comfortable.

April 22.—Soon after sunrise we continued our march, and to-night we are some thirty miles from Suffolk. We are commanded by Brigadier-General Armistead.

April 23d.—What a beautiful day! How prone we are to note only the *stormy* days, whilst the days of beauty seem to be taken as belonging to us by right, and we fail to render thanks unto Him to whom praise is ever due.

All nature shines resplendent in the soft beauties of a spring-day morn; the noble oaks and stately elms are budding forth in all their spring-time loveliness, and the earth is with verdure clad; even the little chirping birds seem plumed with brighter colors than is their wont and are singing their songs of joy, bathed in the mellow morning's light.

Oh! war, horrid war, too soon your cannon's sound and bugle note may change this lovely scene.

We left camp early this morning to resume our march into the interior of North Carolina, but were ordered back to our camp of last night. We are now in Gates county, some eight or ten miles from the Virginia line.

April 25th.—Our forces here are the Fourteenth, Fifty-third and Fifty-seventh Virginia regiments, Louisiana Guard Artillery, Third Richmond Howitzers, and a company of Nansemond cavalry, all commanded by Major General Loring, who has seen some service in Western Virginia.

April 27th.—We leave Sandy Cross this morning for some point near Elizabeth City—cloudy and damp—we will have a disagreeable time. After remaining in marching order all day we were finally ordered to remain at our old camp.

May 2d.—Left Sandy Cross for Suffolk, and arrived here about sundown. Our forces expect to evacuate Norfolk in a few days, and I presume we will fall back towards Petersburg.

May 8th—Our troops are rapidly evacuating Norfolk, and as all of them pass through Suffolk, we are, as a matter of course, in a high state of excitement. It goes hard with our troops to see such places as Yorktown and Norfolk given up without a

struggle, but we have every confidence in our leaders, and hope for the best.

To-day we completed the reorganization of our company—our officers now being—

Edgar F. Moseley, Captain.

Benjamin H. Smith, Senior First Lieutenant.

Henry C. Carter, Junior First Lieutenant.

James S. Utz, Second Lieutenant.

First Lieutenant, John M. West, declined to serve, and sent in his resignation, making an appropriate speech. We part with him with regret, for no kinder heart than his ever beat within the breast of man.

To-day our "right section," under the command of Lieutenant Smith, left for Zuni station on the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad. We will leave in a day or so.

May 10th.—Our horses have been harnessed for twenty-four hours, and we are impatiently awaiting orders to leave Suffolk. The troops from Norfolk have all passed through *en route* for Petersburg, and the Federals have taken possession of the city.

Heavy cannonading was heard about daybreak this morning in the direction of Norfolk. We have just heard of the destruction of the Merrimac (Virginia)—what a terrible blow to our cause.

Richmond now is in a most precarious situation, for the Virginia was our only safeguard, and now she is lost to us. However, our battery at Drewry's Bluff may hold out— if not, farewell to Richmond. Perhaps we were obliged to blow up the Virginia, as she was built for deep water alone.

May 11th.—Armistead's Brigade, including the "left section" of my company, with the Louisiana Guard Artillery, drew up in line of battle a mile below Suffolk, on the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad, where we camped for the night, first destroying the railroad.

May 12th.—Left Suffolk this morning *en route* for Petersburg—passed through Nansemond county and camped in Isle of Wight—roads very dusty, and weather extremely hot.

May 13th.—Passed through Southampton and camped near the Sussex line—nice bacon, and plenty of it at twenty cents per

pound—Confederate money. We are marching slowly, and will reach Petersburg to-morrow night.

May 16th.—Reached Petersburg yesterday. The people of Southampton and Sussex showed us every attention in their power—may they be rewarded for their many acts of kindness done to our wearied troops. To-day is set apart by our President as a day of “fasting, humiliation and prayer”—prayer for our struggling Confederacy—prayer for success. And whilst we are seated around our soldiers’ home there comes wafted on the soft spring breezes chime notes from the steeple of St. Paul’s, musically swelling forth Jehovah’s praise, and seeming to bid us be of good cheer.

Ah! bells, ring out glad notes now, ere long you will toll for sons who will come back to you never again!

May 31st.—We arrived in Richmond day before yesterday and were welcomed by some of our friends in a manner most delightful to us. We reached the city weary, hot and dusty, and upon crossing Mayo’s Bridge we found at Mayo’s Warehouse, prepared by our friend Jessee T. Hutcheson, a most splendid collation of both solids and liquids. We are camping on Williams’s farm, a short distance below Richmond. The sound of battle has again commenced—regiment after regiment moves swiftly along the road, eager to meet the enemy. Our troops are in splendid condition and confident of success.

June 1st.—We cannot as yet procure the full particulars regarding the battle of “Seven Pines” fought yesterday and to-day. As well as I can learn the plan was this: the Yankees had crossed a large force on the south-side of the Chickahominy, and on the night of the 30th of May, we had a most terrific storm. Our Commander, General Jos. E. Johnston, concluding that the bridges were all washed away, and the river past fording, concluded to attack the Yankees on the south-side and crush them out before they could be reinforced. On account of the tardiness of General Huger the plan was not fully successful, though we surprised the enemy, capturing a large number of prisoners with several pieces of artillery. Our camp was on the main road leading to Seven Pines, but ’twas difficult to handle artillery and we received no orders to move. What a heart-rending scene it is to witness the wounded brought in from a terrible battle field. The people of Richmond turned out *en masse* to render aid to

our wounded soldiers. Many a wounded soldier-boy from the sunny South will never cease to remember the fair form of the "city belle" as she soothed his aching brow or bound up his wounded limb. Too often do we hear our Southern allies cursing the people of Richmond as a set of speculators thriving on our misfortunes, but now many of them have been convinced that "in the hour of pain and anguish," Richmond can and *will* do all within her power to aid those who are seeking to uphold our cause. 'Tis undoubtedly true that Richmond has changed greatly since the war began, for it has, I am sorry to say, become the headquarters of all of the "fancy men" of the South—gentlemen of the *Hebrew persuasion* have made it their rendezvous to sell blockade goods, and countless numbers of Yankee spies, though outwardly swearing allegiance to our government, hold strong foothold in our city. Gambling hells, furnished with tinsel splendor are at every corner, to catch the unwary, and relieve them of their superabundant "Confederates."

Still there is enough of the old metal left, purified and refined, to make Richmond to me the sweetest, dearest spot on earth.

General Johnston being wounded, General Robert E. Lee now commands our army.

June 15th.—Day after day have we been anxiously awaiting an engagement; our leaders seem to be afraid of risking a battle, and our men are worn down with continued anxiety. Hundreds and thousands of our men are sick from want of proper food, and there seems to be but little chance for improvement. Was taken quite sick myself to-day, and with my Captain's permission, I went into the city to remain until I got well. Went to Mr. William S. Donnan's, where, for several days, I was quite ill. Had I remained in camp, I doubt very much if I ever would have recovered, but being well nursed, I soon managed to improve.

To Mr. D. and his family, I will always feel deeply grateful for their many and kind attentions.

June 24th.—Having some information that a great battle was imminent, I concluded to return to camp to-day, though I was far from being well.

BATTLE OF ELLERSON'S MILL, JUNE 27TH, 1862.

For several days we have been on the *qui vive* for a fight, and

at last it has come. Day before yesterday my company was transferred from Huger's division, to which it was temporarily attached, to the First Regiment Virginia Artillery, commanded by Colonel John Thompson Brown, and we now belong to Longstreet's division. We had just gotten our tents pitched, picket rope stretched, etc., when we were ordered to report to Brigadier-General Featherstone, commanding a splendid brigade of Mississippians. We reached this brigade on the evening of the 25th, pitched our tents and camped for the night. At 10 o'clock we were ordered to rise at 2 A. M., prepare three days' rations, allowing each man one blanket, and report to General Longstreet near the toll-house on the Mechanicsville Turnpike. According to instructions we arose next morning at 2 o'clock, but as we had no rations had to start without them. We remained on the turnpike all day awaiting orders to move. A. P. Hill's division, having crossed the Chickahominy near the Virginia Central Railroad, flanked the enemy and charged upon them at Mechanicsville, driving them across Beaver Dam Creek to Ellerson's Mill. Our division (Longstreet's), with D. H. Hill's, then moved directly up the Mechanicsville Turnpike and formed a junction with A. P. Hill at the village of Mechanicsville, five and a half miles from Richmond. The fighting for the night was over, but sleep was impossible, for well we knew the coming morrow would be a day fraught with heavy interests to the South. Jackson, we also knew, was on his way to join us, and was moving around to strike the enemy's right flank, taking it *en reverse*. About 12 o'clock at night my brigade (Featherstone's) was ordered to the front to relieve General Ripley's, and my company ordered to remain in the road at the blacksmith's shop, awaiting "further orders."

The dawn of the 27th of June was announced by a shell from a Yankee battery, and pretty soon they made the turnpike a very hot place.

Featherstone and Willcox, supported by R. A. Pryor, were already engaged. Our battery was then ordered to take position where we could shell the enemy. To accomplish this we had to move about a mile across an open field and in point blank range of the Yankee batteries. Gallantly did our boys dash across the field and in the very face of the enemy; loudly screamed the shot and shell; but on we pushed until we reached our position directly in front of the Catlin House. Our guns were speedily

"unlimbered," and soon the clear, ringing report of the little howitzers bespoke the earnestness of the affair we were engaged in.

Our Parrot gun and howitzer No. 2 were stationed to the rear of the Catlin House, whilst the third and fourth (my gun) were directly in front.

The enemy's artillery soon ceased, for it was very evident that having been struck such a heavy blow on this, their extreme right flank, by Hill on the preceding day, that McClellan was drawing in his lines, and we were now fighting only a heavy rear guard commanded by Fitz John Porter.

Nevertheless their sharp-shooters were swarming like bees on the opposite hills, across the Beaver Dam, and they made it uncomfortably warm where we were—strange to say none of my company were hurt.

Pryor's, Wilcox's and Featherstone's brigades were fighting heavily on our right and their loss was quite severe, the enemy being strongly posted.

Our artillery was composed of the "Maryland Artillery," "Donaldsonville (Louisiana) Artillery," "Thomas Artillery" and the "Third Company Richmond Howitzers." Our guns were worked with coolness and precision. The Yankee skirmishers, being posted in rifle-pits, and many of them securely stationed up tall pine trees, had many advantages over our men, we fighting in the open field all the time. For several hours did we pour a galling fire into the enemy and they replied with great spirit. About 8 A. M. our batteries were ordered to "cease firing," and "Gregg's brigade," A. P. Hill's division, charged the works in our front, meeting with but little opposition, as the enemy rapidly retired before them. The remainder of A. P. Hill's division was moving against the enemy's right flank, hoping to get in the rear of Fitz. John Porter and capture his entire force, but he, seeing Hill's intention, rapidly decamped.

An incident, proving the *money loving* nature of the genuine Yankee, occurred at this place, and I cannot refrain from relating it. One of our boys, in conversation with one of the wounded prisoners who *had both eyes shot entirely out*, remarked to him that "his wound must be very painful?"

The Yankee replied: "I don't mind the pain so much, sir, but I wouldn't have *both* of my eyes shot out for *twenty-five dollars!*"

Umph! What a people—eyes twelve and a half dollars each.

This Catlin House was built by my grandfather, and sadly-sweet is the recollection to me that for three hours, to-day, I fought within a few short yards of my father's grave. Yes! here where we fought to-day is the very spot where he was born, more than a half century ago, and hard by is the grave where he now lies buried. Oh! who can wonder that my arm was strengthened, and my heart nerved for the conflict. The balls flew thick and fast around me, but I heeded them not, and thought only of the sacred dead, whose grave had been desecrated and his slumbers disturbed by the foeman's shout and the wild, loud, crash of battle!

BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL, FRIDAY, JUNE 27TH, 1862.

The Federals were driven back through Austin's, Sydnor's, Hogan's and Gaines's farms, slightly skirmishing as they rapidly retreated before our successful forces. They made a final stand about a mile from Dr. Gaines's residence. Pryor's brigade was in the advance, and was acting as skirmishers—the Donaldsonville Artillery was attached to this brigade. The remainder of Longstreet's division was stationed in a thick wood near Dr. Gaines's house, and was evidently waiting for the music of *Jackson's* guns. We knew Jackson was close at hand, for this morning, on following up the enemy from Ellerson's Mill, we took the wrong road at Meadow Farm (William Sydnor's,) and crossed over into Oakley Hill (Edward Sydnor's) where we ran into Jackson's men, and skirmished with them some time before we found them out. The enemy soon found out our position in this wood and commenced shelling us at a terrific rate. Their guns were well aimed for their shots skim'd above and around us in no very pleasant manner. Being somewhat worried by the delay and wanting to see what was going on, I rode out to the front where Pryor's men were skirmishing; seeing a deserted camp about a half mile off, I rode over to it, hoping to get something for my horse to eat, and just as I was securing a very plump looking bag of oats, a body of our cavalry dashed in at the other end of the camp, and the first thing I knew, one of them was about to shoot me for a Yankee—remembering I had on a Yankee jacket, I cried out lustily, that I was a Confederate soldier, whereupon they rode swiftly on, leaving me to carry off my booty.

Shortly after 3 P. M. the welcome sound of Jackson's guns is

heard on our left, and our entire line advances in splendid style, our infantry moving across an open field, subjected to a terrific fire poured into them by the enemy, who were strongly entrenched in earthworks commandingly situated. My company took position on the east side of Dr. Gaines's house and immediately opened fire upon the enemy. Three of our guns, it will be remembered, were twelve-pound Dahlgren navy howitzers, fitted only for very close work, and I presume the chief good we did was to make a noise and *draw the fire of the enemy*. Our rifled Parrot gun, however, did good service, and was effectually manned during the remainder of the day.

The enemy opened a heavy fire upon us both from the north and south sides of the Chickahominy. We were also under a galling fire from their infantry directly in our front.

Longstreet's division, on our left, charged across the open field in gallant style and up the hill they went as if they meant to stay. Three times were they driven back, but they rapidly reformed and finally drove the Yankees from their almost impregnable position, slaying them by thousands. The shot and shell from the Yankee batteries would strike in our battery and ricochet farther than our guns would carry. Our little howitzers now being unable to reach the enemy, Colonel John Thompson Brown, Longstreet's chief of artillery, ordered us into a ravine, where we were in a great measure protected. During the engagement our battery was subjected to an enfilading fire from the south side of the Chickahominy, and how we escaped without loss is a mystery to me. Finally darkness brought an end to the bloody scene; the enemy had been completely whipped out of their works. We captured a great number of prisoners, including the Eleventh Pennsylvania Reserve entire; also, some twenty-five or thirty pieces of artillery. We passed through many Yankee camps, and our men obtained a number of articles they were sadly in need of. The enemy, however, destroyed vast quantities of commissary stores and all their camp equipage. The people of Hanover were perfectly overjoyed to see us once more, and as many an old acquaintance and kinsman grasped me warmly by the hand I could but silently offer up my thanks to the Omnipotent for our success. The Yankees have been more lenient to this portion of Virginia than has been their custom, but the parlor walls of some of our Hanover houses bear ample testimony to

their obscenity and meanness. Their letters, which we find scattered all over the fields, are also filled with obscene thoughts and vituperations of us of the South. One thing especially I notice in the letters the Yankee soldiers receive from their homes, in nine cases out of ten: the people at home write piteous appeals *for money* and complain bitterly of the hard times, whilst our soldiers write *home*, invariably, for money. Many of the Yankee soldiers enter the army because it insures a comfortable support, and they can, if at all provident, put by something every month.

June 28th.—Our battery moved back last night about one mile and camped on Hogan's farm. This morning when we awoke we found a party of eight hundred Yankee prisoners at Hogan's house. Amongst them were several surgeons, and they actually refused to attend to their own wounded, but insisted, as surgeons were non-combatants, that they should be sent to Richmond and immediately returned to the North.

A great number of wounded Yankees have been brought in by our men, and are receiving all proper attention. We moved forward to Gaines's house, where we remained all day, but near us there was no more fighting.

June 29th.—Longstreet's and A. P. Hill's divisions crossed to the south side of the Chickahominy to-day, and have moved eastward down the Darbytown Road. These divisions have not been engaged to-day.

This afternoon I was sent back to Featherstone's Brigade Headquarters, near the city, for a farther supply of rations, as ours were left on the north side of the Chickahominy.

BATTLE OF WILLIS'S CHURCH, OR FRAYSER'S FARM, MONDAY,
JUNE 30TH, 1862.

I was in the saddle from a little after sunrise yesterday morning until daybreak this morning, and then, after taking a nap of an hour, had to move on to find my company. McClellan, having been so terribly punished on his right flank by the fierce onslaughts of Lee and Jackson, has now concentrated his forces on this (the south) side of the Chickahominy, and is making his way to his gun-boats on the James River. We are following him up as rapidly as possible. Our two divisions moved a few miles farther down the Darbytown Road, when our advanced

guard captured a Yankee picket, who reported their men to be but a short distance in advance.

Longstreet quickly disposed his troops, and advanced to meet the enemy; my battery was posted in an open field, but we could see no enemy, as a heavy wood was between us.

The enemy soon rained a storm of shot and shell upon us, and we returned the fire with vigor, but as soon as our infantry charged beyond us, as at Gaines's Mill, we were compelled to "cease firing," our guns being of such short range.

Nevertheless, we were compelled to receive *their* fire, and, being unable to return it, it made our situation anything but pleasant. Nothing is more demoralizing to troops than to be subjected to a heavy fire from an unseen foe and to remain perfectly inactive. The wood completely shut us out from sight, yet shielded us but little from the shot and shell.

Here a member of my company (Edward F. Cullen) was struck upon the forehead by a piece of shell; we thought at first he was seriously wounded, but we were mistaken. I also made a very narrow escape, for a two ounce ball from a Belgian rifle passed through my gunner's-bag, which was, as is customary during an engagement, thrown over my shoulder. I had in this bag about 500 friction primers, each and every one a little miniature cannon of itself, filled with rifle and a poisonous fulminating powder, the explosion of one of which would have caused the explosion of the whole. The ball passed through three thick pleats of leather, breaking the fourth and last pleat. Had it not have been for this leather bag, I would have received this ball just below my heart. The fighting was still going on in our front at a terrific rate. Again and again our men charged the enemies' works, but were as often driven back. At one time Featherstone's brigade had to reform a few yards to the right of our battery, and could only muster 250 men. One more grand effort—a dashing charge and our men have carried the entrenchments. Kemper's men are holding their position without ammunition; Featherstone's brigade has melted away from 1,200 to 200; still our brave troops hold their position, and have captured many a piece of artillery. Night comes on, but still the fight continues—volley after volley of musketry pours its stream of death into our ranks, but our men cannot be driven back, and McClellan has to keep moving on. Our field of observation is so extremely limited, we can

learn but little of the general plan of the battle or of the specific results. The wounded stragglers all pass through our battery and tell the same old tale of being "*cut up*," "*badly whipped*," etc., so that for a long time we were really in doubt whether we or the Yankees had been successful. The enemy fought bravely and contested the ground inch by inch. Our General, Featherstone, has been badly wounded. We have captured many prisoners and a number of pieces of artillery; also, a Brigadier-General by the name of McCall.

We spent the night on the field, and, for the season, it was bitterly cold.

July 1st.—We remained in position all night, and a more uncomfortable night I never spent; 'twas almost a matter of impossibility to sleep, but nature must at length claim its own, and so we slept at last as only broken down soldiers can.

This morning the enemy threw a few shells toward us, but we made no reply.

Longstreet's division has been relieved to-day by Magruder, and my company has been ordered back to the rear. As we moved back the terribly bloody and disastrous

BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL

was commencing, but we did not participate in it. Here Lee's army received a check which enabled McClellan, who conducted his retreat in masterly style, to make good his escape.

July 2d.—We moved back a mile or so to the rear, and as we considered this a safe place our horses were "*unhitched, unharnessed*," etc., for the first time since the morning of the 26th, and we prepared ourselves for a good sleep—something we had not enjoyed for nearly a week. Towards morning it rained very hard for about three hours, but being so nearly broken down it did not even arouse me. It is a great wonder that this did not again cause a relapse, as I was still badly salivated. However, the excitement kept me up, and that being over I begin to feel the effects of my imprudence.

July 3d.—There was no fighting anywhere near us yesterday, though the occasional boom of a heavy gun reached us, and it is now pretty certain that the Yankees have, by extraordinary exertions, made their escape to the river.

July 4th.—To-day we have been ordered back to the old camp of the First Virginia Artillery, and a lovely spot it is. In front of us is an open field, whilst in our rear is a sloping hill covered with magnificent oaks; at the foot of this hill meanders through a grassy dale a silvery stream, and its soft ripple is music sweet to the ear so long wearied by the continued crash of cannon and the roll of musketry, mingled with the cries of the wounded and the dying.

July 5th.—One year ago to-day the lamented Dreux fell at the head of his battalion. He was the first officer of high rank that fell on our side. Alas! how many kindred spirits have joined him ere this!

July 6th.—Having a day's leave granted me I saddled my horse and wended my way towards the devastated fields of old Hanover; passed through Mechanicsville and viewed with sorrowing eye the destruction caused by the late bloody battles. Houses, churches, and buildings of every description torn to pieces by artillery, and every vestige of grain trodden under foot by the tramp of soldiery. A wealthy old farmer by the name of Hogan made me a present of a ten dollar note to be invested in a new pair of pants: and I was not too proud to take it.

July 11th.—Raining very hard all day; 'tis extremely dull in camp. As is the weather so is the spirit; the sombre clouds of a gloomy day often cast an equal gloom over our spirits. Though McClellan's army has been seriously defeated, and his vain boastings brought to naught, yet he has succeeded in gaining a very strong position on the James River, near Charles City Courthouse, where he may now safely reorganize his army. Beyond a doubt, he displayed great Generalship in extricating his army from the perilous situation in which it was placed after the battle of Gaines's Mill.

August 6th.—Our Parrot gun was ordered to the south side of the James River about a week since, and we, as yet, have heard nothing from it. The Second Company Howitzers left at the same time, and placed in the Third Company's charge their Rifled Howitzer. A few days since we exchanged one of our little brass boat-howitzers for another ten-pound Parrot gun, and our battery has been much strengthened by it. At 2 o'clock this morning we received orders to start by daylight for Malvern Hill, to which place the enemy have advanced in large force, driving

the few troops we had there before them. We are not attached to any brigade, and are held as a reserve. Many artillery companies attached to brigades are passing us on the road, and I suppose they are to have the first show. However, I shall not grumble at that, for we had our share in the fighting around Richmond, though I do not think our small guns accomplished much.

August 7th.—We camped within a few miles of Malvern Hill last night, and to-day our forces reoccupied the hill without any opposition, capturing some seventy-five or a hundred prisoners. This move, on the part of McClellan, is only a feint to hide some other move of greater importance, and it is the general impression that he is about to evacuate his position at Harrison's Landing, taking his forces nearer Washington to calm the fears of Lincoln and his Cabinet.

August 8th.—Returned to our camp to-day; enemy certainly evacuating their position on James River.

August 10th.—Five brigades of Longstreet's division leave to-day for Jackson's command, in the Valley.

August 15th.—Yesterday afternoon, at 6 o'clock, we received orders to leave Richmond for Petersburg, but owing to some delay, did not leave until after 10 at night. Reached Petersburg this morning a little after sunrise; our encampment is about one mile from the city.

August 17th.—Left Petersburg last evening with a force of some 1,000 or 1,200 men, on a scouting expedition into Prince George county, where the Federals have been committing some depredations. We were on the road all night, and are now some eight miles from Prince George Courthouse, and but a short distance from the James River. The object of this expedition is to learn whether or not McClellan has moved all of his forces from the neighborhood of Harrison's Landing, and to fire upon his transports, should they be in the river.

August 20th.—Returned to Petersburg on the 18th, after a fruitless expedition. As we ran afoul of the Yankee gun-boats, we had to retire without being able to make many observations of much value.

August 22d.—We returned to Richmond yesterday morning, but as I did not care to march twenty-five miles I "ran the blockade" and came over on the cars, for which act of insubordination

I will have the pleasure of "standing guard" six hours every other night for about a month. Petersburg always gets me into some scrape with my company officers. Since we left Richmond the last time one of my comrades, George K. Carlton, has been stricken down by the hand of death. He was a noble, generous soul, and possessed the happiest disposition I ever came in contact with; was greatly beloved by his fellow-soldiers. With the exception of Captain R. C. Stanard he is the only member of my company we have lost since the commencement of the war, nearly sixteen months ago. Certainly we have great reason to be thankful that our loss has been so small.

August 26th.—Broke camp near Richmond and started for "Lee's Army of Northern Virginia." Camped for the night at Brook Church, about four miles from the city.

August 27th.—Marched about twenty miles to-day and camped for the night near the Louisa line.

August 28th.—Very cloudy; marched nearly to Louisa Court-house; our men are much jaded.

August 29th.—To-day we are in sight of the blue hills of Western Virginia. Many years have rolled by since I roamed over those hills and with boyish ardor pursued the flying game. But, alas! Yankee soldiers have taken the place of that mountain game, and I hunt them now, though I don't like to catch too many at once.

We camped to-night in Orange county, about two miles from Gordonsville.

August 30th.—We reached Rapidan Station this evening and expect to remain here several days. This is a beautiful country, and is studded with many splendid mansions. The Rapidan River soon furnished me with a splendid mess of fresh fish for my supper.

August 31st.—Rained hard all night, but I managed to get under a wagon and it interfered but little with my rest.

September 1st.—Left Rapidan Station this morning for some point near Manassas. What a beautiful sight it is to see the long columns of troops fording the stream! Each man seems eager to push on until we reach the goal of our desires, and that is *Washington!* Nevertheless, I fear greatly that we will never be able to accomplish that, although it is within the range of possibility.

Another great battle has been fought at Manassas, and we have again been victorious. Our troops are rapidly pushing on after the enemy, and it is very probable that we will cross the Potomac into Maryland; then the Marylanders will have a chance to rid their soil of Yankee soldiery, if they desire it.

Marched all day and halted for the night at Culpeper Courthouse; had a drenching rain in the afternoon and slept on the wet ground. All this region of country has been utterly devastated by the vast quantities of troops passing through it. For miles you scarcely see a white inhabitant, and there are not a hundred barrels of corn from Rapidan Station to Manassas. The churches are defiled by the sacrilegious Yankees, who scribble and write all sorts of blasphemous epithets on the walls of buildings consecrated to God.

September 2nd.—After a hard day's march through mud and mire we halted at *Jeffersonville* (or *ton*), a small, dilapidated village in Culpeper county. Our provision wagon broke down to-day, and will not reach us until to-morrow. We have had nothing to eat since this morning, and, of course, cannot get anything until our wagon reaches us.

September 3rd.—Our wagon reached us this morning and right glad were we to see it. Reached Warrenton, Fauquier county, to-day, and remained there several hours.

This village is crowded with the wounded of the late fights, and the streets present a horrible aspect. About sun-down we moved a few miles from Warrenton and halted for the night.

September 4th.—Reached Gainsville, Fauquier, about 1 o'clock and as it was a good place for our horses we halted for the night. This village being only some two and a half miles from the battle-field of Manassas, and as I had an abundance of time, I rode over to the battle-field. Oh, what a scene of horror it was! Hundreds and thousands of dead and dying Yankees strewn all over the field—the dead, putrefied and swollen even to bursting, made the air redolent with a smell so nauseous and disgusting that it seemed to thicken the very air. Although nearly a week had passed since the battle, the wounded were still lying on the field, and none were buried save our own men. This seems, at first glance, wholly unchristian, yet one must remember that we are contending against a powerful enemy and for our very existence; therefore, we cannot spare the time to bury the

enemy's dead, nor care for his wounded, when all medical stores have been declared "contraband of war" and we are destitute of them. Ten thousand Yankees lie unburied upon the field, and every moment of time is worth millions of money to us. The wounded, we have cared for as well as circumstances would permit, though we are much in want of proper stores for our own men.

General Lee most humanely allowed the Federal Government permission to send an ambulance train from Washington City, attended by proper surgeons, to look after the Federal wounded and give them proper treatment.

I conversed for some time with a citizen of Washington and he seemed very sanguine of the ultimate success of the Federal arms—by this time, however, he has found out how terribly in earnest we are. In this *Second* Battle of Manassas the positions of both Federal and Confederate armies were almost exactly reversed from that of the *First* Battle of Manassas of last year, and yet we whipped them again. Our left wing under Stonewall Jackson, swung around upon the Federal right and struck the mighty Pope *en reverse* before he was aware of the Confederate movement. But, danger of dangers, Lee's army was separated and if Pope could succeed in keeping Longstreet south of Thoroughfare Gap, Jackson would be isolated and would fall an easy prey to the countless thousands of that boasting Army of the Potomac, "the finest army the world ever saw." The vain-glorious boaster who had never seen anything but the "backs of his enemies," and whose "*head-quarters* were in the saddle," was not equal to the emergency and Longstreet quietly and easily drove away the Federal brigade guarding a gap that a *corps* ought to have held, whilst he, hurried on to join that Achilles of the South, the ever present Jackson, and all the while Fitz John Porter doubting whether or not he must *fight* or *wait*. He who doubts loses,—the combined *corps* of Jackson and Longstreet make one grand dash and the dismayed Federals were swept from the field.

September 5th.—Started this morning at 6 o'clock, and marched to within six miles of Leesburg, where we camped for the night. A portion of our forces have crossed the Potomac, and are now in Maryland; we will cross in a few days.

September 6th.—Reached Leesburg, Loudon county, to-day

and camped near the village; presume we will remain here a few days, in order that our broken down horses may recuperate. We have had only *one* feed of corn for our horses since we left Rappahannock station.

September 7th.—Left Leesburg this evening at 5 o'clock, crossed the Potomac River and marched eight or ten miles into Frederick county, Maryland.

'Twas a beautiful night; the crystalline waters of the lovely Potomac danced and sparkled in the soft moonbeams of that autumn night, whilst the neighing of horses, the clanging of sabres, the gleaming of muskets, the artillery's rumble, and the merry jest of many a careless soldier, made it a scene ever to be remembered. The "die is cast," the *Potomac* is crossed, and Maryland is *invaded* or *aided*, just as she may see fit to call it. If she fails to join us *now*, let us hear no more about *oppressed* Maryland, but let the proud land of the Carrolls, the Howards and the Cecils be known to us of the sunny South no more forever.

September 8th.—Marched to within four miles of Frederick city; here we have an abundance of food for our half starved horses.

September 9th.—Remained quiet all day; many of our boys went to Frederick city and remained several hours. According to some reports, the people of Maryland are overjoyed to see our troops, but as I have conversed with only a very few Marylanders, I am not able to judge. Some few recruits have been secured in Frederick city.

September 10th.—Our battery is hitched up, and we are now awaiting orders to move. Our destination is unknown, but it is thought we will go to Hagerstown. About 5 o'clock we commenced moving slowly along the road to Frederick city. Although many of the houses were closed—this being a strong Union city—yet a goodly number of Southern ladies appeared upon the balconies and at the windows, waving their handkerchiefs and wishing success to our brave troops. Camped near Middletown.

September 11th.—Passed through the villages of Middletown and Boonsboro'; halted withing six miles of Hagerstown. A great many ladies wear the Secession badge, but most of the peo-

ple seem afraid of us, and seem to look upon our troops as invaders.

September 12th.—Moved to within a mile of Hagerstown, to the little village of *Funktown*—not a very euphonious name.

September 13th.—Heavy firing in the direction of Harper's Ferry; many camp rumors afloat concerning it.

September 14th.—Firing to-day towards Middletown, in our rear. Left camp to reinforce our troops, who are sharply engaging the enemy at Boonsboro'. We moved on towards that place when we met a portion of our troops returning; they report the enemy to be falling back.

Camped near Boonsboro'. The Yankees now begin to understand our plans, and are making strenuous efforts to save their troops penned up in Harper's Ferry by Stonewall Jackson, but "Old Jack" is bound to "gather them in."

September 15th.—In some way McClellan succeeded in getting his hands upon one of General Lee's orders, which gave him a pretty correct idea of the disposition of our forces, and thinking he could throw a heavy force upon D. H. Hill, at Boonsboro', cut our army in two and get to Harper's Ferry in time to save the Federal forces stationed there and now penned up by Jackson, he made a heavy attack upon Hill. Hill made a desperate resistance with his gallant troops, but it remains to be seen whether or not he held out long enough.

Certain it is that Hill has had to fight against very heavy odds, and has lost many men

The Yankees having pushed us so closely at Boonsboro' it becomes necessary for us to gather up our forces before we can offer McClellan battle. The larger portion of our troops moved last night, and this morning, towards Sharpsburg, whilst my artillery command moved on to Williamsport, on the Potomac, to guard the ford—had neither infantry nor cavalry support, and we were smartly excited on getting within a few miles of that place to find the Yankees had possession of it and had destroyed a good many of our ordnance wagons. It seems that a body of Yankee cavalry had escaped from Harper's Ferry, and from the clutches of the rapacious Jackson, and had made their way to Williamsport. Crossing the Potomac at that place they came upon our ordnance train, which being unprotected was completely at their mercy. Our artillery regiment was also unpro-

tected, and had the Yankees been aware of it, we could have been easily captured; but war is a game of chance and I presume they concluded that they had accomplished enough for one day—escaped from Jackson at Harper's Ferry and captured a Confederate ordnance train. They beat a hasty retreat, and we entered Williamsport without opposition, crossing the Potomac and bringing our guns "into battery" once more upon Virginia soil. So far, our march into Maryland has resulted in but little good to our cause, and has lasted but a single week. There is no doubt of this fact (and 'tis useless to attempt to conceal it)—the people, or at least the larger portion of them, are against the South, and that, too, most bitterly.

Confederate money, in most places, was not current, and as we had nothing else, we made but few purchases.

We remained on the Potomac until dark, then marched six or seven miles and camped for the night.

September 16th.—Moved on towards Shepherdstown. Having loaned my horse to a comrade to visit his home, I had a fine prospect of marching all day, but as good fortune willed it, I met a cavalryman with two horses. He loaned me one, and we started for Shepherdstown on our own hook. We reached that place about sundown, having had a splendid time on the way. We stopped at several farm-houses, and were most hospitably entertained, both in Berkeley and Jefferson counties.

September 17th.—Camped near Shepherdstown last night. This morning we can faintly see, far over towards Sharpsburg that another great battle is commencing.

McClellan very well knew that the time to attack Lee was when Jackson was absent, and the bloody battle of Sharpsburg is the consequence.

This little village is filled with our sick and wounded, and the citizens are straining every nerve to render them comfortable. Jackson has gained a glorious victory at Harper's Ferry, and that, too, without loss. His troops have passed through Shepherdstown on the way to Sharpsburg.

This little village of Shepherdstown is the most intensely Southern place I ever saw, and what makes it more surprising is its proximity to Maryland.

Our battery has just received orders to move, not to Sharpsburg, as we supposed, but to Williamsport.

In order to relieve Lee at Sharpsburg, General J. E. B. Stuart is to recross the Potomac at Williamsport, and make a diversion. McClellan, not knowing Stuart's force and fearing a flank movement, will withdraw, possibly, a large force to watch or catch him.

Camped near Martinsburg.

September 18th.—Although this place is only ten miles from Shepherdstown, its character is very different; most of the people are bitter Unionists, and show us few favors. Such I find it pretty much the case in every village situated on the "Baltimore and Ohio Railroad." Soon this morning our two Parrot guns were ordered back towards Shepherdstown, and the remainder of our battery, the two howitzer guns, together with five other guns belonging to our regiment, are preparing to move on to Williamsport. Lieutenant Paine, of my company, with two or three others and myself, were sent on in advance to reconnoitre. Went on to Williamsport, but there was no enemy on the south side of the Potomac. Our force camped at Falling Waters, about four miles from Williamsport.

SKIRMISH AT WILLIAMSPORT, MARYLAND, SEPTEMBER 19TH.

Moved on to Williamsport; placed our guns on a large hill on the south side of the river, and shelled the Yankees from the town, then sent a company of cavalry across the Potomac, and soon afterward our artillery crossed, taking position on the Maryland side. We left two guns belonging to Captain Dance's Powhatan battery, on the south side of the river, to protect us in the event of our being driven back. Hampton's Legion of cavalry crossed a few miles higher up the river. We have about 200 infantry belonging to the Second Virginia Regiment; in all about 1,200 men, commanded by Major-General J. E. B. Stuart.

September 20th.—All quiet last night save an occasional picket skirmish. About 8 o'clock this morning my gun, of which I am the "gunner," was ordered about one mile farther up the Hagerstown Turnpike to reënforce our pickets, who had been driven in by the enemy. On gaining our position we found the enemy had quite a large force of cavalry, many of whom they had dismounted, and were shooting at us with long-range guns. A squad of the enemy coming in range, I fired a "case-shot" at

them, but the fuse being defective I did them no damage. I then gave them another, and it exploded just above them, scattering its deadly contents into their ranks. One of our pickets told us he was hid but a short distance from them, and that shot killed and wounded fifteen. We fired several more rounds at them and they wisely kept out of reach. My gun was then ordered back into Williamsport by Major Boggs. General Stuart, seeing this ordered us to retake our former position, and sent us another gun, belonging to Hupp's Salem Artillery. The Yankees would every now and then creep up upon us and send a Minie ball whizzing past us. How they whistled! They then brought up a rifled cannon and fired a few rounds at us, but without effect. About this time a heavy skirmish occurred on our right, and we could plainly hear the Yankee officers vainly endeavoring to rally their men, but they would not stand, and our batteries opening upon them soon sent them scampering across the field. A little later the Yankees came up in heavy force upon our right and endeavored to break our line, but our men fought too gallantly for that. A young girl came out from Williamsport and fired one of our cannon (Second Company's) at the enemy. My gun was then ordered to the right, some three miles down the road, and we started off at a brisk trot, leaving Hupp's gun in charge of a Corporal and four men. Just as my gun was about to take position it was ordered across the river by General Stuart, and he sent me back to bring Hupp's gun off the field. The fighting on the right had been quite heavy, and although we had driven the enemy back, yet we well knew that it was impossible for us to hold out much longer, the enemy now outnumbering us ten to one. It was time for Stuart to be getting on the south side of the Potomac. He had succeeded in his purpose; had drawn a full corps of the enemy from Sharpsburg, and had relieved Lee that much. Stuart had ordered Hampton to cut his way through the enemy's line and cross back into Virginia at another ford, but the Yankee force was too strong for that, and Hampton had to cross at Williamsport. I dashed off after Hupp's gun and the cannoniers were full glad to hear the order "Limber to the rear." When we had reached the river we found that we were the only Southern troops on the north side of the Potomac, for all the others had crossed over.

General Stuart had not ordered me to "cross the river," but I

had no notion of being captured, so I got over as speedily as possible. In the meantime, Dance's Powhatan artillery, which had been left on the south side of the Potomac, had opened a brisk fire upon the enemy, and a very pretty artillery duel was in progress as we were crossing over to the Virginia side.

Reported to General Stuart, and he seemed much pleased that I had brought off the gun.

Moved some four miles farther back, and camped for the night.

September 21st—Moved to Martinsburg.

September 22d.—Left Martinsburg to-day for the little village of Darksville

September 23d.—Remained at Darksville all day ; good grazing.

September 24th.—Left Darksville to-day to join General D. H. Hill's division. Hill is stationed near Tabb's Mill, on the Opequon River, five miles from Martinsburg. After marching three and a half miles we met Hill's division coming back, and we returned also.

Camped two miles from Martinsburg.

September 25th.—Returned to Martinsburg.

September 27th.—Left Martinsburg to-day for Winchester, but halted and camped at Bunker Hill, eleven miles from Winchester. As soon as our battery halted, I rode out into the country on a foraging expedition. When I returned, I found my company had moved, no one could tell where. Supposing it had gone to Winchester, I started for that place. After riding several miles I met a soldier who informed me that my division had been ordered back to Martinsburg, and I immediately retraced my steps. Blundering about in the dark for two or three hours, I found my company about three hundred yards from where I first left it. Provoked beyond measure, I dismounted and soon found the soldier's solace in sleep.

September 28th.—We expect to remain here some time. Again went out on a foraging expedition, and at a Mr. Deck's I procured a splendid supper; that took the last cent I had, and I must now remain in camp until we are paid off.

September 29th.—Moved camp about a mile; water is scarce, something unusual in the Valley of Virginia, and a long way off. I am so sick of *beef* that I really am ashamed to look a cow in the face.

October 16th.—If I am not mistaken, this is the anniversary of

John Brown's celebrated crazy raid into Virginia, which cost the poor crazy fool his life. The writer of this being a member of the Richmond Howitzers at the time, participated in the scenes that followed that raid, and *stood guard over his gallows the night before he was hung*. Bob Ward and Lawyer W. F. Watson, he that sung the "Cruiskeen Lawn" so heartily, were his guard-mates on that memorable night; and I remember right well, as we saw the shooting stars darting athwart the mid-night heavens, we thought them beacon lights calling together the Abolition rescuers. In memory of that day, and to gratify public opinion, McClellan has made another advance; but he is a very cautious General, and has none of the Napoleonic dash of Jackson about him, though he certainly is a good officer, notwithstanding his government does not and never will give him a hearty support. We have received sad news to-day; our two rifled-guns (Parrots) have been stationed at Charlestown some two or three weeks, on picket duty, and a week ago the Federals made a slight demonstration in their neighborhood, but were easily driven back. To-day they returned with a much stronger force, and although our boys fought gallantly, yet we were driven back with some loss. Our Captain, B. H. Smith, Jr, was severely wounded in the foot. Our first Lieutenant, Henry C. Carter, was slightly wounded in the shoulder; *had his cravat untied and split in half by a cannon shot*. Private James E. Cassiday was mortally wounded, and Private R. Burley Brown killed. Captain Smith and Cassiday were left in Charlestown, and Burley Brown was buried there. Private L. W. Redd was left with Captain Smith, to take charge of him. About sundown my section was ordered to "hitch up, strike tents, and prepare to move," as the enemy were reported to be advancing. Our horses remained harnessed all night; it rained very hard the first part of the night, but, after midnight, cleared off.

October 17th.—Our horses remain "hitched up," and we are awaiting orders to move, whether to advance or fall back I know not—presume we will give the enemy battle if he advances.

October 21st.—Poor Cassiday has since died of his wounds; 'twas his first fight, and he behaved nobly. Captain Smith's foot has been amputated, and he is doing very well.

October 28th.—Broke camp at Bunker Hill and started on a march to some unknown point with Jackson's corps, to which we

are now attached. Presume we will cross the Shenandoah and move towards Leesburg, as the main body of the Yankee army will very likely cross the Potomac near that place. It is evident that we will have to move somewhere nearer railroad communication, and we may possibly winter on the Rappahannock, though if the Yankees should move on Richmond either from the south side of the James or *via* the Peninsula, we will be compelled to fall back nearer our metropolis. Heaven forbid that another spring may find old Richmond so closely encompassed by her enemies as she was before the terrible battles of last June and July!

October 29th.—We halted last night within four miles of Berryville, the county-seat of Clarke county. Having to go ahead of my regiment on business and missing our camping-ground, it being very dark and impossible to find it, I made a small camp by myself, taking good care to get in a cornfield, so that my horse would not suffer. The owner of the field happening to come up with me just as I was pulling the fence down, vowed he would shoot me if I did not go out immediately. I didn't go. 'Twas bitterly cold, and as my saddle blankets were the only bed-clothes I had, why the cold mountain wind pinched me pretty sharply.

October 30th.—All quiet to-day; the Yankees are in pretty heavy force in Loudoun county, and we may have sharp work soon.

October 31st.—We are camped on a Dr. Blackburn's farm, and, strange to say, ten years ago I saw this Dr. Blackburn's son, a student at the Virginia Military Institute, killed by a law student named Christian, at Lexington, Virginia. It created great excitement in Lexington at the time, for Blackburn was killed under the very shadow of the Presbyterian church whilst the services were being held.

'Twas my good fortune last night to be on guard at the house of a good old Southern rebel, and he amply repaid us with a splendid supper and breakfast.

November 1st.—Was on guard again last night at the same house. After supper we called up our *singing crowd* and amused the ladies an hour or so with our camp songs. We have a *rara avis* in our regiment—he has traveled nearly all over the world, speaks five or six different languages, is highly educated, of high

family, a gentleman of culture and refinement, sings everything that has been written, and would be a valuable addition to our crowd—but he is the dirtiest biped this side of the river Styx, and he *scratches* so frequently and so vehemently that people give him a wide berth.

In the morning, when we returned to camp, we found everything in preparation for the continuation of our march, and soon we were on the road for the Shenandoah, where we expect to remain a day or so.

November 2d—Sunday.—Reached Berry's Ferry to-day (last night) and camped in a fine grove. This ferry is on the Shenandoah River and is ten miles from Winchester. Attended church to-day at Millwood, a small village about two miles from the ferry. This is the *F. F. V.* country, and one is pretty soon made acquainted with the fact. The church (Episcopal) is a neat, pretty edifice, built somewhat in a Gothic style, and the congregation reminded me more of a city assemblage than any I ever saw in a small country village. The ladies, with their neat dresses and pretty bonnets, presented an appearance truly refreshing to the soldier so long absent from the civilized world.

November 4th.—D. H. Hill's division is on the east side of the Shenandoah. We cannot find out exactly what has become of it, as it has moved some distance from the ferry. Every few moments the sullen boom of a cannon comes over the Blue Ridge, and we are impatient to know its meaning. The Yankees are pretty thick at Ashby's Gap, just across from the ferry. We fired at them once or twice, but they did not return it. A little after sundown we left Berry's Ferry, and marching through Millwood camped three miles beyond that village, seven miles from Winchester.

November 5th.—We passed last night the most magnificent estate I ever saw. It is called the "Tuilleries," and is owned by a Mr. Mitchell. Small-pox is getting a little too thick in this country, and I hope soon to leave it.

November 7th.—First snow of the season. Snow commenced falling this morning and continued with but little intermission during the day. Many of our men are without shoes and there is no way to procure them.

November 8th.—It has cleared off beautifully, and the snow will soon disappear.

November 9th.—Remained “in order to move” all day, but night found us “without farther orders.”

November 10th.—Left White Post this morning for Winchester; passed through the latter place about midday and camped on the Martinsburg Turnpike, two and a half miles from Winchester.

Thus after nearly two months have passed away we find ourselves again heading towards Martinsburg, and possibly we may revisit that, to me, detestable place. Since my sojourn near Berry’s Ferry and White Post I have formed the acquaintance of several estimable young ladies, among whom Miss Kate McC—k stands preëminent. Grand old people these Valley Virginians are, and their hearts are as large as their barns!

November 16th.—Yesterday I came to the Union Hospital at Winchester to stay with a sick member of my company, Rufus G. Smith. He is very ill and cannot possibly recover. This disease is very prevalent in our army and is attributable to the constant exposure of our men.

November 20th.—Poor Rufus died this evening; ’twas heart-rending to hear the piteous wails of his young wife and see the silent but deep anguish of his aged father. I was riding most of the night to procure some conveyance for his remains, but did not succeed, and we will have to bury him in Winchester.

November 21st.—Broke camp to-day and I suppose we are on the road towards Culpeper Courthouse; halted for the night near the little village of Middletown.

November 22d.—Was very ill last night—I am afraid I will have an attack of pneumonia, as my throat is quite sore. Crossed the north branch of the Shenandoah and camped near Woodstock. ’Tis bitterly cold and our troops suffer greatly.

November 23rd.—Moved on to Mount Jackson and camped near that village.

November 24th.—Passed through the village of New Market; then leaving the Valley turn-pike we turned sharply off to the left and crossed the Massanutton Mountain into Page county. The scenery from this mountain was grand—equal to the Swiss-Alps of Europe.

Spread out beneath us lay the beautiful Valley, dotted with numerous farm houses and smiling villages, whilst far away to the west the lofty North Mountains reared their proud heads into the fleecy clouds of heaven.

We camped for the night on the east side of the mountain and soon we will be on our way across the Blue Ridge.

November 25th.—Only marched twelve miles to-day; camped near Hawksville, a small village in Page county.

November 26th.—Reveille this morning at 5 o'clock—a long and tedious march before us to-day, as we will have to cross the Blue Ridge at Millan's Gap. The route was terribly tedious, for the road wound along side the mountain first one way and then another. Although we would march for mile after mile yet it seemed as if we could throw a rock from where we first started in the morning.

One spot in this ragged mountain gap struck me as being peculiarly lovely—a bold and limpid stream dashed down the mountain side and plunged into the deep gorge beneath us; the jagged rocks covered with a thick and beautiful coat of moss; the wild “*arbor vitæ*” and the “*mountain ash*” entwined with luxuriant and gigantic creeping vines made this a spot ever so green and fair, though winter's icy blast howled mournfully by. What a fairy spot to spend a summer's night in!

NIGHT!

“Tell *me* not of morning breaking,
 From the chambers of the deep:
 Or the world to beauty waking
 From the arms of balmy sleep,
 Give *me* midnight gems of glory,
 Glowing in the moonlit sea,
 Gilding lake and mountain hoary,
 Night, oh! *night* hath charms for *me*.”

“As the tears of angels falling,
 Turn to diamonds on each flower,
 And the beetle's horn is calling
 Fairies to their green-wood bower:
 When the holy light is streaming,
 And the leaves droop on each tree,
 Then, *when all the world is dreaming*,
 Night, ah! *Night*, hath charm for *me*.”

But before we reached this beautiful spot another mountain scene has been presented to me—just before we reached the summit of the Blue Ridge I noticed a miserable log hovel near the road-side and, for curiosity, to see its inmates, if it were

possible that human beings lived in such a miserable pen, I walked in. Oh! what a picture of human misery met me upon my entrance—huddled together in the chimney corner were a half dozen flaxen haired children, perfectly begrimed with filth, some of whom were almost in the state of nudity. Great holes and crevices were in the walls of this miserable cabin, through which the chilly north wind whistled and roared with impunity. Not a thing to eat did they have, and the two old crones who, with the little children, dwelled therein, managed to pick up a precarious living as best they could—perhaps they subsisted on the sublimity of the mountain scenery. Judging from their conversation “they feared neither God, nor man,” and their curses upon the soldiers for stealing an axe from them were both loud and deep.

November 27th.—Started this morning by sunrise and expected to reach Gordonsville by night, but only marched seven miles and camped three miles from Madison Courthouse. Expect to remain here several days.

November 28th.—Contrary to our expectations, we left camp early this morning and marched to Montpelier, once the country seat of Madison. As I wandered over the magnificent fields belonging to that splendid estate, and by the marble tomb of that departed statesman, I could but think of the many changes that had befallen our unhappy country since he guided its destinies—the ship of State has drifted powerless upon the breakers of civil war. Lincoln, the western buffoon, is at the helm, and now the gallant ship, all shattered and torn to pieces by the wild raging storm, has fallen a prey to its sanguinary crew. Methinks that he, even in his silent tomb, thanks God that he was called away before this terrible calamity befell us.

Feeling disposed to view the halls in which this great man once lived and moved and had his being, and also presuming, soldier-like, that I might at the same time procure something to comfort the inner man, little heeding my personal appearance, which was rather *seedy*, I must confess, I walked boldly up to the mansion and knocked at the door. A very slovenly-looking servant woman answered my call, and I asked if I could get something to eat?

She replied: “Sir, I deem it altogether impracticable to furnish you with a meal this evening; in fact, I make it a rule never to feed soldiers!”

Shade of Madison!—where be your State rights now?

Astounded at the high-flown language of this dirty negro woman, I made my most deferential bow and retired to seek my supper in more humble quarters.

November 29th.—Left “Montpelier” this morning, marched eight or nine miles and passed through Orange Courthouse, taking the road to Fredericksburg. Nearly all of our horses are suffering with a disease called “grease heel,” and if we continue much longer on the march we will have to leave many of them on the roadside. My old nag has “gone up,” and now I will have to depend upon my legs to keep up with Jackson.

November 30th.—Marched fifteen miles; camped within eight miles of Fredericksburg.

December 1st.—Commencement of winter, and no prospect of “winter quarters.” What an endless amount of misery and suffering this winter will bring forth! God grant us a mild season, for so many of our troops are without proper clothing. We meet a great many wagons bringing away the women and children from Fredericksburg, as a battle is imminent in that neighborhood, and the Yankees have threatened to shell the city. Camped in a fine wood five miles from Fredericksburg. It is thought we will leave here in a day or so, as Lee only wanted Jackson to join him, and then he would fall back nearer Richmond provided the Yankees *flanked* him in crossing the Rappahannock. Should Mr. Yank attempt to cross the river and give Lee the hill advantage, somebody’s going to get hurt.

’Tis my impression the Yankees will attack Richmond from the south side of the James, and thus force us to evacuate Fredericksburg. It makes not the least difference which route they take, for Lee and his *never-whipped-army* will certainly be a heavy obstacle in their way, and one that will not easily be overcome. The Yankees are a most tenacious race, and they will try every scheme before giving up their point.

December 2d.—Instead of moving on to Fredericksburg we took the road to Guiney’s depot, and camped six miles from that place.

December 3d.—Moved five miles nearer Guiney’s.

December 4th.—Expecting to remain at Guiney’s some days, we prepared to make ourselves comfortable, selecting the best places for our messes, raising tarpaulins, etc. Scarcely had we gotten in proper trim before we received orders to report to Gen-

eral D. H. Hill, who was stationed on the Rappahannock, near Port Royal.

Soon we were on the road, and camped for the night three miles from Port Royal, near Rappahannock Academy.

December 5th.—A battery attached to D. H. Hill's division exchanged a few shots with the United States gun-boat "Pawnee," near this place, on yesterday, and drove her down the river. Perhaps we may get a shot at her. It is raining very hard, and every minute we are expecting orders to move.

December 6th.—Snowed and rained all day; bitterly cold at night; we build big fires and keep warm as best we can. We have no tents, and our tarpaulins are perfectly open to the cold, cold wintry wind.

December 8th.—I carried a "deserter" from our regiment to General Jackson's headquarters at Guiney's Depot, and there delivered him to the Provost Marshal. I doubt exceedingly if he intended to desert, but he is a poor, ignorant man, and is very likely to be shot. His name is John Edwards, of Spotsylvania county.

It was certainly a cold, dreary ride from Port Royal to Guiney's Depot, but I succeeded in getting accommodations for myself and horse at the house of a Mr. Chandler, and that saved me the necessity of returning until morning.

December 9th.—Last night was the first time I slept in a bed for many months, and really it gave me a sore throat. Oh, the luxury of a feather bed, especially on a cold winter's night. Think of it, ye discontented citizen who grumble at every little inconvenience. Yes, think of how it gladdens the heart and warms the bones of the poor soldier who manages to sleep in a comfortable bed once in twelve months, whilst you are rolling and sweltering in the pampered lap of affluence, and how often is that affluence ground out of the pitiful wages of the half-clothed, half-fed, and not-at-all remunerated private soldier who has given up *all* to fight your battles, to risk his life for *you*. Will it be remembered when the halcyon days of *peace* shall come back to our fair land once more? Will it be remembered when the soldier wants place, work, position? Or will you forget it all and give honor, and trust, and position to the stranger, or, worse still, to the skulker, the dodger and the deserter? Ah! remember that oftentimes you have turned with disgust and contempt delineated

upon your countenances from the ragged and ill-fed soldier, though, perhaps, that soldier's heart was as pure as the driven snow, though he was the hero of twenty bloody battles.

Yes, you turn from him in disgust and welcome the "brass buttoned" and "gold laced officer," though he secured that office by unjust means and promises never intended to be fulfilled. Often that poor private has left behind him, far away in his once happy home, a fond wife and doting children, who now are suffering for the common necessities of life, whilst *you*, never having done anything for your country, save once when you furnished a substitute (and he is run off long ago)—yes, you are making your untold thousands by oppressing that soldier's family, by making them pay a hundred fold advance upon the very salt that goes into their daily bread!

Returned to camp this evening.

December 10th.—Our rifle section, together with all the rifled guns of our regiment, left this morning on an expedition below Port Royal. The object is to annoy the enemy's gun-boats and transports.

December 11th.—Our boys returned late last night, after a fruitless expedition; no harm done on either side. Heavy cannonading is heard this morning, both in the direction of Fredericksburg and Port Royal. The weather has moderated a great deal, and the roads have improved greatly in the last few days.

December 12th.—Fredericksburg has been evacuated by our troops. The enemy have crossed the Rappahannock, and tomorrow's sun will set on a field bathed in human blood.

This has been a day of more vexation to me than any other of the war. First of all, we commenced yesterday evening by receiving orders to "put up baggage" and "hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice." However, we were not disturbed until 4 o'clock this morning, when we were ordered to pack up and leave immediately. Hardly had we gotten into the road when we were ordered back, as our first orders were countermanded. After remaining in camp a few hours we were again ordered to move. Taking the River road towards Fredericksburg we marched five or six miles and again halted, pitched tarpaulins, and prepared to cook two days' rations. Just as we had gotten fully into the merits of roasting beef and baking suspicious looking bread we were again ordered to "take the road," so we

pitched our hot ovens into the wagons, rolled up our blankets, struck tents, and once more resumed our march. Brigade after brigade pushed rapidly by at a "double-quick," for Jackson must be at Fredericksburg early to-morrow morning or the day is lost, and when the old "blue light" says "he'll be thar" you may look for him.

The roads were narrow, steep and rugged. For a time we were mixed up in dire confusion, and, to crown all, our battery got separated, some of the guns taking one road and some another. Then, to mix up matters worse, in countermarching we ran into another battery, broke a "sponge staff" for them, and they had to "unlimber" their guns for us to get by. On regaining the road our infantry were massed so densely that we were compelled to remain in the field until some sort of order could be restored out of the chaotic confusion into which we were thrown. Indeed, it was most cheering to mark the splendid spirits with which our troops seemed intused. Here an army ill-fed, ill-clothed, and worse paid, is rushing with a sort of frenzied delight towards what must be a terrible battle-field.

The wild shout of the careless, reckless, but daring soldier, as he hurries on to meet the foeman, never heeding the fact that he has eaten nothing the livelong day, nor that his feet are bare, nor that by to-morrow's eve he may be a mangled corpse, but looking only to his *duty*, little recks he of the future.

Now our artillery is awaiting orders to move, and night has thrown her sable mantle over us. To-morrow will be a day filled with bloody deeds, and many of us will never know its issue. God grant it may be a day of success!

"Hurry up with the artillery!" Such are the orders now, and it means "business." The creaking of the ponderous wheels in our advance, and the shouts of the excited drivers as they lash their jaded horses into feats of powerful pulling, bespeak the earnestness of the midnight march. We marched all night long, going through mud-holes, up and down hills, through dark roads and over broken bridges; sometimes we would have to unhitch our horses and the men would willingly pull the guns "by hand." Jackson's men are tougher than mules! A little before daybreak we halted to feed our horses and cook something for ourselves, or else do without on the coming day. Well we knew 'twould be impossible to get anything to eat after the battle commenced.

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

As soon as we "fed horses," cooked our rations, etc., we marched off, to take our position in the coming battle. The artillery of Jackson's corps, to which we belonged, was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Stapleton Crutchfield, Jackson's chief of artillery, than whom no braver officer ever took the field. My regiment was commanded by its Colonel, John Thompson Brown, and its present companies are the "Salem Artillery," Captain Hupp, but commanded by First Lieutenant Griffin; the "Powhatan Artillery," Captain Willis J. Dance; a battery from Fauquier county, Captain Brooke; the "Rockbridge Artillery," Captain Poague; the "Second Howitzers," Captain David Watson; the "Third Howitzers," Captain B. H. Smith, but commanded today by Lieutenant James S. Utz—our Captain, Smith, and First Lieutenant, Henry C. Carter, being absent from wounds received at Charlestown. We moved on toward's Hamilton's Crossing, Lee's right wing of the army, and immediately we reached the field the two Parrot guns (Nos. 1 and 3) belonging to my company were ordered to report to Major General J. E. B. Stuart, on the extreme right of our lines.

The plan of the battle was plain to us at this early stage of the combat. The bulk of our infantry would be concentrated in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg, and it would have greatly the advantage of the Federals in position. Between Hamilton's crossing and the Rappahannock is an extended plain, and we would mass our artillery there to drive back the Federal left wing. General J. E. B. Stuart our dashing cavalry General, was to command our massed artillery on the right.

At a sweeping gallop were these Parrot guns taken to their position, and under the gallant Pelham were soon engaged with the enemy. Here, on the extreme right, our artillerists had not the advantage of an elevated position, but had to fight the enemy in an open field; and more, also, were not supported by a single regiment of infantry, though General D. H. Hill, who commanded our line of reserves, kept in reënforcing distance and could easily have rendered them assistance had it been necessary. This artillery was handled with powerful effect upon the enemy, for it entirely protected our right flank and necessarily kept the enemy

confined in a much smaller space than his great numbers warranted.

If Burnside had turned either flank of Lee's army (and the *right* was by far the weakest point) we should have been compelled to relinquish our almost impregnable *front*, being, as it was, a series of hills extending from Hamilton's crossing to Fredericksburg. The enemy had siege guns planted on the Stafford (north) side of the Rappahannock, and they immediately opened upon our right; so our artillerists had to stand not only the fire of the Federal field-batteries, but the siege-guns also. Those guns could not be reached, and their fire had to be received without reply.

As soon as this section of my company had been ordered to General Stuart, the Howitzer section (guns No. 2 and 4), together with the remaining smooth-bore guns of my regiment, were ordered under the brow of a hill near Hamilton's crossing for protection, and were held for "close-quarter work," should Burnside press us too heavily.

We were in direct line of the enemies' guns, and, though not actively engaged, were greatly annoyed by the hot fire poured into us. About the most disagreeable position in the world is to be in the "line of fire" without being actively engaged. General A. P. Hill (commanding our centre), having left a space of nearly half a mile between two of his brigades, came very near causing our "front" line serious trouble. There was a marsh in our front, and General Hill, supposing it to be impassable, had left it improperly guarded. The Federal General (Franklin) seeing this made a bold dash for that marsh, and succeeded in forcing quite a large body of troops into our line, driving our men back in some confusion and making some captures. Our second line, at that point commanded by General Maxey Gregg, of South Carolina, advanced with a shout to meet them, and the contest became warm; our lines to the right and left "closed in," capturing a great number of the Yankees. However, the greater portion of them escaped, carrying with them in their retreat nearly all of the Sixteenth Georgia regiment. Then our smooth-bore guns were ordered to the front, but only two of them were placed in position, as 'twas useless for us to contend with the Federal guns at long range. Those two that succeeded in getting a position lost several men and five or six horses before they fired

a shot; also, our Lieutenant-Colonel, Lewis Minor Coleman, who was with them, was mortally wounded. All the while the battle raged heavily far away on the left, where the heaviest fighting was done, and well we knew brave old Longstreet was winning fresh laurels for our cause—the earth trembled and shook 'neath the continued roar of cannon and the very air seemed a sulphurous compound—Meagher's Irish Brigade was melting away before those terrible heights of Marye, and Burnside had found to his cost that Lee's army, a veritable stone wall, was between him and Richmond. The sharp, shrill, rattle of musketry, and the peculiar "whiz" of the Minie ball made the front line a very unpleasant place to slumber in, though several of the boys did "go fast asleep" whilst the battle was hottest. The smooth bores were ordered back to their former position and soon afterward our Parrott guns came back for more ammunition, and also after more men, for our loss had been heavy. First and foremost amongst them all, gallant, brave, and noble Utz had fallen! Yes, and fallen where he always was when duty called him, at his post! But a few months since he was elected from the ranks to the post he has so ably filled, and since that time he has, by his unswerving rectitude of character and manly devotion to our cause as well as to the direct interests of our company, gained a place in the affections of our men such as I have never witnessed before.

He was indeed the idol of his company and, without exception the best officer in his regiment—his loss to the Third Company will never be replaced.

Private Mathews, mortally wounded; George A. Smith, severely wounded in the arm and leg; George Nicholas, mortally wounded. Poor fellow! only a few moments since Nicholas' father came up to us to know what of his boy, but he was too late. Mathews was a V. M. I. cadet and had just joined our company. Private Samuel Wakeham was also severely wounded. Private Robert R. Roberts made a narrow escape: he had a bullet mould in his pocket and a Minie ball struck it with such a force that a portion of the lead was forced into the mould. Bob was badly *shocked* and possibly his *feelings were a little hurt*, but he is a good natured fellow and he will get over it in a day or so. This section lost a good many horses. Having procured more ammunition, and also more men, this section again returned to the

field and this time under the command of Lieutenant W. P. Payne, the only commissioned officer we have with us now. Night had by this time, in a great measure lulled the tempest of battle, but there were still some Yankee sharpshooters on our right, who annoyed us greatly and these guns were sent out to drive them away. By permission, I left my gun (4th) and went out with this party under Lieutenant Payne. It was very dark and we could see nothing save the occasional flash of a gun; could hear nothing, save the hurtling of a shell, or the "whiz" of a Minie. Some infantry passing us, halted, and they told us that Jackson was preparing for a *night* attack on Burnside—indeed it was currently reported that old Stonewall intended making his men charge *in their shirt tails!* About nine o'clock this section under Lieutenant Payne returned and we then prepared to make ourselves comfortable for the night. All of our blankets and provisions had been left at last night's camp, but after a while our Commissary Sergeant sent us something to eat—little as it was, it proved a great help to us, and was quickly devoured by the men. Our loss in the regiment was unusually heavy. The "Rockbridge Artillery," four guns engaged, six men killed and fifteen wounded; the "Second Howitzers," three guns engaged, twelve men killed and wounded; Dance's "Powhatan Artillery," one gun engaged all day and two more for a short time, had only three wounded. Besides this some fifty regimental horses were disabled. Being in the "smooth bore" section the account of "What I *saw*" must necessarily be contracted, but this I *know*: Burnside did not drive Lee away from his impregnable position, and the bulk of Lee's army had not *commenced* to fight before Burnside was whipped. At the close of the day we held every inch of our ground and had slain thousands of the enemy, whilst our loss was comparatively nothing. Though we have captured no cannon, nor even a single wagon, we have taken many prisoners and the *morale* of Burnside's splendid army has gone, and it will be felt throughout the length and breadth of all Lincolnland. The loss amongst our artillerists has been much greater than in any previous engagement, but that is easily explained, for it was managed by "Chiefs of Artillery" and not *infantry* brigadiers, as is usually the case, and for that reason it was the more effective. Heretofore a battery followed its brigade into a battle, and often was subjected to a terrible fire without

being able to return it. Some good brigadiers of infantry don't know the difference between the "reinforce" of a gun and a "priming-wire;" and I did hear of one who ordered his battery to open upon the enemy with "3-second *solid* shot!" To-day, as a battery was wanted, it was sent out by the chief of artillery, who selected such guns as were most useful at the point desired, and the effectiveness of this mode is apparent from our success on the right. Colonel Crutchfield was eminently fitted for this position, and his cool bravery tended greatly towards giving confidence to our men.

After the battle, on going into the "Rockbridge Artillery," I was informed of the death of Baxter McCorcle, Lieutenant in that celebrated company. He was an old playmate and boon companion in my school-boy days, when Rockbridge county was my home.

"We buried him darkly at dead of night,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow."

December 14th.—We have been anxiously awaiting a renewal of the engagement, but so far Burnside seems satisfied, and is not disposed to advance.

December 15th.—Soon this morning my company was ordered to take position on the front, and we expected this to be the *grand day* of the fight. Our rifle guns took their former position—on the right—whilst our little shell howitzers took position near the centre of Jackson's corps, supported by Doles's Georgia brigade. As my gun is one of the shell howitzers (and it can shoot about as far as a "Church-Hill" boy can sling a rock), I refer more especially to them. On getting near our position we halted under the brow of a hill, so as to be out of view. The plan was this: If the Yankees were to advance we would run our guns out to the edge of the woods and open upon their *infantry*, paying no attention to their artillery; and, as they had sixteen guns directly in front of us, that would be difficult to do. We were put there especially to fight infantry, for their long-range guns would soon get the better of us. What moments of terrible suspense were these! Here were two of the largest bodies of men ever collected together on this continent confronting each other, just a few hundred yards apart, awaiting the dread signal for the bloody work to begin. Even the skirmishers, al-

most near enough to touch each other, seemed to have come to a tacit understanding that they would not fight until the grand move was made. It would be folly for us to give up our splendid line of defence and fight the enemy on an open plain covered in every direction by their powerful artillery, and, to me, it seems impossible for Burnside to drive us away.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon some one near me exclaimed, "Here comes a flag of truce." Sure enough, the little white flag is fluttering fitfully on the plain, and the bloody hand is stayed: for Lee has granted Burnside a few hours respite to bury his dead.

I took my position on the brow of a high hill and eagerly watched the movements of both parties; the sight was grand beyond description. Spread out beneath us on an open rolling plain lay the Federal army, extending as far as the eye could reach. Clad in their blue uniforms, with glittering muskets, banners flying and horses prancing, they marched and counter-marched as if passing in some grand review, but for all this the grey-coated Rebels hold the hills, and not all that proud array of countless thousands can dislodge them. Slowly marching across the field, there comes a long column of the enemy bearing not muskets, but "litters" to carry off their dead. A column of equal size from our army meets them; they halt, seemingly a few words of consultation pass between the leaders, they break into squads of fours, and the work of collecting the wounded and the dead commences. Rapidly do they work, but they have more than they can accomplish by night, and there will be no more fighting to-day.

The Federals do not respect the "truce flag," or those on the Stafford side of the river are not advised of its import. Away off on their extreme left, across the Rappahannock, comes the sullen boom of heavy ordnance, and a shell comes whizzing over towards us; again, and again they fire, but without effect. With the aid of a glass I could plainly see the Yankees throwing up breast works, notwithstanding the flag of truce. Lee could not have been blamed if he had opened his entire artillery upon them. Night came on and we quietly dropped back into our trenches, to await the issues of to-morrow. We sent our horses back to the rear whilst our men and guns remained in front. As usual, we also sent back a man for our rations, and when they were

brought our hunger was not half appeased. *One meal* a day, and then not half enough, will not do to fight on. There never has been, since the creation of the world, an army like ours; even in the darkest hours of the Revolution our men suffered no more than now. Day after day do we toil on, fighting without food, without raiment, without rest, "hoping on, hoping ever."

December 16th.—About an hour before day we were aroused by a drenching rain and I crept under a caisson for protection. When day fairly broke we saw that the Yankees, under cover of night, had crossed the river and disappeared, leaving us masters of the field. I rode over the battle field and procured many things I was sadly in need of. The Yankees had buried, or carried off most of their killed, but still many were left on the field. We also captured many prisoners who were unable to keep up with the main body of the army.

December 17th.—My regiment moved back to Grace Church, where we remained some days.

December 24th.—This afternoon my company received orders to "go on picket" a few miles from Grace Church, on the Rappahannock River. Reached the picket post a little before dark and placed our guns in position. This is merely *signal* picket duty: that is, our river pickets report an advance of the enemy and we fire a preconcerted signal to give our army timely warning.

CHRISTMAS DAY, DECEMBER 25TH, 1862.

How different from this day a twelvemonth since!—then, we had splendid winter quarters and oh, what a magnificent dinner! To-day, we have to content ourselves with very tough and very lean beef, and very musty flour. Then we fairly revelled in luxurious living, now we consider ourselves fortunate if we get anything to eat at all. Individually I have no reason to complain, for last Christmas I was thin and delicate: Peninsular fevers had weakened and shattered my almost iron constitution, but now I am hale, hearty, and weigh one hundred and sixty-five pounds.

December 26th.—Last night we were ordered to send our little howitzers to Guiney's Depot, from which place they will be taken to Richmond and moulded into heavier guns. Farewell little guns! ye have n't been much account, and I really don't

think you have killed one single Yankee, but for nearly two years we have been pulled and hauled about together—together we have tramped over Virginia, North Carolina, and Maryland—together we have stood side by side on many a hardly contested battle-field, and if you have n't killed anybody you have made as much smoke and fuss as the best of them.

December 29th.—We were taken off picket this morning and started on the march towards Bowling Green, Caroline county, near which place we expect to go into "winter quarters." Passed through the village and camped within a few miles of it.

December 30th.—Moved camp to our permanent "winter quarters," one and a half miles from Bowling Green.

January 1st, 1863.—Another year has commenced and still this bloody struggle continues—how long, oh! Heaven, must we be encompassed by our enemies.

January 2d.—Commenced building stables for our horses, and 'tis said that after we complete them we are to receive a limited amount of furloughs. Hope 'tis true.

January 18th.—Instead of receiving furloughs our "Rifled Section" received orders to march this morning at 6 o'clock, and most reluctantly did we leave our comfortable quarters for a cold, bleak journey towards Fredericksburg. My gun (fourth) being in Richmond for repairs, I was offered the position of "gunner" to our No. 1 Parrot gun, and accordingly I started off with the "Rifled Section" in quest of something to write about—so the boys said. Camped at Grace Church. All, or at least the greater portion, of our artillery has been ordered back to Fredericksburg, as the Yankees are making demonstrations at that place, and many think they will again cross the Rappahannock. I believe a large portion of Burnside's army has been transferred to North Carolina, and this is only a "feint" on his part.

One of our best men, Wm. Wakeham, of Fluvanna county was severely hurt this morning by being run over by his gun. He was sitting on the trail of the gun, and the horses were going at a pretty rapid trot, when he lost his balance and fell, the wheel passing over his leg, breaking the large bone just below the knee.

January 23d.—Rain—rain—rain—nothing but rain from morning until night, and from night until morning. What a dull time a soldier has when he is compelled to keep in his little kennel, for his shelter is nothing more than a kennel. Nothing to read

and nothing to do; frequently nothing to eat. Then it is that he becomes so wearied of the war—his time hangs heavily on his hands, and he misses the happy hours of pleasures past. Many rumors are in circulation concerning peace, but the time has not come yet when the "North" will be willing to admit its inability to conquer what was deemed the weak and defenceless South. Certain it is that many in the North are becoming disgusted with this, to them, unprofitable war. Both sides have long since found out that it is no ninety-day affair, and it is a question now of which side can hold out the longer. I do not see how *we* can be conquered; nor do I hope to conquer the North, for *money, men* and *material* are hard to beat.

Instead of our little howitzers being remoulded into larger guns, as was intended, owing to some cause unknown to us they have been returned to Guiney's depot. To-day I return to our old camp at Bowling Green to bring up the howitzers and men, as they are ordered to the "front" also. Although I had a fondness for the little guns, yet I had hoped that we would be able to exchange them for 12-pounder Napoleons, undoubtedly the most efficient field-guns in service. Nevertheless, they are better than "no guns," and we must be content.

January 25th.—The recent rains have defeated Burnside's purpose of crossing the river at this time, but to be on the safe side we have to be on the alert. The "On-to-Richmond" sentiment is very strong, and Burnside will have to cross and fight or resign. His experience in butting against the rock walls of Fredericksburg was anything but pleasant, and he will be very cautious how he runs against "Mars' Bob" again. Broke up our camp at Bowling Green, and the remainder of my company started for Grace Church, leaving a few men behind to guard the baggage. After this section had marched nearly all day and were within a few miles of Grace Church, it was ordered to return to camp, the excitement having blown completely over. As I had letters for the other section, I kept on to Grace Church.

January 26th.—Our "rifled section" returned to Bowling Green to-day. All of Lee's artillery has returned to "winter quarters" with the exception of one company from each battalion; the company detailed from our regiment is the "Rockbridge Artillery." I confess I do not understand matters at present; the Yankees, from their late papers, claim to have crossed the

Rappahannock, and herald it as a "Grand Forward Movement." We are hurried up to meet them, when lo! all at once the excitement dies away, and once more we find ourselves in "winter quarters."

January 28th.—When we arose this morning we were somewhat surprised to find a heavy snow had fallen during the night, and it continued throughout the day. At nightfall eight of my company, myself included, walked over to a neighboring farmhouse, where we had a good old fashioned country supper prepared, and we paid our respects to it in a manner that must have been alarming to our host. After supper we gathered around a rousing log fire, and with our pipes and good old Virginia weed we bid defiance to the snow-storm without. But this could not last always, and soon we were tramping through the snow towards our cold and comfortless tents.

January 29th.—It has cleared off beautifully, though under foot it is more disagreeable than yesterday, as the snow is melting rapidly.

January 31st.—Having to attend to some business connected with my father's estate, and requiring the services of a magistrate, I mounted my old sorrel and set out to find the nearest Justice of the Peace, Mr. Tunstall, about two miles from camp. He not being at home, I was compelled to go to Mr. J. H. De Jarnette's, some four miles farther. As I rode up to the house I encountered two young ladies; one of them was quite pretty. They informed me that Mr. De Jarnette was in Richmond, but would return that evening, and upon an invitation to remain until he returned I entered the house and was shown into the drawing-room. The house was furnished with more than usual Virginia elegance, and the large mirror just in front of me made me fully aware that my unshaven face and unkempt hair presented an appearance far from prepossessing. However, I put on a bold face and determined to "face the music." Mrs. De J. soon entered the room, and by her easy manner and true Virginia style I was soon made to forget what a sorry spectacle of humanity I appeared. The young ladies reëntered the parlor, and I was formally introduced by Mrs. De J., so by the time Mr. De J. arrived we were all well acquainted and in high glee. Miss De J., finding I was somewhat of a chess player, bantered me for a game. Thinking she was but a novice in that most scientific of

games, and never having met a lady who understood its intricacies, I played carelessly, and too late found out that my opponent was playing "a brilliant game," giving me more than an even chance for a "checkmate." The stand on which the chess-board was placed was rather out of order, and a slight touch of my foot (*accidental*, of course) sent the chess-board, men and all, whirling to the floor. Of course it was impossible to remember the relative position of the chessmen, and we had to commence a new game. As I played more cautiously this time I came off victor. After tea Mrs. De Jarnette insisted so strongly upon my remaining all night I concluded to do so and run the risk of a little "extra" guard duty for being absent from camp without leave. To-day was the time designated by sentence of court-martial for the execution of John Edwards, a deserter from our regiment. By order of President Davis he has been reprieved for twenty days. How gladdened must have been his heart when even this short respite was made known to him! But after all he must suffer the penalty, for it is due to our own preservation that all *deserters* must receive the severest punishment.

February 1st.—Soon after breakfast I bade my newly-made friends adieu and turned my face campward. As I slowly rode along the road, thinks I to myself: The society of woman, how it refines the feelings and polishes the rough exterior of the soldier; yes, and not only of the *soldier*, but of *man* generally. Thus for nearly two years have I been cut off from the society of the "fair sex," and the last few hours have brought back many reminiscences of the past. Will those happy days gone by ever be renewed?

February 4th.—Two of our men having been absent "without leave" since January 31st, I was ordered to take a man with me and bring them back to camp, we having heard that they were at a house some eight miles distant. I had no difficulty in bringing our two men back, but found they had gotten mixed up with a pretty hard party of Marylanders and had been severely handled. It seems these Marylanders had also run off from camp and had been committing many depredations upon the inhabitants of Caroline county. They had taken five or six gallons of liquor from an old countryman and, of course got furiously intoxicated: then they amused themselves by beating every one they came across, insulted ladies, and several times shot at unoffending citi-

zens. I could not find out to what command these bloodthirsty marauders belonged, else I should have made it hot for them. It is a burning shame that some of our men are so lost to all decency and good order as to act in such a manner, and in many cases I am sorry to say the offenders come from "My Maryland."

February 6th.—Was ordered on "Provost duty" to-day, with instructions to visit such places as absentees would probably frequent. After remaining in Bowling Green several hours I concluded I might find some absentees at *De Jarnette's*; so I rode down to the house but as the ladies were absent I remained only a short time.

February 7th.—This evening I received a notification from my Colonel that I was appointed to take charge of the "John Edward's desertion case" and consequently I made my arrangements to leave camp early in the morning. President Davis had reprieved Edwards for twenty days and had ordered that some one should be appointed to look into the matter to see if the old fellow really deserted, or had left the army from sheer ignorance. *Eight days* of the twenty have already expired and I will be much hurried on account of it. Where the papers have been during that time I know not, but it does seem passing strange that no effort has been made for the poor old fellow until now.

February 8th.—Left camp early this morning on my way to Culpeper county and will possibly visit Richmond before I return. About mid-day I reached Jackson's headquarters at Moss Neck and received the proper papers for my trip—will have to get General Lee's signature to-morrow. I have seen Edwards, who is confined near Jackson's headquarters, and will certainly have to go to Culpeper—will get all the evidence I can in the case and place it before the President, for the corps court martial has now no further jurisdiction over it. To-morrow I will have to hunt up Edward's wife, who is somewhere near Spotsylvania Courthouse. Spent the night with my cousin, Thomas S. White, at General Paxton's headquarters.

February 9th.—Last night my horse broke loose and strayed off. I began to think Edward's chance for a pardon was considerably lessened, but I found my horse after a short search and soon resumed my journey, going by General Lee's headquarters where I had my papers countersigned. My information was

that the prisoner's wife lived at Todd's Tavern, about six miles from Massaponax Church and between Lee's headquarters and Spotsylvania Courthouse. Instead of *six* miles from the Church it was *sixteen* miles, and seven miles to the right of the Courthouse. I rode up to the hotel at the Courthouse, dismounted, and commenced conversation with two or three gentlemen who were lounging about the place; upon mentioning my business I found that one of them, a Mr. Dabney, clerk of the County Court, knew Edwards very well and was disposed to give him a first rate character. This being the very thing I wanted, I proposed to him to ride over with me to the nearest magistrate and make a deposition to that effect, to which he most readily consented. Before starting I told the landlord to retain a room for me and a stall for my horse; he informed me that he could not give me a room to myself but he thought he could give me a bed on the floor and would charge a dollar for that; he could give me but a poor supper and would charge a dollar for that; he could give me but a little better breakfast and would charge a dollar and a half for that; he could give my horse only a little *wheat straw* and would charge a dollar for that! Upon Mr. Dabney's offer to take charge of me, if I could not get accommodation at the Justice's, I respectfully declined the landlord's liberal offer. After a ride of three or four hours we came to Mr. William W. Jones's, the Justice to whom I referred, where I soon transacted my business and also secured willing accommodations for myself and jaded horse. Soon we sat down to a gloriously good supper, and as I had eaten nothing since *yesterday* you may be sure I did *justice* to it. I have read and heard of some pretty muddy roads in my life time, but the road from Lee's headquarters to Spotsylvania Courthouse rather "takes the dilapidated linen off the shrubbery" (excuse the vulgarism.) My old nag has, like myself, completely broken down, and I scarcely know how or when we will get through this journey. As I transmit my thoughts to paper I eye with certain feelings of delight a noble looking feather bed that is patiently waiting to embrace me in its warm and friendly bosom, and I can no longer turn a deaf ear to its entreaties, but will soon be wrapped in slumber sweet, to dream of loved ones far away.

February 10th.—Left my kind friend Jones early this morning and pushed on to Todd's Tavern. I began to think that

Todd's Tavern was a myth, an airy nothing, a place unknown to and never found by the weary traveller, who, although he might ride on mile after mile, would find the place but the farther off; however, I reached it by taking exactly the opposite road from the directions I had received. Here I found Edward's wife, a very weak and ignorant woman, and she had done nothing towards getting her husband off, though she could have assisted me greatly. Edward's children, two pretty little prattling babes, are running around me and amusing themselves with their childish sports, happy in their innocent glee. Sport on then, little ones for you know not that in ten days, perhaps, you will be fatherless. I wanted to see Mrs. Edward's father and get him to go with me to several of the neighbor's houses, but he was absent and I concluded to send him back to Massaponax Church, where he could find two very important witnesses. I wrote the directions off in such a manner that it would be impossible for him to make a mistake and gave them to his daughter, telling her to send him off directly he came. I then started for the houses of Mr. William A. Stephens, and Mr. Joseph W. Trigg. They lived only three miles from Todd's Tavern, but the roads forked and branched in so many different ways that I, as a matter of course, took the wrong road and went several miles out of my way. I finally reached Mr. Trigg's and was most hospitably entertained, having my horse well fed and getting a good dinner myself. Mr. Trigg promised to meet me the next morning and bring Mr. Stephens with him. I then road over to Mr. Dobyn's, the nearest Justice of the Peace. After getting him to promise to meet me the next morning at Todd's Tavern, which he seemed to do very reluctantly, I road over to Mrs. Rowe's and spent the night. This Mrs. Rowe was the mother of a very dear friend of mine in Richmond, and I was certain of a hearty welcome there. Mrs. Rowe was the only person I was acquainted with in the whole county and when night overtook me I was at her gate—never was a gate more gladly opened, and well pleased was I to meet some one I had seen before. Although I have not ridden very far to-day, yet it seems to me as if there were a thousand roads from this place to where I stayed last night.

In order that the reader may understandingly read what I have written, I will say that this John E. Edwards was charged with "desertion in face of the enemy" in front of our lines during the

Seven Day's fight around Richmond; he had been condemned to be shot, and through the intervention of Captain Hupp, of the Salem Artillery, a respite of twenty days was allowed him. He was poor, ignorant, and friendless; crime enough to be shot for in these dark and stormy days. This much I knew: he was a substitute and had received a sum of money for said substitution; a portion of that money had been stolen from him in camp and he determined to carry the balance to his friendless family, *re-joining his company* at the first opportunity. I was following upon his track and getting affidavits from the several parties named in this narrative that he *did* endeavor to join the command to which he had been assigned (Coke's Williamsburg Artillery) when, all at once, that company was disbanded and he was told that that fact virtually discharged him from service. He then returned home to Todd's Tavern, where, in due process of time he was arrested. I had heard that he was a good soldier during the Mexican war, and though he was too old and worthless to be of much service to us, I thought President Davis would remember him for past services faithfully done.

February 11th.—All three of the gentlemen met me, as promised, this morning at Todd's Tavern, and in an hour we finished our business, proving conclusively that Edwards *did* endeavor to find his company during Lee's march of the first Maryland campaign. Mrs. Edwards's father had not gone off as I had directed, but had put it off until he could see me. I confess I was greatly exasperated, but I could do no more than to hurry him off immediately, trusting to the reception of the affidavits by mail.

I then started for Germanna Ford, intending to cross over into Culpeper and see a Mr. Willis, who lived about two miles from the ford. Upon reaching the ford I found the Rapidan much swollen by the recent rains and very dangerous to cross; the rain, mingled with snow and hail, was still falling rapidly, and I could not be more thoroughly saturated than I was, so I plunged boldly into the stream and after great difficulty succeeded in gaining the opposite shore. Old "Mac" (my noble courser) was so *thin* I believe the water *ran through him*; therefore he did not offer much resistance to the current. In a short time I reached Mr. Willis's, where I remained all night.

February 12th.—Mr. Willis, being a witness in Edward's favor, asked me to ride over to Colonel Humphrey's, J. P., and take

his deposition; which I did. I then started for Rapidan Station, crossing the Rapidan River at Somerville's Ford into Orange county, and made an arrangement with another Mr. Willis, who lived two miles from the station, to take charge of my horse whilst I was in Richmond.

A good supper soon put me in better spirits, and after a social chat with the "old folks" I soon found myself in the parlor singing a very heavy bass with a very light lady. The piano was in good tune (something extremely unusual in good old Confederate times), and the young lady very pretty and agreeable. 'Tis a stormy, blustering night without, and as the bleak wind whistles and roars through the quivering, bending trees, I sit over my comfortable bed-room fire and think of the shivering "guard" as lonely he walks his midnight post. He too, perhaps, is thinking of *his* comfortable home, far away in the sunny South, and wonders, as he paces to and fro, when the time will come when he shall bid adieu to the horrors of war; when the—

"On to the field of glory where bravely the battle rages,"

shall have ceased to be the theme, and peace, as in the halcyon days of yore, shall be his well-merited reward!

One more pipefull of pure Virginia weed and then to dream of the light young lady with golden locks, and eyes so darkly-deeply blue, and teeth so pearly white.

February 13th.—Left this morning for Richmond, and reached the city at nightfall. Meeting a comrade belonging to the First Howitzers, Mr. Yancey, we went to the house of Mr. W. S. Donnan, where we were most bountifully entertained.

February 14th.—Secured a valuable paper to-day in favor of Edwards from Major W. S. Barton, General G. W. Smith's staff. The two most important witnesses, whom I expected to meet here, are out of the city, and I will have to proceed without them. This afternoon I walked out on the Capitol Square and met many friends. Crowds of ladies thronged the beautifully gravelled walks, and listen to the splendid music discoursed by the Battalion Band. The pretty ladies promenaded up and down the walk with a sort of brave determination to see and be seen, whilst the ugly ones quietly stand off one side and look so sad—most of them stand aside.

February 15th.—Was writing most of the day, getting my

papers in proper order to proceed to the President to-morrow. This afternoon I received another deposition by mail—it was from L. W. Bouldin.

February 16th.—Presented my papers to President Davis to-day for his final decision. Being confined to his bed 'twas impossible for me to see him, but his *aid-de-camp*, Colonel Wm. Preston Johnston, one of the most elegant gentlemen I ever met, rendered me much assistance, treating me with as much courtesy as if I had been “Mass Bob” himself.

February 17th.—Called on President Davis, by appointment, at 10 A. M., but will have to wait for his decision until 7 P. M. Edwards's chance is pretty good. In my argument I had stated that Coke's “Williamsburg Artillery” (to which Edwards was attached) had been disbanded by order of General Lee. Colonel Johnston very kindly informed me that Mr. Davis did not doubt the fact, but wanted General Lee's order to show that the company *was* disbanded by authority from him. General Lee was many a mile distant, and the thought struck me that I might find the order at the “War Office,” to which place I immediately repaired. After a long search, I found the order *written in lead pencil, and on the back of an old envelope.*

Took the order up to Colonel Johnston, who informed me that President Davis was not altogether satisfied about the old fellow's leaving “in the face of the enemy,” but his remark was:

“If I err, let me err on the side of mercy!”

Fit words for a *great* man to say. Mr. Davis has many, too many, enemies, but purity of purpose no one can deny to him.

February 18th.—Received the pardon to-day, from the Adjutant-General, and to-morrow I will carry it to the prisoner.

February 19th.—Carried Edwards's pardon up this morning, and delivered it to the Colonel of our regiment. My regiment is about five miles from Milford Station, and I had to walk the distance.

Edwards seemed very glad to get his pardon, but the very first thing he told me was, “The paymaster won't pay me for the time I've been in jail, and I hope you will *make* him pay me.”

Only remained in camp a short time, when I returned to Richmond, on the down train. None of my officers knew what sort of papers I received from General Jackson, and I took good care that they should n't know.

February 20th.—To-day Edwards would have been shot, but by Executive clemency his life has been spared and full pardon given him.

For the services I have rendered him, I ask no other compensation than the consolation of knowing that I have saved the life of a fellow man. This evening I took a jaunt over to Petersburg, but will return to-morrow.

February 21st.—Wandered ail over the city in search of a fair damsel from Gloucester county, but was so unsuccessful as not to find her. Returned to Richmond in the afternoon, and went to Mr. James T. Williams's, of Messrs. Tardy & Williams, where I was most royally entertained. And right here, I would do that noble hearted pair the justice to say that, although they did not enter the army themselves, no man wearing the Confederate grey ever left their doors ahungered; no Confederate soldier ever appealed to them for aid and was refused. The writer of this journal was living with that concern when the war broke out, and, like most of our city boys who lived in "society," his account was on the wrong side of the ledger. How well does he remember the remarks of the senior :

"Well, my boy, you have n't anything to your credit on the books, but here's a *blank check*; equip yourself fully; remember there is always a spare room up at the house, and the concern of Tardy & Williams will always look after you." (They did it.)

February 22d.—Last night there was a heavy fall of snow, and that will necessarily make my horseback ride from Rapidan to Bowling Green a very unpleasant trip.

February 23d.—Left Richmond this morning on the six o'clock train, for Rapidan Station, and as the snow retarded our movements greatly, we did not reach the latter place until nearly sundown. I reached Mr. Willis's about supper time, having had to walk several miles in the snow.

February 24th.—My old sorrel seeming in good spirits, we started for Bowling Green directly after breakfast, hoping to get to Mrs. Rowe's that night. Alas, how sadly was I disappointed. The snow and mud, sometimes two feet deep, and the ice all the while lacerating my horse's feet in such a manner that he could have been tracked for miles by the blood oozing from his feet and dripping on the snow. Three times did he roll over in the snow with me, but fortunately I managed to keep from under

him, and was not hurt. At night, I stopped at the house of a Mr. Roach, and was most hospitably entertained.

February 25th.—Left Mr. Roach's this morning for Mrs. Rowe's; the direction was totally unknown to me, and after riding an hour or so I found myself in a dense wood and not the sign of a road to be seen. I was in the *Wilderness* of Spotsylvania county, and everything in the shape of a path covered with snow *two feet* deep! However, I kept pushing on through bushes, bogs, creeks and snow-drifts, until at last I found myself at the place of my destination, where a good fire and a hearty welcome awaited me.

February 26th.—Left Mrs. Rowe's this morning in company with Mr. C. M. Harris, whom I met last evening. The rain was pouring in a constant sluice and the mud and snow made the roads almost impassable. Passed by Todd's Tavern and saw Edwards's wife; she had heard nothing concerning the fate of her husband, and didn't know whether he was shot or not. Upon having some conversation with her and speaking of Edwards's gallantry in the Mexican war, I was somewhat surprised to hear her say:

“Law, sir, *he* never want in no *Mexican* war; he wouldn't hurt a flea, *he* wouldn't. 'Twas his first cousin, John Edwards, what was in the Mexican war!”

I was then convinced that Major W. S. Barton (of whom mention has been made before) in making out a deposition in favor of Edwards had entirely mistaken the man, there being *two* John Edwards, and to this fact *my* John Edwards owed his life!

The rain was still pouring and I concluded to accept an invitation from Mr. Harris to spend the night with him, two and a half miles from Spotsylvania Courthouse.

February 27th.—Left Harris's this morning, going by Guiney's Depot, and at 3 P. M. was once more in camp, having been absent twenty days.

February 28th.—'Tis very hard to come down to the “short rations” of camp life when one has for three weeks been living on the “fat of the land,” but we must “grin and endure it.”

And then, one misses so much the society of the *ladies*, dear creatures, which when taken in homœopathic doses tends greatly to calm life's rough billows. Like all other blessings, a *surfeit*, however, should be avoided, or else it becomes commonplace and

we are wearied by the frivolities of Miss J—, the vanity of Miss L—, the platitudes of Miss S—, and the arrogant superciliousness of Miss M. De B—.

March 1st.—This month has opened with great severity; rain, hail, snow, and blustering winds seem to be the order.

March 11th.—Concluded to try my hand at “running the blockade” and get to Richmond, if possible. ’Tis a dangerous business, for a blockader is struck out of the streets of Richmond with *lightning* celerity into *Castle Thunder*—*i. e.*, if he is *caught*. We work it thus: We get a *two* days’ permit from our company officers in order to “*forage*”—that is, to go out in the neighborhood to purchase butter, eggs, chickens, etc. This excuses us from “roll-call,” and we then fix up fancy papers,

By order of

R. E. LEE,

and away we go, depending upon fooling the guards stationed upon each train and at the corners of all the principal streets in Richmond. Procured some “fancy” papers and landed safely in the city.

March 13th.—Attended, last evening, a lecture before the Young Mens’ Christian Association, delivered by the Hon. Hugh W. Sheffey. His subject was “The Women of the South,” and to those that know him ’tis needless to say that he handled it with masterly skill. Methinks if he had noticed certain Richmond young ladies sitting to his left he would necessarily have changed his opinion, in a measure, for their behaviour was simply disgraceful. Surrounded by a few butterfly officers, one of whom *ran* like a clever fellow at Sharpsburg, they passed away the time occupied by Mr. Sheffey in delivering his lecture, in writing foolish notes and tittering to such an extent that the Rev. Dr. M—e was compelled to look them down.

March 14th.—Returned to camp this morning but will not “report for duty” for some ten or twelve days, Colonel Brown wanting me for that length of time.

March 18th.—This morning I was aroused about three o’clock by some one in the “battery” calling out my name in a lusty manner. I hastily ran out and found an orderly from General Jackson bringing me orders from Colonel Brown to report

immediately to Colonel Stapleton Crutchfield, seven miles distant, and a terrible road to travel. Quickly throwing my saddle on "old Mac" we started off at a sweeping gallop, though the darkness could be felt. On reaching Colonel Crutchfield's quarters, I found he was absent and as Colonel Brown was the next in command I had to hurry back to him, bringing this order from Jackson:

"Let all the artillery of the Second Corps move *immediately* to 'Hamilton's Crossing'—the enemy has crossed a heavy force of cavalry at Kelly's Ford and may get upon your flank."

When old "Jack" says *immediately* he don't want you to wait for "lunch."

I reached Colonel Brown's headquarters at daybreak and our regiment was moving in "three shakes."

Couriers were sent out to the different commandants of artillery to move their commands without delay. Hastily swallowing a very light breakfast I again started off for Crutchfield's quarters and upon arriving there I found an order had been issued to some of the batteries countermanding the move. Just then the courier arrived from Jackson with orders to "prepare to resist any attack," for the Yankee cavalry could play the mischief with our unprotected artillery. Guns were placed at the different roads commanding the approach to Bowling Green and very soon everything quieted down. Slipped off to my tent and took a good nap.

March 24th.—Reported for duty to my company.

March 28th.—Rain, rain, rain,—so long as this weather continues there is no chance for active operations and 'tis fair to suppose we will remain *in statu quo* for some time to come. The opening of the spring campaign cannot be very far distant, and then the great struggle will commence with redoubled fury.

April 6th.—The Richmond papers are teeming with an account of a "Bread Riot" that took place there a few days since. From all accounts it was a most disgraceful affair, and President Davis himself could not disperse the crowd of howling, hooting, drunken women. Fortunately some one thought of the *fire engines* and the crowd was dispersed in short order. When women so far forget themselves as to act like demons they should be dealt with as such. It will undoubtedly have an injurious effect upon our cause abroad and will give new impetus to our enemies.

April 9th.—Charleston, S. C., has been heavily attacked but

makes a gallant resistance, and the "bonnie blue flag" yet waves triumphantly over Sumter.

OPENING SPRING CAMPAIGN, 1863.

Bowling Green, Caroline County, Va., April 29th.—At length the campaign has opened. Day after day we have been expecting orders to "move to the front," and early this morning the heavy boom of cannon in the direction of Fredericksburg betokened some forward movement on the part of the enemy.

Orders coming, in a few moments our knapsacks were hastily packed and we bade adieu to *tents*, for transportation is too limited for such luxuries now; then we rolled up our blankets and soon we were on the road for Hamilton's Crossing, at which place we must report to-night, for "Fighting Joe Hooker," as our friends across Mason and Dixon's line call the present commander of the "Army of the Potomac," has crossed the Rappahannock, and a great battle is imminent. The roads are in the usual Virginia *spring* condition, but we have this consolation: it will be as bad for Hooker as for Lee. In the afternoon rain fell heavily. Our artillery has been reorganized to great advantage, and now bids fair to be of great efficiency. Horses, however, are becoming very scarce, and that makes the condition of the *men* much worse—we are only allowed one wagon to an entire company of artillery, and that must haul our tent-flies, our officers' and drivers' baggage, company books, papers, etc., and commissary stores, together with our cooking utensils of every description. Our boys, hoping to the last that their knapsacks would be hauled, had not curtailed their baggage as they should have done, and their countenances assumed quite an elongated aspect when the order was issued for each man to carry his own plunder. Here I found myself in a "fix"—heretofore I always had a horse, but having broken down "Old Mac" on the "Edwards' trip" several weeks since, I turned him over (and it didn't take much to *turn him over* anywhere) to the quarter-master. I parted with "Old Mac" with many fond regrets; long since I had taught him to "forage" for himself by *tying him loose* at night, and he could smell a biscuit from Malvern Hill to Gettysburg—he would get it, too. Everybody in the Army of Northern Virginia borrowed him, and nobody in particular *fed* him—

his friends literally rode his tail off. Up to this time I had been utterly unable to procure another horse, and as I gazed upon my enormous knapsack (it never seemed enormous before); my leather haversack, formerly a "gunner's bag"; blankets, of which I had several very large ones; canteen, overcoat, etc., my heart failed me. To carry all this plunder was impossible, and yet I could not afford to throw anything away. I also had a "camp bed," but had determined to throw that away, though I brought it from Suffolk in April, 1862, and had lugged it and smuggled it along ever since. With a tear and a sigh for happy *nights* gone by I bade my old bed farewell. Fortunately, I procured another horse just as we were starting and loaded him with my "loot"—the variety of articles and numerous modes of attaching them to him reminded me much of a picture in Smith's Geography of a Hottentot moving his family. Having received a fresh supply of horses a few days since our batteries moved off in splendid style, though we were often mired, owing to the bad condition of the roads. Nightfall found us some six miles from Hamilton's Crossing and the worst portion of the road yet to go over; as usual, delay after delay detained us, and 'twas near midnight when we reached our destination. Rain again commenced to fall, and our prospects for the night were indeed cheerless; our provision wagon was many miles in the rear and cut off by a seemingly endless artillery train; we had had nothing to eat since morning, and we knew we had to take our position in front of the enemy at daybreak. Wet, weary and hungry, we lay ourselves down to rest, but sleep was a stranger to our eyelids and slowly the hours of night passed away.

April 30th.—With stiffened limbs and chilly bodies did we arise this morning at dawn of day; many of us had not closed our eyes, and now we are to go upon the field in such a condition! Fighting is not pleasant work at best, and a soldier ought not to fight upon an empty stomach. We immediately "hitched up" and moved forward to our position about a mile to the right of Hamilton's Crossing. This time the guns of my company were not separated, but were "brought into battery" in a large field to the right of Hamilton's Crossing and for the first time since the Battle of Bethel we awaited attack behind breastworks. We were supported by Dole's brigade, D. H. Hill's division, which division was commanded by Brigadier-General Rodes. Our po-

sition was a good one, though in an open field, for our guns had full sweep at the enemy for over a mile. The trenches were, in many places, half filled with water, and the cold rain continued to pelt us with but little intermission.

The gnawing of a soldier's appetite bade us remember we had been without food or rest for twenty-four hours. Rest! Alas! there is but little rest to the soldier in the marching and the countermarching previous to a great battle. I can scarcely believe Hooker to be so foolhardy as to attempt to drive us from our present position by a direct attack upon our front, for we hold lines similar to those held by us at Fredericksburg. He may attempt a flank movement. He will have this advantage over Burnside: then, Lee's whole army was present; now, Longstreet is away and with him nearly one-third of our army; but our men are eager for the battle and we are confident of success. Our artillery is heavily massed on the "right," as it was at Fredericksburg, and woe betide the enemy if his attack is there. After a long time our rations came—a small piece of bread and *no meat* was carefully served out to each man. That bread was so exceedingly *tough* and *heavy* some of us thought it was *baked to order*, for we must, so long as we kept our *front* to the enemy, be perfectly invulnerable, and 'twould be useless to attempt to *fly* with such a load.

In the afternoon it cleared off, but we could see only a few of the enemy's skirmishers in our front, as Hooker has only crossed a small portion of his army at and below Fredericksburg. Our artillery opened upon the enemy who were on the north side of the Rappahannock, and for a short time quite an exciting artillery duel took place. These duels never accomplish anything, and this was not of long duration. This afternoon my company was thrown into a pretty high state of excitement by an order coming for us to turn over our little howitzer guns to the ordnance officer at Guiney's Depot. We would have thought nothing of it had the order been to turn only the *guns* over, for we have been endeavoring for a long time to exchange them for other guns more effective, but the orders were imperative that the *horses* should be given up with the guns. The Second Howitzers having two guns of like calibre, received the same orders. We determined to do the best we could under existing circumstances,

so we selected the worst horses we had and sent them off with our two twelve-pound howitzers.

Soon a report started among our boys that our company was to be broken up and consolidated with the Second Howitzers. Such a storm of indignation arose from the mere supposition of such injustice that really I feared some of that company would overhear our by no means complimentary remarks as to our union with them and a collision might be the consequence. The reasons why we so strenuously oppose any such consolidations are these: First, the Captain of that company (Watson) being the senior officer, will assuredly be our Captain, and we object to him and will do so to the end. Although in every respect a good and faithful officer, whose courage is beyond doubt or question, yet there is a seeming coldness and inapproachableness about him that would make any such association unpleasant.

Secondly, we had more guns, far better horses, and took better care of them; we were better equipped and had more men.

Thirdly, we did not want to lose our company organization, for when this war ends, as end it must some day, we want to say that we served during the entire war in the Third Company Richmond Howitzers. How many of us will say it?

My gun being one of those sent back, and not having any particular business "in front," about sundown I went back to the rear, say, a mile and a half; there finding my blankets I prepared myself for a good night's rest. Our horses and drivers are here also, but our remaining guns have been left on the lines. My good night's rest was soon broken, for at 2 o'clock we were aroused and ordered to prepare for moving immediately, as the enemy was crossing the Rapidan *above* Fredericksburg—just what we were expecting.

May 1st.—After issuing rations and fixing up our baggage we started off with the horses and endeavored to find our guns, but it was so very dark that we became perfectly bewildered, and it was fully daylight before we were prepared to move. Our regiment then started towards Fredericksburg, but, having no gun, I was soon ordered back to Grace Church, to make some disposition of our baggage that had been thrown out of our wagons in that neighborhood. Having succeeded in accomplishing this, about dark I started for my command; not being able to find it, I succeeded in getting good quarters for

myself and horse at the house of Mr. Henry Jones, some five or six miles beyond Fredericksburg. Mr. Jones having several charming daughters, I, willingly for the nonce, discarded war's alarms and played the gallant to the best of my ability.

How changed is society from what it was a few years since, and how used to the sound of the cannon and the tramp of soldiery have even our gentle maidens become. Only a few miles from us is the great bulk of the Yankee army in battle array, and these joyous maidens think no more of it than if they were thousands of miles away, and we know that to-morrow will be a day of carnage. Hooker is evidently trying to divide Lee's army, and having a greatly superior force, he hopes to whip it in detail.

FIGHT AT CATHERINE FURNACE, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1863.

A day of gauntlet running. Colonel John Thompson Brown commands our regiment, but during the last few days Major R. A. Hardaway, an Alabamian, and also an accomplished artilleryman, has been assigned to duty with our regiment. Indeed, this has been a day of *narrow* escapes, and it seems as if nothing save special Providence, saved our regiment from capture. We are, evidently, on a flank movement, and our regiment is bringing up Jackson's rear. In a flank movement, Jackson pays no attention to the rear, but on a retreat he would fight for a pinch of snuff. I joined my regiment near Zoan Church, eight miles from Fredericksburg, and found our boys just moving out in the road preparatory to a move against the enemy's flank. Of course none of us know Jackson's plans, but we seem to be swinging around a circle, and Hooker will hear from us to-day somewhere.

The whole position of affairs has completely changed. The enemy, crossing the river *above* Fredericksburg, at United States, Ely's, and Germanna Fords, massed his forces on our left, and now we are compelled to make rapid distribution of our troops in order to counteract this flank movement of Hooker.

Hooker left a force under Sedgwick on the right of Fredericksburg, and we left enough troops under Early, in their front, to keep a sharp lookout on their movements. The greater part of our army has moved above Fredericksburg, and the two armies are now confronting each other, each waiting for the other to make a mistake. Jackson won't wait for his opponent, but will

strike first. Bloody work is ahead, and to-day will decide whether Lee or Hooker is the better General. My regiment, with the exception of a few pieces under the command of Captain Willis J. Dance, is ordered on the left with Jackson, and from the direction we moved, I saw immediately that he was on one of his grand flank movements. Hooker divides his command in order to whip Lee in detail, and Lee, with an army greatly inferior in strength, makes the very same movement.

Major Hardaway has been given a detached command of some fifteen or twenty rifled pieces, and will remain on the right, so we hear. General Jackson, with the infantry, had started several hours ahead of us, and we were to bring up the rear of his column. To get to our position, we had to march several hundred yards in full view of the enemy, in our front, and they shelled the road at a terrific rate, but they thought we were retreating to Richmond, and did not find out their mistake until Jackson, like a thunderbolt, swooped down upon their right flank and swept everything before him. When we reached that point, they were shelling so furiously we passed it at a sweeping trot, and we suffered no loss, though they had the range most accurately.

'Tis a matter of impossibility to give the reader any idea of our movements, without the aid of an accurate county map, as this county of Spotsylvania, in this neighborhood, is one vast *wilderness*, and so most appropriately named.

The right of Hooker's line extended some mile or so beyond the little post village of Chancellorsville, twelve miles from Fredericksburg, whilst his left ran some two or three miles *below* Fredericksburg; he had made the mistake of *dividing* his forces, and *Jackson*, with his eagle eye and rapid movements, was the man to take advantage of it. There was a gap of several miles in the centre, and his game evidently was to drive our men from the Heights at Fredericksburg, and with his left move up and join the main body of his forces massed in the neighborhood of Chancellorsville. Jackson was moving in a semi-circle, so as to reach the enemy's right flank beyond Chancellorsville, and overwhelm him ere he could receive assistance.

When passing this exposed position, spoken of before, we were marching on a high ridge parallel with the enemy's line, and lo! all of a sudden we commenced the descent of the hill perpendicular to his line. Soon we were in the deep gorge at Catherine

Furnace, when a cavalry officer rode up to us in great haste and reported the enemy to be advancing in force, and the whistling Minies convinced us that he was not premature in his information. This was somewhat of a close place for an unprotected battalion of artillery to be placed in, but we were not the boys to surrender without a struggle. Colonel Brown immediately ordered our rear company, Captain Brooke's, to place a Napoleon gun in position on a hill just above the Furnace and hold the enemy in check as long as possible—the two rifled guns of my company, under the command of Lieutenant Henry C. Carter, a brave and gallant officer, to be placed in a flat near the Furnace and also near a railroad cut; the rifled gun of Dance's company on the left; two Napoleon guns, one belonging to Captain Brooke's company and one to Captain Hupps's, were placed to the right and rear of my company; the Second Howitzers were placed on a high hill to our left and three or four hundred yards to our rear. We have no time to select the best position or the fittest guns—the enemy are upon us in unknown numbers, and we are almost without infantry support!

A small battalion of infantry (I think 'twas the "*Irish*") advanced to our front, but it was too weak to accomplish anything.

A regiment of infantry advanced to our support, but both Colonel and men seemed utterly bewildered, and the greater portion of that regiment, to its shame be it said, surrendered without firing a gun. It was the Twenty-third Georgia Infantry, and some of our boys declare that this regiment tried to get the artillerymen to surrender also.

As soon as possible all of our guns were moved back to the hill occupied by the Second Howitzers, and then the enemy's artillery was driven off after quite a spirited combat. The Yankees could be seen very distinctly on the hill opposite us, and they manned their guns with bravery, though their shots were pretty wild as soon as we concentrated our fire upon them. Just to the right of our batteries was a very neat-looking house in which were several ladies, and of course they were much alarmed; we showed them all the attention we could, and got them out of the way as speedily as possible. The place belonged to a Mr. Wellford.

Our loss has been comparatively small—in Brooke's company, five men wounded and one caisson captured by the enemy; in

my company, Sergeant John K. Wakeham mortally wounded. At one time we had *five* Wakehams in my company—all from Fluvanna county, and all good men, if any difference John K. being the best and brightest of them all. As soon as the firing ceased we “limbered up” and started to rejoin Jackson, who was now far ahead of us, and whose guns could be faintly heard in the distance.

Scarcely had we moved off before the Yankees flanked our infantry left at the Furnace and took 560 of them prisoners. General Lee, hearing the firing at the Furnace, sent Major Hardaway with one piece of artillery to our support.

His account of this surrender is this:

On moving down the hill towards the Furnace I was somewhat surprised at seeing a body of Confederate soldiers clad in the *Butternut* uniform, advancing *without arms*, and with *loud cheers* upon a line of Federals; they passed that line and disappeared into the woods!

We continued our march until late at night, when we caught up with our infantry on the Orange Courthouse plank-road, near where the Stephensburg plank-road branches off to Germanna Ford. Having only *two* guns attached to my company—guns No. 1 and 3—we will be able to “relieve” our cannoniers much oftener than is usual during the battle. Although *two days’* rations were issued to us yesterday, we are now completely without food—nearly all of us ate our two days’ rations in a few hours after we received them, and there is no chance of our commissary wagons finding us to-night. I found a few onion tops in a horse’s track, and enjoyed the succulent repast as much as ever I enjoyed one of Tom Griffin’s famous terrapin stews in the peace days gone by. I have been appointed “gunner” of Detachment No. 3, in consequence of Sergeant Wakeham’s loss, and to-morrow I will have an opportunity of trying a rifled gun, a thing I have long desired. This is only temporary—for this battle.

We gather our blankets around us and lie down to dream of the morrow—they carry a wounded officer by us—some say it is Jackson, but we don’t know. Our boys are much worried by carrying their baggage and many of them threw away everything—the whole country from Fredericksburg to this place is strewn with our baggage and blankets. Jackson has fallen upon

the enemy unawares and driven them headlong in the direction of Chancellorsville—alas, the fate of War!—*he* fell in the hour of his triumph, and a nation's heart is sore.

BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE, SUNDAY, MAY 3, 1863.

Early this morning my regiment advanced to the front and soon we saw indications of hard fighting, our wounded passing us, going towards Orange Courthouse. My company halted at Parson Chancellor's house, about two miles from Chancellorsville, and took position as reserve in case our lines should be driven back. We had a Whitworth gun immediately on our left. Captain Watson, of the Second Howitzers, commands our regiment, whilst our Colonel, John Thompson Brown, commands the artillery of our corps. The Second Howitzers advance down the plank road towards the Chancellorsville House, but are severely handled before they fire a shot. Jackson has been mortally wounded, and General A. P. Hill, the next in command, slightly wounded. This all happened late last night just about the time we arrived upon the field. General J. E. B. Stuart, the next ranking officer, was far away on our left, in rear of Hooker's right wing, and had to be found in order to take command of our corps. He is now leading our men. Stuart advances and the action becomes general—our artillery opens and pours into the enemy's ranks a withering storm of shot and shell; our infantry presses on and the roll of musketry reverberates over the hills like distant thunder; the Yankees fall back and are slain by the thousand—they make another desperate stand—my company is ordered in—rapidly we move down the road towards Chancellorsville—on every side the horrors of war are seen. Guns and caissons, dismounted and disabled by the enemy's fire, block up the road, and the wounded and the dying are all around us. The Yankee position is seemingly impregnable, and nothing but fighting can drive them away; their batteries occupy the brow of a hill in front of the Chancellorsville House, and from its crescent-like form issues a steady storm of shot and shell that would drive away any troops but Lee's veterans; our infantry flank their batteries and drive them from their position, taking some of their artillery: on, on we go towards Chancellorsville, and finally we take the house, which is already in flames from our shot and shell. It is

a large, roomy, old-fashion Virginia Tavern, and makes a mighty blaze. Near the house my company is brought into position by Stuart himself, in the road leading towards United States Ford—high woods are on either side of the road and it is almost impossible for either party to make a poor shot. The Yankee batteries are only eight hundred yards from us—the order is given by General Stuart to “commence firing” and my gun fires the first shot—the enemy immediately reply with twenty pieces of artillery, and cannister, grape, case-shot, shell, and solid-shot is rained upon us with a fury such as I never before witnessed—each side reinforces the artillery until no less than a hundred guns are belching forth their deadly contents. The Chancellorsville Tavern had been used for a hospital by the enemy and their wounded had been hastily taken out as the house caught fire, but we had pressed them so closely that they were left in the road only a few yards from our battery—their shot and shell, fired at us, would sweep through their own wounded, crushing and mangling them but the more, and the sparks from the burning house would drop amongst them and add additional pain to their horrible sufferings.

The artillery on both sides ceases for a while, wornout, and Colston advances his division *in column* to the front and along the very road we were firing on. *Fifty* pieces of Federal artillery bear upon that road and the famous Old Guard of Napoleon could not march down it, those terrible eight hundred yards. In a state of breathless suspense did we await the result of the next few minutes, for well we knew the Yankee batteries had not been driven off, and these men were unconsciously marching into the jaws of death. We warn the General of the position of these batteries, but reckless alike of life and danger he marches his men into the cannon's mouth.

The head of the column slowly advances down the road, which the enemy once more sweep with grape and cannister; like affrighted birds, the men awake to a consciousness of their danger, and the column breaks in disorder, the men scattering to the right and left of the road, but neither running nor leaving the field. They reform and advance through the woods, but we see them no more. We have driven the enemy from his position, on the Plank road, towards the river, and we now occupy this road as a natural line of breastworks.

Holding this position as long as was deemed necessary, we withdrew our artillery back into a field in front of the Chancellorsville House, from which place, having gotten the range, the Yankees drove us by a fierce shelling.

Colonel Crutchfield, Jackson's Chief of Artillery, being severely wounded in yesterday's fight, Colonel Brown has taken his place. Our infantry commenced throwing up breastworks on the north side of the Plank road, and all of our guns were placed in position along this road. We strengthened our position as best we could, and all night long awaited any demonstration the enemy might make, but Hooker's men, like ours, thought 'twas time to be careful, and worked like beavers to fortify themselves.

Our boys have had no rations for several days, but this evening we captured the knapsacks and baggage of Sickle's Corps, which came in most opportunely, and we revelled in sugar, coffee, ham, crackers, etc.

The bloody work of the day is over, but we, upon the lines, know but little of the grand results; we know this, that we have been driving the enemy all day long, and we are weary, foot sore, and jaded. Beautiful as the night is, sleep is impossible. In front of us our pickets keep up a continuous fire, and thus, during the entire night, we are compelled to be on the alert. Once I laid down by the side of a dead Yankee Corporal, and endeavored to sleep, but that was impossible, for no matter how tightly I closed my eyes, the horrid appearance of his death-distorted face and out-stretched, stiffened arms were as plain as mid-day.

Some of the incidents of a battle-field are amusing, and soldiers generally make a joke of any and everything. A merry, lively little fellow, belonging to my company, after the fight was over, amused himself by prowling around in quest of plunder.

Seeing a Federal officer lying full length on the field, with his face covered by a splendid felt hat, and supposing him to be dead, little Charlie F—— walked up to him, and, Rebel like, was about to transfer the hat to his own head, the officer, slowly opening his eyes, murmurs:

“Not yet, sir, not yet.”

Charlie, touching his cap in the most approved style, replies:

“Beg your pardon, sir; I thought you were dead; can I do anything for you?”

Another amusing incident is told of the same little fellow, who,

by the bye, is as gallant and brave as he is thoughtless. Late at night, being very cold, he concluded he would get in between two fellows who were apparently sleeping very quietly, regardless of the many picket skirmishes in our front; moreover, they possessed a splendid blanket, and Charlie crawled in between them, soon forgetting the horrors of the day, but every now and then giving one or the other of his silent bed-fellows a friendly kick for taking up too much room. What was his horror the next morning when he awoke, to find his bed fellows of the previous night to be Yankees, and *dead as a door nail?*

May 4th.—To-day all is quiet in our front, save the continued skirmishing of pickets and an occasional shell thrown across our lines by the enemy. Yesterday the fighting on our right, in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg, resulted in some loss to our troops, as Sedgwick's corps advanced upon our thin line at Marye's Heights, and drove our troops, under Early, from their position. We sent heavy reinforcement from our left to our right, and gave Sedgwick a pretty rough time of it, easily driving him back. Now is the time for Hooker to advance, for the bulk of his army fronts our left wing, which has been considerably weakened in reinforcing Early. Yet we feel perfectly able to maintain our position, for we have not only a strong natural line of defence, but have materially strengthened it last night and to-day. Our infantry have gathered up a great number of extra muskets and seem determined to maintain the ground won at all hazards. General Lee has issued an order to us deploring the loss of his "right arm," "Stonewall Jackson," but bidding us keep the ground we have so nobly won, and we will not disappoint his expectations.

About 11 o'clock at night our pickets commenced firing at a rapid rate, and for a time we thought Hooker was attempting a night attack. In a few moments our whole line was in commotion and everything ready for a terrible struggle, but the enemy came not and soon everything was quiet.

May 5th.—Still the Federals deem it most prudent to keep within their breastworks, and we expect to do so until we are reinforced by our troops returning from the right; then we will give Mr. Hooker another taste. This afternoon the rain fell in torrents and soon our trenches were filled with water. Having no tents we were entirely unprotected, and the cold rain perfectly be-

numbed us. At length night came on and we endeavored to sleep, but our garments were so completely saturated with water that we had to keep moving about or *freeze*. We have moved all of our wounded, but thousands of the enemy are still lying on the field, and many of them, especially those between the lines, will perish for want of proper attention. The Federal wounded have suffered terribly. In the first place, many were burned up, the undergrowth of this thickly-wooded Wilderness catching fire from the bursting shells. Then many were perishing from cold, hunger, and want of water; crawling to the numerous little creeks to slake their burning thirst, they were unable to get away when the heavy rain of this afternoon changed those little streams in a few moments into roaring torrents, and they were drowned!

May 6th.—Early this morning it became apparent that Hooker, fearing an advance of Lee, and unwilling to risk another engagement, had “changed his base” and retrograded across the Rapidan. We pushed after him and captured many prisoners, but he succeeded in gaining the north bank of the Rapidan without serious loss. We will scarcely follow him to the other side of the river, for our army is much inferior in strength, not over *one-third* as large, and the configuration of the surrounding country gives him the advantage of position; then the terrible mud of these Virginia roads make it almost impossible to move artillery and wagon trains. We have certainly given him a most terrible thrashing and shown the North that not even “Fighting Joe” can afford to divide his army to attack *Robert Edward Lee*. This has been the most brilliant battle of the war, and while its results may not have been all that we could have wished, yet we have done our work well, and the discouraged, defeated and dismayed Army of the Potomac is no nearer Richmond now than when Burnside butted his brains out before the heights of Marye on those terrible flats of Fredericksburg.

Hooker also will most likely “go up,” for the Yankees have no love for a defeated General; with them nothing succeeds like success. My company has been ordered back towards Fredericksburg, and I, being completely wornout with fatigue, received permission to remain at a friend's house a few days to recruit. After a ride of five or six miles I found myself at the hospitable house of Mrs. Rowe, and soon was enjoying the comforts of a

good supper and a feather-bed. My "Edwards trip" has made me familiar with every cross-road in this part of the country.

May 7th.—Getting no better fast, I concluded to remain until to-morrow and then rejoin my company. How great a treat it is, after the battle's noise and confusion is over and the bloody death scenes have passed away, to have friendship's kindly hand soothe the aching brow—to rest the weary limbs that but a few short hours since were toiling on after a mighty foeman and now find rest 'neath the roof of kindred Southern hearts!

May 8th.—Returned to my company to-day. Previous to the battle I had left my knapsack and blankets at the house of a friend near Fredericksburg, not expecting a fight in that neighborhood. When I heard of so much fighting on our "right" I concluded they had "gone up"; however, I was agreeably disappointed to-day at recovering them all, though the parties with whom I had left my plunder had deserted their home, and no little fighting had been done all around them—their very house had been used by both sides as a hospital. As I went into the house the first thing that met my eyes was my old knapsack, lying in the very corner where I put it several days ago.

My company is camped about two miles east of Hamilton's Crossing on the road leading towards Grace Church. Here grass for our horses is abundant, and we are using every effort to keep them in good order.

My old gray nag held out pretty well until we reached camp; on trotting down a slight knoll the old fellow espied a blade of grass somewhat taller than the rest and, horse-like, attempted to get it; alas! he wasn't quite quick enough, and his head getting mixed up with his heels he executed a fancy somerset and sent me whirling over his head, to the no small amusement of the lookers on.

May 9th.—Sergeant John K. Wakeham was removed to Richmond a few days since, and now his brave name is added to the sad list of the gallant dead belonging to the Third Company Richmond Howitzers.

Who will be next?

May 20th.—Everything continues quiet, and possibly we may remain here some months without another battle, as the enemy will scarcely cross the Rappahannock under Hooker. There are many reasons for our not crossing to attack them at this time—

our transportation is extremely limited and the country north of the Rappahannock entirely devastated. During the entire war it has been occupied alternately by one party or the other, and the inhabitants now have not enough provisions to subsist upon themselves. Every night we can see large fires in the direction of the enemy, but cannot find out what they are burning. Our pickets have gotten to be almost friendly with the enemy, and frequently exchange papers, tobacco, etc. Picket fighting has long since been abolished by both armies; that is very proper, as it accomplishes nothing, but conversation should not be allowed. Our horses have improved greatly since the fight, and our rations have been somewhat increased.

May 22d.—Troops are daily arriving from North Carolina and Suffolk, Virginia (Longstreet's men). Stuart is also gathering a large body of cavalry, and appearances indicate an early forward movement. Perhaps Stuart may only be preparing for a raid as an offset to one of Stoneman's. Generally speaking, our horses are much inferior to those of the enemy, and are not half so well fed.

Our camp is very hot and disagreeable, but near us is a fine country residence, "St. Julien," owned by a Mr. Brooke. The house, being unoccupied, most of our boys stroll over directly after breakfast and remain there all day. The yard is one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw—shaded by the aspen, the fir, the linden, the spruce-pine, and the magnolia; whilst the spring roses, just blossoming into fragrance, and the climbing vines of the sweet-scented honeysuckle all combine to make this a fairy spot.

May 26th.—We have obtained a rifled gun instead of our little howitzers; it is called the Burton-Archer gun, and its peculiar propensity is to do more harm to *friend* than foe. It has already been dubbed the *Bustin-Archer* gun. However, we concluded it was better than *no* gun, and concluded to keep it; it will make a show.

May 30th.—We returned the Burton-Archer rifle and procured two twelve-pound howitzers; these howitzers are heavily mounted for field service, much heavier than the light navy howitzers we formerly had.

Our Captain, Benjamin H. Smith, Jr., returned to camp to-day and assumed command of the company.

June 4th.—We have been expecting orders to move in the

direction of Culpeper Courthouse for the last few days, and to-day the First and Second Corps moved in that direction. Not expecting to move to-day, I strolled off to "St. Julien," and selecting a shady nook, was soon deeply engaged in the mysteries of Lever's "Sir Jasper Carew;" fanned by a soft breeze, drowsiness overcame me, and noting not the rumbling of artillery wheels, nor the tramp of the foot soldiers, nor the Napoleonic commands of ubiquitous quartermasters, I slept long and soundly.

About my usual dinner-time I awoke, returned to camp, and found, to my vexation, that 'twas deserted. Hastily following the line of march, I caught up, after a tramp of several miles, and had the satisfaction to learn that my rations had been left at camp. One of the boys had my horse and plunder, so I concluded to go back for my provisions; two or three days with nothing to eat, don't pay.

Returning to camp proved of no avail, for the camp searchers had already proved equal to the occasion, and had swept off everything left behind. I must fain make myself content with a brace of *leathery puffs* secured from a toothless old crone at an enormous price. I remained at our old camp all night, intending to start early next morning, as I knew very well I could catch up by the time our regiment reached Spotsylvania Courthouse.

June 5th.—Managed to procure a pretty fair breakfast with a friend in McIntosh's battalion, and then started for Massaponax Church, six miles from Spotsylvania Courthouse; reaching the former place about 10 o'clock in the morning, ahead of the regiment, though it was to have camped here last night. Some great move is on hand, and we will have bloody work to do before many days. Here comes the regiment, and I must move along until I can snatch a few more stray moments to pen the desultory thought.

We marched on until sundown; passing through Spotsylvania Courthouse, we moved on some two and a half miles farther, and camped for the night on the river Po, or, as we called it, the *poor* river. This is a small, sluggish stream, tributary to the Mattaponi. Twenty miles below Richmond it joins the Pamunkey, and forms the beautiful York. As soon as the batteries were "parked," Lieutenant Henry Carter (of my company) and I started out on a supper-hunting expedition, and after a short ride we found ourselves

at Captain W. W. Jones's, with whom I became acquainted on the Edwards trip. He received us very kindly and a bountiful supper amply repaid us for our ride. Being unusually hungry, I quickly disposed of *nine* biscuits, *nine* glasses of milk, and *nine* or ten lesser articles of edible properties. I have always had a *penchant* for the figure *nine*, having, as some kind gossips say, no less than *nine* dearly loved sweethearts in the good old city of Richmond. Now I hope my fastidious friends will excuse me for displaying such wonderful powers of storing away, but they must remember how seldom a soldier has a chance to devote his shining blade to

“*Grease*, lovely *Grease*, the land of scholars, etc.”

After supper we played the gallant to our host's beautiful and accomplished daughter, of whose many charms we had long been cognizant. Indeed, I have seldom met with a young lady who pleased me so greatly and 'twas with many a regret that we were compelled to tear ourselves away, but I knew that I was “Corporal of the guard” from mid-night until morning. Captain Brooke's Fauquier Artillery was, to-day, taken from our regiment and placed in another battalion, Graham's Rockbridge Artillery returning to us.

Captain Willis J. Dance, of the Powhatan Artillery, is in command of the regiment, as our Major, R. A. Hardaway, is absent on sick furlough—our Colonel, John Thompson Brown, still commands the artillery of our corps.

Our army is divided into three corps; the first, commanded by Longstreet; the second, by Ewell; the third, by A. P. Hill,—the last two being commanded by newly appointed Lieutenant-Generals. Ewell's corps is composed of three divisions, commanded by Major-Generals Early, Johnson, and Rodes, and this corps has five battalions of artillery attached to it: namely, Carter's, Andrew's, Jones's, Nelson's, and Brown's (First Virginia). The last two battalions are reserve artillery; the first three are attached to divisions.

June 6th.—Left camp early this morning and continued our march—after marching some three and a half miles we halted and remained “in column” all day, owing to some movement of the enemy in front of Fredericksburg. Towards evening we were greeted with quite a refreshing shower, which was very ac-

ceptable, as the roads were becoming exceedingly dusty and disagreeable. Camped about four miles from the river Po.

June 7th.—Moved on this morning to Raccoon Ford, but, for some unexplained reason, continued our march higher up the river, and camped for the night near Somerville Ford.

June 8th.—Crossed the Rapidan River at Somerville Ford and marched through Culpeper Courthouse, camping some half a mile from the latter place on the Fauquier road. 'Tis thought we will remain here several days.

June 9th.—This morning all is quiet, save the active preparations for our advance movement, and that movement is supposed to be into Maryland and possibly into *Pennsylvania*. Later in the day heavy firing was heard in the direction of the Rappahannock River, and report flew thick and fast as to its meaning. The enemy, crossing a heavy force simultaneously at different fords on the Rappahannock, evidently surprised General Stuart and, for a time, our men were thrown into confusion, but quickly rallying under that gallant officer they fought with their accustomed bravery, driving the enemy back, capturing several hundred prisoners and a number of cannon. About noon we were ordered to "hitch up" and so we remained all day, but did not move. We are expecting to move in the direction of Thoroughfare Gap, or Front Royal.

June 10th.—To-day is the second anniversary of the first pitched battle between the Confederate and United States forces, the battle of Bethel—then we were but novices in the art of war, but ah! the intervening years have accustomed us to many horrible sights and we have learned to breast the storm of death; to witness, without emotion, scenes of the most appalling horror. Sickening are the horrid details of war, and the gilded bubble, glory, is a costly phantom; but man's heart becomes callous and the bosom friend of to-day, falling upon the field of battle, is replaced by the new found friend of to-morrow. Gentle woman, whose chief charm is her tenderness, loses her sympathetic pity for the wounded and the dying, by familiarity with bloody deeds, and the hearts of all are hardened.

The next few days will give us another opportunity to gain a great victory. God grant it may be complete and result in the total overthrow of Hooker's army. Yet it seems to me that Gen-

eral Lee is attempting a dangerous move: undoubtedly a bold one.

The plan of operations seems this: Lee has left one corps of his army near Fredericksburg and is marching with the other two corps against Hooker's right and rear, thus forcing him to fight at a disadvantage or retreat towards Washington. Now, if Hooker were to suddenly come down on that one corps and were to "gobble it up," he would be nearer Richmond than Lee would be.

Lee's army has the greatest confidence in him, and if we are defeated it will be at a terrible cost to the enemy.

June 11th.—At length we are on the move; Johnson's and Early's divisions of Ewell's corps moved on towards Front Royal, on the Sperryville Turnpike, and Rodes's division, of the same corps, moved towards the same place, but by a different route. As yet Longstreet has no orders to move, but he will be with us in a few days. My regiment moved on the Sperryville pike, crossing the Hazel River and passing through the six-house village of Woodville. We reached Sperryville in the afternoon (twenty miles from Culpeper Courthouse) and camped near the village. We were not "camped" a very long time when orders came for us to push on to Little Washington, the county-seat of Rappahannock, six or eight miles farther on. Leaving Sperryville to our left we marched at a right angle due north to Little Washington, and camped for the night at that place. We have seen more pretty ladies in this county than in any other, either in Virginia, North Carolina, or Maryland. At every cross-road and little village the "dear creatures," God bless them! congregate in great numbers and greet us with pleasant smiles and happy faces; yet some of them wear rueful countenances, for methinks there is not a young man in this county—no, not in all Rappahannock. Ah! were the *men* of the South half so patriotic and earnest as the *women* there would be no doubt as to the issue of this mighty struggle. Just before reaching Little Washington I noticed two very pretty ladies standing in front of a beautiful residence, and as soon as we halted I concluded to go back and get supper; as a cook I am not a success. They received me gladly, fed me bountifully, raised my spirits considerably, and I went on my way rejoicing.

June 12th.—Continued our march towards Winchester, cross-

ing the north and south branches of the Shenandoah near where they form a junction. My company forms the rear guard of Ewell's corps, and I do not think it will be able to reach Winchester in time for the fight; my impression is that we will have an easy job in cleaning out Milroy's forces. When within about fourteen miles of Winchester all of our quartermaster, commissary and ordnance wagons were halted, and it was intended that we should remain with them as a guard; but having no orders to that effect, and wishing to be "in at the killing," we hurried on towards Winchester at a rapid rate. We were soon ordered to return and protect those trains, in the event of Milroy making a flank movement. Now we can have time to get something to eat, even if we don't share in the glory of capturing Winchester. Our boys don't like the idea of guarding "wagon trains," but we can't help it. Rodes's division is moving so as to get between the enemy and Martinsburg. Johnston will attack them from the front and Early on their right and rear.

CAPTURE OF WINCHESTER, VA.

June 14th.—This morning we started off with the wagon trains towards Winchester, and after being on the road about an hour my company was ordered to report to our regiment, it then being "in position" in the rear, or rather *west*, of Winchester. Milroy has scarcely found out yet that Ewell means "business," and doubtless he thinks this movement only a "cavalry dash." The trains moved on the main road towards Winchester and we turned off to the left at a little place called Ninevah; taking a country road we struck the main Valley pike at the village of Newtown, seven miles from Winchester. We marched very rapidly—passed through Kernstown and soon after turned off to the left, taking the Romney road; only marched a short distance on that, when we commenced moving through farms and along private roads, so as to get in rear of the enemy. Finally we reached our regiment, and our two rifled guns were immediately ordered into position; as usual, our *howitzers* were left in the rear. That was most mortifying to me, for I dislike seeing one "section" of the company always "ordered in," whilst the other does nothing but "bring up the rear."

I think it would be as well for us to apply for a transfer to the

Richmond "City Battalion"; we have already held high places in *Granny Pendleton's Reserve*, and that, together with guarding wagon trains miles in the rear, and keeping howitzers instead of rifled guns, has caused many taunts to be thrown at us. Our artillery having been placed in position before we reached the field, a furious fire was opened upon the bewildered and astonished enemy just as we came up; the enemy replied with some feeble show of spirit, but fired "wild," as they always do when "crowded." 'Twas a grand sight to be out of danger (as I was) and view the contending forces. The enemy were protected by splendid fortifications, but our artillerists were well posted, and so effective a fire did they pour upon the enemy that the Federal guns were, in many instances, not worked at all. Hays' Louisiana brigade, in front of us, made a splendid charge, capturing a line of fortifications and eight rifled guns. At length we drove the enemy from every position save one—that he may possibly hold for some time, it being a strongly built star-shaped fort, and it would cost heavily to take it by assault. We can make that position too hot for them to remain in it, and they will be compelled to surrender or cut their way out. Night brought a cessation of the artillery firing, and we are now completely around the enemy—there is scarcely a doubt of the capture of Milroy's entire force. So far only one man in my regiment has been wounded—Lieutenant Lorraine Jones, of the Second Howitzers—and he very slightly. My company has not fired a single shot, but, like the little boy in the rock-battle, *we holler'd!* and I suppose that will count.

A short time since the Rockbridge Artillery exchanged their two 10-pounder Parrot guns for two 18-pounder Blakeley (English) guns, and used them to-day for the first time. One of them was disabled early in the action by "choking"—that is, the ammunition being badly "fixed" caused the shell to *hang* about half way in the gun, and it was impossible to *send it home* or withdraw it. A little after dark our two howitzers moved nearer to the regiment and we had to march a short distance through the darkest road I ever saw. Stumbling about in the dark I picked up a well-filled knapsack and lugged it along, though I was so tired I could scarcely walk. When we reached our position we unhitched, watered our horses, and prepared ourselves for a good night's rest. All the smooth-bore guns in our regiment are back

here with us. Just as we were getting in a fair way for sleeping orders came from Captain Dance (commanding regiment) for the Powhatan Artillery and the Third Howitzers to turn over to some Colonel—I don't remember his name—our four shell-howitzers—two belonging to the former company and two to the latter—with their caissons, retaining the limber-chests to each gun, and then report to him at the front to bring off some guns captured from the enemy during the day. The order said nothing about the cannoniers accompanying the guns, and it seems to me common sense would have told our company officers better than to send our men tramping through the woods at that time of night when we had been marching all day and many of us on guard last night.

We were unable to find that Colonel, so we unlimbered our guns and caissons, leaving them on the field, taking only the "limbers" to the front, as was ordered. Dance's battery secured two three-inch rifled guns, but my company was unable to procure any; yet we were made to haul off a gun for the use of another company. That was a pretty piece of business, marching all day and all night, and then working to accommodate some one else. We returned to our former camp in no pleasant mood, just as day was breaking.

So we had once more to take back the howitzers; after getting everything all right, we threw ourselves upon the ground to snatch a few moments' sleep.

June 15th.—Our slumber was of short duration, for early in the morning we were ordered towards Winchester. The enemy, during the night, had made a partially effective effort to escape, leaving in Winchester all their artillery, wagons and a great quantity of commissary, ordnance and quartermaster stores. Many of the Federal officers had to leave their families, and they seemed in great dread of the hated "Rebels." It seems that Milroy, concluding he would certainly be captured and *hung* if he attempted to hold Winchester any longer, determined to take advantage of the darkness and escape, if possible. Taking the main pike towards Martinsburg, but leaving it after a march of three or four miles, he then took the Berryville road, where he came in contact with Major-General Edward Johnson, of our corps, and a short, but decisive struggle resulted in the capture of the main body of the enemy, though Milroy himself ran the gauntlet and escaped. It is said that General Johnson was sur-

prised; our men were marching "in column," and the enemy advancing in "line of battle," made a desperate charge, which threw our men into some little confusion, at first. Johnson quickly formed his men, and placing himself at their head, advanced upon the enemy; they, being dispirited, fought but a short time, and the old "Stonewall Division" soon drove them back with great loss, capturing them by the thousand. So far our success, rapidity of movement, gallantry in action, etc., has equalled any movement made during the war, and has placed another feather in the already many plumed cap of gallant "Dick" Ewell.

We have captured in Winchester seventeen three inch rifled cannon, the best field gun now in use; four twenty-pound Parrot guns, and two brass field guns, making in all *twenty-three* guns. Also prisoners to the amount of four or five thousand, and two hundred wagons, loaded with everything that one could imagine, consisting of clothing, corn, flour, bacon, boots, shoes, hats, caps, sugar, coffee, tea, raisins, almonds, Malaga grapes, maple sugar, and many other articles too numerous to mention. It would fill an entire volume were I to enumerate the many articles captured from the enemy, so I will simply pass on by remarking that Milroy lost everything, save what the few escaping carried on their backs, and as they were in such a great hurry, it is not to be supposed they encumbered themselves with any great amount of luggage. Rodes has captured Martinsburg, and with it a large amount of valuable stores. My regiment moved on some six miles north of Winchester, camping on the Martinsburg turnpike. My horse being somewhat played out, yesterday morning I sent him to the rear, and I have been on foot ever since. Being weary and footsore, I concluded to do the "plum straggle," as we boys call it, so I let the First Virginia move on to camp whilst I struck Milroy's wagon train right plump in the centre. Aladdin, in the famous cavern, was never so embarrassed with riches as I; I didn't know what to take first. I ate something of everything that I could eat, until I became as "full as a tick," and then I sought something more lasting to make me remember these, our Yankee friends, who had skipped away so nimbly, leaving all their worldly effects behind them. Countless hundreds of knapsacks were lying all around me, and for a long time I could not find one to exactly suit my fancy; finally I concluded to take one

by chance—that is, without looking inside of it—so I selected a fat-looking one that must have weighed fifty pounds, strapped it on my back and marched away, feeling as rich as CRÆSUS. The road was dusty almost to suffocation, and the scorching rays of a summer's sun fell powerfully upon my head, whilst my feet ached with a burning pain. My knapsack felt as if it weighed a thousand pounds, and the worst of the joke is this :

Just as I was entering camp one of the boys sang out :

"Halloo, White! What are you doing with old Mitchell's knapsack? He has been looking for it ever since last night."

Sure enough in a Yankee wagon train I had found a knapsack belonging to a driver of my company, and he, being the company's tailor, had an extra heavy one. I had selected it amongst all the others and had lugged it along all day—I, that wouldn't even carry my own rations!

Query: How did it get there?

'Twas certainly his, and of course I returned it to him, but the pleasure of relieving a comrade in arms didn't relieve the pain in my back.

About dark an order came from Colonel Brown to my company to take our two howitzers to Winchester and in their places procure two three-inch steel rifled guns, known as the "Dahlgren gun." Now there was a certainty of getting rid of these abominable howitzers, and yet we could hardly realize it, for we have so often been fooled and made so many futile attempts to exchange them that we thought it almost useless to make another. However, we determined to try again, and I concluded to go also, though very much in want of rest. We succeeded beyond our expectations, and now we have the desired guns. I have for a long time desired to be "gunner" of a rifled gun, for our little howitzers were only "pop-gun affairs"—would do well enough in a street fight in a city, but are no field guns, especially in offensive warfare. We were unable to procure ammunition for our guns, so we returned to camp. Later in the afternoon we succeeded in getting it from our ordnance officer. We are evidently preparing for some "big move," and Winchester is the precursor of—what?

June 16th.—Our two three-inch guns returned to Winchester this morning after ammunition, and as we were delayed so long we amused ourselves by searching for plunder. I walked over to the main redoubt to take a look at the Yankee prisoners confined

therein. Many of the Winchester ladies had assembled at the fort, some for curiosity, a weak point with most of the fair sex, and a good many to offer *consolation* to the captured foemen. Generally Winchester has been more than true to the Southern cause, but of course some Union people are to be found amongst its inmates; they, however, are of the lower class. The population of Winchester has materially changed since the commencement of the war, and we see many "strange women" on her streets—mothers, but not wearing the marriage ring; camp followers of Milroy and his now dissipated army. We were unable to get the desired ammunition, so we returned to camp; later in the afternoon we succeeded in getting it.

June 17th.—We exchanged our two Parrot guns with the Second Company Howitzers for two three-inch steel rifle guns, and now my company has four of the latter calibre. Our battalion is now one of the best equipped in the Confederate service. The Rockbridge Artillery have also exchanged their English Blakely guns for two twenty-pound Parrots; they now have four twenty-pound Parrot guns, heavy to handle but very effective at long range. Hupp's "Salem Artillery" has two three-inch steel rifle guns and two twelve-pound Napoleons; the Second Howitzers have four ten-pound Parrots; Dance's "Powhatan Artillery" three three-inch rifles and one ten-pound *Anderson* Parrot; and the Third Howitzers four three-inch steel rifled guns—making a sum total of *eighteen* rifled guns of the most approved pattern, and two splendid Napoleons. My company has a rifled gun captured from "Company D," First Virginia Artillery (Yankee), and we are "Company D," First *Virginia* Artillery. We are *Virginians* and they are God knows what!—mostly born in Hesse-Cassel or Hesse-Darmstadt—Hessians any way, such as Stark cleaned out at Bennington. But times have changed, and the "Blue Mountain Boys" hire them now! The Germans are a liberty-loving people and fight well when they are in a good cause, but frequently they get on the wrong side of the fence, and then they get most soundly drubbed. The funny part is, money will put them on either side. However, we have many good Germans on our side, than whom no better soldiers can be found.

This morning we received orders to move on towards Martinsburg—passing through Bunker Hill and the little village of Darksville, we reached the vicinity of Martinsburg about dark,

and went into camp two miles south of the town. Our boys had just prepared their sleeping quarters when orders came for us to move on through Martinsburg and take our old camp of last fall, as we had no support near us. Wearily we marched on, and it was near midnight when we once more sought our rest.

June 18th.—Major General Rodes has moved across the Potomac and is now in Maryland—Early is still near Winchester, and Johnson is about five miles north of Martinsburg. This morning my regiment moved on towards Williamsport, but our orders were countermanded and we marched back to Darksville, six miles south of Martinsburg. So our march of last night and this morning has resulted in nothing save the excessive fatigue of our men and horses. This morning the heat was oppressive, but in the afternoon a refreshing shower fell, and to-morrow's march will be much more pleasant.

June 19th.—Left Darksville this morning and again passed through Martinsburg, but instead of marching towards Williamsport, we turned off to the right and marched towards Shepherdstown, at which place we expect to cross the Potomac. Something decisive must be done for we have gone too far to recede—the next few days will decide the fate of *nations*—events thicken upon the horizon, and the enemy must be very careful or else *Lee* will have their metropolis. A great and decisive victory would be of incalculable advantage to us, and we must be successful now or the war will be protracted many years—the *end* will be decided. What Longstreet and A. P. Hill are doing we cannot find out, but presume they will form a junction with us somewhere in Maryland. Thousands of probable and improbable stories are circulating among our troops—some say a convention of Ohio Democrats have nominated Vallandigham for Governor of that State, and have demanded of Lincoln that he recall Vallandigham from his banishment in the South. Then again we hear that the Governor of Pennsylvania has called out 50,000 militia to protect the State from the expected invasion of Lee, Lincoln informing them that he has as much as he can do to protect Washington. We arrived at Shepherdstown in the afternoon, camping near the village. Towards night, having often heard of Shepherdstown hospitality, I strolled over to the village in quest of something to comfort the inner man. The prospect was somewhat gloomy—a heavy rain was coming up;

already huge water drops were pattering thick and fast upon the streets and, as yet, I had been unable to find anyone willing to dispose of a supper for love or money. Soldiers were hurrying through the streets—some back towards camp and some with merry looking girls entering hospitable houses, and as they closed the doors behind them and drew together the curtains to give the inner rooms a more cheerful light, their voices mingled musically together. Unheeding the rain storm without, and the stranger who wandered lonely through the now almost deserted streets, they lived in the glad present and sang peans in honor of the Southern flag that floated over their border village.

At length I espied a pretty little residence not far from the village, and presuming it to be house of some well-to-do farmer, I walked up to the door, knocked, and enquired if I could get supper. Was met at the door by one of the most splendid looking old gentlemen that I ever saw, whose face was at once indicative of the man, that man a true type of Virginia's pride, a genuine old Virginia gentleman of the "Light Horse Harry Lee" family. Warmly and kindly he invited me in, and together we entered the splendidly furnished parlor, which I was somewhat embarrassed to find filled with company—officers, whose gilded stars and gold laced uniforms sparkled and dazzled 'neath the bright light of the chandelier, gave a military dash to the scene; and beautiful woman, decked in all the splendor and the taste of days prior to the war, added her charms also. And I, clad in the dingy gray uniform of an humble artillery Corporal, had to face all this show of wealth, of rank, of power, and of beauty; but if those dingy gray garments were all soiled, and tattered, and torn; and if those hands were all roughened, and hardened; and that face all sunburned and blackened by exposure to the rays of a summer's sun, 'twas done in the hours that tried men's souls, and for the defence of a bleeding country.

Not for garments of purple and fine linen, nor for the rarest gems ever gathered from Golconda's mine, nor for power, nor rank, nor splendor, nor a life of ease, would those rough garments of Confederate gray be exchanged, unless with that exchange came the same tried heart, the heart that has never yet, by the help of God, failed to uphold our Country's cause!

To make it more annoying, the gentleman of the house heard my name but indistinctly, and when he introduced me it was by

no particular name, at least I, myself, could not distinguish it. And I, feeling pretty much "like a poor boy at a frolic," quietly slipped off into a corner, determined to *vamosé the ranche* at the very first opportunity. However, one young lady, more considerate than the rest, taking pity upon me, came over to my corner and commencing a desultory conversation, soon found that we were acquainted with many of the same people—that circumstance being considered by us as equal to a formal introduction, we managed to have quite a lively time. I, feeling that something must be done to counteract the unseemly appearance of my soldierly costume, endeavored to wield my thinking and discoursing powers to their best advantage. Then music was introduced, and, perhaps, the young lady was somewhat astonished to find the uncouth looking Rebel knew something of *la science joyeuse*, and could discourse of the beauties of *Trovatore*, *Traviatta*, *La Somnambula*, *Bohemian Girl*, and numberless operatic fantasies, though had she been very particular, she might have caught him "tripping," sometimes.

The rain continuing to pour until late at night, I concluded to remain until next morning and take the chances of a little extra guard duty for being absent without leave, all of which I did, leaving next morning most heartily pleased with my new found friends.

The camp we are in now is the same one we had last year just previous to the battle at Sharpsburg, and has been rendered famous by several rencounters among ourselves. Last year the "Great Mogul" and "Todd," the dilapidated, crossed blades at this camp—perhaps the last named gentleman thought he was anywhere but on a *flowery* bed of ease, for the last seen of him during the fight he was disappearing under the weight of a *bag of flour* poured over him by the "Mogul." "Todd" is as game a little rooster as ever fluttered, but he certainly turned *white* during that engagement. "Todd's" counterpart in size and spunk is "Tim Reeves"—both together, bones and all, would scarcely make an average twelve year old school boy. One Sabbath they differed on some immaterial point, and as both of them are scientific "cussers," they opened their batteries of Billingsgate, "firing at will"—they were along side the main road and, something very unusual for them, were washing their clothes; stripped to the waist, in order to get to their work more effec-

tually, they looked like anatomical skeletons, belonging to some medical society—a North Carolina brigade was passing by, and presently I heard a greasy looking old “Tar Heel” call out to one of his comrades :

“Lawdy! Come here Jim—come quick!—here’s two *gossys* ’gwine to fight!”

To day “Little The” and “Images,” so called on account of his resemblance to those peripatetic vendors of plaster of Paris statuettes of great men gone down in the dim and shadowy vista of the mighty past, rushed valiantly upon each other, and blood (from the nose) would unquestionably have flowed but for the interference of Lieutenant Carter, who commanded the peace.

June 20th.—Remained quiet to-day; heavy fall of rain in the afternoon, and the Potomac has swollen considerably.

Sunday, June 21st.—No signs of a forward move.

PENNSYLVANIA CAMPAIGN.

June 22d.—Early’s division crossed the Potomac this morning, and we now have orders to follow; ’tis said the enemy will show fight near the old battle-field of Sharpsburg. Soon we were “en route” for Maryland, and gaily we marched through the streets of Shepherdstown, whose fair daughters cheered us with glad-some smiles, waving their handkerchiefs, and bidding us remember them in the coming struggle.

The ladies of Shepherdstown are intensely southern in sentiment, and withal most charming in personal appearance; long will they be remembered by our brave Southern troops. We crossed the Potomac at the ford about two miles below the village, and once more landed on Maryland soil. Again the die is cast—the Rubicon crossed—and our destination and success lies in the future—yet uncertain. Oh, for the power to draw aside the dark curtain of futurity and read the pages of history that will be written within the next few weeks! It is the opinion of many that our destination is Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, but of course none can tell where coming events will land us. The river was quite high and very muddy. We crossed without any damage to our ammunition and reached Sharpsburg in the afternoon, camping near the village.

June 23d.—Passed through Sharpsburg and moved on the main

pike towards Hagerstown. Sharpsburg is a very dirty, dilapidated old village, and still shows many marks of the great battle fought near it last September, when General Lee, with 35,000 men, defeated McClellan with a force three times as strong. How different is this dirty looking place from Shepherdstown—in the latter place we were welcomed with cheers and smiles, whilst in the former the people eye us with looks of contemptuous indifference. One timid little southern girl ventured to wave a Secession flag, but as soon as we gave both flag and maiden a hearty cheer she darted from the window like an affrighted bird. We reached Hagerstown in the afternoon, but made no halt. The people in that place evince more southern feeling than we supposed they would; nevertheless, we found all the stores closed, as was the case last fall. Passing through Hagerstown we continued our march northward for about four miles, when we halted for the night within one mile of the Pennsylvania line. This is a bold movement of General Lee's, and will either result in a splendid success or a most disastrous defeat. We are indeed cut off from our base of supplies, but we will form a new base in the enemy's country and *make the Dutch howl!* If this move results in no other good, it will at least, for a time, relieve old Virginia of a large army. 'Tis said McClellan, with 30,000 men, will meet our corps near Chambersburg, Penn.; but as we number nearly as many we do not fear the result. Our army is marching "left in front"—that is, Ewell leads the advance, A. P. Hill follows, and Longstreet brings up the rear, or right wing. Our men speculate much upon our destination, but *no man* expresses *fear* as to the result. Lee and Longstreet are keeping Hooker on the lookout, whilst Ewell is *flying around loose*.

June 24th.—Twenty-four years old to day!—how time flies. To day, for the first time, I stand upon Northern soil—now the people of Pennsylvania will have an opportunity to sip the sweets of war; let them drink deeply of the bitter cup, for we have well nigh drained it to the bottom. Let us also remember that Pennsylvania has furnished 150,000 men to devastate our land and to bind us with the chains of a slavery tenfold worse than the *peculiar institution* against which the entire North has uprising. Although our homes have been burned and our ladies often subjected to the insults of a dastardly foe, yet, I am not in favor of

making war upon women and children, nor the wholesale destruction of private property; but I am in favor of making an invaded country support the army invading it. That is the way we have been treated, and "what is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander." Of course we confiscate horses, corn, flour, bacon, and everything necessary for the support of our army.

We continued our march early this morning, crossing the line at Middleburg, and then marched through the village of Green Castle, Franklin county. The latter is a place of some twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants, many of whom were at their windows and in the streets gazing at us as we marched through the town. We molested no one and interfered with nothing save a few cherries, for which piece of Rebel plundering a Union woman abused us pretty roundly, telling us to—

"Leave them cherries be!—they are *Union* cherries and I hope they'll choke you!"

One of these same free-talking ladies asked Sergeant Thaxton: "How is it you Rebels have so many *mulattoes* down South?"

We camped for the night in sight of Chambersburg, and I, as usual, flanked out in quest of a good supper. My usual success attended me, for the people are so terribly frightened that they will give or sell us anything, and that, too, at our own prices. As to Confederate money they take it with apparent willingness, but whether from fear of us or really because they can make use of it I know not; however, I know this much: my last dollar is sighing for companionship and I must pursue some original plan to procure Pennsylvania dinners in the future. Of course the people we see declare themselves in favor of peace, and I think some of them are in earnest, though they may appear so in order to save their property. There is no doubt of this fact: Hooker has been completely out-generated by Lee, and many of the Northern papers admit it. The enemy claim to have made a splendid fight at Winchester, and assert that they slaughtered our men by the thousand; as usual, this is their manner of admitting a defeat. Our loss was a mere nothing, and we all know that the Yankees fought worse than we ever knew them to do; for instance, many of the cannon captured by us from them were not even soiled.

June 25th.—All quiet to-day. We still remain near Chambersburg, and, so far, we have not been notified of any movement. Who would have thought that our army would or could have

marched this far into Pennsylvania without a fight! Our rations have been greatly improved since entering Pennsylvania; to-day we drew for our mess, flour, salt, soap, molasses, herrings, dried apples, dandelion (a Yankee substitute for coffee), sugar, etc., etc. We captured nine hundred barrels of flour at Chambersburg and a great many stores of all kinds. Our horses are also faring much better than when we were in Virginia; we give them corn, oats and clover hay in abundance. When we return to Virginia I fear that our men will be dissatisfied with the scarcity of our rations compared with the superabundance of the present.

June 26th.—What a disagreeable day in which to continue our march northward! Rain commenced falling last evening and continued through the night. This morning there is but little prospect of its abatement. We passed through Chambersburg and the citizens crowded the streets to witness the march of the Rebels. Some of the women looked surly enough and displayed the Union flag quite defiantly; but did we, as the enemy invariably has done in the South, order them to desist or we would grossly insult them? No, we came not here to war upon women and children, but to measure our strength with *men-at-arms*. Chambersburg is quite a business place of several thousand inhabitants; many of the houses are well built and show a remarkable degree of prosperity, but the inhabitants wear anything but pleasing smiles; they look downcast and sullen. This move has taken them all by surprise, for they thought it was only a cavalry raid commanded by "Shenkins" (Jenkins), as they invariably call him. Jenkins commands the advance guard of our corps, and his men are a set of free-booting, hard-riding, hard-fighting fellows. Most of the country people are from the "Faderland," and their barns are in every way superior to their houses. Most of the women we have met are about on a par with our mulatto house servants in the South, and are certainly less choice in their language. Of course the F. F. P.'s keep out of our way, and it would not be fair to judge of an entire people by those we have seen and heard converse. Moving on towards Harrisburg we passed through the little post-village of Greenvillage (Castle?) and halted for the night near Shippensburg, on the line of Franklin and Cumberland counties. This evening I had the pleasure of meeting a genuine "Copperhead Democrat"—*i. e.*, a Pennsylvanian who was heartily tired of and wanted to stop the war. He

conversed with much reason concerning the war; but when a fellow's hand is in a vise I always receive his opinions *cum grano salis*.

June 27th.—Passed through Shippensburg and several small post-villages on the route to Harrisburg. We are advancing slowly, and the great battle will not be for several days. We halted for the night near Carlisle, the county-seat of Cumberland county. Just before going into camp an accident occurred in our company, and it is to be wondered at that several of our men were not killed. The ammunition chest of our "first" gun was accidentally blown up, and for a time caused quite an excitement, but no one was seriously hurt. A percussion shell in the "limber chest" exploded and that communicating with the other charges (fifty in number, one pound each) made a pretty big blow.

June 28th.—Remained quiet to-day. A. P. Hill is advancing along the same road with us, and is now in the neighborhood of Chambersburg.

June 29th.—This morning we thought there would be no move, but about mid-day orders came for us to prepare to move, and now we are *retrograding* towards Chambersburg. Something's up! Many rumors are afloat concerning this backward move, but "Mass Bob" knows what's right, and we are willing to follow without question. Upon the march we met about 125 paroled Federal prisoners; they were captured near Gettysburg a few days since and are now on their way home. Noticing that nearly all of them were without shoes, I naturally inquired of them, why it was? "We were captured by a Reb. named Johnson, and I reckon he wanted our shoes for his men; he mout have took our shirts, too, but he didn't."

Old "Alleghany" had been through 'em, and they were *cussin'* him accordingly. They were militia, and hadn't made much of a fight. To-day we hear that Pemberton has repulsed Grant at Vicksburg; how nobly has Vicksburg withstood the terrible attack made upon it! Our cause is indeed prospering—with a well organized, splendidly-equipped, well disciplined and powerful army in a few days' march of Washington, we threaten the North with the terrors of a protracted invasion; and our mighty Lee, if only opposed by the already out-generaled Hooker, will ere long gain a victory such as will shake the Northern government to its very centre. We marched within six miles of Ship-

pensburg and halted for the night. The inhabitants look more cheerful and better pleased since we have commenced to march backwards and say we are going to get a terribly bad whipping in the next few days; well, so it may be, but somebody's going to be hurt.

June 30th.—This day one year ago the armies of the North and South were struggling for the possession of Richmond, and success was on our side; *now* the scene has changed, and in a few days the grand struggle for Washington will commence. We have a little colt in our possession, belonging to one of our Sergeants, and we are often amused by its playful antics. The little fellow was nine days old at the opening of the "spring campaign," and left Bowling Green with us, participating in the fight at Catherine Furnace, and also at Chancellorsville, in honor of which we have dubbed him Chancellor. Nobly has the pony war-horse kept up ever since, fording the Rapidan, the north and south branches of the Shenandoah, whose rapid stream came near consigning him to a watery grave; also breasting the blue waves of the Potomac; then crossing the Blue Ridge, and keeping pace with its watchful dam, a very fine animal, ridden by Sergeant Thaxton. Chancellor very often gets into little company difficulties by nosing around our mess-pans in search of stray rations, and early one morning he mistook the head of a worthy "Third Howitzer" for a *cabbage head*, perhaps, and commenced nibbling away to the no small astonishment of the awakened artilleryman. Artillery *drivers* have a very hard time of it, especially if they mess together. Last night we reached camp about 11 o'clock, and then they had to unhitch and unharness their horses, go two and a half miles for water, groom, feed, and cut clover for them. By the time all this was accomplished it was nearly *one* o'clock, and of course they were too wearied to cook anything for themselves to eat. Then we were aroused this morning at 3 o'clock and they had to "feed, groom, water, harness, and hitch up," consequently when orders came to "move" but few of them had been able to get anything to eat. Although it was expected we would move very early this morning, it was long after sunrise before we were fairly on the road, and then we moved very slowly until we reached Shippensburg. Continuing our march southward until we reached Green Castle, six miles from Shippensburg, we left the main turnpike and marched in an easterly direction towards the South Moun-

tains. Passing through Scotland we camped for the night near the base of the South Mountains. Scotland is a dirty little village situated on the Hagerstown and Harrisburg Railroad, and is in a wildly beautiful country. The Cannoakagig (pronounced by the inhabitants *Kinnerkagig*, and not one person in the village could spell it), a beautiful little stream, brawls busily alongside of the village, and the high, rolling hills and beautiful valleys, some heavily covered with timber and others teeming with the fast-ripening grain, present a sad and marked contrast with the devastated fields of our once smilingly fair and happy Old Dominion. The railroad bridge over this creek has been destroyed by our troops, and we get a pretty liberal share of *cussin'* from these Pennsylvania Dutch for that piece of vandalism. Ah! the war is coming home to *them* now, but, by strict orders of General Lee, we have been handling them with "kid gloves." What would be said of us if we were to treat them as many of their Generals have treated our homes and our non-combatants?

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, FOUGHT 1ST, 2D AND 3D JULY, 1863.

Wednesday, July 1st.—Continued our journey this morning, marching easterly until we reached Fayetteville, on the Gettysburg pike; then turning to the left marched northward towards Gettysburg. *All of Longstreet's corps* were at or near Fayetteville, and to-day we joined them for the first time since leaving Culpeper Courthouse. For the last week or ten days my regiment has been moving with Johnson's division. Early and Rodes are at or near Gettysburg. Passed the Caledonia Furnace, at the foot of South Mountain Gap, at which place we crossed the mountains. These iron-works, fourteen miles from Gettysburg, were owned by the notorious Thaddeus Stevens, member of Congress from Pennsylvania. Early destroyed those works pretty effectually a few days since, and their blackened remains are all now left to remind us of riches that have taken wings and flown away. As we neared the summit of the South Mountains reports reached us of heavy fighting in our front, and we pressed rapidly forward; the boom of cannon and the roll of musketry coming from the plains beneath us betokened the bloody hour at hand, and then upon each mind fell the solemn thought of dangers soon to be encountered. Rapidly we whirled along the

smooth, firm road towards the battle-field, and soon the signs of battle began to make their appearance; wounded men, pale from the loss of blood, were moving back towards the rear, and in many cases they were cared for by Pennsylvania women. On and on we pushed, and the men, who but a short time since wearily toiled up the mountain side and struggled to keep up with their guns, now moved briskly alongside their pieces, and even the horses seemed infused with a new and lasting strength. As we reach the field of battle night comes on and the firing ceases; we arrive too late to participate in the fight, and calmly we wait for the morrow.

The moon rose over the battle-field, and by her pale light sad sights are witnessed. A few yards in front of our batteries a long line of Confederate soldiers are sleeping, "the sleep that knows no waking"—they lay in the line of death as they fell in line of battle. Here lay a ruddy and halesome youth, over whose curly locks scarce eighteen summers had passed, whilst hard by his aged father sleeps his last long sleep. They all came from the gallant old State of North Carolina, whose brave sons have so often and so nobly shed their warm hearts blood in the cause of our struggling Confederacy. These troops belonged to Iverson's brigade, and most of them were of the Twenty-third North Carolina Regiment. The fight commenced between Gettysburg and the South Mountains, the enemy evidently endeavoring to gain the gap through which we crossed, and keep us on the south-side of the mountains. Our troops engaged, were portions of A. P. Hill's corps, and a portion of Ewell's corps. Heth's and Pender's divisions bore a prominent part, but Heth is said to have been severely wounded, and was compelled to leave the field. The hard fighting Jubal A. Early, and the dauntless Rodes, represented Ewell's corps, and wielded their divisions with terrible effect upon the enemy. The enemy are commanded by Meade, who has superseded Hooker, and his forces on the field to-day, were composed of *four* corps, of which Reynolds' First corps did the principal fighting—Reynolds, a brave and gallant officer, losing his life. All that we left of the famous Dutch corps, the Eleventh, at Chancellorsville, met us to-day, also—it was formerly commanded by Sigel, now by Howard; to-day, as at Chancellorsville, it fought badly. Thus it will be seen that four divisions of our army fought and whipped four *corps* of

the Federals, driving them three or four miles, capturing several thousand prisoners, artillery, etc. Our loss, in some brigades, has been heavy. To-day the advantage is decidedly on our side, but to-night both armies will bring up large reinforcements, and the issue is still in doubt. It seems to me, that Longstreet was much nearer the battle field than we were, some twenty miles, and with his corps we could have wakened things up. Methinks old "Stonewall" would not rest on the field of battle to-night, but he would press on with everything in sight and not give the enemy time to entrench. Our troops are in the very best of spirits, and are eagerly awaiting the action of to-morrow. God grant that victory may be ours!

THURSDAY, JULY 2D—GETTYSBURG.

The enemy hold a very strong position in our front, a series of high hills running south-westerly from Gettysburg to the Potomac—we are now manœuvring previous to the grand attack, expected to come off this evening or to-morrow. Longstreet commands our right, A. P. Hill the centre, and Ewell the left. This will be a terrible battle, for the position of the enemy cannot possibly be carried by an attack in front—we must depend upon Longstreet and Ewell to out-flank them. The "Rock-bridge Artillery" was assigned to its position last night—it goes on the left of our lines with Early's division. My company is placed on a high hill, a little south of Gettysburg, and about a mile from the city—we are between the Lutheran Theological Seminary and a large brick dwelling (possibly the President's residence). This position is slightly inferior to that of the enemy, being partially commanded by the range of hills in our front, on which bristle many a Federal cannon—moreover we can see but a small portion of the enemy's line, consequently the effectiveness of our fire cannot be determined. Dance's "Powhatan Artillery," commanded by Lieutenant Cunningham, is a short distance on our right, and the Second Howitzers some 800 yards to our left. This latter company has a fair view of the enemy's line, but in front of us is an orchard which greatly obstructs our view. However, we carefully examine the ground, note that portion of the enemy's line on which we are to concentrate our fire, and zealously prepare for a desperate battle. We are supported by Daniels'

brigade, Rodes' division, and are on the extreme right of Ewell's corps. Johnson and Early are on our left, and their lines extend north-east of the city, threatening the Federal right. Our orders are to retain our fire until Longstreet opens from our extreme right—then we are to open, but to fire slowly and carefully. Never on the continent of America, previous to this time, have a like number of cannon been placed "in position"—both the Federal and Confederate armies have brought into play their "reserve artillery," and every hill bristles with cannon charged to the mouth with murderous grape. Yet everything is unusually quiet—men move about carelessly, as if perfectly indifferent to the next few hours. The merry laugh still wreathes in smiles the lips of many a brave soldier boy upon whom will dawn no coming morrow; and the joyous tale is told with the same merriment, as if they stood around their cheerful camp fires with danger far, far away.

Hour after hour rolls on, until we begin to think that Longstreet has deferred the attack until to-morrow, it being understood that he will make the attack on the far right sometime in the afternoon. In front of us our skirmishers and those of the enemy keep up a continual popping, and first one side and then the other is driven back. I procured a good field-glass, and taking position in the cupola of the Seminary watched the movements of both armies with feelings of no little interest. It is now about 3:30 in the afternoon, and we have not much longer to wait—far away on the right the boom of a heavy gun betokens the commencement of Longstreet's work; one by one the artillery on his left joins in with hearty will, and our line becomes a living sheet of flame. A puff of white smoke is seen on the enemy's line—another and another—his line is clouded with the smoke of three hundred guns, and the deadly cannon balls come hurtling and screaming through the air busy on their mission of death. The roar of the artillery is sublimely terrific; ever and anon the plunging, rolling musketry fire of the infantry can be heard sweeping down the valley, and the earth shakes and trembles 'neath the continued shock. The birds of the air flap their dusky wings and fly far away to more peaceful shades; the beasts of the field gaze in affright upon this scene of terror, then snuffing the sulphurous air, in horror betake themselves to headlong flight; even the mighty war-horse, whose mane is clothed in thunder,

paws the earth in fear ; but man, and man alone, quails not before the storm of death, and firmly stands where heathen gods would tremble ; then—

“ The field ran so red with the blood of the dead
That it blushed like the waves of Hell.”

Faster fly the death missiles and more terrific becomes the hoarse bellowing of near five hundred pieces of artillery ; now and then the loud shriek or the dying moan of some poor unfortunate betokened the accuracy of the Federal fire. We see no bodies of the enemy directly in our front, but we know exactly where the Federal line is, and our steel rifle-guns carry their balls to the mark every time. We are fighting with Milroy's guns and Milroy's ammunition. Orderly Sergeant A. G. Porter, of our company, falls mortally wounded and is carried off from the guns he has so bravely fought by ever since the tocsin of war sounded throughout the southern land. Private A. J. Andrews was slightly wounded in the knee, but not severely hurt ; several others of my company were struck, but fortunately no one else was disabled. We had a horse or two killed and a caisson shot through by a shell. The artillery fire near us gradually slackened off, and towards dusk ceased entirely ; but on the right and left increased to an almost superhuman vehemence. My riding horse, hitched to a caisson, broke his bridle early in the fight and ran off, carrying with him all of my “plunder.” This plunder was my “all,” consisting of a fine grey English overcoat, two fine shawls, one of which I prized very highly, for I had it with me in the “John Brown War” ; and, worst of all, my knapsack was strapped to the saddle. Therefore I am “bankrupt” ; but I have one consolation : It doesn't take much for a soldier to resume business. When the artillery fire on our portion of the line ceased, I rode over the field towards the right, looking for my horse, but was unable to find it ; there I got mixed up into some of Longstreet's fighting, and not knowing my “bearings,” I got back to my company as speedily as possible.

On the left Johnson and Early vainly endeavored to force the enemy back from his impregnable position—night came on ; the crash of musketry and the roar of cannon away off on the far right and extreme left told that the fortunes of the day were still undecided. About 9 o'clock at night we were moved from our

position and marched towards Gettysburg, but soon our orders were countermanded and we resumed our former position. It seems that the enemy was driven from his position on our left, but we failed to hold the ground. At length the firing ceased and wearily we prepared ourselves for rest. Who can *rest* upon a battle-field? One may sleep, indeed, but it is not the gentle sleep that brings rest to the weary body.

Well we know the work is still unfinished, and to-day's fight has accomplished nothing towards the grand result. Well we know that to gain a valuable victory we must more than hold in check Meade's powerful army—we must annihilate it, or the war is protracted many years.

Victory means "Recognition."

To-morrow we must renew the conflict, and the enemy must be whipped or we will have to retrace our steps back to old Virginia. The loss in the Second Howitzers has been little or nothing; the enemy fired at them but seldom. Dance's Powhatan Artillery had three men wounded, a caisson blown up, and a good number of horses disabled. The Salem Artillery, Lieutenant Griffin commanding, was not engaged. We have heard nothing from the Rockbridge Artillery, but know very well that it has done its duty no matter what position it was placed in. Napoleon, Alexander, Cæsar, nor Washington ever commanded better soldiers than those boys of that justly celebrated battery. As to the losses of our army it is impossible for us to gain any accurate information, but suffice it to say, the enemy holds his position and we are unable as yet to drive him from it.

To-morrow will decide!

FRIDAY, JULY 3D—GETTYSBURG.

We remained last night in our position of yesterday, though it had become very disagreeable; many of the enemy, killed in Wednesday's fight, were still lying unburied, and that, together with the stench of putrified horseflesh, was sickening in the extreme. We remained in this position some hours after sunrise, but were finally ordered to move about six hundred yards to our right, where a more elevated position could be had. Only three of our guns could be placed in position, our first gun being sent to the rear under the command of Lieutenant Payne; the cannoniers, however, were left on the field and put in other detach-

ments. All this was owing to a scarcity of men and a lack of ammunition for *rifled* guns. Two three-inch rifles, belonging to Hupp's Salem Artillery, were immediately on our right, and the four ten-pound Parrot guns of the Second Howitzers were directly on Hupp's right, whilst Dance's four rifled guns were on the left of my company. All of these guns of our battalion were commanded by Captain Willis J. Dance, of the Powhatan Artillery, our Major, Robert A. Hardaway, being still on sick leave; the Rockbridge Artillery still remaining on the extreme left wing of our corps. Far away on our right the enemy's line extended, and our line ran parallel with his in a southwesterly direction. Between us lay a beautiful valley of one mile in width, about the centre of which, and in our front, Rodes' division, the right of Ewell's corps, was posted. This division was somewhat protected by slight earthworks and had thrown out a cloud of skirmishers several hundred yards beyond.

The Federal skirmishers occupied a number of brick buildings in their front and greatly annoyed our men. Dance's artillery opened upon those skirmishers and endeavored to drive them off, but the enemy opened such a terrific artillery fire upon that company that it was compelled to remain quiet until our whole line opened.

The heavy infantry fighting was expected to come off in the afternoon, but our artillery was to open some time before the infantry advance and, if possible, drive off or silence some of the Federal guns. Our battalion was ordered to concentrate its fire on a particular battery just to the right of my company and to pay no attention to the other guns until we had silenced that. Accordingly our "gunners" prepared themselves for action, carefully noticing distance, etc. About 2 P. M. we received orders to "commence firing," and briskly our men step to the guns; again do our deadly three-inch rifles and Parrot guns pour into the enemy a closely concentrated fire, and hotly is it returned. We rest a while; the smoke clears away; the Yankee battery has vamoosed! Three other Federal batteries, to the left of the one we were firing upon, fired incessantly into us, and as we did not fire into them their shots were well aimed. Give the Federal artillerists an abundance of time, and *no danger*, and they fire with great precision, but as soon as we *crowd* them their shots fly "wild." The cannon balls

plunged through our batteries with a whirl that blanched the cheek of many a brave soldier, but the men who had stood the storm of "grape" at Chancellorsville, could not be silenced or driven from their position at Gettysburg. With a stern determination to do our duty, did we turn our guns upon the next battery—slowly but accurately did we pour into it a storm of shot and shell, but it fought more stubbornly than the first and began to get our range to a nicety. Immediately in front of our guns there was a stone fence, and when our boys were not actively engaged they nestled down pretty close to it. The firing on both sides was incessant, and the smoke was almost suffocating; presently an enemy's shell came whirling over towards us and, cutting down a tree directly in front of my gun, bursted in such close proximity to my detachment, that our escape was miraculous. The tree falling across the fence in such a manner as to completely obstruct my line of sight, I was compelled to mount the fence and cut the tree down, or else change the position of my gun. I chose the former mode, but had nothing to cut with save a small hatchet. Now there was really no more danger on the fence than on the ground, but the bullets and balls seemed ten times thicker the higher I got, and as my hands were all blistered and swollen by handling the "gun-trail," I made but slow work. However I *shut my eyes* (feeling, like the ostrich, that so long as I did not *see* danger I was safe,) and worked like a beaver. All up and down the line the cannon are busily engaged in hurling shot and shell over into the Federal ranks, and they reply gun for gun—the smoke is so intense and the distance so great, that we cannot see the effect of our shots, but we have good ammunition and good guns—though we cannot hope to break their line with artillery, we may open a way for our infantry to break through.

"Cease firing!"—our infantry is about to charge, and we anxiously gather in squads upon the brow of the hill to witness that charge that will be remembered so long as brave deeds are honored, so long as the English tongue is spoken. Boldly do the troops of Hill and Longstreet advance across the intervening space, and the infantry fight commences—nearer and nearer do they advance towards the enemy's works, and a fire such as man never stood is poured into their devoted ranks. Some waver and fall back—as mountain mist before the summer's sun, so melts

our line away. Pell mell our brave boys are driven back—the enemy leaves his works and with banners flying, rapidly advances upon our troops; our artillery opens to cover the retreat of our troops, but for some unaccountable reason is ordered to “cease firing.” Quickly our infantry are rallied in the very face of that sheet of living flame, and with a yell turn upon the enemy who break and take cover under their works. Again and again this is repeated—sometimes our men would actually be in their works, but by almost superhuman efforts the enemy would regain them, and drive our men away. Those hills, more formidable than the heights of Fredericksburg, cannot be taken, and “Pickett’s charge” has passed into history. Failure is written upon the banner of the Army of Northern Virginia, but the end is not yet. Will the enemy attempt to take *our* position?—if so, he will find that the men who could *make* a charge can just as gallantly *repel* one. ’Tis useless to cause the farther effusion of blood by another attempt, and our troops gradually fall back to our former lines, *not pursued by the enemy*. How my bright anticipations of a brilliant victory have been dispelled by this disastrous charge! Many, very many of our gallant soldiers have fallen, and many have been captured, but if Meade desires to find out the strength of our position, we will show him that the Army of Northern Virginia has in no manner lost confidence in Robert E. Lee, nor in itself. We do not anticipate an attack, for Meade is also terribly crippled, too much so to make an attack upon us without receiving further reinforcements. In this he has the advantage: he can wait, for reinforcements are coming to him daily; we must fight or quit. Both sides have lost heavily in general officers; on the Federal side are reported Reynolds, Wadsworth, Sickles, Barlow, Zook, and others; on our side Heth, Archer, Kemper, Hampton, and Armistead wounded. Archer, Kemper, and Armistead were captured by the enemy, Armistead being mortally wounded. Not one of my company was disabled to-day, though several were slightly wounded. The Second Howitzers lost two valuable members, — Pendleton and — Maupin. Both were killed by the same shot, and we buried them on the battle-field. The Salem Artillery had only one man wounded (Sergeant Walton), and he very slightly. The “Rockbridge Artillery” in the past two days has lost fourteen men killed and wounded. Since the

commencement of the war this company has done most effective service, and no General ever commanded a finer body of men. It has suffered many losses, but has won a name second to that of no company in the Confederate Army.

Saturday, July 4th.—We moved back last evening about a mile and a half, camping for the night near our position of July 1st. In the morning we got a pretty thorough drenching, as it rained very hard and we were badly prepared for it. Most of our battalion crowded into a large barn, owned by a Dutch farmer, and amused themselves by singing patriotic and sentimental songs, in which we were most ably assisted by Mr. M—k, of the Rock-bridge Artillery. That gentleman sings like a “martingale,” and would crack a joke with Queen Victoria herself, especially if it were an *unclean* joke. Lee’s army remains in position to-day, awaiting the advance of Meade if he feels so disposed. We have expended much of our rifled (cannon) ammunition, but many of our “smooth-bores” have not been engaged at all, and they have all been brought into line of battle. Meade knows full well that to whip Lee he will have to charge across an open field and up heights similar to those that Pickett could not overcome, and he is not too anxious to make the attempt. About 3 o’clock in the afternoon we received orders to move, and were kept in suspense until 2 o’clock in the morning of the 5th before we changed our position. About midnight some of us received valuable information regarding the position of an old hen with a large brood of good size *frying chickens*; whereupon, a solemn council-of-war was held and a forward movement ordered at once. A well-concerted attack upon the enemy, who showed the *white feather* at once, resulted in our capturing seventeen prisoners of war; my share being four, I magnanimously gave them to Corporal P. A. S—, who cooked and cleaned the lot, and I graciously ate two of them.

July 5th.—At 2 o’clock this morning we commenced our backward movement towards old Virginia. It was a murky, disagreeable morning, and as our army slowly marched along the road through the chilly, drenching rain it was with feelings of the deepest sorrow that I pondered over our disappointed hopes and ambitions. We were undoubtedly severely repulsed, and it is thought that the combined Confederate and Federal losses in this

great conflict of Gettysburg will be greater than the combined forces of Cornwallis and Washington at any one time during the great American Revolution.

The enemy is in no condition to press us, and we are moving at a snail's pace. The rain soon began to pour in a perfect sluice, and as I had neither overcoat, oilcloth or blanket, I was soon drenched to the skin. But "what cared I for Hecuba, or what cared Hecuba for me?" I was young, hearty, strong, and healthy—a little drenching more or less would matter not twenty years hence. We move slowly and cautiously, Ewell's corps bringing up the rear, and soon run into Longstreet's wagon train, which effectually blocks up the road. At daylight we have marched but two miles, and now we will see, in a short time, if Meade has the nerve to press matters. Napoleon would decide the war *to-day*; but Meade is not Bonaparte, and Lee will get his army safely across the Potomac. Finally the rain slackens and ceases altogether. What sorry specimens of humanity we "Rebels" must have appeared standing in that muddy road with our "Confederate grey" drenched to our very skins, our slouched hats drawn down over our faces, and our forms trembling and shaking with cold! Some one calls out: "Fall in, Howitzers! Fall in, Howitzers, and draw your *red-eye!*" I quickly stepped up and took mine *without sugar* (*being as how* we didn't have any). Some of the boys declared it was so hot that it dried their clothes in ten minutes! The best of the joke is this: The "red eye" was sent to the *Second* Howitzers and the *Third* company had gotten the better (?) part of it before any one found out the mistake. However, a drink of whiskey is one thing a fellow can't take away from another fellow after he has swallowed it.

Early in the morning, when the enemy discovered that we were moving from the field, a small force under the command of General O. O. Howard dashed a little closer to our lines than was prudent, and we made a few captures. I had the good fortune to get a late copy of the New York *Herald*, which I presented to General Lee *in propria persona*. I was very anxious to read it, but *Mass Bob* was best entitled to it. 'Twas near nightfall when we reached Fairfield, a little village on the east side of the South Mountains, and only eight miles from our starting point of this morning. As we were entering Fairfield the Federals made a feeble demonstration upon our rear, but we soon drove them off.

Lee, Longstreet, and Ewell were sitting upon their horses and holding close consultation. I quietly drew closer to them in order to hear, if I could, General Lee's opinion upon the condition of affairs. But no, that was not the subject—not the great battle that *had been*, but the fight that game "Dick" Ewell wanted to make.

Ewell was actually *crying* and begging for a "fight," just like a schoolboy begging for a bun.

"No, no, General Ewell," said Lee, "we must let those people alone for the present—we will try them again some other time."

O, ye gods, that worked wonders for the warlike Greeks in days that have gone forever, pale your ineffectual fires before the light of that mortal greater than your greatest, purer than your purest!

Camped for the night between Fairfield and the South Mountains. The only cooking utensils our battalion is allowed to have are those owned by my company, the remainder being sent to the rear with our regimental wagons.

July 6th.—Soon after daylight we commenced the tedious ascent of the South Mountains, and nearly all the day was occupied in crossing. Our regimental and company wagons, that left us on the Fourth, were attacked at this place by the enemy and captured, together with our ambulances, forges, and many wounded men. Those captured belonging to my company are Privates Liggon, Vanderverter, and Cardwell, A. J. Andrews, and our valuable blacksmith, Patrick O'Conner.

The last-named is a genuine specimen of the *genus* Irishman, and one of the very best workmen I ever saw. Often has he been known to go on the battle-field, even whilst the fight was raging, knock off the shoes from the slain horses, carry them to his forge, and thus keep a supply on hand. His wife, children, and property are all in the North, but he is as true to us and our cause as we that are

"Native and to the manner born."

One day, being desirous of knowing something about Pat's history previous to the war, I asked him how it was that he came South?

"Be gorra, sir, me wife, you know, is the mon av the house; so one day, just before the breaking out av the war, I told her I

wanted fifty dollars."

"Says she, 'Pat, an' what d' ye want with fifty dollars? It's not a bloody cint ye shall hav'!'"

"Says I, 'Be dom'd if I don't!' I took the fifty dollars, wint to Mobile; the 'sharppers' run 'foul av me there, and divil a cint had I whin they let me off."

"Well, Pat, what did your wife say to you when you returned home?"

"Faith, and it's divil a bit have I been there since, sir!"

Perhaps this is not the only instance of connubial infelicity keeping a man *in the war*, and therefore we would advise our lady friends to beware how they "make it hot" for the lords of creation in these war times. Several of our wounded men have escaped, but we have heard nothing of our Surgeon, Quartermaster, and the rest of the men who were with the wagon train; 'tis presumed they were all captured. Other wagons belonging to Ewell's corps were captured—in all amounting to seventy. We camped for the night near the little village of Waynesburg, one and a half miles from the Maryland line, and twelve miles from Hagerstown.

July 7th.—Continued our march towards Hagerstown; reaching its vicinity soon after mid-day we went into camp.

July 9th.—Nothing of importance has occurred since the 7th save an occasional picket fight and the loss of a few forage wagons. The Yankee cavalry have worried us a little, and our pontoon bridges at Falling Waters have been destroyed, whether by the rise in the Potomac or the enemy I know not. So far General Lee has evinced no haste in crossing the river, and the hostile armies are cautiously watching the movements of each other. A few of our negro cooks, who were with our wagon train when it was captured by the enemy, escaped and returned to camp to-day. Certainly they were the happiest fellows I ever saw and were greeted with loud cheers by our men. A chance for *freedom* they had, but they preferred life and *slavery* in Dixie to liberty at the North.

To the great bulk of them freedom would be an absolute *curse*. Improvident, happy and careless, they would ever miss their kind and considerate masters who had so often watched over them in the hours of pain and anguish.

By the capture of our regimental wagon train our company lost

six men and eleven horses and mules. We lost five horses on the field of Gettysburg, and this brings our horse-power down considerably. Even the pretty little pony "Chancellor" disappeared and was seen no more.

July 10th.—Cannon firing is heard at intervals during the day, and 'tis reported that the enemy is advancing. If Meade thinks that Lee's army is demoralized and won't fight he will be sadly disappointed. We are "in a corner"—a cautious General would be very careful how he pressed; a *great* General would attack; a mediocre man would wait. Meade is cautious and mediocre. In the morning we received orders to "hitch up and prepare to move," but it was late in the afternoon before we started; then we marched through Hagerstown, camping three miles to its right, on the National Turnpike.

July 11th.—This morning we moved a mile or two further, halting between Hagerstown and Williamsport, about three miles from the latter place. Our troops are now "in line of battle" awaiting the advance of the enemy. The most serious difficulty under which we labor is the scarcity of ammunition, especially for rifled artillery. The Potomac is not yet fordable, though falling, and the completion of a pontoon bridge is not yet accomplished. If, by reason of a miscarriage of General Lee's plans, we should be defeated, our situation would be critical indeed—with a swollen river in our front, and a superior enemy in our rear, our artillery ammunition nearly exhausted, and our rations very slender, it will require all of General Lee's military genius to win *eclat* in such a situation. A great battle is daily expected, and General Lee has issued an order to our troops, exhorting them to contend valiantly for the victory. We will not disappoint our great leader's expectations—in no sense is the Army of Northern Virginia whipped, discouraged, or demoralized.

Troops have been moving to and fro all day, and we are placing ourselves in the very best position to resist a Federal advance. My battalion has changed its position no less than five times during the day, and nightfall finds us supported by Rhodes' division, on the extreme left of the lines near Hagerstown, whilst Longstreet's right wing rests on the Potomac, near Falling Waters; A. P. Hill is, as usual, in the centre. Busily are we engaged in cooking rations for the morrow, when lo! orders come for two companies from our battalion to report to General Long-

street on the right. Dance's Powhatan Artillery and the Third Howitzers are those sent, and soon we are on the road. How, or by what roads we reach Longstreet will always remain a mystery to me; at one time we were marching perpendicularly from Hagerstown, then parallel with it, then at an obtuse angle from it, and finally it seemed as if we were endeavoring to *square a circle!* We were told 'twas only three miles to Longstreet's line, but I know we started soon after dark and did not reach our destination until just before daybreak.

July 12th.—Right wearied were we, and eagerly our men dropped upon the ground to snatch an hours rest, but the order, "drivers mount!" soon aroused us, and we were hurried to a position a little to the left of Downsville, some two miles from the Potomac—Dance's company moving off to our right. We are now under the command of Colonel Alexander, General Longstreet's Chief of Artillery. Each of our detachments were ordered to throw up breastworks, and that too in a hurry—although broken down and fatigued, almost beyond the power of endurance, yet in the course of four or five hours, each gun was snugly ensconced in a neat, strong redoubt, affording the men great protection. Meade comes in front of us, halts, and throws up breastworks!—does not look much like a bold attack upon the demoralized Rebels! We were supported by McLaws' division—Hood being directly on our right. Skirmishers kept up a weak fire during the day, but nothing of import was accomplished on either side. In the afternoon a heavy shower came up, from which our boys protected themselves as well as possible. I believe more rain has fallen since we crossed the Potomac than at any period since the Deluge.

July 13th.—Some slight skirmishing is going on in front, but the enemy are chary of us, and make no attempt to advance, seemingly intent upon worrying us if we attempt the crossing of the Potomac, the which 'tis thought we will accomplish to-night. As we expected, about dark, we left our position and moved in the direction of Falling Waters, crossing without difficulty on the pontoon bridge at that place. Falling Waters is about five miles from Downsville, and yet it took us all night to accomplish the march. Thus, in the last three nights, we were on the road two of them, and altogether did not march over ten miles. The roads were very muddy, and it continued raining throughout the night.

Our horses are suffering for want of proper food, and many of them are completely worn out.

July 14th.—Once more we are upon *Virginia* soil after an absence of only twenty-one days. How eventful have those three weeks been! Thousands of our brave troops have fallen, and although the enemy's loss has been heavier than ours, yet we are less able to stand it. In the North, one can scarcely note the loss of men, but in the South, how different!

Our whole army is now south of the Potomac, and the next battle will be upon Virginia soil—where?

We certainly gave the enemy every opportunity to attack us in Maryland, but Meade wisely kept out of reach and contented himself with annoying us with his cavalry. If they in reality gained the great victory, all their newspapers so boastfully claim, why did not Meade take advantage of it and annihilate Lee's army? Instead of our retreating in disorder, we moved with more tardiness than I ever knew before, and nearly all the prisoners we captured, we marched safely to Richmond.

Then we remained north of the Potomac *ten days* after the battle of Gettysburg, giving Meade ample time and opportunity to accomplish any brilliant move, if he so desired. He did not so desire, and, with their usual perspicuity, the home warriors of the North will order him to take "a back seat" for not doing an impossible thing; *i. e.*, the capture of Lee and his army.

We have sad news from Vicksburg—it has fallen, and paled is the star of Pemberton's glory. What a serious blow to our cause!—that, together with our repulse at Gettysburg, will indefinitely postpone all recognition of our just and patriotic claims by European governments, and will prolong the war many years. Again the dark hours of defeat and disaster sadden our land, but we will struggle on, hoping on, hoping ever that a just and merciful God will yet give us the victory. Many of our Southern papers are censuring Pemberton severely—calling him imbecile, traitor, etc., etc. He may have had a command larger than his capabilities justified, but it is cruel to say that he was a traitor to our cause, just because he surrendered Vicksburg on the Fourth of July, and because his birthplace happened to be north of Mason's and Dixon's line. Though born at the North, he has for many years lived in the South, married here, and necessarily imbibed many of our sentiments and opinions. I have no doubt

that he did the best he could under the circumstances—Joseph E. Johnston might have relieved him, but he did n't. Why, I don't know.

My company is, for the present, attached to Major Dearing's artillery battalion: as yet, no orders to report to our regiment. We camped for the night, four miles from the ford, and about the same distance from Martinsburg—rained very hard in the afternoon and at night.

July 15th.—To our great satisfaction, we were ordered to report to our battalion this morning—we would not be separated from Ewell's corps for any consideration. Our battalion is in a worse condition than it ever was before. We have no cooking utensils, except the few owned by my company, and they have to do duty for five companies; we have no tents, no forage wagons, no surgeons (I don't know whether that is a subject for complaint or not), and our horses are breaking down by the score, it being impossible to procure corn for them—their only food being a few scanty bundles of wheat. Soon this morning we were ordered to move to Darksville, six miles beyond Martinsburg, but it was 2 o'clock P. M., before we started, as the trains in our advance moved at such a snail's pace. At 5 o'clock we had only marched three-fourths of a mile—about four hundred yards an hour! Such wearisome travelling is enough to wear out the most patient. It was near midnight when we reached Darksville, and we had only marched *ten* miles.

July 20th.—Quietly have we remained at Darksville, until today—the enemy crossed a small force, some ten or twelve hundred strong, at Williamsport, and moved in the direction of Martinsburg. No orders having been received by us, about sundown I left camp to visit a friend, and also to procure a good supper. I remained absent a few hours, and upon returning, I found our corps had moved in the direction of Martinsburg, part of our battalion accompanying it (the Rockbridge Artillery), whilst the remaining four companies had taken the road towards Winchester. 'Twas now ten o'clock at night, and no chance of my "catching up," so I camped for the night on the roadside.

July 21st.—Ewell's corps moved last night towards Martinsburg, hoping to catch that 1,200 squadron of the enemy, but they, finding out our intentions, wisely retreated.

This morning I started on towards Winchester, but remember-

ing a hospitable house, not far from the main road, in which dwelt a "*maydenne fayre*," I moved over in that direction, and concentrated all my gastronomic forces at the dinner table. Ah! 'twas a dinner—a Valley dinner—such as *Staunton* McClung, in the palmiest days of the old Virginia Hotel, might not have been ashamed of.

With a heart too full for utterance I arose to bid my *maydenne fayre* adieu, and to continue my journey companyward. The *maydenne* blushed, and sighed, and gently murmured, "Fifty cents, please"—and romance was sadly "whistled down the wind."

In the afternoon, having met up with Lieutenant Southall (Colonel Brown's efficient adjutant) and Mr. Alsop, of my company, we concluded to form a select camp of our own, and accordingly pitched our tents (blankets) upon the softest spot we could find.

July 22d.—At daylight I reconnoitered the country—that is, looked out in quest of some house at which we might break our fast. Ha! yonder house reminds me of bygone days, for last year its mistress (an unacclimated Yankee) endeavored to palm off upon me an old Yankee shirt, re-dyed, re-washed, and *re-tailed* as a brand new garment "made just a leetle too small for my husband." I called upon this "retailer" and asked to know if Colonel Brown's Adjutant and myself could get breakfast? A little five-year-old cuffey answered my call, and soon returned bringing the glad news:

"Yes, sah."

So I introduced the Adjutant, a man of elegant mien, and the breakfast was soon disposed of. I noticed my friend of former days, who did not recognize me, was especially polite to me, treating all of my remarks with a great deal of deference, but I thought nothing of it at the time.

When I returned to camp several of the boys called me "Colonel," and the following story leaked out:

One of my company was in the house when the Adjutant and myself were there; he was trying to strike a trade for breakfast and was informed that he could be waited upon as soon as *Colonel Brown* AND his Adjutant had finished; but, says the lady, "if that tall fellow is *Colonel Brown* he is the dirtiest-looking Colonel I ever saw." We got the breakfast, and Colonel John Thompson

Brown wasn't hurt. Joined my company in due time at its camp near Winchester.

Private R. A. Minter, of our company, was buried yesterday in Winchester. He was a driver in my detachment, and was taken sick soon after the battle of Gettysburg. During an engagement, if the guns are liable to be stationary, the drivers always dig themselves places in the ground, a sort of *bomb-proof*, where they remain during the fight, and they are generally pretty safe; the horses usually remain quiet. Minter's horses were shot through by a cannon ball and fell over on his *bomb-proof*. I do not think they fell on him, but when he got from under them he was drenched with blood, and, being nothing but a mere boy, was badly frightened. He was soon afterward taken with a typhus fever, from which he died.

About mid-day we received orders to move—we marched through Winchester, halting in the afternoon at Mill Town Mills, three miles south of Winchester. About night we moved again, and finally halted at Newtown, eight miles from Winchester, on the Front Royal road.

July 23d.—The Rockbridge Artillery caught up last night. Reveillé this morning at half past two and started on our march soon after light. Crossed the Shenandoah on pontoons near Front Royal. Reaching that village, thirteen miles from Newtown, we marched towards Luray, instead of crossing the Blue Ridge at Chester Gap. The scenery from Front Royal to Luray is romantically wild and beautiful. On our left huge moss-covered rocks rise, towering high above our heads, and on our right the blue waters of the beautiful Shenandoah, the "daughter of the stars," glide noiselessly at our feet. Halting some seven miles from Front Royal we commenced cooking rations, but we remained only a few hours, as orders came for us to push on towards Luray—the enemy being on the advance.

We moved some five miles farther and camped for the night, making a twenty-five mile march to-day. Of course we are somewhat wearied.

July 24th.—Continued our march towards Luray, but turned off the "pike" three and a half miles from that village and marched towards Thornton's Gap, camping for the night at the foot of the Blue Ridge.

July 25th.—The condition of our horses is really terrible; but

few of them shod, most of them are lame, and they get nothing to eat except grass, and very little of that—light food for mountain pulling! Crossed the Blue Ridge at Thornton's Gap; passing through Sperryville, Rappahannock county, we halted at Woodville long enough to have our horses shod. In the afternoon we moved a few miles farther on and camped for the night within twelve miles of Culpeper Courthouse.

July 26th. Moved on towards Culpeper Courthouse and camped two and a half miles from that place, on the Sperryville pike. Jewell's corps has not yet arrived, we moving a day or so in advance in order to recruit and better prepare ourselves for field service.

July 31st. Moved four miles beyond the Courthouse, on the Madison Courthouse road.

August 1st. We have been ordered to join our corps at Orange Courthouse, and accordingly broke camp early this morning, starting for that point. This has been one of the hottest days I ever felt. Crossed the Rapidan River at Rapidan Station and reached Orange Courthouse a little before sundown.

Major Robert A. Hardaway joined us at camp near Culpeper Courthouse and assumed command of our battalion. He is a brave and efficient officer, a quiet, unassuming gentleman, and we are glad to have him with us.

Camped near Orange Courthouse.

August 3d. In order to secure grazing ground for our horses we are ordered to move in the direction of Liberty Mills, six miles from Orange Courthouse and on the Rapidan River. Reached that place in the evening, camping on the Madison side of the river.

August 7th. Changed our camping ground to Blue Run Church, in Orange county, two miles nearer the Albemarle line and about six miles from Gordonsville. Here we remained several days, but the enemy making demonstrations of an advance we were marched back towards Orange Courthouse. However, the next morning quiet was restored and we returned to Blue Run Church.

August 13th. This camp at Blue Run Church is an unusually fine one and will long be remembered by our boys with kindly feelings. The neighboring farmers are a generous, whole-souled set of Virginia gentlemen, and dispose of their surplus

produce to us at reasonable prices. Our rations have improved materially and our drinking water is clear and icy cold, consequently our men and horses are improving rapidly, this being also the grazing land of the Old Dominion. My company now has about seventy men "for duty," and strong efforts are being made to bring in those men of each individual command detailed in the quartermaster, commissary and other departments, of which the Third company has about twenty.

To-day I have been appointed chief of the fourth detachment, *vice* W. B. Gretter, promoted to orderly.

This appointment dates back from the 5th of July, but owing to Captain B. H. Smith's wishing to promote some one else over Gretter he refused to take action in the matter until our men unanimously recommended Gretter for that position. A Sergeant's position in artillery is far preferable to a Captain's in infantry. In artillery a Sergeant is mounted, and I think the service is much prettier and less objectionable in many respects.

A singular coincidence of name and rank is noticeable in our company. William L. White is chief of the First detachment, and William S. White is chief of the Fourth detachment—both from the same city, both enjoying the elegant nickname of "Buck," and both pretty good fellows. In contradistinction one is called by the pet name of *Crazy* Buck and the other *Pretty* Buck.

We are camped in a beautiful grove in which Blue Run church is pleasantly situated, and nightly prayer meetings are held there. On Sabbath days our chaplain preaches to our regiment and to the neighboring people. 'Tis seldom a soldier has an opportunity to enter the house of God and the rich swelling notes of *Balerna*, *Azmon*, and *Old Hundred* coming from the lips of many a stalwart veteran, bronzed in the service of his country, carries with it many a fond recollection of former days.

DAY OF FASTING AND PRAYER.

August 21st.—Again hath our bleeding nation bowed itself at the Throne of Grace and prayerfully besought the Giver of all good and bountiful blessings to grant success to our cause of liberty. Oh, what a sight! a nation, mighty even in its infancy, bowed in prayer! And will not the God of Justice hear the earn-

est appeals this day offered up throughout our entire Confederacy.

September 7th.—We have remained stationery much longer than we supposed when we first reached Blue Run Church, and there are still no signs of a forward movement either by Lee or Meade. Everything is quiet and many think there will be no more fighting in Virginia this year. We amuse ourselves in camp the best way we can, playing at chess, euchre, whist, etc. Some of the boys “draw” a little, sometimes.

September 11th.—To-day I have received a fifteen-day furlough, and to-morrow I leave camp to visit the dear ones at home—*home*, did I say; alas! I have no home. Many long and weary years have passed away since the ashes of our hearthstone died out forever. Walked from camp to Gordonsville, some eight miles, and the weather being extremely warm I was much fatigued. “Put up” at a quiet little boarding-house, as I had to remain there all night. A party of soldiers, evidently on a big spree, stopping at the same house, among whom were several artillerists and a Lieutenant in the Forty-fourth Virginia Infantry. They had been exceedingly affectionate all the afternoon, but about dark an altercation occurred amongst them, in which the Lieutenant was severely handled. The latter, determining to get away from his artillery friends, staggered up to the landlord, and in a state of maudlin insensibility blubbered out—

“L-lan lord, make out my bill: w-h-a-t doIoweyou?”

“You owe me nothing, sir—you haven’t been to supper!”

“Hav’n’t b’n sup’r!—tho’t I had b’n two sup’r’s. Don’t kno’ anything cep’ that’r artillery chap hit me a dev’l of a crack side o’ my head—good-night!” and he staggered off to a more peaceful clime.

September 12th.—Left Gordonsville this morning on the 4 A. M. train and arrived in Richmond about 10. My personal appearance was, I confess, anything but prepossessing, for the contents of my knapsack amounted to *one* dirty sock and about three-fourths of an old Confederate cotton shirt. However, nothing daunted, I shouldered my light bundle and marching boldly up Broad street soon met up with pretty Miss —; she greeted me kindly, but methinks she would have been better satisfied had I been better dressed. I always keep a few “good

clothes'' in the city, and it was not very long before I was a little more elegantly gotten up.

September 13th.—Attended service to-day at the First Presbyterian Church. How that grand old organ reminded me of the halcyon days of peace, when we joined our voices in the holy anthem and gave glory to the Lord of Hosts! I took my old seat in the choir, but alas, how changed are the choristers! Its leader then—James K. Lee, brave, noble, Christian soldier that he was—long since sealed his devotion to his country's cause by shedding his warm heart's blood on the plains of Manassas. All the others (males) are still in the army, and I miss their friendly faces. Soldiers, grim, fierce and war-worn, are interspersed here and there all over the congregation, and strangers occupy the places of those who sleep in the soldier's grave.

The old men of the church seem a decade older, for grey hairs come faster now than in the days of yore. The beloved pastor, mild-mannered and gentle as a woman, speaks of war in his discourse, and the thoughts of all remain ever fixed upon that one absorbing theme.

September 14th.—Left Richmond this morning on the Danville train to visit my brother in Lunenburg county; waited at Burkeville Junction several hours for the Petersburg down train. Finally it arrived and we started for Blacks and Whites depot, taking two hours to make a distance of seventeen miles. Remained in Lunenburg a few days and then visited Lynchburg, Christiansburg, etc., and returned to Richmond on the morning of the 28th. Returned to camp on the 28th at Blue Run Church, but found our command had moved off some distance. On reaching Orange Courthouse I found an ambulance belonging to my regiment, and that saved me a walk of several miles. Joined my regiment about dark; it is camped near Pisgah Church, one and a half miles from Clark's Mount. Knowing ones think we will make a forward movement soon.

October 5th.—Some changes of note have taken place in the artillery organization of our corps. Lieutenant-Colonel Stapleton Crutchfield, our former Chief of Artillery, never having returned to duty since the battle of Chancellorsville, in consequence of wounds received on that field, has been ordered to the Virginia Military Institute to fill a vacant professorship. Colonel Long, of General R. E. Lee's staff, has been promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship of Artillery, and assigned to the Second Corps, Colonel

John Thompson Brown being ordered to report back to his regiment, the First Virginia Artillery. Colonel Brown has ably filled Crutchfield's position since the battle of Chancellorsville, and undoubtedly merited promotion, but Colonel Long is a *West Pointer*, and General Lee considered him the better fitted for the position—he has the reputation of being a splendid officer.

Like most of the old United States officers, he is a rigid disciplinarian and an inflexible enforcer of the small orders of camp life. He has instituted a new *regime*, and an artillerist now has scarcely time to cook his scanty rations. At daylight we have roll-call, curry horses an hour, feed stock and cook breakfast, then graze horses, police camp and drill; at 12 o'clock, roll-call; at 3 o'clock, another drill; at 4 o'clock, "catch up" horses, water, groom and feed; roll-call at 6, another at 8, and from that time until bedtime we devote ourselves to "cussin out" the whole business. Such is the daily camp life of a soldier; but we remember the old adage of "a new broom sweeping clean," and well we know that the next great battle will put all this "red tape" business on the shelf.

October 7th.—Some movement is on hand, and we are ordered to be ready to move at a moment's notice; it is the general impression that the enemy is falling back upon Washington.

October 8th.—Left camp this morning in search of two stray horses belonging to my detachment; hunted for them all day, and being unable to find them returned to camp and discovered that the regiment had moved towards Orange Courthouse. "Caught up" near the Courthouse, where we camped for the night; the horses were found in the Sixth Virginia Cavalry—soldiers are not famous for the hunting up of horse owners.

October 9th.—My regiment moved on through the Courthouse, at which place I was ordered to remain for Colonel Brown, who was expected to return from "sick leave" on the 3 P. M. train. We were to cross the Rapidan at Barnett's Ford, but on leaving the Courthouse at 4 o'clock I missed the road and crossed the river at Peak's Ford. Then I was completely out of the way—night coming on, and not being able to find my command, I fell in with John Wade, of Johnson's Reserve Ordnance, and was fortunate enough to get a good feed for myself and horse.

October 10th.—About 10 o'clock in the morning, I caught up with my company on the Madison Courthouse road. We are

marching through wood and under cover of hills, in order to deceive the enemy. Our cavalry cover the flanks, and our infantry is not allowed to be seen. This is evidently a flank movement, and if we can keep the enemy unadvised as to our movements, we can gain a very decided advantage. Reaching Madison Courthouse, we marched due north towards Woodville—possibly we may then march upon Culpeper Courthouse, but it is the general impression that we will not meet with the enemy in force, nearer than Manassas.

A caisson belonging to my gun, together with the horses, drivers, and three cannoniers, under Lieutenant Payne, were left at Orange Courthouse, and have not yet caught up. Camped in Culpeper county, about ten miles from Sperryville.

October 11th.—Last night was unusually cold for the season, and we boys pretty freely used rails instead of cutting down trees, the consequence of which was, Lieutenant Henry C. Carter, the only commissioned officer with our company, was placed under arrest, and Lieutenant Cunningham, of Dance's Powhatan artillery, was assigned to command us. We, objecting to this arrangement, the acting Adjutant of our regiment, Lieutenant William M. Read, a Lieutenant in our company, was ordered back to his company, and now has command. All this was done with no feeling of dislike or mistrust of Lieutenant Cunningham, for he is a faithful, brave, and gallant officer; but were he King of England, he was n't a *Third Howitzer*; and we prefer our own officer to command us.

This arrest of Lieutenant Henry Carter amounts to nothing more than a slight reprimand, for not making the men more careful, concerning the destruction of private property, but a cold soldier has a wonderful weakness for a dry fence rail, when he is in a hurry to start a fire. When we get near enough to the enemy to mean business, Carter will be put back in command—he is too good a soldier to be left out in the cold on account of a fence rail.

However, our Senior Second Lieutenant, William P. Payne, arriving soon afterward, took command of the company.

We marched but a short distance to-day, camping for the night on the Sperryville Turnpike, three miles from Woodville.

Thinking we were to have a good night's rest, we made no especial haste to seek our couches, but at 9 o'clock, we were ordered to cook two day's rations, and that, with our limited sup-

ply of cooking utensils, is no very easy matter. We were to be ready to move at 3 o'clock in the morning. The enemy, getting some idea of General Lee's movements, have rapidly retreated towards Washington, and it will be several days before we can bring on a fight.

October 12th.—We were ready "on time" to move, but the usual delays detained us. Moving into the Sperryville pike, we halted several hours to let other troops pass us. Finally we commenced to move in the direction of Culpeper Courthouse, but soon left the main road and took a miserably rough county road, in the direction of Warrenton, Fauquier county. Our march was painfully slow, for immense trains of quartermaster and commissary wagons preceded us. Crossed the Hazel River, and about midnight reached Jeffersonton, Fauquier, where we camped for the night.

October 13th.—Commenced our march at a more reasonable hour this morning, 7 o'clock—marching within one and a half miles of Warrenton, we halted to cook rations. Meade has so far managed pretty effectively, to keep out of our reach. It has been a long time since the battle of Gettysburg, and if Lee's army was so badly whipped there, what makes Meade keep out of our way so carefully? He is n't in a hurry to cross swords again.

October 14th.—Remained quiet all night, but as our expected rations did not come, we were compelled to move without them. Commenced our march about 6:30 A. M.—my horse being sent off on company duty, I was compelled to walk and with my usual luck our battalion was ordered up "to the front" at a rapid trot, the Yankees giving our forces some trouble beyond Warrenton. Rapidly we whirled through the pretty little village of Warrenton, each man striving his uttermost to keep up with his gun. Reaching our lines we found the enemy had eight pieces of artillery in position, and we immediately brought an equal number, belonging to Carter's battalion, to bear upon them. These guns soon drove off the enemy and we again resumed our advance. The enemy are rapidly falling back upon Manassas, and A. P. Hill is endeavoring to cut them off. Meade certainly shows no inclination to fight, and it is reported that his army has been considerably weakened in order to reënforce the Western army. Much to our satisfaction Lieutenant Carter has been relieved from arrest and has taken command of the com-

pany. Camped for the night near Bristow Station, the enemy fighting us all day but falling back rapidly towards the Potomac.

October 15th.—The enemy has succeeded in reaching Centreville without giving us battle, and now we are brought to a standstill, for he is powerfully protected by strong fortifications. If we do any more “flanking” we will have to take the Leesburg route. McIntosh’s battalion, A. P. Hill’s corps, lost several pieces of artillery yesterday in a brush with the enemy. The brigade supporting them gave way, and the enemy, making a gallant charge, captured five guns. We make no move to-day; in the afternoon it rained very hard.

October 16th.—Moved this morning to Warrenton Junction; rained in torrents all day and a greater portion of the night. Many of us are without shelter of any kind and nearly all are without blankets. My blankets were completely saturated with water, but I was completely wornout, and being compelled to sleep somewhere I wrapped them around me as best I could and was soon wandering in dreamland.

October 17th.—Moved this morning to Bealton, six miles from Warrenton Junction. We are moving back towards Orange Courthouse, where some think we will quarter for the winter.

October 18th.—Moved towards Rappahannock Ford and would have crossed but for the delay in putting the pontoons down. We were compelled to remain on the north side of the river all night, expecting to cross early in the morning.

October 19th.—About an hour before day we commenced moving towards the river; a cold, cheerless rain was falling with sullen determination, as if it would never cease. Rarely have I suffered more since I have been in the army than I did this morning. Wrapping my thin blanket closely around me, I sat doggedly upon my old sorrel, determining to make the best of it. The cold rain trickled down my back and finally stopped in my boots, until even they were half filled with water. The day broke, but with it came no glad gleam of sunshine to cheer our drooping spirits; all was desolation without, heaviness within! Finally we crossed the river and, reaching Culpeper Courthouse, went into camp near that village.

On the route we met our regimental mail-carrier, and for the first time since we have been on the march have we heard from our friends at home.

How eagerly would the boys crowd around the active little mail-carrier and anxiously ask: "Anything for me?"

If the answer was "Nothing for you, Jack," how disappointed the poor fellow would be, and wearily would Jack pick up his hastily thrown aside knapsack and plod on after his company. His countenance all sad and dejected, his footsteps move more heavily by reason of the weightiness of his heart, and he feels the want of something to cheer his drooping spirits.

How much *real* good a letter "from home" does the poor soldier, pen cannot paint nor tongue tell!

Then write, ye home folks—aye, write long and loving letters to those who are battling bravely for man's greatest boon—Liberty! Don't write gloomy, desponding letters, but write cheerfully. Fathers, don't write vituperative, abusive letters about our "corrupt administration," but speak to your sons of noble deeds to be done—of fields to be won, and laurels to be worn at the heaviest odds, remembering always the greater the odds the brighter the glory! Mothers, brace up the courage of your darling boy by glad and hopeful letters, coming like gleams of sunshine through the gloomy clouds of war. Sisters, don't so often implore your brothers to "get a furlough and come home," for that tends greatly towards making those brothers discontented, and a discontented soldier cannot fight! Sweethearts, upon you how great a burden rests, for to you and from you the soldier boy looks for the dearest, sweetest words of encouragement!

Ah! mayhap the answer of the mail carrier is, "Yes, Jack, here are three letters for you!" How gladly Jack reaches forth his rough, sun-burned hand and hies him away to some quiet spot to pore over those precious reminders of happy faces now far away. He reads, and a golden lock, cut from a shapely head, falls from the letter. With a blush and a tremor Jack carefully regains his treasure and marches away. He has placed those golden locks next to his heart, and he will fight all the better for that. Ah! we have heard of similar locks, worn next to the heart, pierced by the fatal bullet, and crimson dyed with the lover's blood!

October 21st.—Moved our camp nearer the Rappahannock, between Stephensburg and Brandy Station.

October 22d.—This morning I left camp for Gordonsville to look after a caisson belonging to our company; this caisson had

been sent to Orange Courthouse when we made our last advance upon Meade. Remained at Gordonsville one day and returned to camp.

October 25th.—Found my company and Griffin's "Salem Artillery" were on picket at Rappahannock Station, at which place I joined them about sundown. My company was stationed on the north side of the river, occupying the redoubts that commanded the approach to our pontoon bridge.

October 26th.—Our wagons are busily engaged in hauling in the railroad iron from the north side to the south side of the river, from which place we will send it to Richmond.

Johnson's division, of our corps, has advanced some three or four miles from the station to "feel" the enemy. Some fellow near us wanted to know if we expected a general engagement; whereupon, a facetious wag in our company replied:

"Yes, we expect a general battle here in a few moments," and General Battle, of Rhodes' division, came galloping up in a short time.

October 27th.—Yesterday evening we were relieved by "Carpenter's battery," and we returned to our battalion near Stephensburg. The weather is becoming quite cool, and our boys are making themselves as comfortable as the circumstances will permit. Our rations are *short* and our appetites *long*, consequently we are compelled to fill up with persimmons, haws, or anything get-at-a-ble.

If an old hare or a squirrel dares to perambulate anywhere within the confines of our camp they are gobbled up in a minute, and even a quail has to quail before our "rebel yell." Well, I would not be surprised if we had to make soup out of *old shoes*, fence-rails, or oak leaves before we wind up this little difficulty satisfactorily to all parties engaged therein. But we are not yet starved out, and it will be many a day before we lay down our "bonnie blue flag forever." At night we build rousing log fires and sing ourselves warm; if we are very hungry, we take a big drink of water and go to bed.

November 2d.—It seems impossible to keep our battery properly equipped—orders came to our commandant, Major Hardaway, to give up to the horse artillery of our army *four* three-inch rifled guns, and four Napoleon guns would be given in their stead. Two were taken from Griffin's company and two from Captain

Dance's, but subsequently, we were ordered to give up to the latter Captain two of our rifled guns, he (Captain D.) claiming a prior right to them, as his company assisted to capture them in the fight at Winchester. Perhaps he did have a prior right to them, if the firing of three or four shots gave him that right, but he should remember that the Third Howitzers occupied a position given by his orders, and it was no fault of ours that the Yankees ran off before we could load our guns.

It is true that we did no fighting, but our moral influence was *thar*.

November 3d.—Our company had to take the Napoleon guns and they were given to the third and fourth detachments. They are magnificent guns, but their carriages are clumsily, Confederately made. We procured ammunition for them to-day, and as our spherical projectiles are much superior in quality to the conical, I hope we will be able to do efficient service with them.

The Rockbridge Artillery and Dance's company sent on picket to-day at Rappahannock Bridge.

November 4th.—Moved camp to-day to Mitchell's Station.

November 7th.—Our camp is a very pleasant one and most of us are building log huts. Firing is heard in the direction of Rappahannock Station, and we are ordered to move immediately to Kelley's Ford, some ten or twelve miles from Culpeper C. H. 'Twas pretty severe on us, to quit our nice little huts, that we had just finished, and go out without shelter, but such is the fate of the soldier and we submitted cheerfully.

Left our camp a little before sundown, marching in the direction of Culpeper Courthouse until within two miles of that place when we took the road to Stephensburg, and then to Kelley's Ford. 'Twas a dark, cold night and marching over very rough roads, we made but slow progress. My gun getting behind the battalion, the horses being unable to keep up, we were left to get along as best we could. On getting within two or three miles of Kelley's Ford, our battalion was ordered back to Brandy Station, and, being without support, was compelled to make a long circuitous march by Stephensburg, instead of taking the direct road.

Finally, the horses to my gun came to a dead halt, and refused to move an inch farther—they were completely broken down. The battalion had moved on—'twas dark as Erebus and I was

left all alone in my glory, commanding a splendid Napoleon, with six broken down horses, and scarcely a single cannonier with me. More also, the enemy's line was but a short distance from us and an advance was hourly expected. I sent one of the drivers on to report to Lieutenant Paine, commanding our company, and to ask for more horses, as it was impossible to move farther.

What next to be done? Taking matters coolly, I lay down to await results, but ere long the tramp of soldiery aroused me from my nap, and I found they were our advanced pickets at Kelley's Ford, the enemy having crossed the river and driven them off.

Some one calls out—"What gun is that?"

"Fourth gun, Third Howitzers."

"Didn't we fight with yon'n's at Chancellorsville?"

"What command do you belong to?"

"Rhodes's men—Alabamians."

"Yes, you did."

"Fall in boys, we can't lose that gun."

And those brave Alabamians, some with their great strong shoulders against the wheels, and some leading, encouraging and whipping up the jaded and broken down horses, "whooped things up," until we were completely out of danger. 'Twas now the morning of the

8th November—And taking the Brandy Station road, we caught up with our battalion near that place. Here we heard the particulars of yesterday's fight, in which we were considerably worsted—our whole force is now falling back to the Rapidan. The fight took place at Rappahannock Bridge, where we were on picket until the Twenty-sixth, and the great part of our force, stationed on the north side of the river, consisting of Hays' Louisiana brigade, two regiments of Hoke's North Carolina brigade, and the Louisiana Guard Artillery, was captured by the enemy. This force was attacked by a large body of the enemy, and although our men fought with more than usual bravery, yet the great part of them were surrounded and captured.

General Lee was evidently taken unawares, and 'tis useless to attach the blame to the brigade or division commanders—however, *he* can afford to make these *little* mistakes sometimes, for his broad shoulders are strong enough to carry a much heavier burden of censure than will be attached to him for this piece of apparent carelessness.

The mistake seems to have been in leaving this force on the north side of the river, with only *one* outlet of escape—that outlet being a pontoon bridge, and that being captured early in action, the capture of our troops was a natural sequence. The Rockbridge Artillery occupied a redoubt on the south side of the river, near the bridge, and did good service, as usual—their loss was only one killed. This company would have fallen an easy prey to the enemy, had they advanced, for we had no infantry on the south side near enough to protect them. Dance's company was some distance on the left, and was but slightly engaged. After resting awhile at Brandy Station, our battalion moved to Rapidan Station. We reached that place about night-fall, and placed our guns "in battery," on the north side of the river.

November 9th.—This morning we were ordered to our old camp near Pisgah Church. Reaching that place about noon, we went into camp—snowing.

November 10th.—My company, with the Rockbridge Artillery, ordered on picket duty at Morton's Ford. On reaching that place, we found some other company in our position, as we had arrived some days ahead of our time. Went into camp near the ford, where we expect to remain several days.

November 12th.—Took position on the river bank—no enemy in our front, save a few cavalry.

November 13th.—Our infantry support, Daniels' North Carolina brigade, has been withdrawn, with the exception of a few companies, and we are ordered to quietly withdraw at sun down.

Reached our battalion near Pisgah Church, about 8 o'clock in the evening—no signs of a forward movement by the enemy.

Sunday, November 15th.—Ordered to Morton's Ford, as the enemy are said to be advancing—however, we marched but a short distance, when our orders were countermanded, and we returned to camp.

November 18th.—At 2 o'clock this morning, we were aroused and ordered to move immediately to Raccoon Ford, as the enemy were again reported to be crossing the river.

This also proved a false alarm, but we kept on until reaching the neighborhood of Morton's Ford, where we halted for some hours, and finally went into regular camp. Meade is evidently trying hard to out-general "Mass Bob," and if he does nothing more, he has certainly kept us moving. Lieutenant

Carter has been sent home on "sick leave," and Lieutenant William P. Paine, the only commissioned officer we have with us, is now commanding our battery. Many of our men are absent, sick, and our company is much reduced. Our new chaplain, the Rev. Henry M. White, of Roanoke county, Va., reached us a few days since. It seems to me that our Government has acted very childishly in regard to chaplains; they occupy a sort of *quasi* position in the army—receive no pay, hold no real rank, and are expected to take care of themselves. Now, the greater portion of our ministers are gentlemen of education and refinement; they are not private soldiers and do not "draw rations," therefore they would not always be considered valuable acquisitions to the "mess" of the private soldiers, who, nine times out of ten, are living on *half-rations*.

I believe they are considered as attached to the "staff," but that, I judge, is completely at the pleasure of the commandant.

November 26th.—This morning we were somewhat surprised to hear two or three distinct Yankee cheers, and soon afterward our artillery on the banks of the Rapidan opened, firing slowly. Our battalion was ordered down to the river and placed in position near Morton's Ford. There were no Yankees in force in our front; some few cavalry with two or three pieces of light artillery made their appearance and an occasional shot was interchanged.

November 27th.—Yesterday evening we moved back a short distance from the river and commenced making preparations for marching early this morning, as the enemy are crossing the river in the neighborhood of Ely's Ford. About 3 o'clock we were aroused, and at daybreak moved in the direction of Chancellorsville. Reaching Videarsville (the Spotsylvanians call it *My-dear's-ville*), on the Fredericksburg and Orange Courthouse Plank-road, fifteen miles from the latter place, we halted for the day, as the configuration of the battle-ground made it an impossibility to handle masses of artillery.

Some heavy fighting is going on on our left between Johnson's division and a superior force of the enemy, but we know old "Alleghany" will give a good account of himself. Colonel John Thompson Brown is commanding the artillery of our corps, General Long, our chief of artillery, being absent sick.

November 28th.—The day opened gloomily—a heavy rain commencing about dawn and continuing until noon, when the

sun seemed struggling hard to send its gladsome rays through the murky clouds. The enemy hold a strong position east of Mine Run Creek, about three miles from Videarsville, and 'tis thought we will not attempt to drive them off of their line, but allow Meade to make the attack. Early in the day our battalion advanced to the front, and my company took position on the left of the old turnpike, on a slight knoll, but entirely commanded by the enemy's position, the which was, to give Meade due credit, most admirably selected.

Not having time to select the most advantageous position, we did the best we could under the circumstances and commenced throwing up redoubts for each gun, our infantry having already thrown up a long line of earthworks some hundred yards in our front, near the banks of Mine Run.

The enemy paid no attention to us beyond a continued skirmish with our sharpshooters, and a Minie ball would occasionally come skimming over our heads. In the afternoon, finding our lines would be withdrawn at nightfall, we discontinued our work, and as soon as darkness protected us from the enemy's view our guns were withdrawn and we spent a quiet night.

Sunday, November 29th.—The Rockbridge and Salem artillery companies took their positions in front to-day, and our other three companies remained a short distance in rear. About noon the cannoniers of our company were sent out to the front and worked hard until night throwing up fortifications, when they returned to the rear. Our lines have been much strengthened by moving them back some five hundred yards, and we now occupy a series of hills running nearly north and south, though they are not quite so high as those of the enemy. As the enemy occupy a position on our left enfilading our lines, we are busily engaged in throwing up traverses on the left of each gun; but it is slow and tedious work, for we are badly supplied with working implements.

November 30th.—At daylight the cannoniers of our battalion moved to the front and resumed the strengthening of our lines. After working a few hours the enemy opened several batteries upon us, and for a time we thought a general engagement would be brought on. Our batteries were hastily brought up, and we went into position "under fire" in true veteran style. Anxiously we awaited orders to "commence firing," but no orders came and

the enemy had all the fun to themselves. Silently we sat at our guns, and every "old" soldier knew we were waiting the advance of the Federal infantry. In front of our lines, and on *our* side of Mine Run Creek, is quite a high hill covered with a thick piney growth, and the enemy have been amusing themselves all day long by trying to drive out our sharpshooters from those woods and capture the position. Accordingly they heavily reinforced their sharpshooters and charged the position. Marching for a time in full view of us we could not resist the pleasure of giving them a "shot," and Corporal Hunt, of the Second Detachment (rifled), threw several well-directed shot into their ranks, causing them to scatter, but did not drive them back. They quickly reformed, and, charging our skirmishers, brought on quite a brisk little fight. All this, however, amounted to nothing, and the day wore on apace without a general engagement being brought on, contrary to our expectations.

At night our cannoniers were again ordered to strengthen our lines, and possibly may be kept up all night. I don't know that the *Howitzers* are the "very bravest band of soldiers that ever followed the eagles of battle," but I *do know* that they would rather *fight* than *work*, any time. The *gentleman* makes, undoubtedly, the *bravest* soldier; for he is too proud of his own social position to shirk a dangerous duty, but he will *dodge* detail work, and "cuss" and grumble, and be mutinous on general principles. Moreover, he thinks he is fully as good a strategist as Robert E. Lee himself, and nobody can teach *him* anything; but he will *fight*—yes, at the drop of a hat.

To-morrow will possibly bring forth great results, and Meade may find a Gettysburg. We are on our own ground, and Lee knows it well. God grant it may be a victory to us, and that it may tend greatly towards the settling of this dreadful war.

December 1st.—Again another day has rolled by, and *no fight*. Scarcely a gun has been fired by either party to-day, and the enemy seem determined to wait for us to make the attack. Last night was bitterly cold, and soldiers are rarely, if ever, well provided "on the lines."

December 2d.—At daylight this morning we found the enemy had retreated, and our infantry immediately started in pursuit. Some say that Meade has fallen back to Hooker's old line at Chancellorsville, but the general impression is that he did not have the

nerve to wait any longer, and that he has recrossed the Rappahannock.

Vale-vale Mr. Meade, you are a good General, and 'twas very wise of you not to attack "Mass Bob" at Mine Run, for we boys were all in good spirits, and would have "wiped you out"; but "the best government the world ever saw" will not think so, and some other General will be standing in your shoes in a short time. If he has re crossed the Rappahannock, there will be no more fighting until next spring, for Virginia mud is more potent than "an army with banners." Our battalion followed on after Early's division, and I received permission to ride on ahead, and stop a few hours, at the house of a friend, near Todd's Tavern, promising to rejoin the battalion at Chancellorsville. Accordingly, when we reached the Stephensburg plank road, I turned off to the right, and struck out for my destination. Passing through a thick body of woods, I came suddenly into another road, when I ran afoul of about the hardest looking specimen of humanity that I ever saw wearing the Yankee uniform, or, in fact, any uniform; whereupon the following colloquy took place: He was gnawing an old beef hoof, and composedly seated in the middle of the road.

"What regiment do you belong to?"

"Seexty-third."

"Sixty-third what?"

"Seexty-third Bensylvany."

"Sixty-third Pennsylvania, the thunder you say! where's your regiment, and what are you doing here?—you are my prisoner!"

"My reg' ment is dah," pointing to the woods in front of him. The road was literally strewn with muskets, for some of Meade's men had evidently stood not on the order of their going.

I sprang from my horse, seized a loaded musket, cocked it, and presented it at the fellow's head.

"Come on sir, and go with me, or I will blow your brains out."

He paid no more attention to me, than if I had been a fly upon the wall—he coolly went on gnawing his beef heel, and quietly remarked:

"*Nein*, I don't go already—I hash feets (fits)!" I could n't kill an unarmed man, and I could n't *tote* him—his regiment was too close to him for me to make a very lengthy speech on

that occasion—so I bade him “good day,” and went on my way rejoicing.

I reached Mrs. Rowe’s about sun-down, and, my horse being well nigh worn out, concluded to remain there until morning. The kind hearted old lady had been very badly treated by the enemy, and “Greenfield,” was well nigh desolated.

December 3d.—After quite a tramp, looking for my battalion, found it had returned to Pisgah Church, where I joined it about night.

December 21st.—Left Pisgah Church, for Frederick’s Hall, Louisa county—the weather is bitterly cold, and the roads in bad condition. Marched fifteen miles, and camped on the Louisa line.

December 22d.—Reached Frederick’s Hall, about sun-down, and went into camp about three-fourths of a mile from the depot.

December 23d.—Commenced work upon our cabins, and in a few days we will have comfortable quarters.

CHRISTMAS.

December 25th.—Worked hard upon my house until mid-day, when I received an invitation to eat a Christmas dinner, with a friendly neighbor. Of course the invitation was gladly accepted, and ere long I was seated at the hospitable board of Mr. William Richardson—when I left, I felt like I certainly would not want anything more to eat until *next* Christmas.

December 27th.—Was quite sick last night, and, by the surgeon’s order, was moved to the battalion hospital to-day, some two miles from camp. The house was all dilapidated and rapidly falling to decay, and the accommodations for the sick were only in name—window panes out of the windows, and great crevices in the doors, through which the wintry winds sweep remorselessly, and keep from entirely going out, the few scattered embers called by courtesy, a “fire.”

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori, especially in a camp hospital!

Only one patient was in the hospital, and he very kindly offered to share with me his, the only bed in the room. This kind offer I declined, for I preferred to sleep on the hard floor rather than to have a bed whose garments looked as if they had *never* known the luxury of water.

December 30th.—Am almost recovered, but still much weakened—indeed, so much so, that I can scarcely stand up. Our surgeon, D. Ellis Bird, concluding I needed *home* nourishment rather than medicine, ordered me to report to a hospital in Richmond, and soon I was on the Central Railroad train bound for the metropolis.

Bird is a faithful surgeon and a genial, whole souled gentleman—he knew that I could not get proper nourishment in camp, and wisely sent me home; he never made a more correct diagnosis in his life, nor never prescribed a more certain remedy.

The rain poured in torrents and the train was filled with furloughed soldiers, whose pipes, filled with most execrable tobacco emitted an offensive odor almost unbearable. Reaching the city about 8 o'clock P. M., I reported to a friend, and then, at my leisure, reported to a hospital, from which I was immediately transferred to private quarters. Remained in the city until the

23d of January—When I returned to my company at Frederick's Hall, where everything has been very quiet, and the usual routine of camp life gone through with. The neighboring people have been very hospitable and have shown our boys many kindnesses.

We will evidently remain here until the opening of the spring campaign, 1864, and we live very comfortably. Artillerists, generally speaking, have a much easier time than infantry.

February 6.—About 10 o'clock to-night our battalion was ordered to the front, as the enemy is said to be making some demonstration along our lines. My gun not going, I was left in charge of camp. The battalion only remained absent two or three days.

February 29th.—A small body of Federal cavalry, under Col. Dalghren, stirred us up considerably to-day. As an artillery reserve camp, we have no infantry in supporting distance of us, and, of course, would be an easy prey to any considerable band of marauders. The Federals swooped down upon our "Court-Martial," and captured a good many men and officers, but, being pressed for time, finally let them all go. So soon as we received intelligence of the movement, we ran our guns into an open field, and forming a hollow square of artillery, quietly awaited results. Dalghren passed on and did not molest us, but he might have inflicted a serious blow upon us.

March 5th.—Ordered to Richmond on ordnance duty and remained there until the 15th. Ordered back on the 17th but got some one else to go in my stead.

March 30.—Received a thirty-day “recruit” furlough to-day and arrived in Richmond about night-fall. General Lee gives a thirty-day furlough to any enlisted man who furnishes an able bodied recruit to the Army of Northern Virginia, consequently all of us are on the *qui vive* for cousins, brothers, sweetheart’s brothers or anybody’s brothers that we can get into the army. All of these recruits would eventually have to go into the army at an early date, and this is done to promote volunteering, and also to give the soldiers a chance to go home. Remained in Richmond for a few days, and then left for Nottoway and Lunenburg—then for Southwest Virginia and Lexington, Virginia—finally rejoining my command near Barboursville, Orange county on the

30th of April—Captain David Watson, of the Second Howitzers, has been promoted Major of our regiment, and First Lieutenant Lorraine Jones, of that company, has been promoted Captain—Sergeant Wallace McRae promoted to the vacant Lieutenancy.

OPENING SPRING CAMPAIGN, 1864.

Barboursville, Orange County, Va., April 30th.—During my absence on furlough some changes of note have occurred in our battalion. Major R. A. Hardaway, the second in command, has been promoted to the *full* command, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Our former Colonel, John Thompson Brown, now commands the first division of artillery in our corps, consisting of Nelson’s, Braxton’s, and Hardaway’s battalions. The remaining two battalions, Cutshaw’s and Page’s, are commanded by Colonel Thomas H. Carter, the whole under the command of Brigadier-General Long.

This much of the change we object to strongly—that is, the First *Regiment Virginia* Artillery is changed to *Hardaway’s Battalion*. Our battalion is camped five miles west of Gordonsville, near the Staunton pike. Our horses are improving rapidly and will continue to do so as long as we remain in this grass country. Captain Griffin’s “Salem Artillery” was left at Frederick’s Hall for want of horses, and now we have but four com-

panies with us: the Rockbridge Artillery, Captain Graham; the Powhatan Artillery, Captain Dance; the Second Howitzers, Captain Lorraine Jones; and the Third Howitzers, Captain B. H. Smith.

May 2d.—The morning was fair and lovely, but in the afternoon the skies were overspread with clouds and angry west winds came sweeping from the mountains with a hurricane-like sound, whirling our camp furniture through the giddy mazes of a tempest dance: our tent-flies flew away on the bosom of the breeze and the tree-tops came crashing to the earth; then came the rain and hail, driving full into our faces, and then the cry of FIRE!

What an indescribable turmoil now! Fence-rails, tree-tops, skillets, tin-pans, tents and tarpaulins whirling around in a dance of maudlin merriment, and the fierce red flames licking out their forky tongues in spiteful glee. Lieutenant Carter headed the "fire brigade," and assisted by two stalwart Sergeants, both of whom were sometimes wont to "run wid der masheen" in days gone by, finally succeeded in arresting the flames, but not, however, until *Fort Moultrie*, a position occupied by a superannuated Scotch substitute, had been demolished by fire.

May 4th.—We received orders this evening to move immediately, as the enemy, under GRANT, have crossed the Rapidan and are now in the neighborhood of Chancellorsville. Accordingly, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon we took up our line of march; passing through Orange Courthouse we moved on the plank-road and halted for the night four miles beyond the village.

May 5th.—Soon after light we continued our march, and about noon halted at Mine Run, near our old line of fortifications. The enemy are occupying the "Wilderness" country, and the nature of the ground precludes all possibility of massing artillery, so it is more than probable our battalion will not be engaged, provided the battle takes place in this neighborhood. Dance's company has been sent back to guard "Morton's Ford." Occasionally through the day we hear continued volleys of musketry, and already twelve hundred Federal prisoners have passed us "On to Richmond!"

The great struggle between U. S. Grant and Robert E. Lee has commenced, and Lee, though far inferior to Grant in numbers, has struck that General where he cannot employ half his forces.

Two of our Generals are reported killed—General Jones, Second

brigade, and General Stafford, of Louisiana—also, Brigadier-General Pegram, severely wounded.

May 6th.—Early this morning the enemy made heavy assaults on our lines, but were driven back with terrible loss. Little or no artillery was used on either side, for the woods and undergrowth are too thick to see mosquitoes—this is really the WILDERNESS.

General Longstreet was painfully, but not very severely wounded. Our battalion is called upon to mourn the loss of its former brave and efficient commander, Colonel JOHN THOMPSON BROWN, who fell early this morning shot through the head by a musket ball.

Colonel Brown's name and influence were given to the Old Howitzer Company at its very organization, a short time prior to the "John Brown" raid, and upon that bloodless but exciting campaign the writer of this Journal became acquainted with him. At the commencement of the war he was a Second Lieutenant in the old company, and when the Howitzer battalion was formed he was unanimously chosen Captain of our Second Company.

Holding that position until the formation of the First Regiment Virginia Artillery, he was promoted to a Majority, and then, in the reorganization of the army, in the Spring of 1862, he was made Colonel of that regiment. At Chancellorsville, Winchester, and Gettysburg he commanded the artillery of our corps. No officer who has fallen during this war will be more deeply deplored by those under his immediate command than John Thompson Brown. His purse, ever open to assist the needy; his kind, warm heart ever eager to assist those in distress; and his gentle, winning manners won the love of all. Thus another Christian warrior has fallen, and ever will his memory be fondly cherished by those who were wont to look up to him more as a father than as a commanding officer.

Peace to his ashes!

This morning we moved down to Locust Grove, about two miles nearer our lines, where, all day long, we impatiently awaited orders.

May 7th.—There was some fighting last night, in which Brigadier-General Gordon, upon whom the mantle of Stonewall Jackson seems to have fallen, figured quite extensively in a flank movement and captured many prisoners. We remained near

Locust Grove all night, and this morning moved still nearer the lines. It is now 9 A. M., and no fighting of consequence has taken place. Anxiously are we awaiting the coming battle—how much depends upon it! About dark our battalion was ordered back to Videarsville, on the plank-road, and, on account of the usual delays, we did not reach that place until 2 o'clock at night. 'Tis reported that Grant has turned the head of his column towards Richmond, and is endeavoring to form a junction with his Peninsula forces.

May 8th.—Left Videarsville this morning and marched to Shady Grove, some twelve or fifteen miles.

May 9th.—Moved on to Spotsylvania Courthouse, and on reaching the hill commanding the River Po, the enemy made a feeble demonstration towards capturing our artillery and wagon trains, but it resulted in nothing more than the hastening up of our column. Reaching the Courthouse in the afternoon we went into "park" near our lines, but remained quiet only a short time, as my company was ordered into position on the left of the Third corps. That corps is now commanded by Major-General Jubal A. Early, General A. P. Hill being seriously indisposed. Longstreet's corps is now commanded by Major-General D. H. Anderson. My company remained in position but a short time, when it was ordered back to the battalion. Grant tried very hard to occupy Spotsylvania Courthouse, before we could find out his movements, and, in fact, partially succeeded, but we soon drove the Federal troops away, and they are no nearer Richmond now, than when they were in the Wilderness, for the *Army of Northern Virginia* still confronts them.

THE BATTLE OF SPOTSYLVANIA COURTHOUSE, COMMENCING
TUESDAY, MAY 10TH, 1864.

This day will long be remembered by our company, as one of the darkest since our organization. Early this morning we were placed in position, about one mile west of the Courthouse, and our support was Daniels' brigade, Rodes' division, whilst *Doles' brigade*, of the same division, was posted immediately on *our right*, and Ramseur's on our left. With such meager opportunities, it is impossible for the writer to give an accurate idea of the entire battle, and 'tis our purpose to give a truthful, though

but simple, statement of the part played by our company, in this bloody drama. As far as I was able to learn, the left of our line extended to the river Po, the right swung around towards, and beyond the Courthouse. Our position for artillery, was anything but a good one—immediately in our front, and 300 yards from our line of works, was a body of piney woods, in which the enemy's sharpshooters were posted, and from which they poured a continuous stream of Minie balls. On our left, a body of oak woods ran at an obtuse angle from those piney woods, towards our works, whilst on our right, another body of oak woods ran at right angles towards us. Thus our battery commanded an open field, of about 300 yards in length, and not more than 150 yards in width. In our immediate front, General Daniels had no sharpshooters posted, but on our left, he had quite a strong body—these suffered severely from the enemy's sharpshooters, amounting almost to a regular line of battle. I do not think General Doles had any sharpshooters in his front, or if he had, they were so near our own breastworks, as not to render any service in watching the movements of the enemy. Our four guns were posted in the following manner: the two three-inch rifle guns being on the right, and two Napoleons on the left, numbering from the right, the First, Second, Third, and Fourth detachments, my detachment being the Fourth. The Second Howitzers were in position on our left, some 250 yards—no other company belonging to our battalion was engaged.

About nine A. M., we were ordered to open upon the enemy in our front, and our battery succeeded, after a few well directed shots, in driving them back, or, at least in keeping them quiet. This was only a heavy skirmish line of the Federals.

But they remained quiet only a short time, and then they poured the Minie balls into us, with a hearty good will. Then they opened on us with their artillery, and though it was impossible for them to see us from their batteries, yet they struck inside of our battery every shot. After firing some fifty or sixty rounds, we "ceased firing," but now and then would put in a feeler, by way of a generous reminder. Their sharpshooters being so close to us, annoyed us no little. Later in the afternoon, they concentrated their artillery upon us, and dealt the death missiles with an unsparing hand—literally the earth quaked and trembled 'neath the shock, but we were ordered not to reply to their artillery,

and we waited for their infantry. Having no especial cause to stand up in the open field, most of us took our seats behind the breastworks, and many of us went to sleep. On our left, some heavy fighting was going on, and the news passed down the line, that we had driven the enemy several miles. Loudly roared the brazen-mouthed cannon, chanting their deep bass notes of death, in solemn harmony with the treble notes of the fatal Minie musket. The enemy's cannon cease—for a moment, a death-like stillness hangs over the line.

'Tis the *pause* of death—the Angel Azrael for a moment droops his blood-reeking wings and rests on the field of battle.

“Make ready, boys—*they are charging!*” Every man sprang to his post and the enemy come swooping through the woods on our right and *in front of Dole's brigade*. We pour a few rounds of canister into their ranks, when we are ordered to

“Cease firing—our men are charging!”

A long line of Confederate infantry is seen rapidly advancing towards the enemy's line, and we jump upon the breastworks, loudly cheering them in their supposed charge; but, good Heavens, something is wrong—those Confederates have no muskets! And though 'tis hard to believe, yet a second's glance sufficed to show us that they had surrendered without firing a shot and were going to the Yankee rear as fast as their cowardly legs would carry them. Between that line of Confederates and our battery is one dense mass of Federal infantry, advancing rapidly, and at a trail arms; they were but a short distance from us, but so far to our right that we could not fire into them without killing our own men. Again we sprang to our guns and put in a shot anyway and anywhere we could; but no artillerists could stem the torrent now nor wipe away the foul stain upon the fair banner of Confederate valor.

The fourth detachment fights its gun until the first gun is captured, the second gun is captured, the third gun is captured, and its own limber-chest with its No. 6 (Dr. Roberts) captured! Nearly every man in the detachment a *recruit*—gentlemen recruits, I doff my hat to you!

Our support was breaking on all sides—on our right and rear the enemy were pouring in upon us in a perfect avalanche. And now comes over us a feeling of sickening horror—not the fear of *death*, for, so help us God, we thought not of dying, but we

thought of the *shame* in leaving our battery to be captured by the enemy, and that, too, almost without a struggle.

Lieutenant Paine, who was standing near the fourth gun, now asked Major Watson "What must be done?"

I heard Major Watson make no reply, but his countenance was more expressive of dejection, not of *fear*, for he was the very bravest of men.

Then Major Watson, Lieutenant Reade (our adjutant), Lieutenant Paine, and myself, together with most of the fourth detachment, sprang over the breastworks *towards* the enemy's main line, and moving obliquely to the left reëntered our lines somewhere near the Second Howitzers. Everything was in the direst confusion—all company organization was entirely broken up. Our men, being ordered to take care of themselves, got out of the enemy's way as best they could, scarcely any two of them going together, consequently I am unable to keep any account of their movements; the reader will therefore excuse the seeming egotism if I record my own adventures for the balance of the day. Time, about 5 P. M. When Major Watson left I concluded it was time for me to be *moving*, so I sprang over the breastworks also, and as I did so I hung my foot in a root or twig and came down upon the ground with a heavy thwack; then I heard one of my bosom friends say, "*There goes poor Buck,*" but he didn't stop to see whether I had gone or not, and I reckon I would have done as much for him. However, I gallantly picked myself up and made very good time; *I* thought I was wounded, too; then going some fifty yards to the left I reëntered our lines. In rear of the Third Company was a line of hastily constructed earthworks, occupied by *five* companies of North Carolina infantry, belonging to Daniel's brigade, who had been moved from the main line in the morning, we taking their place, and I thought this small body of men would be a nucleus on which we would rally our broken line. So taking an Enfield rifle, cartridge-box, etc., from a demoralized infantryman, I made for that line as soon as possible, and there found General Ewell, with several staff officers, endeavoring to rally our men. Several of our boys fall in with these five companies and Ewell orders a charge—five companies to charge as many thousand Yankees; but we do it—we advance with a "yell" and even reach our caissons, but the enemy are too strong for us and

we are literally wiped out. It looked to me as if not so many as a dozen got back. The enemy had not formed a regular line of battle, but seemed to me to be in as much confusion as we were. Private J. M. Fourqurean, of our company, is wounded in this charge. Gallant Dick Ewell remains at his post and is manfully endeavoring to bring up the stragglers—it is getting about twilight. By Ewell's side, astraddle of a little pony, is a boy soldier of not over eleven or twelve years of age, and I may live to be a hundred years of age, but I will never forget that little boy—his pony rearing up and pawing in the direction of the enemy, and the gallant little soldier firing his tiny pocket pistol as earnestly as Murat heading a charge.

We reform again, and by this time a brigade, marching by the right flank, comes sweeping down the lines.

“By the left flank!” comes from some old veteran; that swings them into “line of battle,” and we knew something had to give way.

“Charge, men!—General Lee is looking on!”

With a yell and a dash we made another attempt; this time the Yankees have formed their line, and we get into the closest quarters it was ever, before or since, my fortune to witness. At one time the lines of battle were not over *twenty yards* apart. The color-bearer falls; private W. E. Goode, of our company, bears them onward. This time we are more successful, and we rush undismayed on the Yankee forces. The fire flashing from their muskets lighted with a bright red glow the faces of our men charging, and upon each man's countenance is seen the determination to win back those guns or else lose his life in the attempt. In the twilight's soft gloaming is seen the form of man against man engaged in fearful death struggling—the yell of determination is heard far above the crash of musketry, whilst ever and anon the discordant note of some wailing victim grates harshly upon the ear as the death ball crashes through the bone.

It is my opinion that it takes a *better, braver and cooler* man to stand by his “piece” during an engagement than it does to charge any line of battle ever formed, and for this reason: An artillerist has no *excitement* in his fighting, and frequently is standing up entirely unprotected, apparently doing nothing, simply holding his thumb upon the cannon vent, but if he takes his

thumb off that vent a moment too soon he kills the man in front of him.

In an infantry charge every man feels the *individuality of his efficiency*, and, all fear being subservient to the animal magnetism of excitement, he in reality *knows no fear*. In the charge I noticed a Federal Major endeavoring to make his men follow him; he was but a few paces off from me; I fired, he fell, and he was so close to me that I got his hat before he fell to the ground. I stopped to load my rifle—a greasy-looking North Carolinian stepped out of ranks, turned him over, took out of his pockets his watch, money, etc., and went on in the charge.

On we pressed until the enemy was driven from our battery, and once more the Confederate flag was floating over the Third Company Richmond Howitzers. From every gun our men had carried off the implements, and that is the reason they had not been turned upon us.

The enemy still hold a portion of our lines, especially a traverse some forty or fifty yards on our right—it becomes a difficult matter to dislodge them, nor can we do it without reinforcement: from this traverse they sweep our lines with a terrible enfilading fire. Who can describe our feelings when we regained our guns! Loud cheers rent the air, and each man seemed endowed with a tenfold strength: quickly the canister is rammed home and our Napoleon does its work.

And now, this is the place for me to make an apology to one of the members of the Third Company, and it gives me great pleasure to do so. Stable Sergeant, The. Boisseau, is the member referred to. As stable sergeant of the company he is released from all company duties save those pertaining to the looking after horse-feed, distributing the same, etc., consequently he is attached to no especial detachment and does not go into engagements.

A few nights since, I became very angry with Boisseau about some trivial matter, and gave him an old-fashioned Virginia "cussin"—calling him, amongst some other pretty hard names, a *coward*, and telling him that all the company, myself included, believed he took that paltry office in order to keep out of fights.

"No," says The., "I am no coward, Buck—no more coward than you are, but I won't fight you, and you had just as well go off and let me alone."

Boisseau was one amongst the very first men in the battery, and he slapped me on the shoulder, saying :

“I reckon you’ll take that back now, Buck?”

“That I will, The., and never call you a coward again.”

Being nearest to our third gun, I commenced working that, acting as “gunner,”—Colonel Hardaway was at the gun when I reached it, but soon afterwards took several men and commenced working our second gun. Colonel Hardaway was amongst the first to reach our battery, and behaved with the greatest bravery. After firing about thirty rounds from the third gun our “friction primers” gave out, and, running over to the fourth gun for a fresh supply, there I found Major Watson, Adjutant Read and two or three members of the Second Howitzers (John Ellett and Martin Burnley) endeavoring to work it, and I then took the gunner’s place there. The gun being very heavy, and all of us well-nigh broken down, we made an infantryman leave his shelter behind a big tree and assist us at the trail in rolling the gun up to its proper position after the recoil from firing. One of our boys, Peter Porter, was assisting me at the trail also—a volley from the traverse passed over us and Porter, Major Watson and the infantryman fell—the first, severely wounded in the arm; the second, mortally; and the third, killed dead. This pretty well disabled the gun, for those of us left were so nearly exhausted that we could scarcely stand up. I tied Porter’s arm up the best I knew how, and started him off to the rear. Then, at our Major’s request, we procured a “litter,” and bore him from the field, returning instantly to our guns. It was now 10 o’clock at night, and the fighting was well nigh over—the enemy had been driven from our lines entirely, for Alleghany Johnston’s men had come down the lines and pushed them out. The enemy was still in force 300 yards in our front. And now comes the saddest part of the bloody drama; the excitement and danger is over, and we are seeking the loved and the lost. When the Yankees first captured our company most of our boys struck out for the Rock-bridge Artillery, some distance down the line—they will turn up to-morrow all right, but our actual losses are far heavier than they ever have been since we have been in the army.

Killed.—Corporal E. C. Howard; privates S. A. Wakeham, Granville Porter.

Mortally Wounded.—Corporal William H. Winn; privates E. H. Smith, L. W. Redd.

Wounded.—Sergeants George D. Thaxton, L. Lumpkin; privates H. Bullington, E. F. Cullen, J. M. Fourqorean, W. W. Lear, J. M. Manders, T. M. Miller, P. B. Porter.

Missing.—Captain B. H. Smith; Sergeant T. H. Quarles; Corporal C. B. Hunt; privates J. K. Bugg, H. Breeden, W. B. Courtney, E. M. Crump, R. C. Chamberlayne, C. B. Fourqorean, R. J. Gambol, J. H. Hutchins, Henry Jones, E. C. Lorraine, J. S. Lear, E. P. Morris, James Moultry, George T. Parker, W. D. Porter, W. H. Roberts, W. L. Schlater, J. T. Bohannon, J. H. Hutcheson, J. T. Hardwicke, W. G. Thompson.

Twenty five horses killed.

Several others of the company were slightly wounded, but not sufficiently disabled to leave the field.

Finally we moved our battery "by hand, to the rear," some seventy-five or a hundred yards, to make room for Garber's company—it relieving us. All the men and horses were sent back to the rear, only leaving a guard of four or five men to protect the battery. It fell to my lot to be the Sergeant of the guard. All night long a rambling discharge of musketry was kept up, but the enemy made no further advance.

May 11th.—Early this morning, General Long, Chief of Artillery, Second Corps, rode up to our battery, and complimented us for our fight of yesterday, saying that he intended to equip us immediately, and ordered Garber's company to move our guns back to the rear. Hardly had we started, when we met Lieutenant Henry Carter, now commanding our company, in charge of horses from our battalion, and by them, our guns were taken back some mile or two, in rear of our line of battle, where we remained all day and night.

This morning, we buried our three comrades, who fell in yesterday's fight:—we buried them near the Courthouse, whilst the foe was sullenly firing. No marble marks the spot where those brave spirits sleep—no mighty episcopant chanted over them a funeral dirge, but silently and sadly we laid them down to rest, and their names are forever graven on our hearts.

ATTACK ON JOHNSON'S LINE, THURSDAY, MAY 12TH.

We consolidated our company into a section of two guns (the two 3-inch rifles), and by request I took charge of the Second Detachment, Corporal Flournoy having command of the First. It so happens that I am the only detachment Sergeant left in the company, the other three being wounded or captured. We started out to the front under the command of Lieutenant Carter and reported to Captain Graham, of the Rockbridge artillery. We halted in a wood near our lines and awaited orders. A cold, cheerless rain was falling fast, and gloomy as the skies were overhead the "news from the front" was still more so. A disaster has befallen us, and nothing but the very hardest kind of fighting will regain the ground lost early this morning. It seems that the artillery from Johnson's line was taken away through the misconception of an order, and before that artillery could be replaced the consequences have been very serious; for the enemy, massing in front of Johnson's division, by a *coup de main*, succeeded in breaking through our lines just as the artillery was being replaced and before it had gotten into position—the greater portion of it being "in column of pieces." This necessitated the loss of *twenty* pieces of artillery, and also makes a huge gap in our lines. *That gap must be closed!* The battle now rages fiercely—the enemy to hold the position already taken, and we to regain the ground lost.

A Major of artillery (Cutshaw) noticing us awaiting orders, took upon himself the authority to order us to leave our guns in the rear, take our cannoniers to the front and keep them there until we recaptured the artillery lost by us this morning, then we would be on hand to work them. This being approved by Captain Graham, under whose direct orders we were, we left our guns, horses, and drivers in the rear, and taking the cannoniers pushed on to the front, remaining there all day subjected to a terrific fire, and without the slightest opportunity of giving a *quid pro quo*. Can one imagine a more horrible situation!

All day long we awaited "farther orders," which never came, and the excitement of anxious suspense kept the blood up to fever heat. We were just on the edge of the "Horse Shoe" position, and our wounded all passed by us. We were crowding every

available man into that position, and Grant seemed doing the same. It reminded me of two mighty streams of wheat pouring into a gigantic hopper—every grain going in was fast being ground up and seen as wheat no more.

A few days before the battle commenced a Captain in the Twenty-first Virginia Infantry came to me and begged that I would take the First Lieutenantcy of his company; told him I would think of it and let him know. I saw him pass me on his way to the rear, all bloody and pale, and hobbling along on an impromptu crutch, partially supported by a comrade slightly less wounded than he.

“Halloo, Sam!—how’s your company getting along?”

“*Company*, thunder!—this is all’s left of it.”

Says I to myself, “I’d rather be a live Sergeant than a dead *General*.”

We sheltered ourselves as best we could—some behind log houses and some in trenches nearly filled with water—the water making but little difference, as we were completely soaked, anyhow. I sat down behind a little house (not much larger than a chicken-coop, but having a chimney tall enough for a shot tower), and three or four shells passed through it, covering me with dirt. One of our company was sitting in my lap, when a rifled 10-pounder shot passed through the chimney knocking it over upon a horse standing by us, and he falling over upon this “Howitzer” in my lap, sent him whirling as if he had been shot out of a catapult.

We were just in rear of our position of the 10th, and the enemy’s shot and shell passing over our first line were bursting in our midst all the time. A quantity of artillery was massed near us, at the Harris House, and the Minie balls played havoc with their horses, killing no less than thirty in the shortest space of time imaginable. We remained in this delectable spot all day, and at nightfall we went back to our company, a mile or so in the rear.

This day’s fighting has been the heaviest since Grant crossed the Rappahannock—in this “Horse Shoe” a tree eighteen inches in diameter was cut down by musket balls alone!* How could

*The “but,” or “stump,” of this tree, showing the course of the bullets through it, may still, 1883, be seen in the museum of the War Department, at Washington, D. C.—*Editor*.

man live there? Grant, by massing his troops, and that is his *forte*, has succeeded in piercing our lines and capturing some fifteen or twenty pieces of artillery, but the *rout* of Lee's army was something he could not accomplish, and the commencement of the bloody work had only taken place when the entrance into our lines was effected. Grant hurled brigade after brigade and division after division into this maelstrom of death, and for fourteen hours the tide of battle ebbed and flowed. Sometimes it would seem as if nothing could stem this torrent of impetuous Yankees, but then a new brigade of dauntless Confederates would plunge into this vortex of destruction and the sulphurous smoke hanging over this "Horse Shoe of Hell" would tell of the fierce death struggling within. Grant's loss has been terrific, and ours has been more severe than in any other fight during this campaign. Our loss has been heaviest in Ewell's corps, and especially in Johnson's division; he himself was wounded and captured, and there is not a general officer left in his division. Our Lieutenant-Colonel, R. A. Hardaway, was painfully but not dangerously wounded early this morning. We are now again without a field officer, Captain Dance, of the Powhatan Artillery, being in command. His company to-day lost one man killed and one wounded. The Second Howitzers lost in wounded: Sergeants Ellett and Christian, Corporals Cocke and Clarke, and Private Trent. The Rockbridge Artillery, as yet, have scarcely been engaged, though Captain Graham lost his riding horse, as did Lieutenant Selden, our gallant little ordnance officer.

May 13th.—Remained quiet all day—nothing of interest from the front, save that we have in a great measure strengthened our lines by making them straighter and shorter. No fighting of consequence—some very heavy skirmishing.

May 14th.—All this morning we were engaged in equipping our battery. Most of the horses belonging to the guns captured on the 12th were saved and twenty-five were given us; also, a like number of men from Cutshaw's and Page's battalions. This will again put us on a war footing. As soon as we were fully equipped we started for the front, and at nightfall relieved a company of Braxton's battalion. Majors Cutshaw and Stribling have been temporarily assigned to our battalion, the former being in command. Our position is a few hundred yards in rear of Tuesday's position. Our first, second and third guns are almost

immediately in rear of that position and a short distance to the left of the Harris House, which was General Lee's headquarters on the 10th and 12th. Both armies seem to be resting from the severe struggles they have been engaged in—it must commence again in a few days.

Our Major, DAVID WATSON, of Louisa county, formerly Captain of the Second Howitzers, died to-day, of wounds received in Tuesday's fight. Apparently cold and cynical in his disposition, many, who knew him only by *sight*, thought him utterly heartless, and above holding intercourse with those under him. Such was far from being the case; though the writer of this fell into that error, yet he long since learned to love him, as a gallant, noble, and gentlemanly officer. Indeed he was one of the coolest men under fire that I ever saw, and when he received his death wound, but a few paces from me, he uttered no complaint, and simply asked to be carried to the rear. The great curse of our war is that such a man as he should fall by the hand of paid hirelings—a great portion of the Northern army coming from across the waters. Private EDWARD H. SMITH, of our company, also died this morning, of wounds received the same day.

When first our company reached the front, we were supported by Brian's brigade, McLaws' old division (now commanded by Brigadier-General Kershaw), but soon afterward, a change was made in the disposition of our infantry, and my gun, the Fourth, is now supported by Doles' brigade, Rhodes' division, whilst Jones' brigade (or rather what is left of it) Johnson's division, covers the front of our First, Second, and Third guns. On our left is Daniel's brigade, connecting with Battle's.

May 15th.—Our position here, is a great improvement on that of Tuesday or Thursday. My gun commands a ravine for about eight hundred yards, and no infantry the world ever saw can take it from the front. The First, Second, and Third guns of our company, together with the four rifled guns of the Second Howitzers, are posted on a hill some two hundred yards to my right, and the Fourth gun *commands the base of that hill, as well as the approach to it.* It being probable that the enemy, knowing the position of those seven pieces on the hill, will endeavor to mass his troops under the hill, and, by his usual mode, push forward with a rush, and pierce our lines as on Thursday, May 12th. On the left of the Fourth gun, are two Napoleon guns, belonging

to Griffin's, Salem Artillery, that company having joined us several days since. Griffin's remaining two guns, are some distance on our right.

May 16th.—No move of consequence to-day, or yesterday. Last night our skirmish line was badly managed, several times getting into interminable confusion. Some slight firing occurred in front of Gordon's brigade, on our right, and our skirmishers ran in, very badly frightened.

This morning one of our skirmishers informed me that the skirmish line charged the river Po, and getting lost, "about faced," and skirmished *towards our breastworks* during the remainder of the night, which they did not find out until morning. Most of us, feeling uneasy, kept awake nearly all night. This evening we received information regarding an attack to be made upon us, early on the morrow, and our preparations were made accordingly.

One-third of our portion of the army, was kept on the alert all night, and the entire army is to be aroused just before day.

ATTACK ON RHODES' DIVISION, EWELL'S CORPS, WEDNESDAY,
MAY 18TH—SPOTSYLVANIA COURTHOUSE.

Soon after light we were aroused from our slumber, and running out to the breastworks, found our entire line in commotion. Infantrymen were carefully examining their muskets, and artillerists were preparing to "let slip the dogs of war"—field and staff officers were hurrying to and fro, giving words of encouragement and command to the troops. Generals rode rapidly up and down the lines, and with anxious eye awaited the result of the next few moments. Although the morning was unusually cold for the season of the year, and many of us were chilled through from sleeping on the damp ground, yet a heated oppressiveness seemed weighing on one's breast, and the *result* of anything would be a relief—the painfully anxious anticipation being such a burden.

In our front is heard the sound of many voices, even as the rush and roar of many waters—it is the enemy advancing through the woods in our front, and distinctly can we hear their officers giving the words of command and cheering on their men. Our sharpshooters fall back in good order and take position to the left

of the fourth gun and about three hundred yards in front of our line: these sharpshooters were the Twenty-first Regiment, Virginia Infantry, and were as game a set of soldiery as ever fought.

On come the enemy, and plainly can we see them debouching from the woods in our front and massing their troops to attack the hill on our right. Our guns are quickly trained upon them and the command "fire" is given. One by one our guns open upon them and as the thick blue smoke is blown from them we can see the deadly Napoleon shot and the unerring ten-pound rifle ball ploughing through the serried ranks of the astounded enemy. Vainly do they endeavor to press forward—again and again, we break them, and their officers uselessly dash up and down their lines, endeavoring to hurl them upon our works. The *dash* has been remorselessly extracted from these gala dressed Auger's Heavy artillerists, taken from the works around Washington to reinforce Grant, and in their *first* fight—they are but food for our gun-powder.

For one hour and a half this kind of fighting continued and every time the enemy formed for a charge we shattered their columns with artillery alone. The fourth gun fired slowly and deliberately—averaging one shot per minute—as its position was the best on the line, and our ammunition in splendid condition, it is presumable that we did fine execution. Finally the enemy, after making another abortive attempt, broke and incontinently fled, leaving us undisturbed masters of the field. Only three men in our company were wounded, two of whom were scarcely hurt, and the other (Private W. C. A. Mayo) not seriously injured.

The enemy also attacked our lines farther to the right, in front of Gordon's and Pegram's brigades, and as with us, the artillery broke their lines, driving them back without the assistance of the infantry.

This fight has been most beneficial to us in restoring confidence to our men, for, especially on our part of the line, they have become somewhat discouraged, having suffered so severely.

The "gunner" of the fourth detachment, Corporal Miles H. Gardner, being temporarily attached to the third gun, owing to our severe loss in non-commissioned officers during the engagement of the 10th, I took my old position and acted in his stead. If there be any pleasure in fighting, it is when one is "gunner"

of a splendid Napoleon gun, the men working like clock-work, ammunition in splendid order, *and no one one shooting at you.* Such was the fight of to-day.

All *journalistic* writings are more or less egotistical, and, therefore, I hope the reader will not consider the writer more so than the generality of fallable humanity when I say that in hearing Generals, Colonels, Captains, Lieutenants and greasy looking, but indisputably brave privates compliment, in the highest terms, the accuracy of the fire of the "fourth" gun, my heart beat with the proudest throb of emotion that ever it has felt since the commencement of the war. After the fight our infantry hung around the powder-begrimed and heated "Napoleon," patted it affectionately on the breach and muzzle, and made all manner of queer remarks concerning its effectiveness and accuracy. One strapping looking fellow sang out to his comrade, "Look here, Jim—here's *our* gun! This is the gun we pulled out'n the mud that ar' night."

And sure enough, it was the same gun. They ever afterwards claimed an ownership in the fourth gun, Third company. The infantrymen all wanted to see the artillery "tricks" (as they called the "implements" with which we worked the gun), and we had to show them the *friction primers, lanyard, priming wire, thumb-stall*, etc., and also had to explain to them the difference between spherical case shot, shell, and canister. The first named projectile was used by us nearly altogether to-day, and, being a very destructive missile, inflicted terrible injury upon the enemy. Some of us walked down to the position where the enemy, in the morning, had been massing his troops for a "charge," and their dead and severely wounded, being left on the field, presented the most horrible sights we ever witnessed. Our infantry had not fired a shot—all the work had been done by artillery. Few men were simply wounded—nearly all were dead, and literally torn into atoms; some shot through and through by cannon balls, some with arms and legs knocked off, and some with their heads crushed in by the fatal fragments of exploded shell. Horrible, horrible! They left several hundred of their dead in our front, and as it is to be presumed that many were carried off, their loss must have been severe. Our infantry were ordered not to fire until their line of battle got within two hundred yards of our breastworks, and as they did not get that near to us the artillery

had it all to themselves. The remaining part of the day was more than usually quiet. General Lee sent us word not only at what time they intended to make the charge, but also what troops would be engaged in it. I think he expected a much heavier fight, for he put the whole of Jackson's old division, much depleted, it is true, to support one detachment of our company (Fourth), and behind that detachment we had three lines of breastworks. It is difficult for us to get good drinking water. Oh, for a good mint julep!

May 19th.—All quiet this morning. A little after noon General Ewell advanced his corps upon the enemy's right flank (Grant's line in front of us resting almost perpendicular to us instead of parallel, as formerly), and a sharp, severe fight was the consequence. This was a "reconnoissance in force" to determine the movements of the enemy, and it is supposed that by making this change in his line Grant is again about to move forward by the left flank, the only way he has been able to gain ground yet. Our artillery was left on the line and did not participate in the engagement.

May 20th.—The enemy are moving to our right, and will either make an attack on that part of our line or endeavor to manœuvre us out of our position. If they get beyond our right, of course we will have to follow up.

May 21st.—At daybreak this morning our corps left their intrenchments and moved rapidly in the direction of Hanover Junction, leaving the Third corps to bring up the rear. Marching about twenty-five miles we camped on the Telegraph road ten miles from the Junction.

May 22d.—Neither horses nor men have had anything to eat since night before last, nor is there any likelihood of procuring anything until we reach the Junction.

May 23d.—Moved our camp a short distance from the Junction in order to procure better grazing for our horses. Reënforcements have reached us from the South and also from the Valley, consequently our army is nearly as strong as it was when the campaign commenced. Saw Robert J. Breckinridge and his staff to-day; thought it was a full brigade.

May 24th.—All quiet along the lines to-day.

May 25th.—My company went into position to-day, and threw up redoubts for our guns. The Fourth gun was placed in posi-

tion, about a half mile from the junction, on the right of the Fredricksburg Railroad. It was supported by Daniel's brigade, Rhodes' division. The First, Second, and Third guns of our company, together with the Second Howitzers, were on the Central Railroad, to the right of, and short distance from the junction. They were supported by Gordon's brigade. Griffin's four Napoleon guns were on the left of our Fourth gun. Captain Dance had one rifle gun on the left of Griffin's company, and immediately on the railroad.

May 26th.—This morning all quiet in our front. In the afternoon, the enemy attacked our sharpshooters in front of Daniel's brigade, and, for a short time, quite a spirited encounter took place; but we easily repulsed them, and again all is quiet.

May 27th.—Early this morning it became apparent that Grant had declined a contest at Hanover Junction, and was moving his forces to our right, with the intention of occupying McClellan's old line near Cold Harbor. A corresponding disposition of our troops being necessary, we took up our line of march. Moving towards Atlee's Station, our battalion camped for the night near that place.

May 28th.—This morning our battalion moved on the Old Church road, until reaching the Cold Harbor road, where we remained all night. We are about seven and a half miles from Richmond, but there seems to be no haste in the disposition of our troops, and the general impression is, that a decided battle is not imminent—some heavy skirmishing may take place, but nothing very important.

Sunday, May 29th.—This morning our battalion moved on the Old Church road, until ——— our troops are in line of battle, and awaiting the approach of the Federals. The severe lessons taught them at the Wilderness and Spotsylvania Courthouse, have made them more cautious, and they do not seem in any great hurry to run against Confederate breastworks.

May 30th.—Some fighting was done along the lines to-day, by Early and Rhodes, but amounted to nothing decisive.

May 31st.—This morning our battalion was moved some distance farther on the right, and three companies (Dance's, Griffin's, and the Second Howitzer's) were placed in position, whilst the Rockbridge Artillery and our company were held in reserve. We went into "park," on Mr. Cowardin's farm, "Liberty Hall,"

formerly owned by the Rev. Joseph Starke. This being in my old neighborhood, Lieutenant Carter and myself flanked out, and though the enemy are said to have taken everything from the neighborhood, yet we succeeded in getting a good dinner, consisting of fresh lamb, corn bread, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, butter, milk, &c. It was a God send to us! We are camped in a shady, pleasant grove, and that is much more agreeable than to be in those wearisome trenches. However, this piece of good fortune lasted only a short time, for, at 7 P. M., our battalion, save the Rockbridge Artillery, was ordered to report on that portion of the line, near which we camped since the 28th, and relieve Longstreet's artillery, the First corps moving farther to the right. Our right extends to Cold Harbor, and our left to Atlee's Station. Longstreet's corps, commanded by Major-General R. H. Anderson is now on the right; Hill in the centre; and Ewell's corps on the left.

Major-General Jubal A. Early is in command of Ewell's corps, Ewell being quite unwell. Although the distance we had to march was not more than three or four miles, yet, having to move on private roads and through farms, it was nearly day when we reached our destination. Our two Napoleon guns (third and fourth) took position about three hundred yards in front of Pole Green Church. Our rifled section (first and second) was some six hundred yards on our right, and Dance's company to the right of it. Griffin's four Napoleon guns were a short distance to the left of our Napoleon section.

ATTEMPT TO FORCE OUR LINES AT POLE GREEN CHURCH,
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1ST.

It was early in the morning, before light, when the fourth gun went into position, and it was so dark that I could form no idea of location. This gun relieved a piece of artillery belonging to the First Howitzers, under the special command of Captain Ed. S. McCarthy, and as I moved in to take his place he remarked that I would have a warm time of it, as the Yankee skirmishers were almost right up to the gun. Poor fellow, I never saw him afterward—moved off to another position and was killed on the 4th. He was a brave soldier and an efficient officer, greatly beloved by his company.

At daybreak it became quite evident that the fourth gun had

gotten into a warm place, for the enemy's sharpshooters were swarming around us in countless numbers. It is said that Field's division allowed the Yankee sharpshooters to get into our line of rifle pits (made for our skirmishers) and then were not able to drive them out again; consequently the enemy were so close to our works that we dared not put our heads above them.

The hot summer's sun poured its blinding rays down upon our unprotected heads, not a leaf nor a twig was nigh to shelter us, and the sand became so hot that it seemed as if it were molten metal, the sharp whiz of the deadly Minie creating the only breath of air stirring. The position of the fourth gun was anything but satisfactory to me, occupying, as it did, a redoubt thrown up some fifty yards in front of our regular line of earthworks. Our skirmish line in front was extremely weak, and was but a stone's throw in front of us. The enemy on the left of this gun were much nearer than they were in front, and occupied higher ground than we did; consequently they could shoot down into our redoubt. Captain McCarthy had in a great measure remedied that by raising the left salient of the earthwork. Still we were not entirely protected, and this very measure of relief proved of serious disadvantage later in the day.

This morning we were supported by Hays' brigade, Early's division, but about noon Kirkland's brigade, Heth's division, Hill's corps, relieved Hays, and as it was impossible to remove the artillery until nightfall we were ordered to remain until that time. During the change in the disposition of the infantry forces the enemy, noticing the movement, poured a volley or two of musketry into our men, killing and wounding some of Kirkland's brigade. The immediate support of the "left section" of our company, guns No. 3 and 4, was the Eleventh North Carolina infantry; that is, the old Bethel regiment, or what was then the *First* North Carolina, its number now being changed to the Eleventh. The enemy's sharpshooters having gotten almost within a stone's throw of our breastworks, annoyed us terribly. Soldiers, even in the most trying hours, will have their sport, and some of us would take off our greasy-looking caps, set them up on sticks, and hold them above the redoubt just to see how near the Yankees could come to them.

A sudden volley of musketry from our skirmishers warned us that the time for amusement had passed and the moment for *work*

had arrived—on, on the blue line comes, like a wave from the heaving ocean it sweeps with resistless force. But there is a barrier to stem that swelling tide, a rugged rock to roll back that seething stream, a *Hill* to climb, a *Heth* to pass, and forth from the Confederate lines dart a stream of fire from brazen-mouthed Napoleons, all charged with murderous grape.

And as the sound of men's voices rose above the din and confusion of ensanguined strife a stream of fire rises from the roof of that old time-honored house of worship, the church of my ancestors, the church of Samuel Davies—Pole Green, perhaps the oldest Presbyterian church in Virginia—set on fire by a shot from my own gun.

My thoughts, even mid the din and confusion of battle, flew backward to childhood's bright and sunny days—aye, to days of merry boyhood, and I remembered that in Pole Green my own father received his Christian name; that there my ancestors had worshipped the true God, and that for many, many years it had been connected with the dearest annals of the Presbyterian Church—now it was passing away in the red glare of war.

As those flames flickered and glared and cast their lurid lights full into the faces of those Southrons struggling for all most dear to men, a new, a stronger spirit of endurance seemed given them, and ere the mouldering embers were shedding their dying halo, the enemy were driven back, and victory, once more, was ours.

The enemy, coming up upon the left of the fourth gun, it was sometime before we could get a fair shot at them. It will be remembered that the fourth gun was some distance in front of the main line, occupying a single redoubt, and, in order to protect the cannoniers from the enemy's skirmishers, occupying on our left higher ground than we did, our left salient was heightened so we could not fire over it. They charged *in line of battle* but, for some reason, changed into *column*—the head of the column was not over *twenty yards* from the muzzle of the fourth gun, *double charged with canister*, when we fired the first shot. When using canister the flame from the gun seems to go much farther than when using any other projectile, and it looked to me as if the flame from our gun ran half way down their line. We fired *seventeen* rounds of canister into that column and its advance was stopped. Lieutenant Carter, seeing this charge before we did, he being stationed some distance to our right, and think-

ing we were asleep, sent a cannonier to wake us up. We could not fire any sooner, but when we did get to work we went in a hurry. An officer told me that we fired the first *eleven* shots in *one* minute. Our boys showed no signs of wavering, but stood firmly to their posts and made the "prettiest fight" on record.

The enemy were charging at "a right shoulder shift," and did not fire at all. Many a blue coated Federal was left on the field, and a good number came into our lines, surrendering.

Three years ago a band of youthful artillerists went forth from their native city to meet the invading foeman. With scarcely an exception none of them had reached the sterner years of manhood, and yet they went forth to conquer or to die. Beardless faces and merry blue eyes were among them; the elastic step and the buoyancy of youth betokened the will to *be* and to *make* brave soldiers of our brave and beautiful metropolis. How proudly they marched through the wide streets of noble old Richmond, and she, as if proud of her gallant sons, sent forth her daughters fair to bid them stand like the sturdy yeomanry of old or else come back to her never again!

At Bethel those youthful soldiers drove back and defeated United States regulars—here on one side was a band of school-boys handling their artillery with a coolness and consummate skill that veterans would have gloried in, and on the other side regulars *fought for pay* and for the upholding of a Government that had become unbearable to over eight millions of souls.

A gallant regiment of North Carolina infantry, led by the dauntless D. H. Hill, of whom "Stonewall" Jackson said: "He is the very bravest man I ever knew," supported those boy-artillerists and won for itself a name that will last so long as men remember gallant deeds.

'Twas then that the glad shout first rang through the air that the sons of a new-born Confederacy had gained a great, a glorious victory! But, alas! this was only the *commencement* of the great struggle—other and more bloody battles were yet to be fought, and countless thousands of brave and gallant men were yet to fall. The bloody sun of Death had scarcely arisen—the noontide of destruction was not yet.

Three years afterward that company of boy-artillerists, now "grown old in wars," stand side by side with that same Carolina regiment and face the charging foeman!

The company is sadly changed now, for many who fought with us then sleep in the soldier's grave—some fell at Charlestown, some at Fredericksburg, some at Chancellorsville, some at Gettysburg, *thirty-nine* were lost to us at Spotsylvania Courthouse, and many stand with the Third Company now who were strangers to us then.

The old First North Carolina is vastly changed too, for *where* are the thirteen hundred men who landed at Yorktown in '61?

Ask the pale moon if she ever has seen any of those gallant *missing* ones stretched full length on the red field of battle?

Ask the stormy winds if ever they have blown rudely over the graves of those gallant Carolinians whose places are now vacant in that brave old regiment?

Ah, winds! blow softly, reverently over the graves of those that are missing from that dear old regiment, for they are answering the *reveille* in that army whose Captain is the Son of God. He who was Colonel then now wears the wreath of a Lieutenant-General, and well worthy is he to wear it; its Lieutenant-Colonel now sleeps in the soldier's grave; its Major is a Brigadier-General now; and one of its officers, then an almost unknown Captain, a few weeks since returned from Carolina's coast wearing an evergreen garland of victory entwined on Plymouth's field, and the stars of a Division-General are his reward. (Perhaps you think this is a *general hoax*.)

The enemy, after having failed in our front, tried the strength of our lines a short distance to our right, but too far away for us to render any assistance. For a time, the firing was quite heavy, but we repulsed them easily, and the night of the 1st of June ended another brilliant day to our arms. After dark, all became quiet, and our company was relieved by a battery from Hill's corps—we retiring to the rear. Griffin's four Napoleon guns, on our left, did fine execution. Lieutenant Dinguid and one other killed. No one was hurt in the Third company, but many narrow escapes were made.

June 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th.—Our company has been on the reserve, since our last fight, and we have been fattening up, preparatory to the next slaughter. There has been some very heavy fighting along the lines since that time, which has resulted in an uninterrupted series of victories to us, and utter discomfiture to the enemy. In this campaign Grant has already lost more

men than Lee has had at any one time, in the army opposed to him.

On the evening of the 5th, our company relieved Griffin's battery, and our position was a little to the right of the Mechanicsville road, some three miles from Mechanicsville. Our lines are very strong, and protected by powerful abattis—our infantry support is Johnson's North Carolina brigade, Gordon's division, the same brigade that recaptured our battery at Spotsylvania Courthouse, on the 10th of May. Several picket skirmishes occurred during the night, which did not amount to anything, except to keep us awake. Loss of rest worries a soldier, but a good soldier sleeps and eats whenever he gets an opportunity.

June 6th.—At 3 o'clock this evening, as is customary on the lines, we were aroused, but at day-break, no enemy was in our front. Our sharpshooters were advanced, and the line of battle soon followed, the artillery moving slowly to the right. We remained on the "old stage," road nearly all day, awaiting orders, and the farther development of the enemy's plan, but nothing of importance transpired, and my company returned to the "Johnston House," going into position on its left.

DUNGARVON.

This Johnston House is the old Dungarvon mansion, for many years owned by the late Mr. Edward Sydnor, and its quaint looking Dutch gabled roof, is associated with the very earliest recollections of the writer.

And now as I stand gazing upon its dear old walls, all perforated by the destroyers' artillery, the sweet scenes of childhood again pass vividly before me, in rapid panoramic brightness, and I think of the dear ones who welcomed me then and there; but they have long been sleeping in yonder grave yard, and from Heaven, if departed spirits witness or know of the wicked deeds of man done on earth, they behold the wide-spread desolation of the hearthstones where once children, and grandchildren, nephews, nieces and friends, gathered around the aged couple.

Here is the green front yard, where, in childish glee, I gathered the team of shiny-toothed little negroes, and, hitching them up horse fashion, would drive away merrily, to the huge, old-fashioned barn, and there hunt through the sweet scented hay

for the lost hen's nest, all filled with its wealth of snow white eggs. The enemy's torch has consumed that old-fashioned barn, and naught but its charred remains are left. Yonder is the little brick closet, on the west side of the house, where the golden apples and the rich kerneled walnuts were kept; but the cannon ball has left its destroying mark there also. There is the dining-room, where old-fashioned country Christmas dinners were served—where fat turkeys, delicious hams, savory mutton, together with all the mighty host of pies, puddings, cakes and custards innumerable were disposed of by appetites keenly whetted by a long ride through the bracing winter's air; and visions of yellow, golden butter, rich creamy milk, and snow white bread still float dreamily through the mind—but the cannon ball has left its mark in that room too. And just across the passage is the parlor; and after dinner, through the long wintry evenings, we used to gather around its ample fireplace—some to romp in childish games, and others, older, to speak of days of bygone years. Ah! well do I remember that there were those, the dearest to me on earth, who used to gather in that dear old parlor; a score of years ago I can remember a loved parent predicting this very war and these very days of bloodshed. But he lived not to see it—he is sleeping on the banks of a stream whose waters were dyed with the blood of his kinsmen, and the mark of shot and shell on those parlor walls tell how truthfully he spoke of the future.

Yonder is the "little room" and the very corner where the trundle bed was; how oft my wearied limbs have rested there!—and the cannon ball spared not even the little room. Above the marks of each cannon ball, upon the walls of that dear old home, seems written in letters of blood—"Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord!"

June 7th.—Our corps advanced this morning to feel the enemy's position and some sharp skirmishing ensued, resulting in but small loss to either side. My company reported to General Alexander, Longstreet's Chief of Artillery, and after exchanging some fifteen or twenty shots with the enemy in Pickett's front we rejoined our corps, which had swung around on the enemy's right. Griffin's, Dance's, and the Second Company Howitzers engaged the enemy, but met with no serious loss.

June 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12th.—All quiet save the usual amount of skirmishing. On some parts of our line the enemy's works are not more than a few yards from ours, and it is very unsafe for either party to show themselves. Our battalion is pleasantly encamped in an oak grove on William Gaines' farm, where good water is more abundant than usual. Ewell's corps, under the command of Jubal A. Early, has left for parts unknown. Early has been made a Lieutenant-General, and Ewell, whose health is giving away, will be assigned to light duty—possibly to the command of the Department of Richmond. Few men in this war have made such a brilliant name or have been held in higher estimation for sterling worth than Richard S. Ewell; but, gallant old war-horse, his many wounds are proving too severe for him, and he is no longer able to bear the privations of an active campaign. Anderson, of Longstreet's corps, has also been promoted Lieutenant-General.

June 13th.—Grant has again vamosed, and by his left flank strategy crossed the Chickahominy, and is now making for the James River, where he might have gone without losing a man.

A counter-movement of our troops becoming necessary, we crossed the Chickahominy at McLellan's Bridge, and our advance, meeting the enemy at or near Malvern Hill, drove them several miles.

All of Ewell's corps, save our battalion and the two consolidated companies of Page's and Cutshaw's battalions, have left with Early. Major Cutshaw commands this latter battalion, whilst Colonel Hardaway resumes the command of ours, the whole being under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas H. Carter. So far the splendid strategy of the Federal demi-god, U. S. Grant, has paled before the brilliant movements of our great Captain, Robert Edward Lee.

July 17th.—Early's corps, instead of going direct to the Valley, as we all supposed, moved rapidly to Lynchburg: then seriously threatened by Hunter, Averill, and Crook. Driving them off to Wheeling, Early then, by forced marches, dashed up the Valley, crossed the Potomac, and is now seriously threatening Washington and Baltimore. Grant's main army is in front of Petersburg, but he has undoubtedly sent off a number of troops for the defence of Washington.

Our battalion has quietly remained on the north side of the James, and the dull monotony of a life on the lines is occasionally relieved by a reconnoissance on the river and a round or two with the gunboats.

Yesterday the Rockbridge Artillery had quite a spirited encounter with a Federal gunboat, in which our loss was nothing and the gunboat thought to be seriously damaged. A few days since the Second Howitzers went down to annoy the enemy's gunboats and returned after firing a few rounds—loss, two men wounded. All this does not accomplish much, but it makes the enemy feel less secure.

July 27th.—The enemy have crossed to the north side of the James quite a heavy force, said to be thirty thousand men, under Hancock. This morning another one of those serious *accidents* occurred, in which the twenty-pound Parrot guns belonging to the Rockbridge Artillery were captured by the enemy. This company was posted some one and a half miles in advance of our lines on New Market Hill, and were supported by Humphreys' Mississippi brigade. This brigade, being flanked, was compelled to retire, leaving the Rockbridge Artillery without support, and, of course, an easy prey to the enemy. No blame can be attached to the men or to the Captain of that brave company, whose brilliant name was won on fields where "Stonewall" Jackson fought and conquered. The horses and men were saved, but the guns were lost. Somebody is to blame, but nobody seems to know who. Somebody has lost *twenty-four* pieces of artillery in our corps since the 12th of May!

July 28th.—Reënforcements from the south side of the James River came over last night, and Lieutenant-General R. H. Anderson now commands our line. Skirmishing continues all day, and it is reported that we had quite a spirited encounter on the left of our lines, near Malvern Hill, in which we captured and brought off a piece of artillery. Our company remains in its old position on the right of our lines, about two miles from Chaffin's farm. There has been no fighting in our immediate front, not even a skirmish.

July 30th.—The main body of the enemy have returned to the south side of the James, and quiet is again restored. Our battalion moved back several miles to the rear and went into regular camp.

August 8th.—Cutshaw's Battalion of Artillery being ordered to the Valley, has left to join Early. The Second Howitzers have been temporarily assigned to that command. My company moved to New Market Heights on picket.

August 13th.—Preparations have been made for the last few days to open a mortar battery upon the enemy's pontoon bridge at Deep Bottom, and it was announced that everything would be in readiness by 10 A. M. to-day. Our company occupied its same position on New Market Heights, where it has been on picket since the 8th.

Two ten-inch mortars were sunk a short distance in front of our battery and at the base of the hill on which we were posted whilst to our left, and about eight hundred yards to our front, four eight-inch sea-coast howitzers were placed to be used as mortars. Near the village of New Market, or rather Sweeney's Pottery, and several hundred yards to the left and front of the sea-coast howitzers, a "section" of Major Starke's Local Defense Artillery (Parrots) was posted as a protection to the front and left of the mortar howitzers.

The main line was only a short distance in front of our company, but a strong line of "rifle pits" have been thrown up on a line with the mortar howitzers. We opened with the mortars at 3 P. M., and the huge shells were sent whizzing over towards the enemy's line, causing no little confusion in his camp. The mortar howitzers and Starke's Parrot guns joined in the fracas. Pretty soon a gunboat came steaming down the river and leisurely "heaving to," commenced an accurate fire upon our lines. A slow fire was kept up during the remainder of the day, but was not interesting enough to keep us awake—nothing of importance was accomplished.

FIGHTING AT AND NEAR NEW MARKET HEIGHTS, SUNDAY,
AUGUST 14TH.

Major-General Field, of Longstreet's corps, is in command of our line, composed of eight brigades, several of which are very small, but of fine material.

The morning dawned with never a cloud upon the horizon, and for a time an unusual quiet prevailed, though during the entire night the tramp of Federal soldiery, crossing the pontoon bridges, could be heard distinctly.

The enemy have a pontoon bridge just above and one a short distance below Deep Bottom; therefore, to get to our right, they are compelled to cross the upper pontoon, not being able to move to our left without re-crossing the James River or passing immediately in front of our batteries on New Market Hill.

A splendid brass band on our right strikes up that holy hymn of ancient days, "Old Hundred," carrying the mind of many a soldier boy back to the days when he sat under the ministry of some favorite pastor, and many a dimmed and glistening eye looked over the the field of battle. Clearly through the calm Sabbath morning's air comes the grand melody of that hymn, and as the notes rise higher in praise of that God from whom all blessings flow, they seem to carry a solemn petition to the Throne of Grace for aid in the coming struggle. Hark!—the scene changes. A short distance to our right the sharp ringing notes of the skirmisher's rifle warn us of danger ahead, and men that were but a few moments since religiously thinking of the *past* now must be heroes in the bloody *present*, and hurry to take up the implements of death.

The skirmishing on the right increases, and loud cheers are heard in the woods—in breathless suspense, we await the issue—presently our men come running across the field, and it is evident that our skirmish line (a very strong one, and having splendid "rifle pits,") has been driven from its position, and forced back to the main line. This so exposed the right flank of the line, protecting the Mortar-howitzer battery, that it was compelled to fall back to the line of entrenchments, running across New Market Heights. There being no horses to the battery, it was impossible to save it, and for a time we thought we would lose Starke's section also—finally we succeeded in getting that section off, and placed it in position to the left of our company. Far away in our front, we could plainly see the enemy moving heavy columns of infantry to our left, and in the woods we could distinguish the gleaming of muskets innumerable. Skirmishing on our left commences—the situation becomes interesting and precarious—a *faux pas*, and the day is lost! General Field rapidly masses his troops on the left, to meet the enemy, and our whole line is in commotion. On our right and front, the Federal skirmishers press close to our lines, and the main body of our infantry has been hurried to the left. We are almost totally without infantry support, and we must fight

hard to hold the hill or our line will be broken. Artillery, without infantry support, is almost powerless, and the enemy could plainly see the withdrawal of our infantry. We open a rapid and destructive fire upon the enemy, who has advanced from his works, and is now deploying for a charge—we break his lines and drive his columns back into the woods, and in the mean time, withdraw our right section, under the command of Lieutenant H. C. Carter, and send it off at a “double quick” to the left of our lines, where we are wanting every man. The enemy are pressing us closely on the left. Going into position at the Fussel House, near where the Darbytown road crosses Bailey’s Run, this section opened a destructive fire upon a column of the advancing enemy, and routed them at the first fire. Two Federal batteries replied with spirit and precision, one of their shots striking our Second gun, just above the left “trunnion,” but without disabling it. However, our boys held their ground, and the enemy were effectually checked. To show the effectiveness of this section I here insert an extract from the Philadelphia *Inquirer* of the 18th.

“The enemy fell back to a strong position, and the Second division, Second corps, was drawn up in line of battle, beyond where Hancock captured the four guns [Rockbridge Artillery] two weeks ago.” [This would bring the Federal line just where the Darbytown road crosses Bailey’s Run, near Fussel’s Mill]. “Here the First brigade, under Colonel Marcy, took the lead and charged across a cornfield, over a hill and down into a ravine, where they came to a swamp, with a stream [Bailey’s Run] on the other side—the ground was covered with impenetrable brush on the margin. During all this time they were exposed to a heavy fire from the Rebel artillery, which did a great deal of damage. It was found impossible to cross the ravine, and the men were halted, and lay concealed as well as possible, until dark, when they were withdrawn. Colonel Marcy had his horse shot under him, and mounting General Barlow’s horse, the animal became unmanageable, and fell on the Colonel, badly bruising him. The division lost at least 300 men in the engagement. The First and Third divisions, which were in support, lost about 250 men from the effects of the Rebel artillery.”

Referring to the shelling on Saturday last, (13th) the *Inquirer* says:

“The gunboat *Agawan*, while engaging a rebel battery, re-

ceived a shell, which exploded, killing *three* and wounding *eight* others."

This "Rebel battery" was a section of Hurt's battery, McIntosh's battalion, Lieutenant Ferrill commanding. Towards night the enemy charged our skirmishers on the right with a heavy line of battle, but we held them in check. The loss in our company to-day was very slight—private E. N. Mahoney, wounded in the arm. Several others were struck, but not disabled, among whom was Corporal P. A. Sublett, whose *suspender was cut in two by a shell!* Two horses were killed and several wounded. After dark our "right section" returned to the Heights, we having also been reënforced by the remaining companies of our battalion, Colonel Hardaway commanding.

August 15th.—All quiet to-day save occasional picket skirmishing. General Lee came over to-day to take a view of the situation. Some of the boys say he came over to see what kind of a place *Deep Bottom* was, and how long it would take to *fill it up* at the rate of four guns a week.

August 16th.—In front of us the enemy kept remarkably quiet, but massing a heavy force on our left attacked and broke through Wright's Georgia brigade, and for a time succeeded in holding our works. *Tiger Anderson's* brigade coming to the rescue our forces in turn attacked the enemy, driving their troops headlong from our fortifications, the poor deluded black being the chief sufferer. The enemy's loss at this point was very severe, our men capturing six or seven hundred prisoners, and the ground being literally covered with the dead bodies of the Federals. In our front the fighting was confined to heavy skirmishing, occasionally interspersed with an unpleasant shelling from the Federal land batteries, gunboats, etc. At one time during the day it became necessary to change the position of the fourth gun, and as our horses were far to the rear we had to move it "by hand to the front," and in full view of the enemy. This was done under a sharp musketry fire, during which privates William M. Mann and Miles H. Gardner were both painfully wounded. The first thing Mann said was: "Got a furlough at last." He and his brother, Charles Mann, are from Duvall's Bluff, Arkansas, and joined our company May 26, '61, remained with us ever since, and have both proved themselves to be good and efficient soldiers.

August 17th.—All quiet to day.

August 18th.—Our troops on the left made a reconnoissance in force, which amounted to nothing more than finding the enemy still in force in our front and strongly entrenched. Shelling and skirmishing passed up and down the lines, but none of our company were hurt.

August 19th and 20th.—Our skirmishers and the enemy's sharpshooters have become quite amicable: exchanging papers, tobacco, etc.

Sunday, August 21st.—The enemy have all returned to the south side of the James after having accomplished—what? The capture of four *iron* howitzers and the loss in killed, wounded and missing, of *one thousand men for each gun.*

Two of Captain Dance's guns were engaged on Tuesday and Thursday in shelling the Federal sharpshooters, and had three or four men wounded and several horses killed. Our company lost nine horses killed and wounded. We have an old Scotch substitute in our company by the name of Moultrie, transferred from Coke's battery—he is too old and feeble to be of much service, and is rarely, if ever, called upon during an engagement. Nevertheless, he is industrious enough to dig him a deep cavern in the side of a hill, into which he religiously repairs whenever the artillery fight becomes too hot for pleasantness. During one of the fights of the past week I noticed a boy in the rear of our battery, paying no attention to the shells that were dropping and exploding all around him, but very busily engaged in digging a trench and talking to himself; as if very much delighted at some scheme on hand.

“What are you doing there?”

“Oh, nothing much—I am laying a train.”

In a few moments I heard a smothered explosion, a scream, and a scramble, and old Moultrie came crawling out of his cavern, the most deplorable looking object one ever saw, looking for all the world as if he had been through a powder-mill. The little boy had “hooked” a cannon-charge from a caisson, laid a regular train, and had blown old man Moultrie out of his hole! All this while a battle was going on.

August 25th.—The greater portion of our forces have crossed over to the south side of the James, and now our lines near New Market are very weak.

About midnight our company received orders to withdraw

quietly from New Market Heights, Dance's company taking our position, and move back to our first main line of entrenchments on the right of the New Market road, about six miles from Richmond. The Rockbridge Artillery and one section of Griffin's battery return with us, while Dance's company and the remaining section of Griffin's battery remains on picket. This move was speedily accomplished, as the roads were in fine condition.

August 30th.—Our left section, third and fourth guns, under the command of Lieutenant W. P. Payne, ordered to relieve Griffin's section on picket to the right of New Market Hill. Reached the lines and went into position about sundown.

Query: Why was it that Griffin's other section did not relieve this one on picket, as we have been on picket twice to their "nary" time?

August 31st.—All is extremely quiet on the lines—not even a picket-shot to disturb the dull monotony and routine work of the day.

A few negro troops in our front.

FIGHTING AT THE M'COUL HOUSE AND LAUREL HILL CHURCH,
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29TH—JAMES RIVER, NORTH SIDE.

Early this morning the enemy broke through our lines near or rather between the Drill and McCoul houses, a short distance to the right of New Market Hill, on which the Rockbridge Artillery was posted. Our first section, Lieutenant Carter commanding, was on picket some two hundred and fifty yards to the right of the McCoul House, whilst the "left" or second section was back in battalion camp near the Henrico poor-house and under command of Lieutenant W. P. Payne.

When the enemy pierced our lines near the McCoul House our first section engaged them until it was compelled to retire for want of proper support—our infantry force being very weak. This section moved towards Richmond, halting for a time where the New Market road is crossed by what is known as the second line of intrenchments. At this latter point it was joined by the second section—here no stand could be made on account of Fort Harrison, on the same line and but a short distance to the right, having been captured by the enemy and almost without a strug-

gle on the part of our troops. Our company then fell back towards Laurel Hill Church, and after some little marching and countermarching went into position at that place, supported, and that too most gallantly, by Gary's cavalry brigade. The enemy, advancing in heavy column, were driven back from the front, but having great preponderance of numbers completely flanked this small Confederate force left to hold them in check. Our troops fell back rapidly to the main line on the New Market road, and shortly afterwards my company went into position on the left of Fort Gilmer, but did not reach that point until the enemy had charged the position and had been repulsed. Directly in front of Fort Gilmer was a ditch some twelve feet deep, and as no earth was banked around it, it could not be seen fifty yards, though it could be easily flanked by going either to the right or left of it.

A negro brigade charged this fort squarely to the front and when they came to this ditch hundreds jumped into it, not one of whom got out alive, for our men rolled hand grenades in upon them and not one was left to tell how the white men refused to charge it and they made the attempt.

At the time this fight commenced the writer of this was in the city "on duty," and, hearing the alarm-bell sounded, left the Adjutant-General's office, went out into the street, and found a great commotion. Local defense troops were rapidly organizing and men with muskets were hurrying to and fro preparing to go to the front. And now comes a question of *duty* versus *pleasure*—only a few moments prior to this excitement I had procured a passport and transportation to go to southwest Virginia on business connected with my duties as "Recorder" of our company.

Must I go to that little "burg," away off on the mountain tops of the beautiful Alleghany, where glad smiles would greet me, or must I hurry back to the lines where brazen-mouthed Napoleons are singing their song of death and where the wild hurrah of battle is ringing? Not many seconds did it take me to decide, and ere long I was tramping down the New Market road in search of the Third company. As I neared the first line of fortifications the scene became intensely interesting. Quartermasters, commissaries, musicians, detailed men, the sick, the lame, the halt

and the blind, *et id omne genus*, were pouring in a perfect stream from the front and towards the city—all told the same dismal tale of disaster that had befallen us.

“Yes,” said one, “Fort Harrison has ‘gone up,’ Fort Gilmer has ‘gone up,’ Chaffin’s Bluff has ‘gone up,’ and the Yankees are in a few hundred yards of our first line of fortifications—more than that, we have no infantry in the breastworks, only a few heavy artillerists.”

I knew this was in a measure true, for Lee’s line is necessarily so long, that he can scarcely garrison it by putting his men *one yard apart*, and we have to depend upon running our men from pillar to post.

This was rather a precarious situation for our metropolis to be in, for there was enough of the demoralized fellow’s story true to pale the face of the stoutest hearted. The throng still poured in, interspersed with families moving in their “*all*,” in little two wheel go-carts, and driving along the dusty road herds of disgruntled swine, which with bleating sheep and lowing cattle were hurrying on beyond the reach of the advancing foe.

Presently I reached the first line of fortifications, where little more than a corporal’s guard of men, with muskets that might have been used in the Wars of the Roses, was expected to make a gallant defense, and, with fifteen rounds of ammunition, save the city of Richmond. A sickly looking set of artillerists were fooling with a gun, mounted *en barbette*, and they didn’t seem to me to know one end of the cannon from the other.

Great God!—only this between the Yankee line and Richmond.

A few Yankees could be seen in our front, but the main body had evidently halted under cover of a wood, and had not the nerve to press onward—every now and then, by petting and coaxing, our heavy artillerists would induce one of their guns to “go off,” and that seemed to create the impression that we had some men about. Learning that the Third company was on the Osborne Pike, I sought for it on that road—finding it near Fort Gilmer. None of the company had been killed or wounded. Dance’s Powhatan artillery occupied Fort Johnson, a little earth work between Forts Gilmer and Harrison—it was in this work during the greater portion of the day, and, during this entire war, no artillery company has made a braver fight. Its loss was twen-

ty-five men, and fully as many horses. No more fighting was done during the day.

A few days after this, we made an unsuccessful attack on Fort Harrison, but after that, everything soon got back into the former state of quiet.

Remained with the company about two weeks, when I again left for Richmond, and then for Christiansburg, where were certain papers belonging to the company. This "Record" spoken of previously, is simply a condensed journal of the movements of our company since the commencement of the war, with the *status* of each and every man who has served with the company. It shows every engagement participated in by the company, and also accounts for each member of the company—if *in* the engagement, or if *absent*, why.

I think all this is due to the men who have uncomplainingly borne the heat and burden of the day.

October 29th.—Returned to the company to-day, and found it occupying a position between the Darbytown and New Market road, near the Henrico poor-house, where the enemy, on the 27th, made a heavy demonstration, but did not actually charge our works. All day long their skirmishers (ours having been driven in early in action) kept up a continued volley, making the works uncomfortably hot, mortally wounding two of our company, privates Tate and Gwinn. Tate was not over bright, and at Spotsylvania Courthouse, I sent him after some water for the detachment, and the boys soon got up some fifteen or twenty canteens to fill. Now it often takes some little time to fill a canteen, especially if men are crowding around you. In about an hour, Tate came back with some splendid water.

"Where did you get this, Tate?"

"Over yonder in the woods"—pointing to the Yankee line.

"Why, confound you, don't you know that's the Yankee line?"

"No, I did not know it, but I knew where the spring was, and I went after the water."

Tate had on an old Yankee blouze, Yankee cap, and a pair of nondescript pants—he had actually gone into the Yankee lines and had gotten water from the same spring with the Yankee soldiers: one of whom crowding Tate too closely, they had put down their canteens and had a regular old-fashioned fist fight, in

which Tate came off second best. Several hours later, I sent Tate after more water, telling him not to go to the same place. I did not see him any more until night, when our blacksmith, Pat O'Conner, brought Tate up, saying—"Sergeant, the dom fool don't know whether he is a Yankee or Confederate. Found him just now in a batch of Yankee prisoners, going to Libby Prison.

It seems that Tate had gone back to the same spring about the time Gordon made a charge, capturing that portion of the Federal lines and also capturing *Tate*; and Tate was quietly going on to the Libby.

Corporal Robert R. Roberts was painfully, but not seriously, wounded in this fight of the 27th, and Corporal Miles H. Gardner (alias *Tim Rives*) was slightly wounded.

The enemy was handsomely repulsed everywhere he showed himself, and with little or no loss to the Confederate force engaged.

McGrath's South Carolina brigade supported our command. McGrath is a fat, chubby sort of a fellow, and usually wears a white linen duster; he walks up and down his lines and "cusses" everything that comes in range.

During the fight we captured a lanky-looking down-east Sergeant, and as he came through my company he caught sight of McGrath fussing and fuming along the lines. The Sergeant stopped, held up his hands in amazement, and ejaculated: "Dew tell!—could have shot that thing an hour ago, but thought 'twas an AMBULANCE!"

November.—During this month nothing of importance occurred save that preparations were made by our men for spending the winter on the lines, for it is now evident that Grant has about gotten to the end of his rope: and yet we are unable to drive him from his position.

During all this preparation the horses are not forgotten; comfortable stables are being put up for them some distance in rear of our lines, and all extra horses will be sent to Lynchburg. We amuse ourselves by running the blockade.

FALL OF RICHMOND.

It was Sabbath morning, the 2d of April, and all was quiet along the lines. My battalion had been relieved from the front and was stationed a mile or so back in the rear of our main

lines on the north side of the James River. At the usual hour for divine services quite a goodly collection of our battalion had assembled in the Third company, and a feeling discourse was delivered to them by our chaplain, Rev. Henry M. White, than whom there is no chaplain more popular in the army. How quiet and peaceful everything seemed; and yet, farther on, away off to the right across the James River, scenes were transpiring that would shake from centre to circumference our now despondent Confederacy.

Little did the pastor or the people think then that this was the last sermon to the First Virginia Artillery. Perhaps had he or we thought it, his discourse would have been more fervent, and we more attentive.

But we knew it not then, and after the benediction many lingered to speak of matters spiritual and temporal, whilst others repaired to their respective commands.

The calm peacefulness of that Sabbath morning made a vivid impression upon my mind that neither time nor circumstances can ever efface.

A short time afterward orders came for us to "prepare to move to the front"—this was only a precautionary order, and we thought but little of it. Many of our boys had gone into the city, as it was only a few miles off, and early in the afternoon one of them returned in breathless haste bearing strange tidings.

Said he: "Richmond is wild with excitement—General Lee has met with a heavy reverse on the right, and *Richmond will be evacuated in less than twenty-four hours!*"

At first we paid but little attention to this information, considered by us as nothing more than a Sunday rumor; but others soon began to come in, and all bore the same sad tidings. How like a thunderbolt it came, and we, oh how unprepared for the fact! In solemn groups of five and ten the men collected, discussing the probable result of such a move as the forced evacuation of our metropolis. Sorrow was depicted upon every countenance, but there was also the stern resolve and determination to follow the flag of our noble Lee so long as it waved, and fall, if fall we must, under the blood-stained banner of the *Army of Northern Virginia!*

Noble banner!—so oft triumphant and so deeply dyed with the blood of fallen followers! Ere long—a week hence—and thou

shalt trail in the dust of defeat; but we that are permitted to remain with thee to the bitter end, even until there is no hope left, will feel no humiliation when thou art folded forever.

There was no longer a doubt of the fact that we had to surrender Richmond—yes, noble old city that for four long and bloody years had withstood the powerful combinations of our relentless foe!! Our lines on the right were totally swept away—our losses very severe—and we were outnumbered on every side. Still we had received no definite orders as to when or where we should move, and in sorrow the day wore on.

As most of our horses were still absent, and that was the case with nearly all the artillery of our army, we could only take with us two caissons to our company, and then have but four horses each to our four Napoleons—very heavy guns, which should never be moved with less than six horses.

The Rockbridge Artillery have four guns; the Powhatan Artillery, three guns; Salem Artillery, four guns; the Third Howitzers, four guns—making a total of fifteen guns, commanded by Colonel R. A. Hardaway, he having returned from furlough a few days since.

Our Commissary has no transportation for rations, and they are issued to us indiscriminately, each man taking as much as he can carry, none of us knowing when or where they will be again issued. About 10 o'clock at night orders came for us to move on to Richmond as rapidly as possible and cross the James River at Mayo's Bridge.

Everything now assumed the customary bustle and confusion of a camp about to be permanently abandoned. Captains gave orders to Lieutenants and they to Sergeants, while Sergeants called out lustily for out-of-the-way drivers, who were busily engaged in collecting a variety of plunder and a superabundance of rations, for the hauling of which there was no transportation. Every one had free access to as much meat, meal, molasses, flour, etc., as he wanted. About 11 o'clock we took the road and moved rapidly towards the city. I started with about twenty cannoniers to my gun, but when we had nearly reached the city only two of them could be found, one of whom was quite lame and the other so lazy that if he started to run he would be too lazy to stop. These boys had all gone on ahead of the company to bid their friends and parents

farewell, and as I had some friends in the city whom I wished to bid farewell, I turned the command of the Fourth gun over to the *lame* cannonier and I left also.

As I entered the city, by the way of Rocketts, scenes of confusion met me on every side, and though it was after midnight, crowds of men, women and children, of every hue and size, thronged the streets, bearing away upon their shoulders all kinds of commissary stores. Whether these things were issued to them or had been stolen by them, I had not the heart to enquire.

Armed men (citizen guards) were marching through the streets and emptying into the gutters all the liquor they could find, while beastly sots followed in their wake, and literally wallowing in the mire of inebriation drank deeply from this reeking, seething, poisonous stream; and the fumes thereof ascending, mingled with the curses of strange women, and of reeling, staggering, drunken men.

All the private dwellings were yet lighted up, and told of the anguish, the suffering, and the pain of parting then taking place; for from nearly every dwelling a loved one was going forth from his home, and he was leaving all behind him.

I soon bade my friends farewell, not knowing that I would ever see them again, and rejoined my company on Fourteenth (Pearl) street, near Mayo's bridge.

"Forward, Third Company!" We were marching away—away from all we cherished.

For four years I had stood the storm of battle, and had seen men fall around me as the leaves from the forest trees before the autumn wind; but that night my heart was faint and weary—it was full to overflowing, and I wept like a child.

Three times had we, as a company, marched through noble old Richmond since the war commenced, and now we knew another flag would in a few short hours float triumphantly over the hills where but to-day the flag of Dixie was floating.

We lingered not to participate in or to witness the shamefully disgraceful proceedings that took place a short time after we left; but in silence and in sorrow we marched on—on to the sound of the night wind sighing through streets that ere long would ring with the shout of a shameless mob, and roar with the desolating flame.

No woman's hand waved us a parting adieu as we sped onward;

no maiden's eye sparkled a farewell and a hope for the future; no matron or sire bending 'neath the weight of years bade us God speed, for the weak and defenceless were weeping in their desolated homes—and thus we left them.

All night long we marched, and on the morning of the 3d we halted a few miles from Branch's Church. Went into camp about 3 o'clock in the afternoon at Tomahawk Church, and remaining there all night, resumed our march at 3 A. M. on the 4th. I was utterly broken down, and did not get up until several hours after our battalion had resumed its march; however, I caught up with it directly, as our column was moving very slowly. During the day I stopped with a member of my company at the house of his brother, where I met several very companionable young ladies, and had a good dinner. After dinner we sang a few patriotic songs, and then moved on—one cannot remain away from his command now, for no one knows what a day or an hour will bring forth. Crossed the Appomattox River at Mattoax Station, upon a railway bridge—a dangerous experiment, as the bridge was in a horrible condition. Lee's army, is evidently making for Danville, Va., *via* Burkeville Junction. Camped near Mattoax Station,

Wednesday, April 5th.—Marched all day and night—passed through Amelia Courthouse, and there found the enemy pressing us closely. A short distance in front of our battalion, *beyond the Courthouse*, a brigade of Federals dashed into our lines, and somewhat of a fight ensued, Mahone's division driving them back.

Thursday, April 6th.—The enemy have reached Burkeville Junction ahead of us, and we must take another direction—towards Lynchburg, I presume. The enemy made a bold dash upon our column to-day, near Deatonville, Amelia county—our guns were rapidly brought “into battery,” and for a time we thought a heavy fight would take place. After a half hour's engagement, we drove them off and resumed our march. Matters now began to assume a very serious aspect, and later in the afternoon a heavy fight occurred in our rear, in which we were most seriously handled. The march now assumed every appearance of a rout. Soldiers, from every command, were straggling all over the county, and our once grand army was rapidly melting away—on every side the Federals were capturing our wagon

trains, artillery, etc., in the mean time, picking up thousands of our men who were too nearly starved to fight. Marched to the High Bridge, over the Appomattox, reaching that point late at night, remaining there until next morning, when we moved in the direction of Farmville.

STAMPEDE!

Friday, April 7th.—Moved within two miles of Farmville, where we halted to rest. Most of us busied ourselves in preparing a snack, composed of anything we could get. I had finished my lunch (*slapjack* and water) and was lying on the ground, quietly taking my ease, when all at once, a commotion arose, and the drivers commenced hitching up in a hurry. For once the gallant, though lazy "Fourth detachment" was on time—there was no hallooing for "Jack Crump!" Jack was ready, and every body else was ready, and we moved out into the road without regard to company or battalion order. There was necessarily much confusion, and I had received no special orders, but I knew something was wrong. In the scramble my gun (Fourth) occupied the third place, at the head of the battalion. We moved rapidly—I was ahead of and separated from the balance of my company, and no commissioned officer was with me. Finally an officer from the Salem Artillery rode up to me and said:

"White, you had better keep your eye upon a fine horse—you may need him presently."

I replied:

"I expect as much."

We were moving to the right of Farmville, a short distance in Cumberland county, and through a densely wooded swamp. Two guns belonging to the Salem Artillery were in my front, and though at the head of the battalion, neither field nor company officers were with them. I stopped to get a drink of water, and in so doing, I noticed that no other guns were following me. An Orderly rode up to me and said:

"Colonel Hardaway says that you have taken the wrong road—get back into the other road."

I looked back, and that which I had been expecting for some-time was at its height. *A stampede had taken place!* Men and horses were dashing furiously through the woods. Instead of

obeying Colonel Hardaway's order, it flashed through my mind—if I could move on this by-road, the enemy, if any there be near at hand, would follow the main column, and I might easily escape with my gun. So I gave my drivers the order to "trot, march," and away we went at a swinging pace, *the Salem artilleryists obeying my orders also*. However, there was a wagon train in our front (Captain R. L. Christian's) and that brought us to a halt—the panic was spreading amongst his drivers, who had halted, unhitched, and were preparing to *spike their mules*, I reckon. I prevailed upon them not to desert their train but to move along, at least until some of us had seen the enemy or had heard a shot fired, neither of which had been done as yet. We moved on as fast as we could, and every now and then men from our main column would come in, telling us of the stampede, but not one of them had seen a single sign of a Yankee or had heard a single shot fired. I was fully convinced now, that the whole thing was caused by improper information, and that the enemy were not in two miles of us. The drivers, having according to orders, cut their traces, and, having been ordered to take care of themselves, were doing some John Gilpin horsemanship through the woods, and, having no officers with them, were at a great loss to know what to do. I was fully satisfied that there had been no enemy within striking distance of our battalion, and that if they (the drivers) were sent back immediately, the abandoned guns could all be saved; therefore, whenever I came in contact with one of the battalion drivers, I sent him back to the guns, which order was pretty generally obeyed. A few moments afterwards, our acting Chief of Artillery, Colonel Thomas H. Carter, came up, and I reported to him that I had disobeyed Colonel Hardaway's order, and had saved *three* guns—also adding, that I had taken upon myself the authority to send back to the abandoned guns all the drivers and horses belonging to our battalion, believing the guns could yet be saved, though the orders were peremptory to spike them, in case we had to abandon them.

He commended me for my action.

After many inquiries, we found the cause of the stampede to be this:

It will be remembered that we were marching without support,

and were within two miles of Farmville, where we halted to give men and horses a few hours of rest, and from that place we moved in great hurry and confusion. General Mahone, commanding our rear-guard, had sent direct information to Colonel Hardaway that he, General Mahone, could no longer maintain his ground, and unless our battalion was moved off in haste, it would certainly be captured. Hence the haste. Hardaway was informed that he would be entirely without support, and was ordered (by Mahone, I think) that if the enemy appeared upon his flank, he (Hardaway) must immediately abandon his guns, after spiking them, and save his men and horses, if possible; that the enemy would probably appear on his *left* flank, no Confederate force being between us and them. Whilst we were marching through this dense swamp in Cumberland county, our battalion being badly scattered, and we being able to see but a few yards either to the right or left, Colonel Talcott, a Colonel of Engineers, on General R. E. Lee's staff, rode up to Colonel Hardaway, and made this statement: "The enemy are upon your left flank, and are but a short distance from you."

Six or seven of the guns were recovered that night by the men, and one of them was given to Sergeant George D. Thaxton (Second Detachment, Third Company), he having brought it off the field. This gun belonged to Braxton's battalion, but as we saved it our boys held on to it. We had a great deal of trouble bringing these guns up, for the roads were muddy and our horses almost famished.

April 8th, Saturday.—Of course I was much pleased at having saved my gun and that my company had gotten another, but I also knew it was only useless trouble to bring those guns off the field. It is impossible for us to reach Lynchburg—the question of our *surrender* is now one of time only! Marched within four miles of Appomattox Courthouse and halted about 2 P. M. Later in the afternoon firing is heard immediately in our front, and soon we hear that the enemy have attacked and captured a park of our artillery commanded by General Lindsey Walker, amounting to some thirty or forty guns. No infantry was supporting this artillery, and though the artillerists made a gallant resistance, yet the most of them had to surrender. Some got off with their guns and buried them shortly afterward—among the latter was

the First Company Richmond Howitzers. The Second Company Howitzers, at the evacuation of Petersburg, were given muskets, and have been doing infantry duty ever since.

To say they did their duty well is to say no more than we expected of them—at Sailor's Creek, in Amelia county, they had fought the enemy most gallantly, their loss being very severe—they did not know *how* to run. At this place one of their Lieutenants, Henry S. Jones, fell mortally wounded—he was a brave and gallant soldier, and had served faithfully with that company during the entire war.

So near the end, and yet to fall!

At nightfall we buried several guns belonging to our battalion, and afterwards many of us gathered around our camp-fires discussing our probable fate.

It was now apparent to all that we could hold out but a few hours—men and horses were utterly worn down by fatigue, loss of sleep, and hunger—thousands were leaving their commands and wandering about the devastated country in quest of food, *and they had no muskets*. Each hour the enemy was drawing his coil around us more closely.

THE SURRENDER—APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE, SUNDAY, APRIL
9TH, 1865.

We started early and moved in the direction of Appomattox Courthouse. When reaching that place it was evident we could go no farther, for the enemy, cavalry, infantry and artillery, in countless thousands, were on every side. A shell comes hurtling down our line—another and another follow fast, and follow faster. Just as cheerfully and just as defiantly as at Bethel, four years ago, when our hopes were big with the fate and fame of a new-born nation do our boys go forth to meet them and our guns hurl back their shot and shell.

We were but a little band standing there in the soft spring light of that Sabbath morn—*they* were as the sands upon the seashore, or as the leaves upon the forest trees.

The flag of the *Army of Northern Virginia* [under whose silken folds so many a gallant comrade, friend, and brother fell,] all tattered and torn but NEVER dishonored; around whose broken

staff so many happy memories cluster, is floating above us for the very last time.

The fighting ceased, and soldiers wept.

“O now forever,
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the just wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The *Southern* banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of *bloody* war!
And O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
FAREWELL—Othello's occupation's gone!”

Then rode adown our lines that peerless General, ROBERT EDWARD LEE—his head all bared, and his noble face all clouded with a sorrow deeper than tongue can tell or pen can paint.

Is it a wonder then that strong men—men “grown old in wars”—weep like children, and tearfully turning from the, to them, saddest sight on earth, silently prepare to go back to their desolated homes?

Ah! Neither time, or sorrow, can erase from memory's page the bitterness of that day.

ROLL AND RECORD

Third Company Richmond Howitzers.

Robert C. Stanard, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, Captain; died on the Peninsula October 28, 1861.

Edgar F. Moseley, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, First Lieutenant; promoted Captain, November 17, 1861; Major First Virginia Artillery, August, 1862; Lieutenant-Colonel, 1863; killed on lines Petersburg, 1864.

Benjamin H. Smith, Jr., Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, Second Sergeant; promoted Lieutenant, April 21, 1862; Captain, August, 1862; wounded Charlestown, October 16, 1862; captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1863.

John M. West, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, Second Lieutenant; promoted First Lieutenant, November 17, 1861; resigned, April 21, 1862.

James S. Utz, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted Lieutenant, April 21, 1862; killed in command of company, Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.

Henry C. Carter Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, First Corporal; promoted Third Lieutenant, November 17, 1861; First Lieutenant, August, 1862; wounded Charlestown, October 16, 1862.

William Plumer Payne, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted Orderly Sergeant, April 21, 1862; Second Lieutenant, August, 1862.

William M. Read, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted Second Lieutenant, December, 1862; Adjutant First Virginia Artillery, 1863.

J. C. Dickinson, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, Orderly

Sergeant; commissioned and transferred to infantry, 1862.

A. C. Porter, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, Third Sergeant; promoted Orderly Sergeant, August, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

William B. Gretter, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, Fifth Sergeant; promoted Orderly Sergeant, July 5, 1863.

Hugh L. Powell, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, Fourth Sergeant; transferred to First Howitzers, August, 1861.

Henry C. Tinsley, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted Third Sergeant, August, 1862; discharged, May, 1862.

William L. White, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted Second Sergeant, April 21, 1862; appointed Assistant Inspector Ordnance, 1864.

John K. Wakeham, Fluvanna, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted Third Sergeant, May, 1862; killed at Catherine Furnace, May 2, 1863.

George D. Thaxton, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted Fourth Sergeant, August, 1862; wounded Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

L. Lumpkin, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted Fifth Sergeant, May, 1863; wounded Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

William S. White, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted Second Sergeant, July, 1863.

Thomas H. Quarles, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted Third Sergeant, January, 1864; captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

William J. Sydnor, Richmond, enlisted June 5, 1861, private; promoted Quartermaster Sergeant, 1863.

Richard M. Venable, Prince Edward county, enlisted April 21, 1861, Fourth Corporal; promoted Lieutenant of Artillery and transferred to Texas Department, April, 1862.

Oscar V. Smith, Portsmouth, enlisted May 10, 1862, private; promoted Corporal, July 5, 1863.

C. B. Hunt, New York, enlisted May 4, 1861, private; promoted Corporal, August, 1862; captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

Peter A. Sublett, Richmond, enlisted in Company F, April 21, 1861, private; transferred to Third Company Howitzers, June, 1862; promoted Corporal, November, 1863.

Miles H. Gardner, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted Corporal, December, 1862; wounded on lines north side James River, October 27, 1864.

John J. Flournoy, Halifax, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted Corporal, January, 1864.

T. Vaden Brooke, Richmond, enlisted ———, private; promoted Corporal, January, 1864.

R. R. Roberts, Charlotte county, enlisted June 11, 1862, private; promoted Corporal, January, 1864; wounded Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, and on lines north side James, October 27, 1864.

Alfred Wakeham, Fluvanna, enlisted June 11, 1862, private; promoted Corporal, January, 1864.

Edward C. Howard, Richmond, enlisted June 11, 1862, private; promoted Corporal, May 5, 1863; killed Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

Charles B. Fourqurean, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1862, private; promoted Guidon, 1863; captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

Joseph J. Anderson, Louisa, enlisted April 21, 1862, private; wounded Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863; detailed Quartermaster's Department, 1864.

Joseph W. Argyle, Fluvanna, enlisted April 21, 1862, private; discharged, 1862.

William M. Armistead, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1862, private.

George A. Arents, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; substituted, 1861.

Fred. Arents, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1862, private; transferred to Navy, 1863. Killed by boiler explosion.

Boswell Alsop, Stafford, enlisted June 18, 1861, private; detailed in Quartermaster Department, 1864.

A. J. Andrews, Gloucester, enlisted June 28, 1861, private; wounded Gettysburg, July 3, 1863; captured July 4, 1863.

J. M. Austin, Williamsburg, private; transferred from Coke's Battery, 1862.

T. H. Austin, Williamsburg, private; transferred from Coke's Battery, 1862.

W. S. Archer, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1864, private.

Alex. B. Archer, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; transferred to Medical Department, June, 1861.

Burke Archer, Richmond, enlisted June 5, 1861, private; discharged September 5, 1861.

Wm. Breeden, Jr., Richmond, enlisted July 18, 1861, private; detailed in Conscript Bureau at Richmond, 1862.

Haskins Breeden, Richmond, enlisted March 1, 1864, private; captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

Heber Bullington, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; wounded Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

Theo. Boisseau, Amelia, enlisted April 21, 1861, private.

C. C. Boisseau, Amelia, private.

G. Blanks, Williamsburg, private; transferred from Coke's Battery, 1862.

John R. Bugg, Charl6tte, enlisted January 18, 1864, private; captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

J. S. Bowles, Goochland, enlisted July 9, 1864, private.

Thomas W. Barksdale, Halifax, enlisted January 18, 1864, private.

H. W. Barksdale, Halifax, private.

Robert P. Bass, Richmond, enlisted April 16, 1864, private.

D. W. Bernard, Halifax, enlisted August 10, 1864, private.

Daniel S. Burwell, Charlotte, N. C., enlisted August 27, 1864, private.

H. O. Bass, Richmond, enlisted September 21, 1861, private.

Richard Brooks, Richmond, enlisted September 30, 1864, private.

M. G. Broocks, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; discharged 1862. Died 1865.

— Brent, King & Queen, private; transferred from Dance's Powhatan Artillery, 1865.

John Benthall, Hampton, private; transferred from Coke's Williamsburg Artillery, 1862.

G. T. Bohannon, Richmond, private; mortally wounded and captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

Burley R. Brown, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; killed at Charlestown, Va., October 16, 1862.

Randolph Blair, Wheeling, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; transferred 1862; commissioned Lieutenant artillery and wounded Southwest Virginia.

R. C. Chandler, Petersburg, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; transferred as sergeant to Branch's Battery 1862; promoted Lieutenant and killed at Crater.

James E. Cassidy, Fluvanna, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; killed at Charlestown, October 16, 1862.

Dabney J. Carr, Charlottesville, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted to Lieutenant artillery 1863, and transferred.

Charles E. Cardoza, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; substituted Swann, September 20, 1861, on account disability.

J. B. Chastain, Halifax, enlisted April 1, 1864, private.

Wm. B. Courtney, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

Edward M. Crump, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864, remained in prison till close of war.

John A. Crump, Richmond, enlisted March 26, 1862, private.

Edward F. Cullen, Richmond, enlisted March 8, 1862, private; wounded Frayser's Farm, July 3, 1862, and Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

George T. Cropper, Williamsburg, private; transferred from Coke's Battery, 1862, and detailed regimental blacksmith.

Richard C. Chamberlayne, Richmond, enlisted March 17, 1864, private; captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

J. R. Casey, Amherst, enlisted September 11, 1861, private.

—— Casey, Amherst, enlisted September 11, 1861, private; died Chimborazo Hospital, 1863.

Edward S. Cardoza, Richmond, enlisted April 1, 1864, private.

J. T. Cottrell, Richmond, enlisted January 22, 1864, private.

—— Cottrell, Richmond, enlisted January 22, 1864, private.

P. H. Chew, Fredericksburg, enlisted February 15, 1865, private.

Samuel O. Clarke, Richmond, private.

George Carleton, Hanover, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; died Richmond, August, 1862.

B. H. Cox, Henrico, enlisted March 20, 1862, private; detailed as driver; discharged February, 16, 1863.

P. H. Cardwell, Williamsburg, private; transferred from Coke's Battery, 1862.

David Donnan, Richmond, enlisted March 26, 1864, private.

Samuel H. Davis, Hampton, private ; transferred from Coke's Battery, 1862.

A. P. Eskridge, Staunton, enlisted April 21, 1861, private ; transferred to Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, 1862 ; died Staunton, 1862.

Harry Estell, Lexington, enlisted April 21, 1861, private ; promoted Lieutenant artillery, 1862.

J. A. Echols, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private ; transferred to Medical Department, 1862.

P. Eaton, Richmond, enlisted June 24, 1864, private.

E. J. Ellett, Powhatan, enlisted October 15, 1864, private.

H. Tate Evans, Richmond, private.

J. H. French, Fluvanna, enlisted June 18, 1861, private.

J. M. Fourqurean, Richmond, enlisted July 22, 1861, private ; wounded Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

G. M. Foster, Richmond, enlisted April 12, 1864, private.

M. H. Fourqurean, Halifax, enlisted September 20, 1864, private.

Henry W. Flournoy, Halifax, enlisted March 2, 1864, private.

G. W. Fisher, Richmond, private.

W. D. Gwinn, Williamsburg, private ; transferred from Coke's Battery, 1862 ; killed on lines October 27, 1864.

F. P. Gretter, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private ; detailed hospital steward May, 1861, and transferred conscript bureau, 1862.

W. W. Green, Norfolk, enlisted June 1, 1861, private.

W. H. Green, Richmond, enlisted, June 4, 1861, private ; transferred to Ordnance Department, 1862.

William E. Goode, Charlotte, enlisted May 22, 1862, private.

R. Bennet Goode, Charlotte, enlisted August 2, 1862, private.

Robert J. Gambol, Hampton, private ; transferred from Coke's Battery, 1862.

Henry D. Gardner, Louisa, enlisted February 6, 1864, private.

M. H. Gardner, Louisa, enlisted April 15, 1864, private ; wounded New Market Heights.

E. Clifford Gordon, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private ; transferred as sergeant to Otey Battery, 1862.

Robert B. Gildersleeve, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private ; promoted to Assistant Surgeon, 1863, and assigned to South Carolina.

Ashton Garrett, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; discharged July, 1861, account disability.

Daniel S. Huffard, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; discharged July, 1861, account disability.

John H. Hutcheson, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

J. T. Hardwicke, Richmond, enlisted September 17, 1861, private; captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

Thomas Hogg, New Kent, private; transferred from Coke's Battery, 1862.

W. D. Herring, Louisa, enlisted April 15, 1864, private.

J. L. Harris, Powhatan, enlisted August 17, 1863, private.

J. C. Harris, Powhatan, enlisted April 8, 1864, private.

Curtis O. Herring, Louisa, enlisted April 15, 1864, private.

J. T. Hammond, Baltimore, Md., September 6, 1864, private.

Hillory J. Hutchins, Fluvanna, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864; died of small-pox in prison

M. Hale Houston, Wheeling, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted Lieutenant ordnance, 1863.

John Houston, Wheeling, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; transferred to Maryland Battery, 1863.

Archer Houston, Wheeling, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; transferred to Maryland Battery, 1863; killed May 12, 1864.

Charles Hall, Fredericksburg, enlisted May 10, 1862, private; transferred to Mosby's command, 1863.

George Hart, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted Captain artillery, 1861.

Charles A. Howard, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; assigned to battalion Quartermaster Department, July, 1861, and finally transferred.

Richard W. Jones, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; appointed Commissary-Sergeant First Virginia Artillery; captured near Gettysburg, July 4, 1863.

Isaac L. Jones, Hampton, private; transferred from Coke's Battery, 1862.

George E. Johnson, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861; private; don't think he was with the company after September, 1861.

Francis A. Jeter, Richmond, enlisted April 18, 1862, private.
Henry Jones, Powhatan, enlisted August 16, 1863, private; captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

Alfred O. Jones, Powhatan, enlisted February 10, 1864, private.

Edward V. Jones, Botetourt, enlisted March 1, 1864, private.

W. T. Jones, Buckingham, enlisted March 1, 1864, private.

Thomas Scott Jones, Orange, enlisted July 11, 1864, private.

Cincia Jean, enlisted July 24, 1863, private.

W. Roy Jones, Orange, enlisted February, 1865, private.

H R. Jones, Orange, enlisted February, 1865, private.

Thomas O. Keesee, Richmond, enlisted March 7, 1864, private.

J. Mercer Keesee, Richmond, enlisted March 7, 1864, private.

Daniel A. Levy, Richmond, enlisted June 4, 1861, private; deserted on lines north side James River, January, 1865.

Wm. H. Lyne, Richmond, enlisted June 4, 1861, private.

Samuel H. Liggon, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; captured Gettysburg with wagon train, July 4, 1861.

E. Claude Lorraine, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

Wm. W. Lear, Richmond, enlisted July 19, 1863, private; wounded Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

J. S. Lear, Richmond, enlisted March 8, 1864, private; captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

George F. Lyell, Richmond, enlisted March 1, 1864, private.

George T. Layne, Richmond, enlisted April 24, 1864, private.

John A. Lynham, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted Lieutenant Conscript Bureau, 1862.

Lucien Lewis, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; discharged, 1862.

J. H. Lindsay, Williamsburg, private; transferred from Coke's Battery, 1862; deserted December 10, 1864.

John Manders, Chesterfield, enlisted April 21, 1861, private.

James M. Manders, Chesterfield, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; wounded Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

F. J. Mahoney, Fluvanna, enlisted June 8, 1861, private.

Thomas M. Miller, Richmond, enlisted July 31, 1861, private; wounded Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

Charles R. Morrison, Richmond, enlisted October 1, 1861, private; detailed in Medical Department, 1861.

William C. A. Mayo, Richmond, enlisted March 8, 1862, private; wounded Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 18, 1864.

James Moultrie, Cumberland, private; transferred from Coke's Battery, 1862.

E. P. Morris, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; wounded and captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

T. Tabb Mayo, Richmond, enlisted March 8, 1864, private.

I. H. Morgan, Chesterfield, enlisted July 15, 1864, private.

Samuel C. Majors, Halifax, enlisted September 25, 1864, private.

William M. Mann, Arkansas, enlisted May 26, 1861, private; furloughed November 1, 1864; joined Trans-Mississippi Department.

Charles Mann, Arkansas, enlisted May 26, 1861, private; furloughed November 1, 1864; joined Trans-Mississippi Department, 1864.

Henry J. Miller, Richmond, Va., enlisted April 21, 1861, private; transferred to Engineer Corps, 1861.

James Miller, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted to Sergeant, Major Allen's Battalion, 1862.

W. D. Mathews, Richmond, enlisted December 12, 1862, private; killed at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862; member of company *one day*.

Samuel P. Mosely, Buckingham county, enlisted February 22, 1862, private; commissioned Captain in Infantry, February 1, 1863.

R. M. Minter, Richmond, private; died in Winchester, Va., July, 1863.

E. N. Mahoney, Fluvanna, private; wounded New Market, August 16, 1864.

W. Gordon McCabe, Hampton, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted Lieutenant Artillery, 1862.

Sidney S. Nicholas, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; transferred to Navy Department, 1862.

Robert C. Nicholas, Fluvanna, private; killed Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862.

Patrick O'Connor, Mississippi, private; transferred from Infantry, 1862; discharged, 1864.

R. Channing Price, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private;

promoted Adjutant-General J. E. B. Stuart; killed Chancellorsville, 1863.

P. B. Porter, Powhatan, enlisted March 7, 1862, private; wounded Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

George W. Porter, Powhatan, enlisted January 7, 1863, private.

Thomas H. Pairo, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted Lieutenant, June 1861, and transferred.

G. P. Porter, Powhatan, private; killed at Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

R. C. Priddy, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; transferred to cavalry, 1862.

William H. Piet, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; company Commissary Sergeant, 1862.

Carter B. Page, Fluvanna, enlisted July 22, 1862, private; detailed Provost Marshall's office at Richmond, 1863.

George F. Parker, Hampton, private; transferred from Coke's Battery, 1862.

T. D. Powell, enlisted August 2, 1883, private.

W. D. Porter, Powhatan, enlisted March 28, 1864, private; captured at Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

Thad. Payard, enlisted July 29, 1863, private.

T. P. Powell, enlisted August 5, 1864, private.

Henry Plume, Richmond, enlisted August 18, 1864, private.

Charles Parkhill, Williamsburg, enlisted August 15, 1863, private.

A. H. Plume, Richmond, enlisted January 8, 1863, private.

W. D. Puller, Richmond, enlisted February 1, 1864, (?) private; died, 1865.

David E. Porter, Powhatan, enlisted September 23, 1864, private.

Jacob Phillips, Hampton, Va., enlisted April 21, 1861, private; transferred from Coke's Battery, 1862; deserted, 1864.

W. H. Roberts, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; wounded and captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

George R. Roper, Henrico, enlisted September 22, 1864, private.

Horace W. Rudolph, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; deserted, 1862.

Llewelyn W. Redd, Caroline, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; killed at Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

Samuel M. Roberts, Fredericksburg, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; transferred from Dreux's Louisiana Battalion; promoted to Lieutenant, Navy, 1862.

William Plumer Ratcliffe, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; discharged, 1862; died, 1863.

John B. Royal, Richmond, enlisted June 18, 1861, private; transferred to First Howitzers, October 1861; killed in Navy Department.

Stirling C. Shepherd, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private.

J. B. Sublett, Powhatan, enlisted September 7, 1863, private; detailed in War Department.

Edward H. Sublett, Powhatan, enlisted September 2, 1863, private.

William B. Sublett, Powhatan, enlisted April 22, 1861, private.

W. M. Scatee, Fluvanna, enlisted January 28, 1864, private; captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

John T. Sizer, Richmond, enlisted January 28, 1864, private.

George T. Scott, Amelia, enlisted January 28, 1864, private.

Robert T. Sydnor, Hanover, enlisted, March 28, 1864, private.

W. Hunter Saunders, Norfolk, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; detailed in Ordnance Department, 1863.

James H. Smith, Campbell, enlisted February 26, 1864, private.

Charles T. Sublett, Powhatan, enlisted September 16, 1864, private.

A. F. Santos, Portsmouth, enlisted November 7, 1864, private.

P. Gay Scott, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; transferred to Engineer Corps, 1864.

W. G. Shepherd, Richmond, enlisted July 29, 1861, private; discharged November, 1861.

W. D. Smith, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted to Quartermaster, 1862.

George A. Smith, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; wounded Fredericksburg, 1862.

Rufus G. Smith, Richmond, enlisted July, 1862, private; died typhoid pneumonia, Winchester, 1862.

W. G. Snead, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; transferred to Medical Department, 1862.

Edward H. Smith, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; mortally wounded Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

A. Booker Seay, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; acting Adjutant, Lieutenant-Colonel Edgar F. Moseley. Killed Petersburg, 1864.

W. G. Thompson, Fluvanna, enlisted October 1, 1862, private; captured Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

A. F. Taliaferro, Richmond, enlisted April 1, 1864, private.

John J. Trice, Louisa, enlisted April 26, 1864, private.

E. G. Tyler, Richmond, enlisted August 21, 1864, private.

John Brown Tinsley, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; detailed in Adjutant-General's Department, 1861.

W. Taylor, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; discharged, 1861.

W. T. Tuck, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; substituted R. B. Mitchell, June 3, 1863.

R. H. Tate, Richmond, private; killed Darbytown, October 27, 1864.

R. G. Turner, Richmond, enlisted September 18, 1861, private; promoted to Quartermaster, 1862, transferred to Texas.

H. F. Thornton, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; discharged October 26, 1861.

W. H. B. Taylor, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; discharged December 11, 1861.

J. Vandeventer, Williamsburg, private; transferred from Coke's Battery, 1862, captured at Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864; died in prison.

Andrew R. Venable, Prince Edward, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted Com. 1862; Adjutant-General, J. E. B. Stuart, 1863.

McDowell R. Venable, Prince Edward, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; transferred to Petersburg artillery, 1862.

W. Wakeham, Fluvanna, enlisted July 1, 1861, private; crippled by caisson 1863, put on light duty in Richmond.

John Winn, Fluvanna, enlisted June 13, 1861, private.

Edward A. Winn, Richmond, enlisted April 11, 1862.

Wm. H. Winn, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; killed at Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

Robert C. White, Richmond, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; detailed clerk in Quartermaster's Department.

Powhatan Winfree, Powhatan, enlisted August 3, 1863, private.

R. Winfree, Powhatan, enlisted October 2, 1864, private.

Thomas Whitlock, Henrico, enlisted June 21, 1864, private.

J. Estell Waddell, Harrisonburg, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; transferred to Medical Department, 1862.

J. Waddell, Harrisonburg, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; promoted to Captain, 1862.

Samuel A. Wakeham, Fluvanna, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; wounded Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862; killed Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864.

Jno. E. Wakeham, Fluvanna, enlisted April 21, 1861, private; transferred to infantry 1862; killed 1864.

W. C. Wood, private; transferred from Coke's Battery, 1862.

1865—APRIL 9th.

Roll of Officers and Men Present at the Last Engagement of the Third Howitzers, First Virginia Artillery.

<i>Captain,</i>	B. H. Smith.
<i>First Lieutenant,</i>	H. C. Carter.
<i>Second Lieutenant,</i>	W. P. Payne.
<i>Second Lieutenant Jr.,</i>	W. M. Read.
<i>First Sergeant,</i>	W. B. Gretter.
<i>Second Sergeant,</i>	G. D. Thaxton.
<i>Third Sergeant,</i>	S. Lumkin.
<i>Fourth Sergeant,</i>	W. S. White.
<i>Second Corporal,</i>	M. H. Gardner.
<i>Third Corporal,</i>	P. A. Sublett.
<i>Fourth Corporal,</i>	O. V. Smith.
<i>Seventh Corporal,</i>	J. J. Flournoy.
<i>Eighth Corporal,</i>	T. V. Brook.

PRIVATES.

J. J. Anderson,	J. B. Chastain,
W. M. Armistead,	Samuel Clark,
John M. Austin.	S. H. Davis,
T. H. Austin,	D. Donnan,
H. Bullington,	E. J. Ellett,
T. Boisseau,	H. T. Eavans,
C. Boisseau,	J. M. Fourqurean,
H. Barksdale,	M. U. Fourqurean,
R. Brooke,	C. B. Fourqurean,
W. C. Brent,	H. W. Flournoy,
D. S. Burwell,	W. H. Fisher,
D. W. Bernard,	J. H. French,
A. S. Bowles,	S. M. Foster,
J. A. Crump,	W. W. Green,
E. F. Cullen,	R. B. Goode,
E. S. Cardoza,	R. J. Gambol,
J. E. Casey,	H. D. Gardiner,
P. H. Chew,	J. J. Hammon,

W. D. Herring,	P. B. Porter,
M. H. Gardner,	G. W. Porter,
J. L. Harris,	D. E. Porter,
J. C. Harris,	W. A. Piet,
J. L. Jones,	W. B. Puller,
E. V. Jones,	J. P. Powell,
W. R. Jones,	T. L. Powell,
W. T. Jones,	H. Roper,
H. R. Jones,	E. H. Sublett,
T. S. Jones,	W. B. Sublett,
George E. Johnston,	C. T. Sublett,
T. O. Keesee,	W. N. Smith,
George T. Layne,	A. F. Sautor,
W. H. Lyne,	R. T. Sydnor,
W. W. Lear,	S. C. Sheppard,
J. M. Manders,	J. T. Sizer,
W. C. A. Mayo,	Joseph Sydnor,
T. T. Mayo,	A. F. Taliaferro,
John Manders,	J. J. Trice,
T. M. Miller,	E. G. Tyler,
E. N. Mahoney,	E. A. Winn,
S. C. Majors,	Powhatan Winfree,
John H. Morgan,	Reuben Winfree,

APOMATTOX COURTHOUSE, *April 9th, 1865.*

Taken down by P. A. Sublett, from the roll-call that day,
(April 9th, 1865.)

ADDENDA TO ROLL.

The following men of the Third Company were surrendered by General Long, at the headquarters of the artillery corps—they being on duty there at the date of the surrender. Their names are taken from the *original official* return of General A. L. Long, commanding artillery, and now in possession of the Southern Historical Society, viz:

B. Alsop,	R. C. White,
W. Hunter Saunders,	

—*Editor.*

ROLL OF THE THIRD COMPANY

As Mustered into Service State of Virginia, as Published in Richmond Daily Papers, Preserved in Scrapbook in Virginia State Library.

Robert C. Stanard,	<i>Captain.</i>
E. F. Moseley,	<i>First Lieutenant.</i>
John M. West,	<i>Second Lieutenant.</i>
A. J. C. Dickenson,	<i>First Sergeant.</i>
B. H. Smith,	<i>Second Sergeant.</i>
H. L. Powell,	<i>Third Sergeant.</i>
W. B. Gretter,	<i>Fourth Sergeant.</i>
H. C. Carter,	<i>First Corporal.</i>
A. C. Porter,	<i>Second Corporal.</i>
H. C. Tinsley,	<i>Third Corporal.</i>
R. M. Venable,	<i>Fourth Corporal.</i>

PRIVATES.

William M. Armistead,	A. P. Eskridge,
A. B. Archer,	I. A. Eckles,
Joseph J. Anderson,	Henry Estill,
Joseph W. Argyle,	John J. Flournoy,
George Arents,	M. H. Gardner,
William O. Archer,	Ashton Garrett,
Thomas Boisseau,	F. P. Gretter,
Heber Bullington,	E. C. Gordon,
R. B. Brown,	U. H. Houston,
M. G. Brooks,	John W. Houston,
William B. Courtney,	D. S. Hufford,
Charles E. Cardozo,	Charles W. Harwood,
Dabney G. Carr,	George Hart,
E. M. Crump,	Alexander L. Holladay,
C. S. Chandler,	John H. Hutcheson,

Claiborne Hunt,
 R. W. Jones,
 George E. Johnson,
 Lucien Lewis,
 S. H. Liggon,
 L. Lumpkin,
 J. A. Lynham,
 E. C. Lorraine,
 E. P. Morris,
 James M. Miller,
 J. M. Manders,
 John Manders,
 W. G. McCabe,
 William M. Mann,
 Charles W. Mann,
 Sidney S. Nicholas,
 William P. Paine,
 Thomas W. Pairo,

Robert B. D. Priddy,
 Thomas W. Quarles,
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 L. W. Redd,
 W. H. Roberts,
 William P. Ratcliffe,
 P. G. Scott,
 William J. Snead,
 William H. Saunders,
 Rufus G. Smith,
 W. T. Tuck,
 George D. Thaxton,
 Henry F. Thornton,
 J. S. Utz,
 John K. Wakeham,
 William L. White,
 William H. Winn,
 W. S. White,

Charles U. Williams.

—*Editor.*



CONTRIBUTIONS

To A HISTORY of The
**RICHMOND
HOWITZER
BATTALION.**

PAMPHLET No. 3.

CONTENTS:

- I. Diary of T. ROBERTS BAKER, of Second Company.
- II. Diary of CREED T. DAVIS, of Second Company.
- III. Diaries of JOHN WALDROP and WILLIAM Y. MORDECAI, of Second Company, combined.
- IV. The First Detachment at Fredericksburg. By REUBEN B. PLEASANTS, of Second Company.
- V. WILLIAM S. WHITE'S Diary Corrected By Colonel W. E. CUTSHAW.
- VI. Roll of Second Company, as mustered in, and as surrendered, April 9, 1865.



REORGANIZED
APRIL 9, 1865



BETHEL
TO
APPOMATTOX

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RICHMOND, VA:
CARLTON McCARTHY.

1884.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The Howitzer Association proposes to publish, from time to time, in uniform pamphlet style, as much of the history of the three companies composing the battalion as can be rescued from oblivion. The archives of the Association already hold much valuable and exceedingly interesting material, composed in part of personal diaries, muster-rolls, order-books, pay-rolls, official reports, &c.

Contributions of material of this sort, or indeed of any sort, are earnestly solicited, will be carefully preserved, and finally printed.

The undersigned, having been elected to receive and preserve all matter which may be given or loaned to the Association for preservation in its publications, packages or communications may be addressed to him.

The present number (No. 3) speaks for itself.

Pamphlet No. 2, of 202 pages, uniform with this number, comprises the Diary of William S. White, of the Third Company, from the Fall of Sumter to the end of the War.


Pamphlet No. 1 constitutes the fullest and most reliable account of the Battle of Bethel which has yet been written, and is equally valuable and interesting; being, in the main, the work of Rev. E. CLIFFORD GORDON—one of the best of "The Old Third"—eighty-four pages.

The price of No. 1 is \$1.00; No. 2, \$2.50; No. 3, \$1.00.

Pamphlets Nos. 4 and 5 in preparation.

CARLTON McCARTHY,

Richmond, Va.



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WM. ELLIS JONES,
PRINTER,
RICHMOND, VA.

CONTRIBUTIONS

TO A

History of the Richmond Howitzer Battalion.

Diary of T. Roberts Baker, of the Second Howitzer Company, of Richmond, Va.

(Written from Memory.)

I was elected a member of the original *ante-bellum* Howitzer Company, in the latter part of January, 1860. The company was then commanded by Captain George W. Randolph. J. C. Shields was First Lieutenant. I was a private in the company when the war between the United States and the Confederate States commenced. I think it was in March, 1861, that the company went into barracks in one of the stores under the Spotswood Hotel, on the site now occupied by the Pace Block. The company was then put on a war footing, and we were required to drill with our cannon three or four times a day. Every morning, a certain number of the members were detailed for guard duty, but when not on duty we were allowed to go to our places of business or homes, provided we were punctually present at drill hours. James Ellett was our Orderly Sergeant. He always excused me from guard duty at night, owing to the fact that I slept in my drug store, where I dispensed physicians' prescriptions at all hours of the night. About the middle of April, 1861, we were marched to the Capitol Square one fine morning, where we were all sworn in as enlisted soldiers, belonging to the Virginia forces, by the late Colonel John Baldwin of Staunton, and in a few days afterwards we were marched out to the Baptist College, located beyond the western extremity of Broad street. Here, we were put on a regular war footing, and subjected to all of the discipline and usages of a regular army in time of war. Captain Gray Latham's Battery, and Captain Jefferson Peyton's Battery, were soon sent to join us, and a regular Artillery Camp was organized under the command of Colonel John Bankhead Magruder who had just resigned

from the United States Army, where he had acquired fame as an accomplished artillery officer. When we went into barracks at the Spotswood Hotel, our company consisted of one hundred men, but before we left there for the Baptist College we had recruited to three hundred men. Sleeping about a dozen men in a room, without any furniture in it, on the hard floor, under strict surveillance, soon gave us a prospective idea of the real hardships of war as compared with ornamental military life in a time of profound peace. There was one exception, however, to the strict discipline of military life in this camp which we were not slow to avail ourselves of, and that was the absence at our meals of our army rations of bacon, meal, rice, &c. These rations were simply treated with silent contempt, and instead of these we feasted upon the most luxurious fare, prepared and sent out to us from the city by the mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of the incipient warriors. But this kind of existence was destined to be of brief duration. On the 6th of May, 1861, at 11 o'clock in the morning, we were unexpectedly called on parade. The roll having been called, Lieutenant Brown was directed by Captain Randolph to select his men, for what purpose we did not know and could not learn. Lieutenant Brown passed along the line, ordering each man as he selected them to step to the front four paces. I happened to be one of the fifty thus selected. The remainder of the men were then dismissed, and the fifty selected men were ordered to prepare to march at once. I was detained by Lieutenant Brown, who informed me that he had appointed me commissary, and ordered me to report to the commissary department, where I was furnished with a one-horse covered wagon containing five days' rations for fifty men. With this equipment I was ordered to proceed without delay to the Spotswood Hotel, where I met the balance of the command. It was a gloomy, rainy day, and such was the haste with which we were hurried off to the York River Railroad Depot that I had no time to see any of my relatives and say good bye. For although the men were dismissed to report promptly in thirty minutes, I was ordered to go in search of tin cups, matches, and similar articles for the use of the men when in camp, which consumed the whole thirty minutes. On reaching the depot I was furnished with a box car for the commissary supplies, and ordered to remain with them whilst my comrades

were seated in comfortable coach cars. We left the depot about 2 P. M., and had only proceeded some twelve or fifteen miles when the locomotive became disabled, and we had to send back to Richmond for another locomotive. We were thus detained on the road the entire night, arriving at West Point at 7 o'clock the next morning.

As soon as we arrived Lieutenant Brown directed me to inform the men that they could either have their rations issued to them and cook them themselves, or pay for our breakfasts at the hotel. The men unanimously elected to pay for their breakfasts, which was served in about an hour. After breakfast, having transferred our two brass Howitzer cannon, together with the commissary stores, &c., to the steamboat in waiting for us, we were all marched on board, and concealed between decks. The guns were placed in position in the bow of the boat in such a manner that they could not be seen from the outside, but when the time came for action they could quickly be rolled forward, and operated successfully against an enemy. We were informed that a Federal gun-boat was patrolling the river, and that if we should meet with her on our way down to Gloucester Point (our destination—about twenty miles below West Point), we would be expected to capture her at all hazards.

This, viewed from our stand-point, looked like a speck of war, and many speculations were indulged in by the boys, on our way down the river, as to who or how many would be killed and wounded when we attempted to board the Yankee gun-boat. After a very excited journey of about two hours we were landed, with our equipments, at Gloucester Point. This place we found being fortified, and under the command of Colonel William B. Taliaferro. The boat which brought us down returned at once to West Point. Rations were issued to the men, who were engaged in cooking their dinners, when it was discovered that the Federal gunboat "Yankee" was coming up the river. This boat was guarding the mouth of the river, and her officers perceived, with the aid of their glasses, the arrival and departure of the steamboat which brought us down. They were in pursuit of our steamboat, and evidently had never heard of the Richmond Howitzers. A great scene of excitement immediately ensued. Colonel Taliaferro ordered us to abandon our dinner and prepare for battle. Our guns were placed in position on the

beach and manned ready for action. In a comparatively short time the "Yankee" made her appearance and attempted to pass up the river. Acting under instructions from Colonel Taliaferro, we fired across her bows, as a warning that she would not be allowed to pass. But as she disregarded the warning, we were ordered to fire into her, which brought about an artillery engagement, lasting, I suppose, some fifteen or twenty minutes, at the expiration of which time we had put two balls in at her water-mark. She then careened to one side, and retreated in that position.

Of course the news of the first naval engagement of the war in Virginia waters spread rapidly through the neighborhood, and for several weeks our camp was daily visited by the ladies and gentlemen of Gloucester county, who, grateful almost beyond expression for the service we had rendered them in driving away that much-dreaded gunboat, came in their carriages loaded with presents in the shape of fresh meats, cakes, strawberries, vegetables, fresh milk, &c. Mr. John R. Bryan, a prominent citizen of the county, placed at our disposal a negro boy, named Charles, who was an excellent cook, and informed us that everything on his plantation was at our service. So that once more we began to turn up our noses at our army rations. About the latter part of May General Magruder came down from Richmond and established a military post at Yorktown, on the opposite side of the River. As we belonged to his command, we were ordered over, and established our camp near the beach, just under a high bluff, on the brow of which a fort, bristling with heavy Columbiads, was afterwards located. With this transfer all of our happy hours in company with the charming Gloucester ladies, and their substantial accompaniments, at once vanished, and we again became the victims of a rigid military discipline.

In a short time after our arrival at Yorktown, we were joined by the remainder of our company—the Second Howitzers—who came down from Richmond with the Third company. Then came regiments of infantry and several companies of cavalry.

About the 1st of June our battalion Commissary was called to Richmond, and I was ordered to take his place. This caused me to be absent from the command when the battle of Bethel was fought, on the 10th of June. The Commissary returned

from Richmond a day or two after the battle of Bethel, and I then resumed my place in my detachment.

About the 15th of June our company was ordered to march. We left Yorktown at 2 o'clock P. M., arriving at Bethel at 11 o'clock that evening. When we were within two miles of Bethel, the column was halted for the purpose, it was said, of sending in our report to headquarters. We remained for one hour exposed to a drenching rain, when the order "Column, forward," was given along the line, and we soon reached Bethel, wet, tired, and hungry. The first thing that every man wanted was something to eat, but no rations were issued until next morning. The next thing was some place to sleep—out of the pouring rain. But all available shelter had been secured by the soldiers of infantry regiments who had arrived before us.

One of my comrades called me aside and shared with me some Bologna sausage and crackers which had come into his possession. Feeling very much refreshed by my unexpected supper, I entered the church in company with several of my comrades in search of some place to sleep. We found the entire floor covered with sleeping soldiers, and there was no place where another man could lie down. The officer of the night was a Zouave Sergeant, who approached our party and offered any one of us the use of his lounge, saying that his duties would compel him to remain up all night. My comrades, very generously, unanimously insisted upon my accepting the kind offer, and I was soon sleeping soundly on a comfortable lounge, when all others in the church were lying on the hard floor, and many others outside on the wet ground, with the rain pouring upon them.

The next day we put up our large Sibley tents and began to feel at home. The Zouave Battalion (six companies), two regiments of infantry, the Second and Third Howitzer companies, and a company of cavalry were in camp here, under command of General J. B. Magruder. After three or four days of camp routine a sensation was created by the arrival at our picket line of a flag of truce from Old Point, with a request from General B. F. Butler for the body of Major Winthrop, who was killed at the battle of Bethel while gallantly leading his men in a charge. The body was disinterred, wrapped in a sheet, and placed in a cart. A detail of Howitzers acting as escort, under the lead of

General Magruder, Colonel Hill, of the First North Carolina Regiment, and Major Randolph, of the Howitzers, proceeded with these remains about three miles down the road, where they were met by Captain Butler and several other Federal officers, who had in waiting a handsome hearse. The remains of Major Winthrop were delivered to these officers, who entered into conversation with our officers and took occasion to praise the bravery and skill of the Richmond Howitzers. They said that their most experienced men had never seen cannon more skillfully handled. Before taking leave of our officers they invited them to a social glass of the best French brandy, accompanied with genuine Havana cigars. A few days after the visit of the enemy under flag of truce, as just described, one fine morning, just after breakfast, the entire camp was thrown into great confusion by the excited appearance of several videttes, who came riding in from the picket posts which lay in the direction of Fortress Monroe, exclaiming that the enemy, three thousand strong, were only three miles below and were rapidly approaching. The different commands were rapidly formed in ranks, and the command given by General Magruder to march, went sounding along the lines. Every one of us expected to be under fire in a very short time. The Zouaves, who were disappointed because they did not arrive in time to participate in the battle of Bethel, seemed pleased beyond description at the prospect of a fight. They were doomed to be again disappointed, however, for as soon as we reached the main road in column, orders were given to double-quick towards Yorktown, reaching there that evening. It was afterwards ascertained that the videttes had reported a false alarm, and, in fact, there was no enemy nearer than the neighborhood of Fortress Monroe.

My active connection with the company ceased about the latter part of July, 1861, when I was ordered by Major Randolph to report to Dr. W. C. N. Randolph, Surgeon of the Howitzer Battallion, for service in the Medical Department, and I assisted Dr. Randolph in organizing a large hospital a few miles above Yorktown, on the York river. My name remained on the roll of the Second Howitzers until the summer of 1862, when Captain Watson sent me an official discharge.

**Diary of Creed T. Davis, Private Second Company
Richmond Howitzers.**

May 4, 1864.—On the march from Barboursville, Orange county, at which place we have been camped since we left winter quarters, at Frederickshall, Louisa county, Va.

May 5.—Received orders to march yesterday at 4 o'clock, it is said, to get grazing for the horses. We were to have camped at Haxall's farm, but received later orders to march to the front. Went into camp last night within three miles of Orange Courthouse. It is the impression in our company that a big battle will be fought before Saturday night. Marched this A. M. at 5 o'clock. At this time we are within four miles of the line of battle. A great battle is expected at any moment. Heavy cannonading can be heard in every direction.

May 6.—We are in camp on Mine Run. Musketry and cannonading can be heard all along the lines. The men of our company are as cheerful as if there was no prospect of a battle. A soldier, who has just come into the battery, reports that the army has been engaged at Locust Grove and vicinity. Seven hundred prisoners passed us yesterday going to the rear. They were good-looking men. Several officers were among them. An ambulance passed us this morning, containing General Pegram, who is said to be mortally wounded. We have marched only three miles to-day. This morning muskets were put into our hands, and we were hurried, at a rapid rate, ahead of the battery. During the day we camped temporarily. But little firing can now be heard on the lines.

May 7.—We are preparing to move. The horses are hitched, and everything is in readiness. We had a breakfast of hard-tack and coffee. The whole army seems to be on the move. Brigade after brigade is passing. Seven o'clock, the battery halted, and we went into park. Since we parked, an occasional spent ball has passed over the battery. While in park one of Captain Dance's men was wounded by a spent ball. A forced march is expected to-night.

May 8.—As was expected, we marched all last night. We are now at Verdiersville, having marched twelve miles. We

passed many wounded Yankees lying in the wayside hospitals, who cheered lustily as we passed, supposing we were retreating. We are ready to move at a moment's notice. Our horses' heads are turned toward Fredericksburg. Some of our men think we are falling back on Richmond.

May 9.—Marched fifteen miles yesterday, and went into camp near Shady Run, which is about twelve miles from Spotsylvania Courthouse. Have had nothing to eat to-day but crackers. Though within a short distance of the fighting yesterday, have not heard the particulars. Have just halted at Spotsylvania Courthouse, about two hundred yards in rear of the line of battle. A Yankee battery, which was in sight as we passed over a hill, near here, shelled us furiously, but we passed safely without the loss of a man or a horse.

May 10.—We are now near Spotsylvania Courthouse, and in position on the line of battle. General Ramseur's North Carolina brigade supports our battery. We are behind slight breastworks, thrown up by the infantry before we went into position. At 12 o'clock brisk skirmishing is going on in front of us. The Third Company of Howitzers, on our right, opened on the enemy for awhile. A Yankee battery in their front replied briskly.

May 11.—Last evening about twilight the enemy assaulted our works, broke our lines (General Johnson's division), and captured the Third Company of Richmond Howitzers. The Third Company was on our right, say about one hundred yards. As they charged, our battery opened upon them with an enfilade fire. Soon after the capture of this part of our lines our infantry returned, charged the enemy, and recaptured the Third Company, thus restoring our lines. Ramseur's brigade, our support, behaved badly, as when the enemy fell back from our works they refused to charge them, although General Ramseur, sword in hand, jumped over our breastworks and ordered them to follow him. Another charge is expected momentarily.

May 13.—In position near Spotsylvania Courthouse. Our battery was engaged in a great battle yesterday. The old soldiers of our company say it is the most sanguinary battle it has ever been the fortune of the company to engage in. Our company warmly engaged all the time. The battery had many men wounded.

May 14.—The battery is still in position at Spotsylvania Courthouse, on the line of battle. Our men are completely worn out for want of food and rest.

May 16.—In same position. The firing which we have heard for the past four or five days so continuously has ceased, and there is now a precious lull of the horrible roar.

May 17.—The battery is still in position on the line of battle. We are behind slight breastworks.

May 18.—The enemy advanced on our front this morning and made a slight assault upon our position. They were handsomely repulsed, our battery doing splendid service. The enemy charged right in our front. They left many dead. They have entrenched themselves five hundred yards in our front, and are still throwing up breastworks. About an hour ago twenty of them deserted and came into our lines. They report Grant's army demoralized. At this moment all is quiet, and we are expecting to fall back.

May 19.—In position at Spotsylvania Courthouse. We have just learned that Major Watson, the former captain of our battery, and latterly major of our battalion, who was wounded on the evening of the 10th, is dead. He was wounded while working one of the guns of the Third Company just before they were captured. Colonel Hardaway, of our battalion, is in the rear, from a wound received in the battle of the 12th. We have just learned that the enemy is leaving our left.

May 20.—General Ewell made a reconnoissance in force near us last night. He found the enemy, had a little fight, and fell back.

May 21.—The wagon train and ambulances moved this morning. The ambulances are crowded with the wounded. Our company puzzled and guessing what comes next. Some of us think we are falling back upon Richmond. Others think we are going to reinforce the right wing of the army.

May 22.—We are moving in the direction of Richmond, and our corps is near Hanover Junction.

May 23.—Our battery is posted in sight of Hanover Junction. Both armies seem to be drifting towards Richmond. Some of the men think we are bound for the White House. We can hear firing at Hanover Junction. The Yankees are following us closely. General Grant seems determined to finish the war this spring.

May 24.—In camp at Taylorsville, Hanover county. We are in readiness to march. Cavalry are passing us in a gallop to the front. Later in the day our horses turned out to graze. This looks as if we will not march to-night. Late Richmond papers in camp to-day.

May 25.—We have returned to Hanover Junction, and have gone into park in a small piece of pines. We expect every moment to move.

May 26.—Yesterday evening the battery went into position near Hanover Junction. We threw up breastworks. Skirmishers were in front of us. Last night we had an alarm. One of the skirmishers fired at a hog. The report of his musket alarmed our part of the line, and we expected the enemy upon us every moment. Rained all day and all last night.

May 27.—Slept in the trenches last night. The horses are hitched, and we expect to move. The Yankees are moving upon our right. 10 A. M., we are on the march. General R. E. Lee passed our battalion a few moments ago. He was going in the direction of Richmond. Have gone into camp at Atlee's Station, on the Virginia Central railroad, having marched about twenty miles.

May 28.—Reveille at 3 A. M. The battery horses are in bad condition. Two of them are now down and cannot get up. They have had but little to eat since we left Spotsylvania Court-house. The Yankees are following us closely. At 12 M. we are in park on the Mechanicsville turnpike eight miles from Richmond. We marched from Atlee's Station here to-day. Our horses look as if they cannot go much further. It is said the Yankees are making for Richmond.

May 29.—In camp on Mechanicsville turnpike eight miles from Richmond. Have received orders to march. Everything is in readiness to move. Drew two days' rations, which means a long march. Firing is heard in the direction of Hanover Court-house. A battalion of artillery has just passed us going in that direction.

May 30.—After two or three orders to move, each of which was countermanded, we find ourselves in the same camp, and a meaner one we never occupied. We are now so near Richmond that our men are in a fever to run the blockade.

May 31.—Contrary to our expectations, we find ourselves in the same old camp on Boshers' farm. Heavy firing is heard

in our front this morning. 5 P. M.—Have just gone into position on Johnson's farm, five miles southeast of the camp of this A. M. William Smith, a nephew of James A. Seddon, Secretary of War of the Confederate States, joined our company this morning as a private. Since going into position we have thrown up breastworks. Our boys are running the blockade to Richmond by wholesale.

June 1.—Remained in position yesterday long enough to throw up breastworks for some other battery to occupy. Marched all last night and find ourselves this morning only one mile from where we started. We travelled the wrong road. During a halt last night many of the men fell asleep and were left. A cavalry fight is reported to have taken place last night on our right. Cannonading was heard in that direction.

June 2.—Remained in camp last night until 7 P. M., when orders came to march. We were no sooner started than the order was countermanded, and we went into park about one mile from the lines. We are again ordered to the front. The first and second detachments have just taken position. Had a great scare in camp last night. One of the Rockbridge company came in and reported the Yankee cavalry upon us.

June 3.—Last evening the battalion was again engaged. Our infantry charged the enemy in front of us.

Later—5 P. M.—Have been firing on the enemy all day from behind our breastworks. Nobody hurt. Our position is on the Old Church road.

June 4.—Still in the trenches on the Old Church road, having fallen back from our advanced position of last night, which was about four hundred yards in advance of the breastworks and between the two lines of battle. We have not slept four hours in the past forty-eight. Some prisoners have been captured in front of us, and to our surprise they were New Englanders and not foreigners.

June 5.—Plenty of rain and no rest. Alarms every night. Preaching is the order of the day, and some man is holding forth at this moment near our company. Everything seems quiet in front of us. Only one shell has passed over us to-day.

June 6.—Our battery was relieved last night, but it will only be a twenty-four hours' respite. For a wonder, we have been at the rear for twelve hours. Have orders to move.

Later.—We are marching to Cold Harbor, where a great battle is said to have been fought a day or two ago. The Yankee army is swinging around to Petersburg, and we are following.

June 7.—Rained all last night. The company received two recruits this morning, McKenna and Hutcheson. Expect to move this evening.

June 8.—Griffin's Battery, of our battalion, was engaged yesterday. Our company followed him in through mistake, I am told. We got into a hot little place, though our company did not fire a shot. We were under artillery and musket fire. Paterson was wounded. Julian McCarthy had his horse shot under him, and had to dismount and leave him.

June 9.—We are now in the neighborhood of Gaines' Mill, and in park a short distance from the line of battle. Our battery to-day voted one day's rations to the *poor* of Richmond. Signal guns were fired all last night at half-hour intervals.

June 10.—Went into camp last night on Gaines' farm at 8 o'clock. We are camped on the same ground McClellan occupied two years ago. His camp *debris* is still strewn around our camp. Our tent-cloths are spread on his old tent-poles, which stand just as he left them on his famous retreat.

June 12.—Still in camp near Gaines' farm. Brisk skirmishing and occasional shelling between some batteries near is going on. It is Sunday, and the Rev. Dr. Leyburn is preaching in camp. Men of the Howitzer company are running the blockade to Richmond. They report Richmond a hot place for soldiers without leave of absence. Rain expected.

June 13.—Our corps moved last night. We are now camped on Williamsburg turnpike, five miles from this morning's camp. We hear that Braxton's and Nelson's battalions are ordered to the Valley. We are glad that we are to stay near Richmond. Preaching in camp to-day by Rev. Dr. Hoge, of Richmond. A religious feeling pervades the camp. We have a rumor that we are to move to Brook turnpike. We are still on the Williamsburg road.

June 14-15.—We still occupy our camp on the Williamsburg road. We are pleasantly located, except for water. We are camped in an old Yankee camp, used by them two years ago. Such camp *debris* as knapsacks, canteens and cartridges are lying

around just as they left it. Potso arrived in camp to-day. All hands were glad to see so good a fellow.

June 16.—Moved camp this morning to James M. Taylor's farm, one mile from Chaffin's Bluff and eight miles from Richmond. It is said we came here to recruit our horses, and the grazing is really fine.

July 17.—Still in camp at Taylor's farm. We are pleasantly located. Plenty of water, good grazing for the horses, and the weather fine.

June 18.—Same camp. As we are so near Richmond the boys are running the blockade by wholesale.

June 19.—We are quietly snoozing in our old camp, Taylor's mill. We hear that we are to be transferred to the local defence. Everything quiet in front. Camp very much troubled with flies. It is announced that Rev. Drs. Brown and Duncan will preach to-day.

June 20.—Same camp, Taylor's farm. We hear that the Yankees are concentrating around Petersburg.

June 21.—Our battery is moving down James river. It is reported that we will attack the gunboats. The battery is expected to return to the old camp to-night.

June 22.—The battery has not yet returned to camp. We hear to-day that the Yankees are advancing up the north side of the river (James). Health of the company very poor. Our Surgeon, Dr. Roscoe, is full of business in his line; chills and fevers.

June 23.—Battery still down the river; where, is not known by our party on detail.

June 25.—The battery has returned to the old camp at Taylor's mill. The trip down the river turned out to be a wild-goose chase. They took position on Charles City road and fired into a gunboat, doing it no injury. We hear that General Grant is entrenching around Petersburg, Va.

June 26.—To-day is Sunday. Dr. White, our chaplain, officiated. Camp, Taylor's mill.

June 27.—The battery has gone into Richmond to have gun-carriages repaired. A slight shower of rain this evening.

June 28.—Battery still in Richmond undergoing repairs.

June 29.—Have not moved camp to-day.

June 30.—Still at Taylor's farm.

July 2.—All quiet. Nearly all the company down with dysentery. The well men, for the most part, are running the blockade to Richmond.

July 3.—Still at Taylor's farm.

July 4.—The battery has moved a short distance down the river. Talk about a big battle near Petersburg.

July 20.—Battery still at Taylor's farm.

July 21.—News in company that our battery is to be detached from First Virginia Artillery and transferred to Cutshaw's battalion.

July 22.—In camp at New Market Heights, located conveniently to good water and good grazing for horses. Cavalry skirmishing is going on about one mile east of us. To-day Captain Jones decided that there should be no more changing places between cannoneers and drivers, as heretofore. It has been the custom to drive three months and act as cannoneers three months.

July 23.—The Yankees are again reported as advancing up the north side of the river. This morning they threw a shell among our horses as they were grazing in a field. The horses were stampeded. Several shells passed over camp.

Later.—Moved camp a mile further down the river. Our wagon train has not arrived and we are without rations.

July 24.—We are encamped in a small body of woods, pines, on the Darbytown road, about nine miles from Richmond.

July 25.—In same camp. Sergeant John S. Ellett and Joe Maxey, who were wounded at Spotsylvania Courthouse 12th May, returned to the company this morning. Rained last night.

July 26.—Garber's Battery was ordered to the front yesterday, and Captain Fry's left this morning. Our battery and the Alabama detachment, with the Whitworth guns, is what remains of the battalion in the old camp, and we expect orders every moment to move. A hundred-pound shell was thrown from the gunboats into our camp to-day. Heavy skirmishing is going on down the river. The enemy fired signal guns all last night at half-hour intervals. An engagement is expected daily.

July 27.—Moved last night at 12 o'clock and marched to Pickett's gate, down the river. When day dawned we retraced our steps. Skirmishing down the river. One of Colonel Car-

ter's couriers has just dashed into camp and reported the Rockbridge Artillery, which was in position not far from us, captured. Rations have not come up yet and we have had no breakfast.

July 28.—Came to this place, Libby's Hill, yesterday, and the battery has gone into position. We are on a high hill; a commanding elevation. The Yankees have been manœuvring in a field before us nearly all day. Both cavalry and infantry have been actively moving about right before our eyes. Our guns could easily reach them, but we have no orders to fire. The gunboats in front of us have been firing at us all day, but we are secure behind earthworks. A land battery, just opposite, also opened on us, but we did not reply.

July 29—Still in position on Libby's Hill. All quiet to-day. Neither the gunboat nor the land battery have fired on us to-day. Kindness fully appreciated.

July 30.—The land battery in front of us complimented us this morning by opening upon us briskly. They fired with unusual precision, the shot and shell just skimming our earthworks. Nobody hurt.

Later.—Our pickets have been advanced, and the enemy found to have vamoosed. No battery in front of us now! The company is being greatly strengthened by the return of convalescent men from the hospitals.

July 31.—We have gone into camp near the second line of works environing Richmond. We are about three miles from the city. Yesterday, before we left Libby's Hill, the gunboats gave us a parting salute. One-hundred-pound shells fell freely around us for a while, scattering dust in every direction.

August 1.—Contrary to expectation, we are on the march again, whither no one so much as conjectures. It is enough to know that we are leaving Richmond, the heaven of our company, behind us.

August 2.—We have gone into camp at Four-Mile Creek Church, about eight miles from Richmond. Bad camp for water and grazing. The water we use is brought over a half-mile. Captain Jones promises a furlough to one man in every fifty.

August 3.—We returned to our old position, on Libby's Hill, yesterday at 12 M. All quiet in front of us, and even the gun-

boats have not molested us. An old grey-headed man, named Atkisson, a conscript (?), joined us to-day.

August 4.—All quiet in front. Not even picket firing. One of the Yankee transports is just passing up the river. Preaching on the lines. Very warm weather.

August 5.—Still in position on Libby's Hill, sometimes called New Market Heights. Captain Fry's company, of our battalion, has returned from down the river. They fired on the Yankee transports.

7 P. M.—Tremendous cannonading is heard in the direction of Petersburg.

August 6.—Large volumes of smoke seen rising on the south side of the James. It is presumed the Yankees are burning everything that comes within their reach.

August 7.—In readiness to move. Some of our men say we are bound for the Valley of Virginia.

August 8.—In Richmond. The battery arrived here last night at 11 o'clock, and halted near the Central Railroad depot until morning. The Valley of Virginia is now known to be our destination. Our guns will be sent to Culpeper county by rail, and the horses will be ridden there by the drivers. The Richmond men of the Howitzers have permission to remain till to-morrow morning to visit their homes.

August 9.—Started from Richmond, and arrived here at Gordonsville this evening without accident. We are now awaiting a change of locomotives before proceeding to Culpeper Courthouse.

August 10.—Arrived at Mitchell's Station last night at 11 o'clock. Before going into camp we took the battery off the cars. We are camped in the woods and very far from water. Captain Fry is in command of the battalion, Colonel Cutshaw being absent. General Kershaw's division is camped near us. It is said that in future we will be attached to his division. Have drawn two days' rations of crackers and meat. David Clarke, who was wounded May 12th at Spotsylvania Courthouse, returned to the company to-day.

August 11.—Our horses arrived to-day at 2 P. M. At 5 P. M. we marched, but marched only a few miles. We are now in camp near Culpeper Courthouse.

August 12.—Have just marched through Culpeper Court-

house, and have gone into camp one mile north of the town. Our horses are pretty well worn out. It is said that Sperryville will be our destination to-morrow.

August 13.—Greatly to everybody's disappointment, after going into camp last night we had to pull up stakes and resume our march. We marched until 10 P. M., and went into camp, after which the horses had to be turned out to graze, as we had no feed for them, and the cannoneers had to guard them. During the march we had a severe thunder-storm and got a thorough drenching.

August 14.—Moved yesterday and marched rapidly, having made about twenty miles with our poor broken-down horses. Went into camp near the little town of Flint Hill, at the foot of the Blue Ridge. Five men gave out yesterday on the march. The horses completely broken down.

August 15.—Marched yesterday and located in the evening near Front Royal, Warren county. The march was severe on men and horses. During the day we could see the Yankees moving about in the valley below. The Yankees occupied Front Royal yesterday, but were driven out by our infantry.

August 16.—Have not moved to-day. The Yankees are reported in possession of Chester Gap, which is in our rear, and through which we passed in crossing the mountains.

August 17.—On the march again. We are within four miles of Winchester. Skirmishing in front of us. We have been pressing the enemy closely all day. Saw a good many of their dead lying on the roadside. We also passed many smoking ruins. The Yankees burn all barns, hay-stacks, etc., that happen in their way. Poor Valley !! Firing heard in the direction of Winchester. Gen. Early is in the neighborhood.

August 18.—We are camped one mile from Winchester. Gen. Early forced the enemy out of the town last night. The wagon train is in motion. It is thought we are going into Pennsylvania. Rain.

August 19.—Gen. Early's army is camped around Winchester. We occupy camp of yesterday. It is raining and the weather is cold enough to sleep under blankets.

August 20.—Have not moved to-day. Col. Nelson is in command of the Artillery of the Second Corps. Gen. Long absent—sick. Rain again to-day.

August 21.—Orders last night to be ready to move this morning at 3 o'clock. The infantry blockaded the road, and we did not get in motion until 5 o'clock. Marched about five miles and came up with the Yankees. The infantry are ahead, skirmishing with them, and we are close up with the skirmishers. A Yankee battery opened on us, but soon limbered up and galloped off. Have just halted in the Yankee camp, and we are feasting on the beef and crackers left behind by them—some of the meat being in frying-pans on the fire. On the march to-day we passed a great many dead horses killed in the running fight yesterday and to-day. We saw also many dead Yankees lying on the roadside. We are now near Summit Point.

August 22.—Marched this morning at daylight and have marched to within one mile of Charlestown, where we have halted. David Clark left us yesterday at Summit Point, his old wound, received May 12th, having broken out afresh. Had a tremendous rain to-day. We are living splendidly upon good beef and crackers found in abandoned Yankee camps upon the roadside.

August 23.—In same camp of yesterday. To our great delight, we get plenty of apples from the orchards in the neighborhood, and the Yankee beef and crackers have not yet given out. Rained yesterday, and to-day our blankets, &c., are stretched out to dry. Good camping ground.

August 24.—Did not move last night. Struck tents last evening to move at 5 o'clock, but did not march out. Order countermanded. So we are still near Charlestown. Squirrel shooting is the amusement of Joe Maxey and some others of the boys.

August 25.—The company was roused up this morning at 3 o'clock, with orders to move out at once. At 5 A. M. we took position on a hill one mile from Charlestown. Remained in position an hour, when we were ordered back, and went into camp near that of this morning. Richmond papers are in camp to-day.

August 26.—This morning moved from camp, and went into position on a hill one mile northeast of Charlestown. We can see the Yankee camps at Bolivar Heights. Firing heard in the direction of the Potomac river. General Early is reported to have crossed over into Maryland.

August 27.—The battery had a considerable skirmish yester-

day evening. The Yankee cavalry and infantry charged our skirmish line just in front of our battery. Some fine shots were fired at them. However, in the main, our shots tumbled. We aimed at a daring color-bearer, who was made to trail his colors upon the ground, the shots fell so near him. We fired more than a hundred shots. Our army is falling back to Winchester.

August 28.—We have just gone into camp two miles south of Brucetown. We have a rumor in camp that we are to be ordered back to Richmond. Richmond papers in camp to-day. They contain news of the peace negotiations now going on. Drew to-day good rations of beef and flour.

August 29.—In same camp as yesterday, and a good one it is. Wood and water convenient, and a good apple-orchard is hard by. Battery moved yesterday at the head of the column. John Otto, a Dutchman, one of the best soldiers in the company, deserted yesterday. He had been heard to say he would desert unless he could get wheat-bread to eat. He could not eat corn-bread. Corn-meal is now issued to the company.

August 30.—Still in camp near Brucetown. Had orders to move this morning. Howitzers to-day are discussing the result of the Chicago Convention, which is convened to nominate President and Vice-President of the United States. It was to meet yesterday.

August 31—Captain Garber's battery left this morning, moving towards Winchester. Chicago Convention is all the talk.

September 1.—We have returned to our camp at Winchester. We came here in great haste, leaving our camp at Brucetown in confusion. The Yankees having been reported in the vicinity and advancing, our whole army has fallen back to Winchester. It is thought that we will be ordered to Richmond. Lieut. Henry Jones returned to the company to-day, having been absent on sick leave about two months.

September 2.—We had orders to move last night, and everything was in readiness, but we did not get out of camp—the order being countermanded. Kershaw's Division marched out to meet the enemy, but did not find him. The Richmond papers are filled with accounts of the peace negotiations.

September 3.—Orders to move last night, and marched with in a mile of Berryville turnpike, when we again turned our faces to Winchester, and soon after went into our old camp. Our

camp-ground has been used alternately by both armies many times. They are badly located for wood and water. This region is completely devastated.

September 4.—Moved out of camp last night and up the Berryville pike to within five miles of Berryville, when we came to a halt, as sharp skirmishing commenced in our front. Our infantry soon pressed the enemy into town, capturing their works. Gen. Humphrey, of the Mississippi brigade, was wounded, and passed us a few moments ago, in an ambulance going to the rear. Fry's and Garber's batteries of our Battalion were engaged. Captain Garber was wounded. Our battery was in position, but did not fire, though one of the enemy's batteries played upon us a while without any damage save a big scare.

September 5.—Our troops are moving to the right and we are marching with them. Rained last night.

September 6.—We have again gone into camp near Winchester. Still raining and a sharp wind is blowing from the North. We feel that winter is upon us. Our boys are felling trees and every mess has a good fire. All who happen to have axes are sharpening them for the winter campaign among the noble trees of this cold region. Winter quarters is a prominent topic of conversation with us. Where and when is the question. We have just learned from Northern papers that General McClellan has been nominated for President, and Pendleton, of Ohio for Vice-President of the United States, by the Chicago convention.

September 7.—In camp near Winchester. It is clear again, to our great delight, and camp is strewn with blankets spread out to dry.

September 8.—Same camp, where we expect to remain some time on account of the poor condition of our horses. Some of them die every night. No forage in the valley. Our horses subsist principally by grazing. Rained last night and is raining now.

September 9.—We have a glorious day of sunshine. Cleared up at 8 this morning. Colonel Carter has arrived and it is said he will take charge of the artillery of the Second Corps at once. General Long is absent on sick leave. The fall of Atlanta, Ga., is the topic of conversation in camp to-day. Plenty of good apples in the neighborhood and we take at will.

September 10.—Same camp, near Winchester. Aleck, our

cook, promises us a beef-head stew this evening—always a big thing with us. Firing is heard in the direction of Martinsburg.

September 11.—Same camp. Another heavy rain last night, which nearly floated us out of our tents. Blankets and everything wet this morning. Preaching in camp.

September 12.—We seem to be a fixture. No talk of moving. It has turned very cold, and the boys are huddled around their mess-fires. Winter quarters is now all the talk.

September 13.—The Yankee cavalry dashed almost into our camp to-day. They rode all around us in a devil-may-care sort of a way. They came within a quarter of a mile of our camp and captured a part of the Fifth South Carolina Regiment, which was doing picket duty. We went into position to receive them, but soon went back again to camp.

September 14.—Nothing has occurred to-day to disturb our repose. We have daily drills. The command would rather march than drill.

September 15.—Have been marching, and have just gone into camp on the Shenandoah river. Had reveille this morning at 4 o'clock, and were soon on the way to Front Royal. It is supposed we are on the march to Richmond. Rained last night.

September 16.—Marched this morning at 5 o'clock. Forded the north branch of the Shenandoah at Buckner's Ford. The river was somewhat swollen and about waist deep. We crossed the Shenandoah proper about two miles above Front Royal, fording. We are now in Luray Valley, and have just gone into camp. We marched over miserable roads. Rained again last night.

September 17.—We have just gone into camp at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains. We expect to go through Thornton's Gap to-morrow. The march has been a fatiguing one. Many of our horses gave out completely on the road. Only four to a gun now. Sergeants have been dismounted and their horses hitched to the guns. All the feed the horses get now they graze from the fields.

September 18.—Marched from Luray, through Woodville, over the Blue Ridge Mountains. We have marched seventeen miles, and crossed with less difficulty than we expected. We expect to reach Culpeper Courthouse to-morrow, when it is

thought the battery will be put on the cars and hurried to Richmond.

September 19.—After marching fifteen miles to-day, we find ourselves again at Culpeper. Before we entered, our infantry forced the Yankees out of the town. They were only raiding this vicinity, hoping to catch a wagon train. Garber's battery went into position and fired a few rounds at them. They burnt Rapidan bridge before they left.

September 20.—In camp near Culpeper C. H. We expect to camp somewhere on the Rapidan to-night. Horses had no feed last night.

September 21.—We are in camp near the burnt Rapidan bridge. We got here last night at 8 o'clock and expect to move at any moment.

September 22.—Still in camp on the Rapidan river, burnt bridge. We have been so constantly on duty that we have had no opportunity to wash our clothes, and consequently we are troubled with vermin. Many are also suffering with the itch. Rained last night.

September 23.—In Gordonsville again, for the third time this campaign. We marched to-day at least fifteen miles, over the muddiest of roads. It rained while we were on the march.

September 24.—Much to our disappointment, we do not go to Richmond. We hear Gen. Early has been whipped and is now retracing his steps to the valley. We have just gone into camp near Stanardsville. We have marched to-day quite nineteen miles. Rained in the forenoon and the roads now are in a terrible condition.

September 25.—We have just gone into camp near McGaheysville, having marched from Stanardsville here. We crossed the mountains at Swift Run Gap. Several of our horses gave out on the march. Their places have been supplied by mules taken from the ordnance wagons, which were left at Gordonsville. Gen. Early's army is reported demoralized.

September 26.—Had reveille this morning at 3 o'clock. Have just gone into position at Port Republic. We can plainly see the enemy in line of battle. We can also see a Yankee battery. During a charge of the cavalry, which could be seen from our position, Captain Garber had one of his men killed. While in

position a young lady in the neighborhood came into our battery in company with an officer. Although cannon balls were flying over her head, she calmly surveyed the Yankee line of battle. While looking at them, shading her eyes from the sunlight with her hand, the Yankees were almost in speaking distance.

September 27.—Camped in Brown's Gap last night. Our horses have been hitched and standing at the guns all day, expecting to move momentarily.

September 28.—Marched last night and went into camp near Port Republic. Commenced march at 3 A. M. Marched through Port Republic, and then through Mount Meridian, and then through New Hope. We rested near Mount Meridian and then marched through Waynesboro, at which place the infantry met the enemy and drove them through the town.

Later, 10 P. M.—Have just gone into camp on the north side of the river, near Waynesboro. Last part of the march was made over terrible roads at a double-quick, following the infantry as they drove the enemy. We are now up with Gen. Early's army.

September 29.—Rested well in camp last night, though it rained at 10 A. M. Moved camp to south side of the river, and are now one mile from Waynesboro'. Good camp for wood and water, and good grazing.

September 30.—Orders to move this morning at 3 o'clock. Horses were hitched, but we soon unhitched and turned them out in a field near by. Passed some dead Yankees. Rained last night.

October 1.—Rained last night and this morning. Had reveille this morning at 3 A. M., but did not get started till 6 A. M. For three hours we stood in the road in the rain, waiting to get started. Have just arrived at Mt. Sidney, on the Valley pike, and gone into camp. Although it rained, we have moved about fifteen miles.

October 2.—We are camped near Mt. Sidney, on a high hill. The battery is parked some distance from the camp, our horses not being able to pull it to our high camping-ground.

October 3.—Still in camp at Mt. Sidney. Rained last night. Most of our company are sick.

October 4.—Same camp. Dress parade this evening. Rained in the forenoon.

October 5.—Orders to march this A. M. Everything was made ready, but orders were countermanded, and we are in same camp.

October 6.—Marched at 10 A. M., and have gone into camp near Harrisonburg. Smoking ruins everywhere on the pike to be seen.

October 7.—On the march for New Market. Passed many dead horses on the road. These horses were killed in the running fight going on ahead of us.

October 8.—In camp near New Market, having marched about twenty miles. Weather cold. Sharp wind from north. Hail-storm to-day.

October 9.—Sunday. Camped near New Market.

October 10.—Had an alarm last night. Yankee cavalry was reported in the vicinity, and we hitched in a great hurry and marched two miles up the pike to meet them, but soon returned to our old camp. Frost last night.

October 11.—Still in camp near New Market.

October 12.—Last night received orders to cook two days' rations. We are marching towards Winchester. Have halted at Woodstock. Still more dead horses on the roadside from the fighting ahead.

October 13.—Reveille this morning at 4 o'clock and marched immediately, and have halted at Fisher's Hill, in sight of Strasburg. The Yankees are only a short distance ahead. We can see the smoke from their guns. A battery is firing.

October 14.—In camp at Fisher's Hill, behind the line of battle. Captain Fry's battery was engaged this morning, and he had three men wounded.

October 15.—In camp at Fisher's Hill. The enemy has left our front.

October 16.—Same camp. Last night ordered to cook two days' rations, but did not move.

October 19.—Commenced to follow the army at 3 A. M., and have just halted on a high hill north of Strasburg. A big battle is expected. Musketry can now be heard. Two of our guns have been ordered forward.

October 20.—As expected, an engagement took place yesterday near Strasburg. Our battery was engaged, and was the last to leave the field. We did not move until our infantry had

swept past us, leaving us no support whatever. We continued to fire at the enemy until they were within two hundred yards of us, when we were ordered by Lieutenant Henry Jones to limber up and retreat up the pike. As the road ahead of us was blocked up by a wagon train, most of our pieces fell into the hands of the enemy, who already had possession of the pike. Lieutenant Jones then ordered the men to save themselves as best they could. Loss of the company in killed and wounded not now known.

October 21.—Have caught up with the battery, or what is left of it, which we find at New Market. In the battle of the 19th we lost our entire battery, save one caisson, brought out by Tom Leftwich. Thirty of our men are now missing, most of whom are supposed to have betaken themselves to the Massanutton Mountain after Lieutenant Jones ordered them to save themselves.

October 22.—Our company is too much crippled to move to-day. Some of the missing men are coming in. John Davis and Walford were killed, some of the men having seen them fall from their horses.

October 23.—Still in camp near New Market. Weather cold. Company in tatters. No blankets scarcely in the company, the men having lost them in the late fight.

October 24.—Moved camp one mile east of New Market. Rained last night.

October 25.—Same camp. Everybody out of heart.

October 26.—Discipline is being restored. Regular roll-calls and drills are now required daily. None of the missing came in to-day.

October 27.—Same camp. Cold and cloudy day. Most of the company are rolled up in blankets and stored away in their tents.

October 28.—Same camp. Perfect hurricane is blowing from the north. In order to get the benefit of our fires, we have had to hedge them in with brush fences, as the wind blows the smoke and cinders in every direction.

October 29.—Company drills have been resumed. During the day we have four roll-calls, two drills, and dress parade, with the usual detachment details. We have no rations.

October 30.—General Early, in a late order, which was read

on dress-parade, says he did not intend to include the *artillery* in his strictures upon his army for their conduct in the battle of the 19th, at Strasburg Same camp.

October 31.—Camp near New Market. Muster to-day. Pay-rolls have been signed. Some of the company have not drawn a dollar for more than ten months. Heavy frost last night.

November 1.—Moved camps three miles southeast New Market, a short distance from an old camp on the side of the Massanutton mountains. We can't find any level place on which to spread our blankets. Huge boulders loom up in every direction. Plenty of wood and water near by.

November 2.—Horrible weather to-day. Some recompense in that there are no drills. It is *simply impossible* to keep warm.

November 3.—Rained to-day. Many of the company are without even *fly* tents. Fierce northwest winds prevail. No drills.

November 4.—Same camp. Rained last night, but the sun shines to-day.

November 5.—Cold. Snow fell this morning. We have about fifty dollars per man. Colonel Carter inspected men and horses this A. M.

November 6.—Same camp. Lieutenant McRae returned to camp this A. M., after an absence of six months on sick leave. Freezing cold, even around the big fires.

November 7.—Same camp. The wind blew violently last night, scattering our fires in every direction. At midnight the woods were discovered to be on fire. Bugler John T. Jones sounded the assembly, and our men were marched out to fight the fire, which was extinguished, and the men returned to camp.

November 8.—The wind is blowing, without the least consistency, first in one direction and then in another. Our camp is completely enveloped in smoke. Short rations is the order of the day. They hardly keep body and soul together. We can hear cannonading in Fort Valley. The Yankees are raiding over there.

November 9.—The wind still blowing a gale. Mr. Mordecai came up this evening and his wagons are expected to-night. Rained last night.

November 10.—Orders last night to cook two days' rations.

Reveille this morning at 3 o'clock. Marched at 5 A. M. Have camped near Woodstock. Cloudy weather.

November 11.—Marched this morning at 5 o'clock and have made twenty miles. Camped midway between Newtown and Middletown. Passed during the day the old battle ground of October 19th. The spot where Walford fell was pointed out.

November 12.—Reveille at 4 A. M., and horses hitched in a hurry.

9 A. M.—Orders to unhitch and turn horses out to graze. Again orders to move and again countermanded; so we are in same camp. Sharp skirmishing in direction of Newtown.

November 13.—Last night, after we had made up good fires and made up our minds to a good night's rest, received orders to move, and marched rapidly till 11 P. M., when we went into camp at the foot of a small mountain two miles south of Fisher Hill. Notwithstanding the fact that we did not get into camp till 11 P. M., we had reveille at 3 A. M. and are now on the march. Snow at intervals during the day.

November 14.—Camped last night near Mt. Jackson. The army is now moving in the direction of Staunton. We are halted in the road four miles above New Market.

November 15.—In camp near New Market. Our camp ground is lovely, being in a basin or hollow in the side of the Massanutton, so that we are walled in from the winds. Wood and water near by.

November 16.—Same camp. Cold and clear.

November 17.—Richmond papers in camp. They announce the re-election of Lincoln to the Presidency. Kershaw's Division is said to have left the valley.

November 18.— —, a Richmond boy, joined the company to-day.

November 19.—Snow to-day, which fell rapidly for a while. The health of the company is excellent, though the men are insufficiently clothed.

November 20.—Same camp. Raining to day.

November 21.—Captain Jones returned to camp to-day from Richmond, where he has been since the battle of 19th October, having been wounded there.

November 22.—Same camp. We were surprised this morning to find the ground covered with snow. The enemy are reported

advancing. Our infantry has gone up the pike to meet them. The battery is ready for action.

November 23.—The infantry has returned and gone into camp. The enemy advanced to Rudd's Hill, where they met our troops and turned back. They were only a raiding party. Ground covered with snow.

November 24.—Have moved camp to the south end of the Massanutton mountains. We are near Harrisonburg. The main army is at New Market. The weather is very cold.

November 25.—We are snugly ensconced in our new camp, which is about five miles northeast of Harrisonburg. We have fixed ourselves for a long stay. David Clark was again forced by his old wound to leave the company.

November 26.—Same camp. Raining.

November 27.—Sunday, but no preaching in camp. No Chaplain.

November 28.—Same camp, and a pretty day.

November 29.—Short rations. No flour is issued. Many of the men are barefooted, with no prospect of getting shoes.

November 30.—Same camp. No rations yet. Roll-call is dispensed with so as to allow the men to forage.

December 1.—In camp near Harrisonburg. Corporal Robinson, of the King William Artillery, has been appointed to the Sergeantry of the Third Detachment. Old Howitzers protested against the appointment, as he was not a Howitzer, and a new man. Corporal Chappell has been appointed in his stead, and the appointment gives satisfaction. No charges against Robinson, except that he is not a Howitzer.

December 2-3.—Rainy, cold day. Everybody is hugging the fire closely. Company poorly clad.

December 4.—Sunday. Preaching in camp by Dr. Gilmer, Chaplain Braxton's Artillery.

December 5.—Moved this morning, marching on the Keezletown road. Have gone into camp near McGaheysville. Marched twelve miles. Good weather to-day.

December 6-7.—We are pleasantly camped on the slope of a hill near McGaheysville. Wood and water near by.

December 8-9.—Many of the company are to-day making excursions to Weir's Cave, which is about ten miles distant.

December 10.—Same camp. Ground covered with snow.

December 11.—Same camp. Topic of conversation among the men is the withdrawal of Gordon's and Pegram's Divisions from the Valley. Very cold weather.

December 12.—A cold north wind is sweeping through the camp. Ground covered with snow several inches deep.

December 13.—No mails from Richmond to day.

December 14.—Reveille at 6 o'clock A. M. Have been marching nearly all day on the Keezletown road. Struck the Valley pike at the willow pump, near which place we have gone into camp. Fishersville is our destination.

December 15-16.—We are marching in the direction of Staunton.

December 17.—We have gone into camp near Fishersville, Augusta county, Va., and are busily engaged building winter quarters.

December 18.—Although it is Sunday, we are hard at work on our winter quarters.

December 19.—Still engaged building our winter quarters. We are building without tools and without nails. The roofs will be weighted on.

December 20.—Hard at work on winter quarters, cutting down trees and "daubing" the walls of our houses. Half of the company is detailed this morning to build stables for the horses.

December 21.—Yesterday we were surprised to receive orders to move. Marched at 10 A. M. Marched through Staunton and to within a mile of Mt. Crawford, where we went into camp at 6 P. M. It commenced to hail this morning at 2 o'clock and the ground is now covered with it to the depth of several inches. Have just gone into camp about two miles above Harrisonburg. *Bitter cold.*

December 22.—Commenced to march at 6 A. M. and have gone into camp two miles above Mt. Sidney. Our horses made the march with the greatest difficulty, the snow on the pike having been closely packed by that part of the army which preceded us. *Hundreds of times* the poor animals fell to the ground. We made the march two steps forward and one backward, as it were.

December 23.—We returned to the old camp at Fishersville last night more dead than alive. Our suffering on this last march was terrible. Communication with Richmond is cut off. The Yankee cavalry is said to be at Gordonsville.

December 24.—News of the fall of Savannah in camp to-day. Everybody gloomy. Last night had to scrape up the snow to get a place upon which to spread our blankets.

December 25.—*Christmas day, to be sure.* Rations to-day one-half pound pork, one pound flour, a few grains of coffee, an infinitesimally small quantity of sugar.

December 26.—The whole company is to-day detailed to work on the stables. It seems that the horses are to be provided for before the men, as our own quarters are not yet built. Rained last night.

December 27.—Most of our houses are now finished, save the daubing of them with mud.

December 28.—Moved into our quarters this morning. Details for work on stables still made. Commenced to rain at 4 P. M.

December 29.—Snowing.

December 30.—All hands snug in quarters.

December 31.—Commenced raining again last night, and it has been falling all day.

So ends the year 1864, with the Howitzers in their winter quarters at Fishersville, Augusta county, Va.

January 1, 1865.—New-Year's day, and nothing more.

January 2.—We have been on another wood-chopping expedition—this time in the neighborhood for a gentlemen named Hamilton, who for our services promises to give flour and bacon. We are getting independent of the Confederate States Government for rations. Poor thing—she does the best she can for us.

January 3.—Not even a detachment detail to-day. Snowing slowly all day.

January 5.—Rev. Mr. Abell is in camp to-day, scattering his tracts, &c. He occasionally preaches. We hear there will soon be a chance for "horse detail."

January 6.—Rained last night and during the day.

January 7.—No army movements in the Valley. Weather cold and windy.

January 9.—It is now definitely known that all men who are in artillery corps who are willing to take home and feed during the winter a battery horse, will be given a furlough till the spring campaign opens. In our company there are more applicants for horses than animals, and we are now waiting with some

eagerness for Captain Jones to make known the successful applicants.

January 12.—The horses have been assigned or drawn for by the men. This morning we put our guns on the cars, so that they may be removed for safe keeping should the enemy make a raid.

January 13.—Yesterday, after putting the guns on the cars, all the boys who had drawn horses set out for home in squads and singly. I am among the lucky ones who drew horses but did not get a saddle, as there were not enough for all. So I am on the road bareback with a poor horse, bound for Richmond, via Staunton. I leave the company in winter quarters at Fishersville. Heaven help them!

March 30.—Arrived at Fort Clifton to-day; have not had time to examine the Fort and the surrounding country. A Yankee fort is just across the river (Appomattox) from us. We can see their men moving about very plainly. There seemed to be heavy fighting on our right last night, judging from the artillery thunder. Have not yet heard the result.

March 31.—I have walked around our position at Fort Clifton and do not like it at all. The Yankees in front of us occupy higher eminences than that upon which our fort is located. However, I know nothing about it. All the horse-detail men have not yet arrived.

April 1.—Our fort is quiet, though there is a rumor of our forces abandoning this portion of the lines. But camp always has rumors. It is thought that we—that is, our company—will be sent further to the right, where almost constant skirmishing or fighting has been going on the last four weeks. We will leave the fort with some regrets, as our Yankee neighbors at this point do not seem inclined to disturb our repose in our dear little bomb-proofs under the hill. We live underground like ground-hogs. The enemy have not fired a shot in this direction, I am told, for six months, nor do we fire at them. Yet we are in sight and almost in speaking distance—the Appomattox intervening.

April 2.—While on guard last night I witnessed a grand *bombardment* of our lines by the enemy. It lasted nearly all night, and the very earth trembled. It is impossible for me to describe the bursting mortar shells, &c., &c. The heavens were illum-

ined by the flash of the guns. I thought the world would fall to pieces. The attack commenced at 10 P. M. The gunboats on the left added their thunder to that of the land batteries at 11 P. M. We have it now that the enemy last night captured four miles of our works and killed General A. P. Hill in the fight. I can see large fires in Petersburg. I am informed that our people are destroying the tobacco in the town. This looks like the evacuation of the place.

April 3.—The battle of yesterday proved almost as disastrous as was at first reported, and they *say*, that not only is Petersburg evacuated but also poor old Richmond—that sweet morsel for which the Yankee world has worked so long and patiently. It is said they occupied Richmond this morning, our troops having destroyed much of the town, before evacuating it, as well as all Government property. We evacuated Fort Clifton last night at 10 o'clock. *Perfect silence reigned* at the time. A silence that I thought would suffocate me. We marched the balance of the night and to-day we are in Chesterfield county near the Appomattox river. It is said we will retreat to Farmville.

April 4.—Richmond is certainly evacuated and our army is in full retreat—whither no one knows. Sickness, hunger and privation of every kind has completely demoralized the army, or rather the handful of men, left General Lee. Camped last night near Oak Grove Church, Amelia county, one mile from the Danville railroad and two miles above Chester Station. The roads are in a terrible condition, and our horses are completely broken down. It is feared that we will now lose our wagons.

April 5.—Have marched but a short distance to-day. Our artillery battalion has been converted into an infantry regiment, and our men are now armed with muskets. The men, as they leave Richmond, believe that the cause is gone, and desert in great numbers. At least fifteen men have left our company alone. (Who?) *We are drawing no rations.* This morning we had corn on the husk issued to us, each man getting about one ear. We were drawn up in line of battle this evening, and had slight skirmishing.

April 8.—I am a prisoner of war. I write this in the prison camp near Burkeville Junction. On the 6th, being quite worn out and broken down, the battalion marched ahead of me. After straggling some time I found our wagon train and marched

with it, hoping to catch up with the company at night. In the evening the Yankees, who had been marching parallel with and on both sides of us all day, closed in on us and captured the whole wagon train, numbering many hundred wagons and ambulances. The wildest confusion reigned among the drivers. As the Yankees were all around us, nothing could be done. Many of the horses were cut loose from the wagons, and as they galloped away riderless over the fields were shot down. Notwithstanding I was in the enemy's hands some time, I rallied my strength and escaped to the woods, where I slept, with many stragglers or lost men like myself, till the morning. On the morning of the 7th, while attempting to get across the Appomattox, we were gobbled up by the enemy, under the very nose of whose advanced line we had slept the last night. My captor, who was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, treated me with great magnanimity, giving me crackers and parched coffee. It is useless to say I was almost famished.

NOTE.—For remainder of Creed T. Davis's experience, including several months in prison at various places, see his personal diary, in his possession.—ED.

Diaries of John Waldrop, Second Company, and Wm. Y. Mordecai, Second Company, Combined.

March 24, 1862.—Found company at Wynne's mill, three miles from Y. T. Rain.

March 25-6.—Cloudy. At Wynne's mill.

March 27.—Clear, cold. Enemy advancing in large force.

March 28.—Reached camp at Wynne's mill, about three miles from Yorktown. Fine day. Put guns in position in breastworks.

March 29.—Camped at Wynne's mill. Rain in evening. Enemy reported to have fallen back.

March 30.—Rained all night 29th. Still raining. Heavy firing heard in direction of Newport News. Third detachment moved to dam nearer Yorktown.

March 31.—Company and Third detachment as above.

April 1.—Tuesday. Weather fine. Camped same place.

April 2.—Firing heard 30th found to be a salute to President Hamlin on his arrival at Newport News. Target practice 2 P. M.

April 3.—Fine weather. Night clear.

April 4.—Friday. Firing heard, and report that enemy are about three miles distant. Enemy advancing.

April 5.—Clear afterwards. Battery engaged all day at long range. Brisk artillery firing all day.

April 6.—Sunday. Clear. Musketry heard towards Lee's mill. Infantry skirmishing all day.

April 7.—Monday. Rain P. M.

April 8.—On guard second relief. Began to rain (evening) and rained all night. Battle still going on. Skirmishing.

April 9.—Rainy evening. Quiet. Some snow. All quiet.

April 10.—Cleared off. Enemy quiet.

April 11.—Friday. Very fine day. Skirmishing with the enemy in the evening very briskly. Sharp skirmishing.

April 12.—Saturday. Heavy firing heard below. All quiet here.

April 13.—Clear day. Camp shelled in the night.

April 14.—Monday. Enemy shelled us last night very rapidly for a short time. Shelled us again this evening. No one hurt. Weather very fine. Woods shelled by the enemy.

April 15.—Weather very fine. Dr. Mayo gave medicine. All quiet.

April 16.—Clear. Brisk cannonade of Wynne's mill all day. Enemy attempted to cross dam No. 2 and were driven back with loss. Heavy cannonade day and night.

April 17.—Clear and warm. Enemy still shelling Wynne's mill. Cannonade and skirmishing.

April 18.—Fight continues. Weather clear and warm. Bombardment continued.

April 19.—Some shelling from enemy. Clear and warm. Shelling and skirmishing.

April 20.—Raining. Quite cool. Some shelling going on.

April 21.—Monday. Rained hard all day. Enemy shelling us *occasionally*.

April 22.—Rain and sunshine. Some shelling going on. Shelling less frequent.

April 23.—On guard fourth relief. Fine day. Clear and warm. Some shelling going on.

April 24.—Thursday. Very fine day. Good deal of shelling from enemy. At work throwing up sand-bags till late at night.

April 25.—Rainy and cold. At work on breastworks. Some shelling going on. Not much.

April 26.—Saturday. Cold and rainy. Enemy attacked our pickets early this morning and drove them in. We did not fire our gun. First skirmish I was in with infantry. Fourteen of our men were taken on picket-post in front of our gun at day-break.

April 27.—Sunday. Our gun relieved by one from Latham's battery. Moved and camped about one mile to the rear. Some shelling. Cloudy and rainy.

April 28.—Camped at same place. Clear and pleasant. Shelling still going on.

April 29.—Moved further to the rear. Cloudy. Some shelling going on.

April 30.—Alternate rain and sunshine. Encamped at same place. Election of officers at Wynne's mill—David Watson, L. F. Jones, H. S. Jones, Lee and Garnett. Some firing.

May 1.—Thursday. On guard last night. Cloudy and damp. Skirmish last night in direction of Yorktown. Third detachment relieved Fourth detachment during the night.

May 2.—Moved to Wynne's mill last night to relieve second gun. Rumored that we are to fall back. Fine weather.

May 3.—Packed up expecting to leave. Clear and warm. Lines abandoned during the night. Moved at 8 P. M. and continued to march all night.

May 4.—Sunday. Retreated from Wynne's mill last night. Marched all night and all day with only three hours' rest. Clear and hot. Roads very bad. Fight below Williamsburg.

Marched through Williamsburg and stopped a mile beyond. Battle Williamsburg began P. M.

May 5.—Staid at Williamsburg all last night under orders. Rained and still raining. Quite cold. Fight going on. Wounded passing by. We are in reserve at Williamsburg. Marched out into a field at 2 o'clock, and left at 12 at night. Marched all rest of night, and reached Williamsburg early in the morning.

Rain. Battle Williamsburg. We moved back to scene of

action, but were held in reserve. Stood at the guns all night in pouring rain.

May 6.—Marched all day. Roads *very* bad. Marched twelve miles.

Marched at 2 A. M. to Burnt Ordinary, twelve miles, through mud literally knee deep. Enemy following closely. No rations.

May 7.—Marched all day—eight miles. Roads very bad. Firing heard towards West Point. Clear and warm.

Our detachment brought up the rear of the army. Marched all night. *Nothing to eat.*

May 8.—Marched all day and crossed the Chickahominy. Clear and warm.

Crossed branch of Chickahominy and came up with our wagons. Got something to eat.

May 9.—Marched all day and camped near Long Bridge. Clear and warm.

Marched to Long Bridge, in New Kent.

May 10.—Saturday. With wagon to Long Bridge.

Near Long Bridge. Did not move to-day.

May 11.—Joined company at Long Bridge with wagon.

Near Long Bridge.

May 12-13.—Clear and hot. Camped near Long Bridge.

May 14.—Camped at Long Bridge—*same place.* Rained in evening.

May 15.—Rainy and disagreeable. Left camp at 5 o'clock. Retreated across Long Bridge and marched till 9 P. M. *On guard.* Mud terrific. Slept in pouring rain on fence-rails. No shelter.

May 16.—Friday. Rain and sunshine. Retreating still further back. Marched to within eight miles of Richmond.

May 17.—Cloudy and hot. Marched to within four miles of Richmond—*Stearns's farm.* Marched to attack gunboats, but found none.

May 18.—Sunday. Clear and hot. PUT ON CLEAN CLOTHES. Moved to the rear with Eighth Alabama and Fourteenth Louisiana Regiment—to Yarbrough's farm for *corn.*

May 19.—Camped on Yarbrough's farm.

May 20.—Moved camp to Mrs. Jordan's farm, about a mile nearer to Richmond. Clear and hot.

May 21.—Moved camp to another field on same farm.

May 22.—Very warm in the morning. Storm and hail in the evening. Firing heard below. Camp same. J. B. M. sick.

May 23.—Clear and hot. Moved camp to Stearns's farm. Visited by *mother*.

May 24.—Rainy. Camped same place. Continued firing heard on the left from early in the morning till 2 P. M.

May 25.—Moved camp from Stearns's farm to near Fairfield Race-Course. Marched through lower part of Richmond. Very pleasant day.

May 26.—Cloudy. Rained in the evening. Same camp.

May 27.—Same camp. Clear and pleasant day. Went to Richmond with wagons.

May 28.—Very warm. Same camp.

May 29.—Clear and warm. Same camp.

May 30.—Camped same place. Heavy storm at night.

May 31.—Saturday. Rained very hard last night. Left camp early in morning and marched to battle-field. Engaged the enemy. One man wounded. Fight about five miles from Seven Pines. Roads horrible.

June 1.—Slept on field last night. Attack renewed this morning. Enemy repulsed. Battle concluded. Retired at night and camped on Poe's farm.

June 2-3.—Left the field and camped about — miles from Richmond, at Poe's farm.

June 4.—Rainy day. Rained all last night. Camped at same place.

June 5.—Rainy and disagreeable day. Camp same.

June 6.—Clear and pleasant. Same camp.

June 7.—Very hot. Same camp.

June 8.—Camp same place. Sunday. Went home and ate dinner there.

June 9-10.—Same camp.

June 11.—Moved camp nearer P——'s house.

June 12-13.—Camped same place. Horses to Richmond to be shod.

June 14.—Same camp. Marched at night ten miles down the Charles City road to support J. E. B. Stuart in a reconnoissance.

June 15.—Hitched up all day. Returned to Camp Poe's Farm.

June 16-17.—Same camp.

June 18-19.—Same camp. Clear and warm. Detailed to drive.

June 20.—Clear and hot. Went on picket in the evening to most advanced post on Williamsburg road. Near Seven Pines.

June 21.—Clear and warm. Pickets fired some during the day. Yankees shelled us at long range and made good shots.

June 22.—Clear and pleasant. Relieved in the evening by Donnelsonville artillery and marched to Blakey's mill pond (or Randolph's farm?)

June 23-5.—Very warm. Hard rain. Camp near Blakey's mill. Firing heard below. Randolph's farm.

June 26.—Clear and pleasant. Camped at same place. Grand fight before Richmond began this evening about 3 o'clock. Firing very heavy. Battle at Mechanicsville.

June 27.—Clear and pleasant. Same camp. Fight going on. Battle Gaines' mill.

June 28.—Marched about two miles to Picot's or McRae's farm. Fight going on. Artillery engaged below.

June 29.—Returned to camp without a fight. Clear and hot. Fight going on. Camp Randolph's farm.

June 30.—Marched seven miles down the Charles City road. Fight going on.

July 1.—Battle of Malvern Hill. Carried teams to battlefield at night for captured guns and started with them at midnight for Richmond. Fighting going on.

July 2.—Same place, Picot's. Not much firing.

July 3.—Camp same, Picot's farm. Enemy still retreating.

July 4.—Clear and warm. Went with teams after captured guns. Last night up all night. Left for old camp at Blakey's mill pond early this A. M. Randolph's farm.

July 5-8.—Camped Blakey's mill, Randolph's farm. Went with team for captured guns. Pass to Richmond.

July 9-13.—Same camp. Sick.

July 14.—Sent to hospital. Mother came after me with carriage. Went home.

July 15-28.—Company still at Blakey's mill, Randolph's farm.

July 29.—Fine day. Moved from camp at 7 A. M. Marched till 10 P. M., stopping a mile beyond Petersburg.

July 30.—Moved down some distance below the city of Peters-

burg, and came back a few miles, having found the place unfavorable for an attack on the enemy's transportation. Up all night.

July 31.—Rainy. Moved down again to Coggin's Point. Batteries opened along the river about 12½ A. M. Firing very heavy for about half an hour.

August 1.—Friday. Moved back to within a mile of Petersburg.

August 2-3.—Same camp.

August 4.—First detachment went on scout near City Point. Returned to camp in the night and found the company gone down on scout.

August 5.—Thursday. Moved camp two or three miles below Prince George Courthouse. Marching and countermarching all day in an insane manner, under Colonel Hall, of North Carolina.

August 6.—Remained on picket all day, and marched to Prince George Courthouse at night.

August 7.—At Prince George Courthouse.

August 8.—Went on scout. Returned to camp near Petersburg.

August 9-10.—Clear and hot. Near Petersburg.

August 11-12.—Near Petersburg.

August 13.—Moved nearer Petersburg.

August 14-15.—Near Petersburg.

August 16.—Went below Prince George Courthouse on scout. Marched near Coggin's Point.

August 17.—Went to church. Marched at daybreak to Coggin's Point.

August 18.—Marched back to Petersburg. Camped at 10 P. M.

August 19.—Camped near Petersburg.

August 20.—Moved out of camp and halted near Drewry's Bluff at 11 P. M.

August 21.—Moved to old camp near Blakey's mill-pond, Randolph's farm.

August 22-5.—At Blakey's mill-pond, Randolph's farm.

August 26.—Battery marched through Richmond to Brook Church.

August 27.—Camped some distance beyond Goodall's and about twenty-eight miles from Richmond.

August 28.—Marched to within a few miles of Louisa Court-house.

August 29.—Marched four miles beyond Gordonsville.

August 30.—Marched to Rapidan Station.

August 31.—Camped at Rapidan Station.

September 1.—Marched to Culpeper C. H.

September 2.—Marched to Jeffersonville (ton?), Culpeper county, Va.

September 3.—Marched to Warrenton, Fauquier county, Va.

September 4.—Marched to near Gainsville, Fauquier.

September 5.—Marched and camped on road to Leesburg, Loudoun county.

September 6.—Marched to Leesburg.

September 7.—Marched all night and crossed Potomac to (Buckeystown?) Md., about daylight.

September 8.—Moved two miles nearer Frederickstown.

September 9.—Near Frederickstown, Md.

September 10.—Marched six to eight miles beyond Frederickstown.

September 11.—Marched within four or five miles Hagerstown.

September 12.—Moved to Funkstown.

September 13.—Near Funkstown.

September 14.—Battle South Mountain. Marched back towards Middletown and camped for night.

September 15.—Recrossed Potomac at Williamsport. Remained all day guarding ford. Moved six or eight miles at night in Berkley county.

September 16.—Crossed the Opequan to Shepherdstown, Jefferson county.

September 17.—Marched from Shepherdstown to Martinsburg. Battle of Sharpsburg.

September 18.—Marched towards Williamsport six miles and camped. First section sent towards Shepherdstown.

September 19.—Crossed Potomac and camped near Williamsport.

September 20.—Firing at squads cavalry all day. Recrossed Potomac and marched some miles.

September 21.—Marched to Martinsburg and camped.

September 22.—Company at Martinsburg. Marched seven miles to Darksville and camp.

September 23.—Camped Darksville.

September 24.—Marched five or six miles beyond Martinsburg and joined first section.

September 25.—Moved to one-quarter mile from Martinsburg, old camp.

September 26.—Same place, at Martinsburg.

September 27.—Moved through Martinsburg towards Winchester and camped near Bunker Hill, Berkley county.

September 28.—Same place.

September 29.—Move half mile nearer Winchester.

September 30.—Same camp.

October 1.—Camped same place. Rifle section ordered and moved to report to General Stuart.

October 2.—Rifle section marched all night and camped near Charlestown.

October 3-5.—Camped same place, Bunker Hill.

October 6.—Rifle section at Charlestown. Attacked by Federal cavalry and drove them back. Company at Bunker Hill.

October 7-8.—Same camp, Bunker Hill. Coke's Parrott gun and some horses and twenty men assigned to our company, and our howitzer sent to Winchester.

October 9-19.—Rifle section near Winchester and other section with regiment near Bunker Hill.

October 20-27.—Same place. Rifled section returned 19th.

October 28.—Moved camp to Mr. Blackburn's farm, in Clarke county. Ice to-day at 12 M.

October 29-30.—Same camp, near Berryville.

October 31.—Wm. Y. Mordecai appointed Quartermaster Sergeant of the company.

November 1.—Moved camp near to Millwood, Clarke county.

November 2.—Camped near Millwood, Shenandoah river.

November 3.—Sent to occupy heights west side river.

November 4.—Yankees advanced. Took possession of Ashby's Gap. Fired at them. They did not return fire.

November 5.—Left heights last night and moved six miles towards Front Royal.

November 6.—Same place, Whitepost, two miles from Millwood.

November 7-8.—Snowed all day. Same place. Third gun sent on detached duty. I stay.

November 9.—Sunday. Joined by third gun. Whitepost.

November 10.—Left camp. Moved to near Winchester, two and one-half miles beyond.

November 11-20.—Same place, Winchester.

November 21.—Moved through Winchester, Kernstown, Newtown, and camped near Middletown.

November 22.—Marched through Middletown and Strasburg and camped near Woodstock.

November 23.—Cold. Snow. Marched through Woodstock, Edenburg and Mt. Jackson, and camped on the banks of the Shenandoah.

November 24.—Marched through New Market. Crossed the Massanutten and camped on the east side.

November 25.—Marched seven miles and camped foot of Blue Ridge.

November 26.—Cold. Rained all last night. Crossed the Blue Ridge. Camped on Robertson river, five miles from Madison C. H. Kinglersville.

November 27.—Marched through Madison C. H. Camped about three miles from C. H.

November 28.—Marched all day. Camped two miles from Orange Courthouse, on James Madison's estate.

November 29.—Marched through Orange Courthouse, and seven miles on road to Fredericksburg.

November 30.—Marched twelve miles towards Fredericksburg.

December 1.—Marched eighteen miles ; turned off the road that leads to Fredericksburg.

December 2.—Marched about seven miles towards Guineas.

December 3.—Marched three miles. Camped near Guineas depot.

December 4.—Marched about fourteen miles. Camped on Turner's farm, near Rappahannock river. Cold and rainy. Five miles of Port Royal.

December 5.—Hail and snow all day. Same camp.

December 6-9.—Same camp.

December 10.—Rifle guns went down the river to Tobacco Ford and fired at gunboats. Returned the fire. Returned to camp at night. Cold.

December 11.—Same camp. Heavy firing near Fredericksburg.

December 12.—Marched all night and camped near Fredericksburg.

December 13.—Left camp early in morning. Engaged the enemy all day. Lost in killed, 1; wounded, 6; total, 7.

December 14.—Guns first and third went on field and staid all day. No artillery firing. Skirmishing all day.

December 15.—Clear and cold. Guns went on field and staid all day. No firing. Burnside recrossed Rappahannock during the night.

December 16.—On field. Enemy retreated across the river and fired on us from other side.

December 17.—Cloudy, some snow. Camped eight miles from Fredericksburg, near Grace church.

December 18.—Caissons to Guineas depot. Camped at Grace church.

December 19-24.—Company camped six miles from Guineas, at Grace church.

December 25.—Same camp. Christmas day, 1862. Spent day loading wagons with corn. Christmas dinner, corn-bread and Irish potatoes.

December 26.—Cloudy. Same camp. Barrel whiskey got to camp. Some fellows tight. Near Grace church.

December 27-28.—Same camp, near Grace church.

December 29.—Marched to and camped near Bowling Green. Fifteen miles march.

December 30.—Moved camp two miles from Bowling Green, Broaddus farm.

December 31.—Same camp, Broaddus farm. Selected camp for Winter quarters.

January 1, 1863.—Camped near Bowling Green, on Broaddus' farm.

January 2.—Same. Began to build stables.

January 3.—Same. Began chimney to tent.

January 4.—Same. Finished chimney. Winter quarters.

January 5-15.—Same, Broaddus' farm.

January 16.—Same. First detachment on picket. Severe wind.

January 17.—Same. Third detachment on picket.

January 18.—Same. Third gun went on picket duty.

January 19-20.—Camped as above.

January 21.—Camped as above. Rain and wind.

January 22.—Camped as above. Stormy. Cold.

January 23-4.—Camped as above. First and third detachments at Grace church.

January 25.—Company started for Grace church, but returned. Clear and pleasant.

January 26-7.—Camped as above. First section returned.

January 28.—Camped as above. Snow all day.

January 29.—Camped as above. Snow four inches deep.

January 30.—Friday. Clear and pleasant. Near Bowling Green still.

January 31 to February 3.—Broaddus' farm, near Bowling Green. Winter quarters.

February 4.—G. W. M. (Mordecai) went to hospital. Same camp.

February 5.—Snow and very cold. Same camp.

February 6.—Rainy. Cool. Same camp.

February 7.—Clear and pleasant. Same camp.

February 8.—Sunday. Clear and pleasant. Same camp.

February 9-10.—Same camp. Winter quarters.

February 11.—Same camp. Snow and rain.

February 12.—Same camp. Clear and cool.

February 13-16.—Same camp. Clear and pleasant.

February 17.—Same camp. Snowed all day. Cold.

February 18-21.—Same camp. Rainy and cold.

February 22.—Same camp. Snowed all last night and until 10 A. M. to-day. Snow ten to twelve inches deep.

February 23-5. Same camp. Winter quarters.

February 26.—Same camp. Rain.

February 27.—Same camp. Cloudy.

February 28 to March 1.—Same camp. Rain.

March 2.—Same camp. Clear.

March 3.—Same camp. Blustering.

March 4.—Same camp. Clear.

March 5.—Same camp, near Bowling Green.

March 6-14.—Same camp, Broaddus' farm, near Bowling Green. Winter quarters.

March 15-16.—Same camp. Cloudy. Cold. Thunder storm.

March 17.—Same camp. Firing heard towards Fredericksburg.

March 18.—Same camp. Had orders to be prepared for an attack at any moment. Went on picket duty.

March 19.—Same camp. Snow at 4 P. M.

March 20-31.—Same camp. Snow. Winter quarters.

April 1-3.—Same camp.

April 4.—Same camp. Snow in the evening.

April 5.—Same camp. Snow six inches deep.

April 6-11.—Same camp.

April 12.—Same camp, near Bowling Green. Rain. Winter quarters.

April 13-28.—Same camp, near Bowling Green. Winter quarters.

April 29.—Marched all night and went into position at Hamilton's Crossing.

April 30.—Changed position.

July 1.—Company at Greenwood. Marched to near Gettysburg, Pa.

July 2.—Engaged with enemy at Gettysburg.

July 3.—Engaged with enemy at Gettysburg. Tom Pendleton and J. Maupin killed. Angel wounded.

July 4.—Rainy. Camped near Gettysburg. Not engaged.

July 5.—Rainy. Marched to Fairfax, Pa. Retreating. Guns put in position, but no engagement.

July 6.—Rainy. Marched about ten miles. Passed by Monterey springs and camped near Waynesboro', Pa.

July 7.—Rainy. Marched through Waynesboro', Pa., and fifteen miles through Hightersville, and camped near Hagerstown.

July 8.—Rainy. Camped near Hagerstown.

July 9.—Camped near Hagerstown.

July 10.—Moved two miles nearer the Potomac.

July 11.—Hitched up all day. Went into position with Rhodes's Division, opposite Hagerstown.

July 12.—In position all day. No artillery firing.

July 13.—In position all day. Skirmish in evening.

July 14.—Rainy. Retreated all last night. Roads very bad. Marched all day. Camped about four miles from M'burg.

July 15.—Left camp at 6 P. M. Marched eleven miles and camped near *Darksville(?)* Reached camp at 11 P. M.

July 16-19.—Camped near Darksville.

July 20.—Left camp 7 P. M. Marched until 1 A. M. Camped five or six miles from Winchester.

July 21.—Marched through Winchester and camped one mile on Berryville road.

July 22.—Marched to Newtown.

July 23.—Marched through Front Royal and halted about eighteen miles from Luray. Cooked supper and marched on to within eight miles of Luray.

July 24.—Marched about fifteen miles and camped on the Sperryville pike, about twelve miles from Sperryville.

July 25.—Marched about twenty-three miles; crossed at Thornton's Gap; passed through Sperryville, and camped near Woodville.

July 26.—Marched about nine miles. Camped about two and one-half miles from Culpeper C. H. Fed horses on corn first time since leaving Hagerstown, Md.

July 27.—Hot. Hard rain in evening. Camped near Culpeper C. H.

July 28-30.—Hard rain. Camped same.

July 31.—Marched through Culpeper and camped three miles from there on Rapidan road.

August 1.—Saturday. Hot. Marched seventeen miles. Camped at Orange C. H.

August 2.—Sunday. Clear and hot. Marched seven miles and camped near Liberty Mills, Orange county.

August 3.—Clear and very hot. Moved to within five or six miles of Gordonsville.

August 4.—Hot. Camped near Gordonsville.

August 5.—Hot. Camped near Gordonsville. Angel elected Second Lieutenant at Blue Run Church.

August 6.—Hot. Rain in evening. Moved about three miles towards Orange C. H.

August 7.—Hot. Rain in evening. Moved back to old camp at Blue Run Church.

August 8-31.—At same camp, Blue Run Church.

September 1.—Camped at Blue Run Church.

September 2-13.—Camped same place.

September 14.—Left camp last night at 12 P. M. and marched to Orange C. H.

November 10.—Company at Pisgah Church, Orange county, Va.

November 11-13.—Camped at same place.

November 14.—Camped at same place. Hard rain.

November 15.—Sunday. Started for Raccoon Ford. After going a mile returned to old camp at Pisgah Church, Orange county.

November 16-17.—At Pisgah Church.

November 18.—Reveille at 1 o'clock last night. Marched to Raccoon Ford, but found all quiet.

November 19-25.—Camped near Raccoon Ford.

November 26.—Went to Morton's Ford. Fired on Yankees few times and returned to old camp.

November 27.—Left camp at 3 A. M. and marched to Vidiersville and camped there. Heard firing.

November 28.—Went in position on pike leading from Fredericksburg to Orange C. H. Yankees fired a few shots. We did not return the fire.

November 29.—Clear and cold. Up all last night. Went to work on breastworks on left of pike. Guns not in position.

November 30.—Went in position on the left of the pike. At work all day on breastworks. Right smart shelling. We returned the fire.

December 1.—In position. No firing on our part of the line.

December 2.—Clear and cold. Yankees gone at daybreak. Followed after them but did not catch up. Returned to our position.

December 3.—Marched back to old camp at Pisgah Church.

December 4-9.—At Pisgah Church.

December 10-20.—At Pisgah Church. Lieutenant Angel returned to company.

December 21.—Left for winter quarters. Camped for the night in Spottsylvania county, Va.

December 22.—Moved on and reached our permanent camp near Frederick's Hall, Louisa county.

December 23.—Snow in the morning. Camped near Frederick's Hall.

December 24-25.—Near Frederick's Hall.

December 26.—Near Frederick's Hall. Began building house.

December 27-31.—Near Frederick's Hall.

January 1-3, 1864.—Camp Frederick's Hall.

January 4.—Camp Frederick's Hall. Rain, snow and hail. Box from home.

January 5.—Camp Frederick's Hall. Cloudy and slushy.

January 6-7.—Camp Frederick's Hall.

January 8.—Camp Frederick's Hall. Snow.

January 9-31.—In camp Frederick's Hall.

February 1.—Camp, Frederick's Hall. Winter quarters.

February 2-5.—Same camp.

February 6-7.—Same camp. Left camp 9 o'clock P. M. Marched to Morton's Ford. Rained. Roads very bad. Marched all night and all day. Camped on Mrs. Holladay's farm, fourteen miles from Frederick's Hall. Firing towards Orange Courthouse.

February 8.—Marched fifteen miles and camped near Pisgah church.

February 9.—Started at 1½ P. M. for Winter quarters. Camped near Vidiersville.

February 10.—Marched sixteen miles. Camped near Jones' Store, Louisa county.

February 11.—Reached Winter quarters, near Frederick's Hall.

February 12-24.—Same.

February 17.—Winter quarters Frederick's Hall.

February 18-24.—Same camp.

February 25.—Target practicing. Bad shooting. Ammunition very defective.

February 26-28.—Winter quarters as above.

February 29.—Winter quarters. Yankees on a raid. Passed within a mile of our camp. Captured Capt. Watson, of our company, and Wallace McRae (who were attending a court-martial.) We were in position, but did not fire.

March 1.—Rainy. Rained all last night. We were in position prepared for an attack. No alarm. Returned to camp at 9 A. M. Capt. Watson rejoined the Company.

March 2.—In our old camp. Alarm in the evening. Enemy reported only 4 miles distant. Went into position on the railroad at our old stand.

March 3.—In position all last night and all day to-day. No enemy appeared.

March 4.—Guns in position all last night. Returned to camp to-day.

March 5 —Cloudy and rain. In quarters at Frederick's Hall.

March 6-21.—Same camp.

March 22-23.—Snow 8 inches deep. Camped still at Frederick's Hall.

March 24-31.—Same camp.

April 1.—Same camp. Rain.

April 2.—Same camp. Snow.

April 3-16.—Same camp.

April 16.—Frederick's Hall—winter quarters.

April 17.—Same camp.

April 18.—Same camp. Marched 11 miles and camped within a mile of Louisa C. H.

April 19.—Marched about 17 miles and camped 3 miles from Gordonsville.

April 20.—Marched 4 miles and camped on Newman's farm, about 2 miles from Barboursville.

April 21.—Newman's Farm, camp as above.

April 22-30.—Same camp.

May 1.—Same camp.

May 2.—Same camp. Rain and wind.

May 3.—Same camp.

May 4.—Clear. Marched from 4 P. M. to 11 P. M. about 12 miles.

May 5.—Marched to Mine Run. Some firing going on in front.

May 6.—Marched about 3 miles nearer the lines. Firing going on. Muskets given to the cannoneers in anticipation of cavalry attack.

May 7.—Moved nearer to the front. Not engaged. Some firing going on. At 9 P. M. marched to Vidiersville.

May 8.—Marched twelve miles and camped near Shady Grove Church, Spott (?) Co. Preaching in camp by Mr. Gillmore.

May 9.—Marched about eleven miles and camped near Spotsylvania C. H.

May 10.—Clear and hot. Moved into position at daybreak. Hard fighting all day. *We* were engaged in the evening. Enemy charged the works on our left. Major Watson wounded. [Mortally.—C. McC.]

May 11.—Cloudy and hard rain in the evening. Skirmishing along the lines; we in position.

May 12.—Rainy. Hard fighting. The Yankees the attacking party. We had Davy Clarke, Joe Cocke, George Christian, George Mordecai, John Ellett, Burnley, and Trent wounded. Left the field after firing all our ammunition.

May 13.—Rainy. We were at the rear all day, having been relieved the evening before. Skirmishing along the lines.

May 14.—Showery. Skirmishing along the lines. Went into position in the evening. Enemy disappeared from our front and on the left.

May 15.—In position. Skirmishing along the lines.

May 16.—Skirmishing along the lines and some artillery firing.

May 17.—Heavy skirmishing and some artillery.

May 18.—Enemy attempted to charge our position. We drove them back with considerable loss on their side. No one in our company was hurt.

May 19.—General Ewell attacked the enemy on their right flank. Severe fight. Fell back to works at night. No artillery engaged.

May 20.—In position. Skirmishing on the lines.

May 21.—Left the lines at 4 P. M. On the road till 11 P. M. Camped on the Telegraph road. Heard firing in direction of Spotsylvania Courthouse.

May 22.—Left camp on Telegraph road at 4 A. M., and marched to Hanover Junction, reaching there at 11 A. M.

May 23.—Moved away a little from the Junction. Firing in direction of North Anna river.

May 24.—Camp as yesterday.

May 25.—Went into position near Hanover Junction and threw up earthworks. Skirmishing along the lines.

May 26.—Showery. In position all day. Skirmishing along the lines.

May 27.—Marched to within four miles of Atlee's Station, Virginia Central railroad.

May 28.—Marched to within the three miles of Mechanicsville.

May 29.—In camp all day.

May 30.—In camp all day. Skirmishing along lines.

May 31.—Went into position on Johnson's farm.

June 1.—Marching around all of last night. Went into camp at sunrise and remained till night, when we went nearer to the lines.

June 2.—Went into position in the morning. Quite a severe fight in the evening. We the attacking party. Our company engaged, but no one hurt.

June 3.—Sharp fighting on part of the lines. We fired some in the morning. No one hurt in our company. The Yankees charged our works and were repulsed with great loss.

June 4.—Relieved. Went to the rear. Skirmishing along the lines.

June 5.—Went into position in the evening.

June 6.—Enemy disappeared from the front of our corps. Went on a reconnoissance and came up with the Yankees, but did not attack them.

June 7.—Went on reconnoissance in the evening. We were under fire a short time but could not get a position to return it. Patterson was wounded.

June 8.—Camped behind breastworks all day.

June 9.—Cloudy. Moved camp to Gaines's farm, near Gaines's mill. Some firing along the lines.

June 10-11.—Camped near Gaines's mill.

June 12.—Camped near Gaines's mill. Some artillery firing along the lines.

June 13.—Company moved. (Sick.)

August 10.—Company at Mitchell's Station, Culpeper county, Va.

August 11.—Moved two miles nearer Culpeper Courthouse.

August 12.—Marched through Culpeper and camped near Hazel river.

August 13.—Marched about seventeen miles and camped near Flint Hill.

August 14.—Sunday. Clear and hot. Marched about fourteen miles; passed through Front Royal and camped near Shenandoah river.

August 15-16.—Cavalry fight in the evening two miles from Front Royal.

August 17.—Marched after the Yankees about seventeen miles and camped on Winchester pike.

August 18.—Moved on to Winchester and camped.

August 19-20.—Camped near Winchester.

August 21.—Marched about fifteen miles on Charlestown road and camped.

August 22.—Very heavy rain. Marched about seven miles and camped near Charlestown.

August 23-24.—Camped near Charlestown.

August 25.—Moved camp a short distance.

August 26.—Went on picket below Charlestown and had a small skirmish with the Yankees.

August 27.—Left Charlestown. Marched fifteen miles and camped near Brucetown. Passed through Smithfield.

August 28-30.—Camped near Brucetown.

August 31.—Moved to near Winchester.

September 1.—Camped near Winchester.

September 2.—Camped near Winchester. At dark hitched up, marched about a mile and came back to old camp.

September 3.—Cloudy. Left camp at 1 P. M. Marched to Berryville. Sharp fight near Berryville. Our company in position, but not engaged.

September 4.—We in position, fired a few shots. Skirmishing going on.

September 5.—Marched back to old camp, near Winchester.

September 6.—Winchester, rainy and cold.

September 7.—Winchester.

September 8.—Winchester. Rain.

September 9-12.—Winchester.

September 13.—Hitched up, expecting to move, but did not.

September 14.—Camped near Winchester.

September 15.—Marched seventeen miles. Passed through Kernstown, Newtown and Middletown, and camped near North Fork, of Shenandoah, on road to Luray.

September 16.—Marched about thirteen miles and camped on Luray pike.

September 17.—Marched sixteen miles, camped at foot of mountains near Thornton's Gap.

September 18.—Marched about seventeen miles, crossed mountains and camped near Woodville.

September 19.—Marched about fifteen miles and camped near Culpeper Courthouse.

September 20.—Marched twelve miles and camped near Rapidan Station.

September 21-22.—Camped near Rapidan Station.

September 23.—Marched fourteen miles. Camped near Gordonsville.

September 24.—Marched nineteen miles. Camped near Stanardsville.

September 25.—Marched seventeen miles. Crossed the mountains at Swift Run Gap.

September 26.—Marched fifteen miles and formed a junction with General Early near Port Republic. Skirmished with Yankee cavalry.

September 27.—Camped near foot of mountains at Brown's Gap. Left camp at dark and marched two or three miles towards the river.

September 28.—Marched eighteen miles and camped near Waynesboro', Augusta county. Infantry and cavalry skirmishing with the enemy.

September 29-30.—Camped near Waynesboro'.

October 1.—Rainy. Marched seventeen miles and camped near Mount Sidney.

October 2-5.—Camped Mount Sidney.

October 6.—Left camp at 12 M. and marched twelve miles down the Valley.

October 7.—Marched twenty-one miles and camped near New Market.

October 8-9.—Camped near New Market. Yankees advanced in evening, and we went out two miles on Valley pike, but returned to camp at night.

October 10-11.—Camped New Market.

October 12.—Army moved down the Valley.

October 20.—Army falling back up the Valley.

October 21-22.—Camped near New Market.

October 23.—Camped near New Market. Moved camp short distance.

November 1.—Camped near New Market. Moved camp about a mile.

November 2.—Camped about two miles from New Market.

November 3-9.—Same place.

November 10.—Marched twenty miles and camped within a mile of Woodstock.

November 11.—Marched twenty-one miles and camped three miles from Newtown.

November 12.—Hitched up all day, expecting a fight. Left camp at 7 P. M., and marched eleven miles up the Valley.

November 13.—Marched eighteen miles and camped three miles from Mount Jackson.

November 14.—Marched fourteen miles and camped four miles from Mount Jackson.

November 15-17.—Camped near Mount Jackson.

November 18.—Marched to within three miles of Staunton.

November 19.—Rainy, some snow.

December 15.—Company marched six miles from Staunton to within two miles of Fishersville.

December 16.—Camped near Fishersville and commenced building Winter quarters.

December 17-19.—Camped on Hamilton's farm, two miles from Fishersville.

December 20-21.—Company ordered to Mount Crawford. Left behind with Barefoot Squad.

December 23.—Company returned to camp. Trip extended to Harrisonburg.

December 24-7.—Camped Hamilton's farm, near Fishersville.

December 28.—Moved into quarters near Fishersville.

December 29.—Snowed last night.

December 30-31.—Winter quarters, near Fishersville.

January 1, 1865.—Winter quarters, Hamilton's farm, Fishersville.

January 2-7.—Winter quarters, Hamilton's farm, Fishersville.

January 8.—Winter quarters, Augusta county. Distributed a dinner to Army of Valley and our company received nothing.

January 9-12.—Winter quarters as above.

January 13.—Winter quarters as above. Men sent home with horses for the winter on account of scarcity of forage.

January 14.—Same camp. Snow.

January 15-31.—Same camp.

February 2.—Left Fishersville and took cars for Gordonsville.

February 3.—Left Gordonsville at 6 A. M. and reached Richmond. Passed through Richmond and went by rail to Dunlop's Station, Richmond & Petersburg railroad.

February 4.—Marched to Fort Clifton, on the Appomattox river, about four miles below Petersburg.

February 5.—At Fort Clifton. All quiet.

February 6.—At Fort Clifton. Fighting on our right.

February 7.—At Fort Clifton. Snowed, hailed and rained alternately all day.

February 8 to March 6.—At Fort Clifton.

March 7.—At Fort Clifton. Marched to Petersburg and took cars in evening for Lynchburg.

March 8.—Reached Lynchburg about 11 A. M. Muskets were issued to us and we were quartered in the town. [In a government hay shed.—C. McC.]

March 9.—Moved out to the lines, about two miles from Lynchburg [on the heights on the opposite side of river to town.—C. McC.]

March 10.—On the lines. Second detachment manned a ten-pound Parrott.

March 11-12.—On the lines as above.

March 13.—Left Lynchburg at 7 A. M. (on cars) for High Bridge.

March 14-15.—At High Bridge.

March 16.—At High Bridge. Left at — on cars and reached Petersburg at 1 A. M.

March 17.—Marched to Fort Clifton.

March 18.—Camped (huts) at Fort Clifton.

March 19 to April 1.—Same camp.

April 2.—Left Fort Clifton 10 P. M., retreating, and marched all night.

April 3.—Marched all day. Passed Chesterfield.

April 4.—Marched all day and camped near Goode's Bridge.

April 5.—Showery. Marched all day and assigned to Walker's division.

April 6.—Marched all last night and all day. Fought the Yankees near Deatonsville. Two men killed.

April 7.—Marched to High Bridge last night and marched all day. Passed through Farmville, Va.

April 8.—Marched last night and all day, and camped about five miles from Appomattox Courthouse.

April 9.—Marched to Appomattox Courthouse and had a small skirmish with the enemy.

April 10.—Prisoners at Appomattox and waiting to be paroled.

The First Detachment at Fredericksburg.

[BY REUBEN B. PLEASANTS, of Second Company.]

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Nov. 22d, 1882.

Carlton McCarthy, Esq., Richmond, Va.:

MY DEAR CARLTON:—I have many times tried to find time to write you a long letter, and thank you again for the pleasure you have given me in the perusal of your book. I shall keep it for all my children to read, and tell them when they read it that their papa took part in all there is in it.

But I must especially thank you for the trouble you have taken to put in shape some account of our deeds, and only wish I had made up my mind some time ago to notice and set aright some who have attempted to write "history."

Soon after the war I read a volume of "so-called" history, written, I think, by Howison, in which was an account of the gallant conduct of Pelham's Artillery in the battle of Fredericksburg, ascribing to Pelham and his command what was really the work of the First Detachment of our old Second Company—even crediting our killed and wounded to the Horse Artillery!

Subsequently I read substantially the same in General Lee's report of the engagement. I have also read allusions, of the same tenor, in articles contributed to the *Southern Historical Society Papers*.

I have, at each repetition of the error, thought I would write something for publication, giving the truth of this affair, [which all seem to think so gallant and glorious,] but until now have neglected to do so.

General Alexander says (*Southern Historical Society Papers*, Nos. 10 and 11 of volume X, page 446) that "Lieutenant Pelham of Alabama approached close upon the enemy's left flank with only two guns, and so punished his line of battle that the advance was checked until Pelham could be driven off—an operation which it took four batteries an hour to accomplish."

Now, on that morning, after an all-night march with Jackson's Corps, from near Port Royal, our battery, with a number of other batteries, was put in position below the line of hills on

which Fredericksburg is located. We were advanced by half battery to the front, firing at our "level best" as we went forward. As we advanced, ours being the right section of the right battery, Captain Watson was approached by two mounted officers, one of whom I recognized as General J. E. B. Stuart, and the other, as I learned afterwards, being Colonel Rosser, who, after saluting our Captain, said to him: "We are instructed to get a gun from your battery for special duty," or words to that effect.

Captain Watson ordered the First gun to "limber up" and report to the two officers. Being Sergeant of the First detachment, I limbered to the rear, reported to the officers, and was ordered to follow them. Well do I remember the chase they gave us across fields and ditches, without a halt anywhere and at a long trot all the way.

We finally got into a sunken road, with a "wattling" fence on either side and lined with cedars. Down this road we went for some distance, with no idea whatever of our destination.

We were halted in the narrow road and ordered to make an opening in the fence. This was soon done, and a few spadefulls of earth thrown into the ditch, made a passage way.

Colonel Rosser then told me to go up into the field and see what I had to do. I rode up with Halyburton, who was Orderly at the time, but had begged to be allowed to go with his old detachment, and so was with me, and found that we were on the extreme left flank of the Army of the Potomac. A battery was in position commanding the field we were about to enter.

Colonel Rosser told me to take any distance I chose to fight them, and, in answer to my question as to how long I was expected to stay, said: "As long as you can." I asked: "Until we are out of ammunition?" He answered, "Yes." I have often thought he never expected us to get away from there.

We pulled into the field and were seen, and met by a salute from the enemy's guns, but the way we put whip and spur to our teams and ran up on them seemed to unsettle their aim, and we got into position about five hundred yards in their front. Then we returned the salute, and if you ever saw Sam Green shoot, you know he did his best.

General Stewart and Colonel Rosser remained with us awhile, [I think the latter's horse was wounded there,] but soon left, and

there we were—a gun detachment without even a straggling cavalryman for support, and there we staid as long as we had a round, although soon after we got into position, they opened on us with thirty-two-pounders from across the Rappahannock. The nearest shot from these struck about thirty yards from our left.

As I said before, we remained until our last shot was fired, and I can say with truth, what cannot be denied by those present, that Sam Green drove them away from their guns.

We did not have a man or horse wounded as long as our ammunition lasted. The enemy could see us from our shoes up, as we could them.

As soon as I had ordered "Limber up" they knew we were out of ammunition, and such a fire as they opened on us only they can tell who were there.

Poor Charles was killed, Joe Cocks and several others wounded, and our horses "riddled."

We brought our gun off with two horses, and had to return for the caisson.

We brought off our dead and wounded and every scrap of harness, not losing so much as a strap.

As we were about to re-enter the road at the point where we left it, some one, I think it was Julian McCarthy, discovered an abandoned gun, from which we took supplies for our gunner's bag, including friction primers and tallow.

I wish I could recall the names of the cannoneers of the detachment, but cannot. I feel certain that Bob and Jeter Boshers were along. I know Julian was there, and Brook Temple came out of the hospital that morning and took the rammer and post No. 1 at the gun. Sam Golden drove the wheel team. Willie Mann was with us, too, I remember.

I wish you could see these and compare their recollections of the affair with mine. I would not like to set up my memory as infallible, but I am forced to conclude that I have dreamed this whole thing, or that the horse artillery attempted and failed, as their full chests showed, while we succeeded in doing what we were ordered to do.

Certainly there were no dead or wounded horses or men with the abandoned gun. We left it where we found it, because we had only two horses.

I remember seeing, while we were in action, several charges made, and one counter-charge from our side. I also remember Colonel Rosser's saying, "You can't help hitting something anywhere you fire up that way."

And now, after all these years of silence, I feel that I have done for the fellows who made that fight "what I could." You can "fix up" what I have written and let it go as history "from the ranks." I believe our dear old General, had he lived and had he known, would have corrected the error in his report.

No doubt the mistake would have been corrected long ago if a commissioned officer had been with us ; but we had only two sergeants, who did not write a report.

Trusting to you to select the best means of correcting the error, I would say that if in future work you can use me, do not hesitate to call on me.

And again must I thank you for your description of the famous but shadowy days from Fort Clifton to Appomattox. Often have I tried to think out that march and give to each day its incidents—but I could only recall fight, fight, hunger, thirst, pain.

Remember me to Julian and Wm. H. and Bob and Jeter, and all the fellows, and believe me, as ever, your friend,

R. B. PLEASANTS.

W. S. White's Diary, Corrected by Col. W. E. Cutshaw.

(PAPER NO. 2.)

CAPTAIN ARCHY GRAHAM,

Lewisburg, West Virginia :

My Dear Captain,—I send you a pamphlet called "A Diary of the War," by William S. White, formerly of the Third Howitzers, First Virginia Artillery, Second Corps Army Northern Virginia, in which I have marked a paragraph for you to read. The writer has evidently mistaken me for some one else, as I have no recollection of even seeing you on the 12th of May, 1864, the day of the battle of the so-called horse-shoe. The Second Howitzers, Captain Jones commanding, reported to me *near* the "angle" and went into action on the right of Garber's battery, which was then occupying the position which the Third Howitzers had on the 10th of May, but none of the Second

Howitzers went into or nearer the horse-shoe. I have no recollection of saying a word to any man or officer of the Third Howitzers on the day (12th May) referred to, and never carried any men except those of my own battalion into or near the so-called horse-shoe, nor exposed them to fire, as mentioned in the paragraph of W. S. White's diary. Please look over this carefully and tell me your recollection of the facts.

I am, very truly, yours,

Richmond, Va., Feb. 4, 1884.

W. E. CUTSHAW.

LEWISBURG, February 6, '84.

COLONEL W. E. CUTSHAW :

Dear Colonel,—I received yesterday your note and pamphlet. I have no recollection of the facts contained in the paragraph to which you call my attention.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) A. GRAHAM.

Roll of the Second Company, Richmond Howitzers,

As mustered into the service of the State of Virginia—as printed in a Richmond paper at the time, 1861, and preserved in a scrap-book at the Virginia State Library.

BROWN, J. THOMPSON Captain.

ELLETT, JAMES.....First Lieutenant.

ARCHER, WM. M.....Second Lieutenant.

The other officers not known. This company is at Gloucester Point.

ALLEN, H.

CALDWELL, WM. M.

ANGEL, J. C.

CRANE, C. T. C.

BARNES, L. R.

CARTER, S. S.

BRENT, T. C.

CLARKE, D. B.

BAKER, T. R.

CRUMP, G. T.

BOOKER, LEWIS.

CHRISTIAN, JORDAN C.

BELL, R. F.

CORBIN, N. M.

BELL, THOS.

DUVALL, WM.

BURNLEY, H. M.

DAVIS, T. J.

BINFORD, S. J.

ELLETT, JOHN S.

ESTERN, W. B.	MOORE, J. B.
FITZHUGH, J. S.	MAYO, J. B.
GUIGON, A. B.	McRAE, WALLACE
GARNETT, W. J.	PLEASANTS, R. B.
HALYBURTON, W. J.	POLLARD, THOS.
HILL, CHARLES.	PLEASANTS, H. R.
HILL, F. D.	PARRACK, THOS. C.
HILL, W. R.	PLACE, GEO.
HILL, LEWIS R.	SUTTON, CHAS. W.
HULLIHAN, W. O.	SHOOK, H. C.
HARVEY, M. L.	SHEPPARD, W. L.
HUDNALL, HENRY	TERRELL, JOSEPH.
HOBSON, G. W.	TERRELL, MAHLON.
HUGHES, STEPHEN B.	TIMBERLAKE, L. W.
JONES, L., Jr.	VEST, J. H.
JONES, L. F.	WEST, JOHN W.
JONES, H. S.	WILLIAMS, JOS. P.
KIRBY, R. L.	WYNNE, C. H.
LANGHORNE, J. B.	WHARTON, JNO. Z.
MORTON, T. E.	WERTH, JOHN.
MILLER, M. O	YATES, JAMES A.
McCARTHY, WM. H.	

Muster-Roll of Second Company Richmond Howitzers,

Cutshaw's Artillery Battalion, April 9th, 1865.

JONES, L. F.	Captain.
ANGEL, JOSEPH C.	Second Lieutenant.
McRAE, WALLACE.	Junior Second Lieutenant.
JONES, LANEY.	Sergeant-Major.
MORDECAI, WM. Y.	Quartermaster-Sergeant.
PLEASANTS, R. B.	Second Sergeant.
ELLETT, JOHN S.	Third Sergeant.
BOSHER, RO. S.	Fourth Sergeant.
McCARTHY, WILLIAM H.	First Corporal.
MORDECAI, GEORGE W.	Second Corporal.
CLARKE, DAVID B.	Third Corporal.
COCKE, JOSEPH J.	Fourth Corporal.
MAXEY, JOS. E.	Fifth Corporal.
FRANKLIN, L. B.	Eighth Corporal.

PRIVATES.

ATKISSON, JAS. T.	LEMON, WM.
ALLGOOD, JOHN T.	LEWIS, THEO.
BOSHER, E. J.	MANN, WM. J.
BURNLEY, C. T.	McCARTHY, JULIAN.
CHAPMAN, JOHN E.	McCARTHY, CARLTON.
ELLYSON, J. T.	MILLER, C. M.
FITZGERALD, N.	MORDECAI, JOHN B.
GRIGG, JAMES A.	NEIGHBORS, WM.
HUDSON, WM. D.	PALMER, CHARLES T.
HALL, W. N.	PURYEAR, WM. H.
JESSIE, JAMES M.	SEMPLE, G. W.
JONES, JOHN T.	TALIAFERRO, J. C.
JONES, PETER L.	WALDROP, JOHN.
JOHNSON, WM. R.	WINSTON, J. D.
JUSTICE, D. O.	WORSHAM, L. W.
LAWRENCE, S. R.	WORSHAM, W. G.
LEFTWICH, T. R.	WINGO, WM. J.

Report of arms-bearing men in battle 9th April, 1865, viz.: 3 commissioned officers and 22 enlisted men. Total, 25.

L. F. JONES, *Captain,*
Second Company Richmond Howitzers.

Official copy:

S. V. SOUTHALL, *A. A. A. General, Long's Artillery.*

NOTE.—The above is copied from the *original official copy* in the possession of the Southern Historical Society.


The report above shows only twenty-two men in battle the 9th April (arms-bearing), while the names counted show forty-five. The explanation is simply that twenty-three men had no arms in their hands. They, however, followed the company closely on the march and in line, and shared all its dangers.

NOTE.—First Lieutenant Jones, whose name does not appear, was mortally wounded before the company reached Appomattox. Ragland, Binford Pearson and others were wounded; Hampton was killed; Creed T. Davis and others were made prisoners, and others, from various causes, could not reach Appomattox. This note is made that the future historian of the company may be reminded to look into these particulars and, as far as may be, do justice to all.—EDITOR.

Members of the Company Surrendered by General Long, Brigadier-General Artillery, while on duty at his headquarters on the 9th of April:

S. W. BARNES, Corporal,	T. C. BRENT,
T. R. LUMPKIN,	H. C. SHOOK.

NOTE.—The four names above are from the original official papers in possession Southern Historical Society.



CONTRIBUTIONS

To A HISTORY of The
**RICHMOND
HOWITZER
BATTALION.**

PAMPHLET No. 4.

CONTENTS:

- I. Prison Diary of CREED T. DAVIS, of Second Company.
- II. That Hog-hole, by J. V. L. MCCREEKY, of First Company.
- III. Extracts from an old "Order Book" of First Company Richmond Howitzers.

J. W. RANDOLPH & ENGLISH,
1302 AND 4 MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VA
1886.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The Howitzer Association proposes to publish, from time to time, in uniform pamphlet style, as much of the history of the three companies composing the battalion as can be rescued from oblivion. The archives of the Association already hold much valuable and exceedingly interesting material, composed in part of personal diaries, muster-rolls, order-books, pay-rolls, official reports, &c.

Contributions of material of this sort, or indeed of any sort, are earnestly solicited, will be carefully preserved, and finally printed.

The undersigned, having been elected to receive and preserve all matter which may be given or loaned to the Association for preservation in its publications, packages or communications may be addressed to him.

The present number (No. 4) speaks for itself.

Pamphlet No. 3 contains the diaries of three men, besides a sketch by Sergeant Pleasants, and some other matter of interest.

Pamphlet No. 2, of 202 pages, uniform with this number, comprises the Diary of William S. White, of the Third Company, from the Fall of Sumter to the end of the War.

Pamphlet No. 1 constitutes the fullest and most reliable account of the Battle of Bethel which has yet been written, and is equally valuable and interesting; being, in the main, the work of Rev. E. CLIFFORD GORDON—one of the best of "The Old Third"—eighty-four pages.

The price of No. 1 is \$1; No. 2, \$2; No. 3, \$1; No. 4, \$1.

Pamphlets Nos. 5 and 6 in preparation.

CARLTON McCARTHY.



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WM. ELLIS JONES,
PRINTER,
RICHMOND, VA.

CONTRIBUTIONS

TO A

History of the Richmond Howitzer Battalion.

HOWITZERS IN PRISON.

Prison Diary of Creed T. Davis, Private Second
Company Richmond Howitzers, Cutshaw's
Battalion of Artillery.

April 9, 1865.—Among the Confederate prisoners I have found here are eleven of our company. They tell me that the company had a desperate engagement on the evening of the 6th instant, after I was captured with the wagon train. I am also informed that Privates Hamilton and Palmer and Lieutenant Jones were killed, and that Shelton Ragland, my uncle, and many other members of our company, were wounded at the same time. We were moved from a temporary prison camp at the Junction yesterday at 9 o'clock, and marched under a heavy guard until late last night, when we went into prison camp near Blacks and Whites, wherever that may be. There are supposed to be about 8,000 men in our party of prisoners. I know it must be a great number. The prisoners are in a desperate and starving condition. We do not draw the usual rations given out to soldiers. Our guard promises us rations soon. This morning they gave us corn on the husk, which was thrown out to us from a corn-house door as if we had been a drove of hogs. There was a great scramble for it as it touched the ground, the men in their eagerness to get an ear of corn falling and tumbling pell-mell over each other, and the unsuccessful man frequently tearing from the hand of the more fortunate one his ear of corn. Our guards tell us that their men are themselves on short rations, their wagon train not being able to come up on time. As for me, I am so weak and feeble from being starved out that I am scarcely able to stand up; but I am clinging to my blanket all

the same. Nothing heard from General Lee's army; it must be in desperate straits.

* * * * *

April 13.—The harrowing events and my sufferings for the last ten days have caused me intense agony, and I almost wish that I was dead. Have marched all the time through mud and rain without a half sufficiency of either rations or sleep. We have no cooking utensils and most of the men have no blankets, in fact, nothing but the filthy clothes upon our bodies. The nights are dimly cold and cloudy. We have no fires, as there is no wood. We have not a thread of tent cloth, and take the rain as we crouch in our tracks in the field. The roads have been in miserable condition—it having rained nearly every day since our capture. In addition to this discomfort, the roads have been made doubly bad by being cut up by both armies marching and counter-marching and fighting over them. We arrived at this place, City Point, last night. We were not put into a regular camp, but we camped in the road just as we stood when we halted. We were stretched along the road for more than a mile, where we remained and slept all night. The rain fairly poured down all night—a *perfect deluge*. We had not an inch of canvas to protect us—oh, thou black, horrible, cruel night. Our guards tell us that they would have camped us in a field, but that they expected orders momentarily to march us into a boat, now lying in the river, which it is surmised is to take us to a Northern prison. 12 M. We have just been marched in the steamer, Maryland; where we will be sent to no one knows. News to-day that General Lee has surrendered his army.

April 14.—After so much exposure to the weather and the late rains we had, for us, a good time on the steamer, notwithstanding we expected to find it another Black Hole of Calcutta. We have just marched out of the boat and landed on a strip of land—they say it is Newport News—where it is said we will be held indefinitely as prisoners of war. Our camp is a newly established one without even a fence around it. The officers in charge of the prison thus far have been kind to us, all of which is duly appreciated, as from what we had learned we did not expect it; our great trouble and humiliation is that negro troops have been placed over us as guards.

April 15.—Our Yankee guards treat us as well as could be

expected. They laid off a prison camp this morning, and a tent was issued to every six men, a better tent than we have ever seen in the Confederate army. The prisoners refuse to believe the news about the surrender of General Lee, although our guards declare positively that he has surrendered. I am sick--a natural result from having marched bare footed from near Petersburg to City Point, a march made through mud, in many places, almost knee-deep.

April 16—I am sick again to-day, although I make the preservation of my health (so that I may get out of this place) my whole study. A bad thing to die at any time—I should hate to die, particularly now, as the war is said to be at an end. Steamers, and every other kind of rigged vessels are going up and down the river; this greatly relieves the monotony of our prison camp. I made application to-day for the position of Prison Postmaster.

April 17.—Turned in last night very sick, but am much better to-day. Preaching in prison is about the only commodity we get in a large quantity, we had it yesterday in big unbroken choking doses. Some Good Samaritan has been good enough to send us a lot of old newspapers; reading matter is extremely scarce in this prison pen; books and papers would be highly appreciated by the boys. Last night our numbers were augmented by another batch of prisoners, who had been sent to Point Lookout prison, but were returned to this place, as Point Lookout was full to repletion. The weather is very cold and disagreeable this morning, so much so, that the few of us who happen to have blankets, walk about with them thrown over our shoulders Indian fashion.

April 18.—I slept better last night than at any other time since my capture, consequently I have a better flow of spirits this morning, and, in fact, feel as fine as "frog hair," as Potso used to say. The prisoners for several days have been agitated by a rumor of the assassination of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, but we do not believe it, although we know that some officer of high rank is dead, as all the steamers that pass up and down the river have their flags at half-mast. I have been reading *Pollard's Life in a Yankee Prison*: it is a poor acknowledgement to the Yankees for the many privileges they allowed him while a prisoner of war.

April 19.—Still sick. Most of the prisoners are prostrated with dysentery and other bowel complaints—thought to be the results of the bad water we are forced to use in this low country. Our water is obtained from barrels sunk in the low places of the surface of the ground inside the prison inclosure. Have just read an account of the assassination of President Lincoln, which took place at a theatre in Washington city. This sad occurrence will no doubt rebound to our great disadvantage. Prisoners now consider the war at an end, and most of them are ready to swallow the oath of allegiance to the government of the United States.

April 20.—Little or no sleep last night. A sick man in a tent next to ours groaned so piteously all night that he kept me awake. There were other sick near also, who coughed incessantly. The health of the prison could not be worse. I do not believe there are one hundred well men in camp. A rumor in prison to-day that General Johnston has surrendered in North Carolina. Have written home, but have not heard from there in reply.

April 21.—Our prison life grows more and more wearisome : it is almost unbearable. Every hour seems an age, and I am in despair of ever getting out again. The negro guards of the prison become more insolent and domineering every day. They abuse us in an infamous manner. Several prisoners have been shot down for the most trivial offences, without even a warning. Two men were shot last night. Rumors to-day of a release soon, but we dare not trust ourselves to believe them, we have been so often disappointed. Our rations are codfish and hard navy crackers—a poor bill of fare for a man with bad teeth, like I happen to have. Out of heart to-day, and indescribably miserable.

April 22.—We hear of a suspension of hostilities between all the armies this side of the Mississippi river. The armistice was signed upon the part of the Confederate government by General Johnston, and upon the part of the United States by General Sherman. Prisoners take this as a final declaration of peace, and rejoice accordingly. Since it has become known that the Confederacy is dead beyond resurrection, the men are perfectly willing to take the oath. We are dying to get our liberty once more. I do not feel that I can survive another week in prison.

Actual service in the field, subject to all the risks and dangers of battle, is far preferable to this horrible life in prison.

April 23.—Great God! we are here another Sunday! A ranting old abolitionist parson is insulting and haranguing a scornful crowd of prisoners near by. It is a singular fact that these Yankee preachers cannot preach a sermon of fifteen minutes' length without alluding to slavery. What a sweet morsel it is under their tongues. I wonder if there is no lying, cheating and swindling and wickedness up their way which might afford them a topic. A negro sentinel shot a prisoner this morning. The negro claims that it was accidental. *Of course* it was. Every time a man has been shot this has been the excuse. Yesterday the prison authorities sounded us on the oath of allegiance question. Nearly every prisoner agreed to subscribe to it. The Confederacy certainly cannot be killed any *deader* by it. There is not much foolish sentiment about this oath question now.

April 24.—Another batch of prisoners brought in last night; among them, a great surprise to me, was Dr. James W. Davis, a surgeon and cousin of mine, who was captured on the third instant, but was left behind in charge of a lot of wounded men. At the time of his capture he was in charge of a hospital filled with the wounded of both armies. He expects to be soon released as a non-combatant. The rumor of the surrender of General Johnston is contradicted to-day, though I still adhere to the belief that he has yielded. Thanks for a pleasant day.

April 25.—Hospital buildings and other improvements are in progress in the prison inclosure. This does not look like a speedy release of us. Dr. James W. Davis is still a prisoner with us; he is surgeon in charge of one of the prison companies. The health of the prison is improving, and our rations have been increased. Good, good, good! Calvin Cocke, a Howitzer, my bed-fellow, who has been sick, is getting better. No news from home yet.

April 26.—The prison is unusually quiet. Even the assassination of the President has ceased to be a topic, and our whole thoughts are concentrated upon the one subject of getting out of this pen. I read on the "order board" this morning that when the prisoners were released they would be given free transportation home, wherever that might be. It is a conundrum to me

how the men from Texas and distant States are to get home without a cent in their pockets with which to buy provisions.

April 27.—Reported to the surgeon yesterday morning and got a prescription from him, which did me a great deal of good. Again, I wonder how much longer we will be kept in this pen. Is there no end to our imprisonment?

April 28.—In spite of hard-tack, bad water, and a constantly empty and hungry stomach, I am improving in health some; yet scores are dying all around me like sheep with the rot. Enjoyed the luxury of an old newspaper to day; it was crowded with graphic descriptions of President Lincoln's funeral procession, which must have been indeed very imposing and solemn. I believe the assassination is as much lamented by the Confederate prisoners as by the Yankee people themselves. Now that slavery is among the things of the past, the prisoners are fond of discussing how free negro labor will operate. It is agreed that he will be of no account. How in the name of Old Nick will sugar-cane and cotton be cultivated? White people will not be able to stand the sun of the Southern States.

April 29.—Dr. James W. Davis, one of the prison surgeons (a Confederate), was shipped yesterday to Washington city prison. The negro guards are very severe; the slightest breach of discipline means a "dead rebel." Read a Richmond paper. What a treat it was. William Ira Smith, the clothier, figures as the editor and proprietor of the *Whig*. I learn from this paper that Richmond was not so badly burned after all, only the houses on Main street and a few on Cary were destroyed; I am so glad the conflagration was not general.

April 30.—Another beautiful Sunday finds us in prison; oh, how I long and crave to be out. Can it be possible that we are doomed for another Sunday? Whenever an officer comes into the prison great crowds surround him and ply him with questions as to the probability of the time when we will be released. They always tell us, "to-morrow," yet we linger here week after week; I suppose they intend this as a ration of hope. Oh, the bitter disappointments we have so often suffered! If I only knew the day of deliverance, I believe I could be satisfied for months, but this hope deferred has made my heart sick unto death. Many of the boys are getting letters from Richmond, though not a word has come from my folks; I reckon they have

given me up, probably think I was killed in the battle of Appomattox.

May 1.—Camp again in great excitement; news of a speedy release. The impression is that we will go out to-morrow. Having thought so much over it I dreamed all last night of home. If we do not go out to-morrow I think I will surely die of disappointment. Good God! a day here now, half-starved as we are, is a prolonged age of misery.

May 2.—Miserable to-day; completely played out; very hungry; stomach "gone visiting to my back-bone"; still without shoes; as completely bare-footed as when I came into the world; I am trying to bear up under all this trouble, but my resolution is almost gone. One crumb of comfort to-day—Major Monroe, one of the officers in charge of the prison, says he is in daily expectation of orders from Washington to break up the prison at once. Another batch of prisoners arrived from Fortress Monroe yesterday; why were they sent here I would like to know? If they intend to break up the prison soon, this don't look like it. My bed-fellow, Calvin Cocke, sold his silver watch yesterday, the proceeds of which he divided with me; to-day we have bought cheese and bread, and are living like "fighting cocks," and notwithstanding I am sick, I am faithfully illustrating greedy gut. This is the first time I have eaten a square meal since I left home—that is, enough at one sitting.

May 3.—Slept well last night, and feel "tip top" to-day. A prisoner was released this morning by special order from Washington city. Every Howitzer, except myself, has received a letter from home; I would write, but I can get neither paper nor stamps. Richmond papers are in camp, and they report things working smoothly, and the Richmond people are quite satisfied.

May 4.—Yesterday, up to the arrival of the mail boat from Washington, the prison was in a mighty flutter of excitement, as the prison officers had told us that the boat would bring orders from the Secretary of War, ordering our immediate release. The boat came on time, but alas! alas!! it did not bring the documents of release, a disappointment to which I submitted with great gnashing of teeth. Read a Northern daily—it contained a bitter speech from old Ben Butler, who proposed a new

plan for the more efficient government of the South, or lately "rebellious States." Thank you, Mr. Butler.

May 5.—A gloomy, rainy day is upon us; if we were French or Germans, there would no doubt be a small crop of suicides in prison to-day. We are crowded in our tents to keep out of the rain. Everybody is lying on the ground thinking of home before the war. We hear that we go out to-morrow—we try to believe it, but we have been disappointed so often; but a drowning man, you know, will catch at straws. All anxiety for a letter from home.

May 6.—Notwithstanding the jolly rumor of going out sure to-day, which was extensively and joyously circulated yesterday, we are still here in all the agony of deferred hope, and we begin to think that the prospect of freedom at any time soon has vanished. Have just been lucky enough to borrow writing paper and envelopes, and have written two letters, but cannot find a stamp in prison. A New York *Herald*, which I have just read, informs me of the surrender of our General, Kirby Smith, and also of the capture of the Confederate Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Mallory.

May 7.—Another lovely Sunday finds us locked in. A horrible monotony reigns. But for the lovely sheet of water the dear old James river forms at this point, and all around the prison, Nature would be the deadest of blanks to me. Methinks that a stroll in the fields or woods at this time would be what water is to some of the poor wretches dying in the hospital of this terrible den. It is dreadful to think of the many poor fellows dying here, and then, too, so far from home and friends, after four years of toughing it, and after the war has actually closed. Tantalus! Tantalus!! However, it may be best. Who knows what the future has in store for the South? I forget that we are a subjugated people; but the Yankees are not likely to forget the little trouble the Rebels have given them the last three or four years. We had preaching in camp to-day. I wish preaching was veritable bread and meat; we would be fat. One of the prisoners did the palavering, and we were thus spared the abolition cant generally given us by Yankee parsons. Posted a letter to my sister Belle.

May 8.—I am wrought into a state of frenzy to-day. What

a dark and stormy sea this life is anyhow. At this moment I would rather be one of the rotting carcasses on one of the battlefields around Richmond than the incarnate prison wretch I am to-day :

“ Oh! for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe.”

A crazy freak that I should remember this verse.

The negro guard last night bayoneted a prisoner without the slightest provocation, killing him upon the spot, and shot at another man, but luckily missed his aim. It is singular that this shooting business is allowed. After a murder of this kind, not even the shadow of an investigation is held by the officers in charge of the prison.

May 9.—A severe thunder-storm burst upon the camp yesterday. The fierce hurricane blew down our tents and scattered things generally. No news from Washington about our release that is worthy of note. The most sanguine prisoner does not place our release at an earlier day than the first of June. An old *New York Times* that fell into my hands confirms the report of the escape of President Jeff. Davis. Good-bye, Jeff! The leading editorials are congratulatory of the manner in which the guerrillas are coming in and laying down their arms. Colonel Mosby is reported to have surrendered. He is considered to be the last stave in the Confederate bucket, and if that has fallen down the Confederacy is no more.

May 10.—I learn from old newspapers that General Joseph R. Anderson, Judge Lyons, and Mr. Littleton Tazewell and many other prominent men of Richmond have taken the oath of allegiance to the United States and a liberal amnesty oath is offered the citizens. Not a single line from home yet, notwithstanding I have written several letters.

May 11.—Since Calvin Cocke sold his watch, the proceeds of which he divided with me, I have gotten in much better health. We buy loaf bread, which, added to prison rations, is adding a little flesh to my bones. I am told that I look as yellow as a pumpkin—a bad liver and the bad living is the cause of this yellowness.

May 12.—The chilly winds that prevail to-day have brought

back the old melancholy feeling, and woe, woe is me! ragged, dirty, and, not to mince matters, *very lousy*,* from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet, and with dysentery, too. The mental torture of this place surpasses, if anything, the physical pain it produces. The louse here is a useful factor, as he furnishes occupation; but for their industry "dry rot" would prevail among the idle prisoners. Hurrah! the negro guards are about to be relieved and white soldiers placed over us. This is quite an episode in the gay life of this hospitable place.

May 13.—This morning some philanthropic soul distributed among the prisoners a few books and old newspapers. I grabbed a book and a paper and am happy for the time being. My book was of a political character, and was an *exposé* of General Andrew Jackson's presidential administration. The sunshine of to-day has restored my good humor, but I will be raving mad to-morrow.

May 14.—The negro regiment stationed here has been relieved by the Fifth Maryland Volunteers. It is heartily wished by us that the negro guards have been ordered to a very "hot place." We like our change of masters, and the white guards are good fellows. They cannot prove so cruel as the negroes, and I remember the devil is called black—black devil! Another jolly rumor of going out to-morrow. I won't believe it.

May 15.—The prison was inspected to-day. A North Carolina prisoner, with much more enthusiasm than sense, has been preaching near my tent. How these "tar-heels" do whine; but not more, I reckon, than myself.

May 16.—One of the guards has come into camp and told us that President Jeff. Davis has been captured. The artillery salutes we heard this morning in the direction of Fortress Monroe were no doubt fired in honor of this important event, or perhaps in honor of the surrender of General E. Kirby Smith, now west of the Mississippi river. James McKenny, who is a patient in the hospital, came into camp and loaned me a number of old newspapers, and for the present I am in clover knee-deep. A pleasant spell of weather this.

May 17.—A gay camp to day; rumors of "order" from Washington for immediate release of prisoners. The clerks at

* This was true of all the prisoners.

the prison headquarters are said to be filling up blank oaths, so as to expedite the delivery; the oaths will have to be swallowed before release. There is no more false sentiment about taking the oath, as "the lion" that claimed our allegiance heretofore will never shake his gory locks in the face of the enemy again— notwithstanding this funeral, we are happy to-day at the glorious prospect of bidding good-bye to this place soon.

May 18.—Received my first letter from home to-day; matters are not so bad there after all; our letters are subjected to the supervision of the prison authorities before coming into camp.

May 19.—Great God! "the order" in relation to the release of the prisoners has been countermanded—I am dumbfounded and cast down into the earth—so we are informed by the sentinels on duty here, who are as anxious to be discharged from military duty, as we are to get out of the prison; they say but for our retention they would be mustered out. How dashed my hopes are—what a bitter, bitter disappointment. Camp is in a perfect rage of despair, and the boys curse loudly and deeply; many are in the throes of despair; I know one or two men who are actually dying from pure melancholy. I have cultivated stoicism, but I grow weaker and less resolute with every disappointment. I am completely "laid on the shelf" by the last news. I don't think I can live another week here; can't stand it, by the gods!

May 20.—We are completely crushed by yesterday's news, and there is not to-day in camp a person man enough to start a lying rumor about getting out even next week. More preaching in camp by one of the boys.

May 21.—Bad weather to-day—cloudy yesterday; and I don't care if it is. What difference does it make to the poor devils of Newport News prison? Everybody in tents. A great many boats passed up the river to-day, laden with paroled prisoners of war homeward bound. They wave their caps and yell at us in the wicked old rebel way. How we would like to exchange places with them! The commandant of the prison inspected it to-day.

May 22.—It rained all last night. The long spell in May is upon us. The storm raged last night with great fury and violence. It was fresh from the sea, and shook the earth under

our feet. I never saw such flashes of lightning before. The heavens were zigzagged all over with the most fantastic streaks of fire. I thought my time had come, but I supposed I was spared to grind more hard-tack and eat more rotten codfish. During the prevalence of the storm, a tent near by was struck by lightning, the pole was shattered, and the tent torn in threads. One man was killed outright, and two or three wounded. The poor fellow killed presented a ghastly object stretched out on a plank. He laid out all last night and until the middle of to-day in a hot broiling sun. He was a splendid specimen of manhood, and the surgeons of the hospital are going to dissect him. Scarred all over with honorable war-wounds, his poor body after death is to be hacked to pieces in the interests of science. What a sad commentary on one's patriotism.

May 23.—Glory to the Creator in the highest! The bad weather is at last over. The landscape outside, after the rain, must blush like a lovely maiden. Our landscape consists of two trees, and a few yards of wire and pepper-grass. A young prisoner preached an eloquent sermon to-day. No prospect of getting out soon, so they say at headquarters.

May 24.—Thanks, for a day or two past, I have gotten enough to eat. Fishing in the river is splendid, and upon fish I fill up. I have formed a copartnership with an expert fisherman, who is to catch the fish, and I am to prepare and cook them. I am without clothes or shoes. A rumor again of the prison disgorging. Very cold weather for the season to-day.

May 25.—This morning a fellow prisoner, Sergeant Thomas White, of First Regiment Virginia Volunteers, came into our tent and made himself known to me. He is an old acquaintance, and it did me good to meet with him. He is limping around, wounded in the last fight. Besides this new wound, he carries four minie-balls in various parts of his person. He informs me that his life is just held by a thread, and the surgeon says he may be taken at any moment. He is a pretty gritty rebel, in spite of it all. I have sore throat—from fish-bones I suspect.

May 26.—The prisoners have been forced to stay in their tents to-day. It has been raining since last night, and the general dullness of our tent has been increased by the absence of William Underwood from it. He is the wit of our division. Under-

wood is only a prison acquaintance, and not a Howitzer. He says he is a Senator-elect to the Virginia Senate.

May 27.—This morning our sutler moved out of prison. This gentle hint put the whole prison in commotion and good humor. It is a sign that we catch at. This looks like breaking up prison. Every man's heart is in his mouth. A break up, can it be? Later—another sutler has moved in. What a terrible disappointment! The guards now tell us that the first sutler thought he had got the last cent in prison, and moved out under that impression to seek newer and fresher fields. An old newspaper informs me that nearly all the Northern military prisons have been emptied. Rained yesterday, and is raining now.

May 28.—For a day or two past the prison has been run stark mad. The present diversion of the boys is to fight; we have three or four every day. The guards do not interfere, but allow the boys the fullest liberty to knock themselves to pieces. But the fight has to be fair. When a fight commences a great crowd gathers around the pugilists—in fact, form a regular ring. No one is allowed to interfere with the sport. Difference in size of the combatants is not considered. When a quarrel commences between two men they are made by the by-standers to stand up to the rack and fight it out. There is no backing out, but when a party cries "Enough!" the fight is instantly stopped and the men separated. Met Martin Baker to day. A five-dollar bill received from home to-day. Thanks.

May 29.—Could not sleep last night, as my tent-mates, Calvin Cocke and George P. Hughes, Howitzers, expected to escape from prison at 1 A. M. They had promised one of the sentinels twenty dollars. Promptly at the hour named, they met the sentinel; they presented him a twenty-dollar Confederate bill; striking a match, he discovered the trick, and he made them return to their tents. Such is Cocke's story for his failure to escape.

May 30.—Howitzers Hughes and Cocke made another unsuccessful attempt at escape last night, for the sentinel failed to stick to his agreement. Deaths in prison are on the increase. The ambulance is busily engaged all day hauling out the dead. If the present mortality is kept up the whole prison will be cleaned out in six months. But a few men, I think, will be left to tell the tale.

May 31.—Hughes and Cocke made still another attempt to escape last night, but failed. William Underwood went out all right. He told me his plans before the attempt, but I did not believe he would try to get out. We are now without hope of a speedy “go out.”

June 1.—Howitzers George P. Hughes and Calvin Cocke made their fourth attempt at escape last night, and succeeded in getting outside the fence. They dug under the inclosure easily, the earth being light and sandy, and escaped through the opening thus made. They insisted upon my escaping with them, but as their programme was to make their way to Richmond, through the woods and across the swamps, travelling in the night time, I thought it best not to go out with them, as I was barefooted, and would thus be a great hindrance to them on the route, as I would not be able to keep up. Now that Hughes, Cocke and Underwood have all escaped, I am in the lowest depths of despair; they were my closest friends—Cocke and Hughes being my bed-fellows.

June 2.—I am as resigned as a Christian should be to-day, and have been taking a philosophical view of things—I am as pensive as a fair maiden in love. Near my tent a fiery young orator is making a speech—a preacher is speaking to another group, and right along side the religious group several of the boys have raised a tent of blankets, the blankets being stretched over poles, forming a kind of arbor, under this a game of “keno” is in progress; crackers or hard-tack, and chews of tobacco is the currency. A man frequently stakes his last chew of tobacco and the last mouthful of his scanty rations. The same eagerness is displayed in the countenance of a man, with his last cracker up, that one sees in the face of a man outside with his thousands of dollars as a stake. Frequently, with nothing but crackers up, I have seen over a hundred men around the board, breathless with excitement and expectation; an infant’s breathing might have been heard when the stakes would be only a dozen or two of crackers, or a few chews of tobacco. One chew of tobacco commands a cracker; one chew or one cracker will pay for a shave; “one chew” will get a hair cut, or shave; a shirt, or any article of clothing will be washed for a chew or a cracker. Trades are made in this way: the merchant, in the morning, starts out with two bags hanging on each side of him, in one he carries

crackers, and in the other tobacco cut up into small chews; as he walks around, he cries, "here is your chew of tobacco for a cracker, or a cracker for a chew of tobacco" as the case may require. There is always somebody who is willing to exchange one for the other. Tobacco here is never sold by as large a quantity as a plug, but always by the chew. There are few men here so wealthy as to be able to buy a plug of tobacco at once.

June 3.—I have just learned from Howitzer Lucien B. Tatum, who is employed as clerk at prison headquarters, that Hughes and Cocke's escape excites considerable comment at the office, and that steps have been taken to recapture them. I am quite sure they will not be retaken, as they had taken the precaution to supply themselves with blank oath certificates which can be filled properly if required.

June 4.—This morning we were marched out in the open space or campus and made to stand in the hot, broiling sun several hours. All the prisoners were assembled. It is surmised that it was done to count us. While standing the sun blistered my feet, which are bare. I protected them somewhat by holding bunches of pepper-grass between my toes. It has been several weeks since I wore shoes. I have just read an old novel, the scene of which, strange to say, is laid in our old neighborhood in Hanover county.

June 5.—To-day is another of the warm ones, and is a gentle reminder of what we will have to endure here should we remain in July and August—but this is a too discouraging subject to be thought of. The health of the prison is dreadful; dysentery and typhoid fever are the prevailing diseases, and generally end fatally. If the present death rate continues there will be none left to tell the tale of Newport News prison.

June 6.—Received a letter from my sister, Ella, containing a dollar bill, sent by my mother. A dollar is immense wealth in this place. The top of my feet is covered with a solid scab—the effect of the sun while standing in the field the other day for inspection. Most of the boys are also without shoes and in the same fix.

June 7.—So far from breaking up prison, it is receiving reinforcements. Last evening there was an addition of twelve men. They came from Hampton Hospital, which is near by. One of them, Mr. Tennyly, was assigned to our tent, and we are already

crowded. The old intense, consuming yearning to get out of this place is in full possession of me to-day. It never relaxes its grip for a moment in the day or night; it presses upon me like a leaden weight.

June 8.—In reading an old paper this morning, I saw an order from the "Secretary of War" commanding the release of all prisoners of war below the rank of major. These orders, I presume, are yet to be transmitted officially to the superintendent of this prison. After much hot weather we are at this time having a delightful season.

June 9.—To-day I am too completely subdued to join the boys in the customary compliments to the Yankees and the world generally. We cover them every day knee-deep in anathemas. Swearing has been reduced to a fine art here.

June 10.—The prison is jubilant to-day. Howitzer Lucien Tatum, employed at headquarters' office, has been down into camp, and tells us that Captain Heath has received orders to release the prisoners as soon as possible, and that he will commence the work of liberation next Monday. This is no mere rumor, as Lucien is good authority, as he is in a position to know. Prisoners farthest from home, such as the Texans, Mississippians, and others from the far South, will be liberated first. Alas! the Virginians, being nearest home, will be the last to go out. Received a letter to-day from Howitzer George P. Hughes, under the *alias* of John T. Brown. After his escape from prison he made the trip safe to his home without adventure of any note. Virgil Carroll was released to-day by special order from Washington city. I do not believe I have another personal friend in the prison.

June 11.—The Virginia boys are standing about in groups, discussing the probability of the time when our turn, that is, the Virginians, will come "to go out." Anxious as we are to be released, all agree that it is right for the prisoners from the most distant States to go out first. Our turn will come about the middle of next week. Visited Tom White in the hospital yesterday. Hospital, quite crowded. Saw the most harrowing sights; death was marked upon the face of nearly every poor fellow; dreadful agony all depicted. Poor delirious fellows were groaning and talking about their homes, carrying on in most cases imaginary conversations with their home people, such as

mother and father. Nearly every man was sending last messages to his people by his friend who was to go out of prison. This is too bad—dying in prison after seeing the war at last closed.

June 12.—I was detailed yesterday for office duty at headquarters. I will derive great advantage from this detail, such as drawing more and better rations already prepared and cooked. In addition I will be housed, instead of being in the field, and will thus be protected from the scorching sun which has been shining “cussedly” hot. They have not yet commenced to administer the oath, owing to some discrepancy in the blank oath certificates. New oath certificates have got to be sent from Washington before anything can be done. I suppose the next thing that occurs will be that all the ink and pens in the United States will have been used and we will have to wait for more to be manufactured.

June 14.—I have been very busy to-day making out paroles for over two hundred men. Sick men now go out first—a good order.

June 15.—All the men in the office have been diligently employed the last three days. But we now have to pause in our work—all the blank certificates having been filled out and handed to the prisoners. About eight hundred men have gone out or taken the oath. I have no means of knowing, but I think this is about one-fourth of the number of men who have been in confinement. More blank forms are expected to-morrow. Should they arrive, the work of administering the oath will be resumed at once.

June 17.—Nothing further has been done in the way of releasing prisoners. Not a man went out yesterday. This suspension of the work of releasing the men greatly bothers the remaining men here, and they are in despair.

June 18.—I have employed myself to-day in making out a list of the men who have died in this prison since its establishment. I intend to have it published, should I ever get out, for the information of those persons, who have lost all traces of their friends who were in the last battle of the war, as they could not communicate with their home people in the last hours of the Confederacy, when there were no mail facilities. Again, many men were brought here wounded and sick, and were never able to write

home or give any account of themselves. By publishing this list, their fate, hitherto unknown, may come to the knowledge of their friends, who may come here and identify the graves, as I hear they are all numbered and marked, the head-board of each having the name, regiment and company of the deceased. My list is copied from the official records of the prison office.

June 20.—I do not think I have before noted the fact that there were ten Richmond Howitzers here—viz: Lucien Tatum, James McKenny, Calvin Cocke, George P. Hughes, Wyndham Kemp, Gill Patteson, Harvey Barnes, Willy Winston (called "Springy Dick,") and myself; as anxious a set to get out of prison as ever ate United States hard-tack, or vegetated in a French Bastile. This morning the captain of a vessel lying in the river, came into prison and asked Captain Heath's permission to recruit twelve men, whose services he needed. He agreed to land the men at Galveston, Texas, as there are men here from Texas. He will get them upon the terms stated. I have just learned that Captain Heath refuses him the men. The blanks for which we have been waiting have not yet arrived. The prisoners are very restive and impatient under the delay; but who can help it?

June 21.—No further discharge of prisoners to-day. The spirits of everybody is at the lowest ebb. There could not be more hysteria in a camp of women. Men who never quailed at the cannon's mouth weaken here, and mew like a sick kitten.

June 23.—Still living on hope deferred, but no one fattening on it. Blank forms not yet come, consequently nothing has been done in the office. Deep despondency reigns in the camp.

June 24.—"Hail glorious chief!" The blank forms have arrived at last, and Captain Heath will commence to deliver the oath to the men to-morrow. The clerks in the office have been engaged all day in filling the blanks. Received a Richmond newspaper, and was surprised to read of the suicide of old man Edmund Ruffin. He is the man who fired the first shot at Fort Sumter, which was the first shot of the war. He preferred death to subjugation. He was more than seventy years of age.

June 25.—The oath of allegiance has been administered to seven hundred (700) men, they will be marched out of the inclosure as soon as transportation can be furnished them to their

homes. Those farthest from their homes are getting out first. As the Virginians are upon their native heath, they will be the last to leave the prison

June 26.—Swallowed the following oath yesterday: "I, C. T. Davis, of the County of Henrico, City of Richmond, State of Virginia, do solemnly swear that I will protect, support and defend the Constitution and government of the United States, against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign; that I 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 United States; and I take this oath freely and voluntarily, without any mental reservation whatever."

What a sweeping oath. It must have taken a great genius to get up such an instrument. Vote him a tin horn.

June 29.—Out of prison, and on my way home, that is, what is left of it. A crowd of us arrived at Norfolk day before yesterday. After landing from the boat, we were marched under guard to the Provost Marshal's office, where our names, &c., were registered. After this business was gone through with we were marched to an old brick building on Main Street; instead of being quartered in the building itself, we were camped in the back yard under a large tree, which afforded a delightful shade. This morning we were furnished with transportation papers, after which, we jumped aboard of a steamer bound for Richmond. We feel as light as corks, I can't realize that the dreadful war is over, and that I am to-day a free man, although the war has actually been ended three months. I write this on board of the steamer Thomas Colyer, off Jamestown, and I am reminded of the doughty Captain John Smith and Pocahontas. Our steamer will arrive in Richmond this evening—no accident happening.

July 1.—"Home again" in Richmond, with the saddest of experience. Yet I would not if I could recall the twelve months' service in Colonel McAnerny's battalion of "house pigs" for "home defence only," or the twelve months more active experience in the First Regiment of Virginia Artillery, afterwards Cutshaw's battalion; nor would I blot out of my life's history the harrowing scenes of the field hospital, nor the not less painful incidents of Newport News military prison. As it was

inevitable and had to be, I am now glad I was there, even in my poor way. But, ye gods! what next? what next?

The following is a correct list, copied from the prison records by myself while a clerk in the prison headquarters at Newport News prison, of men who died while in confinement between April 18th and June 17th, 1865:

- T. B. Bryant, private, Eighteenth Virginia; died April 19th; buried at Craney Island.
- P. B. Jolly, private, Eleventh Alabama; died April 22d; buried at Craney Island.
- J. Hamblin, private, Fifty-seventh North Carolina; died April 26th; buried at Craney Island.
- James Mercer, private, Eighteenth Virginia, Company B; died April 27th; buried at P. West's farm.
- J. T. Hollins, private, Fifty-ninth Alabama; died April 30th; buried at P. West's farm.
- Charles Boyle, private, Eleventh Virginia, Company F; died May 1st; buried at P. West's farm.
- J. J. Taylor, private, Fifty-fourth North Carolina, Company K; died May 2d; buried at P. West's farm.
- J. J. Lassiter, private, Eleventh Florida, Company F; died May 2d; buried at P. West's farm.
- Booker Smith, sergeant, Forty-sixth Virginia, Company C; died May 3d; buried at P. West's farm.
- F. Bates, corporal, Eleventh Virginia, Company E; died May 3d; buried at P. West's farm.
- John Tanner, private, Eleventh Florida, Company F; died May 4th; buried at P. West's farm.
- G. Bloxom, private, Thirty-second Virginia, Company E; died May 5th; buried at P. West's farm.
- T. L. Via, sergeant, Fifty-seventh Virginia, Company H; died May 5th; buried at P. West's farm.
- H. J. Chriswell, private, Eleventh Florida, Company C; died May 6th; buried at P. West's farm.
- E. Sims, private, Second North Carolina, Company D; died May 6th; buried at P. West's farm.
- John H. Whitman, private, Fifty-seventh North Carolina, Company K; died May 7th; buried at P. West's farm.

- B. Beckman, private, First South Carolina, Company F; died May 7th; buried at P. West's farm.
- C. E. Haumes, private, Thirteenth Georgia, Company H; died May 8th; buried at P. West's farm.
- Ben. Hurt, private, Cobb's Legion, Company A; died May 8th; buried at P. West's farm.
- Daniel Raiden, private, Thirty-second North Carolina, Company G; died May 8th; buried at P. West's farm.
- L. J. Chapman, private, Thirty-seventh North Carolina, Company G; died May 8th; buried at P. West's farm.
- G. Holsclaw, private, Twenty-second South Carolina, Company C; died May 9th; buried at P. West's farm.
- J. S. Reynolds, private, Forty-sixth Virginia, Company C; died May 10th; buried at P. West's farm.
- Abner Shriver, ———, Eleventh Virginia, Company F; died May 9th; buried at P. West's farm.
- D. Carroll, private, Fifty-third North Carolina, Company C; died May 9th; buried at P. West's farm.
- F. Hamtrank, private, Huger's Battery; died May 10th; buried at West's farm.
- Peter McGee, private, Twenty-fifth Virginia, Company A; died May 11th; buried at West's farm.
- J. C. Yon, private, Twenty-second South Carolina, Company I; died May 12th; buried at West's farm.
- Samuel Word, private, Tenth Virginia, Company B; died May 13th; buried at West's farm.
- J. Clayton, private, South Carolina Artillery, Company F; died May 13th; buried at West's farm.
- H. Mintor, private, First Engineers, Company A; died May 13th; buried at West's farm.
- W. P. Lee, private, Forty-third North Carolina, Company I; died May 13th; buried at West's farm.
- R. S. Rhodes, private, Forty-fifth North Carolina, Company D; died May 13th; buried at West's farm.
- W. S. Shaw, private, Forty-fifth North Carolina, Company B; died May 14th; buried at West's farm.
- P. M. McGinnis, private, Thirty-fifth North Carolina, Company H; died May 14th; buried at West's farm.
- G. M. Holland, private, Fifteenth Virginia Battalion, Company A; died May 15th; buried at West's farm.

- J. F. McCoy, private, Sixth South Carolina, Company K; died May 15th; buried at West's farm.
- Jacob Rudicil, private, Fifty-fourth North Carolina, Company B; died May 15th; buried at West's farm.
- J. D. Clarke, private, Fifty-fourth North Carolina, Company K; died May 17th; buried at West's farm.
- H. W. Brewerton, private, Seventh South Carolina, Company H; died May 17th; buried at West's farm.
- E. Kuley, private, Forty-sixth Virginia, Company E; died May 18th; buried at West's farm.
- A. B. Smith, private, Twentieth Virginia Battalion, Company C; died May 19th; buried at West's farm.
- W. A. Fields, private, Eighteenth Virginia, Company B; died May 20th; buried at West's farm.
- Wilkinson, private, Twenty-second Georgia, Company D; died May 20th; buried at West's farm.
- John Halbfluish, private, Fifth South Carolina, Company D; died May 20th; buried at West's farm.
- William Ellkins, private, Twenty-fourth Virginia, Company I; died May 20th; buried at West's farm.
- Mike Plaster, private, Sixth North Carolina, Company I; died May 21st; buried at West's farm.
- J. R. Donahue, sergeant, Fifteenth Virginia Artillery; died May 22d; buried at West's farm.
- Thomas H. Andrews, private, Thirtieth Virginia, Company C; died May 23d; buried at West's farm.
- John McClenaghan, private, Twenty-sixth Mississippi, Company K; died May 23d; buried at West's farm.
- Thomas Milford, private, Eighteenth Virginia Artillery, Company A; died May 23d; buried at West's farm.
- J. M. Dixon, private, Forty-third North Carolina, Company D; died May 23d; buried at West's farm.
- G. W. Wright, private, Forty-fourth Virginia Battalion, Company B; died May 23d; buried at West's farm.
- N. Tunstill, private, Second South Carolina, Company E; died May 23d; buried at West's farm.
- H. Pickering, private, Sixth Georgia Battalion, Company H; died May 23d; buried at West's farm.
- W. A. Cates, private, Sixth North Carolina, Company F; died May 24th; buried at West's farm.

- A. J. Allen, private, Eighth Georgia Battalion, Company H; died May 24th; buried at West's farm.
- W. N. Knier, private, Company F, Forty-ninth Mississippi; died May 24; buried at P. West's farm.
- M. Goodwin, private, Company E, Nineteenth Virginia Battalion; died May 25; buried at P. West's farm.
- J. Fowler, private, Company F, Eighteenth South Carolina Regiment; died May 26th; buried at P. West's farm.
- G. Gaundiff, private, Company B, Eighteenth Virginia Battalion; died May 26; buried at P. West's farm.
- J. Reid, private, Company G, Thirteenth Georgia; died May 27; buried at P. West's farm.
- J. Gairry, private, Company G, Hampton Legion; died May 28; buried at P. West's farm.
- J. McEwin, private, Company B, First South Carolina; died May 28; buried at P. West's farm.
- C. Grady, private, Company H, Forty-sixth Virginia; died May 28th; buried at P. West's farm.
- H. Holmes, private, Company E, Sixty-fourth Georgia; died May 28; buried at P. West's farm.
- G. S. Gibbs, private, Company C, Thirty-fourth North Carolina; died May 29; buried at P. West's farm.
- J. W. Rushbrook, private, Cutshaw's artillery; died May 29; buried at P. West's farm.
- M. McAlley, private, Company E, Twenty-eighth North Carolina; died May 31; buried at P. West's farm.
- V. A. Palmer, private, Cobb's Legion; died May 30; buried at P. West's farm.
- T. Parish, private, Company D, Forty-eighth North Carolina; died May 30; buried at P. West's farm.
- J. T. Morgan, Private, Company I, Fifty-fourth North Carolina; died May 30; buried at P. West's farm.
- W. N. Jones, private, Company D, Eighteenth Virginia Battalion; died June 3; buried at P. West's farm.
- Luther Yount, private, Company C, Poague's Artillery; died June 2; buried at P. West's farm.
- A. Campbill, private, Company B, Eighteenth South Carolina; died June 3; buried at P. West's farm.
- A. E. Williams, private, Company A, Eighteenth Virginia Battalion; died June 3; buried at P. West's farm.

- Samuel Sheekard, sergeant, Company H, Twenty-fourth Virginia ; died June 4 ; buried at P. West's farm.
- W. D. Wright, private, Company K, Eleventh Virginia ; died June 4 ; buried at P. West's farm.
- L. W. White, private, Company A, Eighteenth Virginia ; died June 4 ; buried at P. West's farm.
- J. W. Wooten, private, Company E, North Carolina Infantry ; died June 4 ; buried at P. West's farm.
- T. W. Johnson, private, Company H, Forty-sixth Virginia ; died June 4 ; buried at P. West's farm.
- A. Fransort, private, Company D, Fifth Louisiana ; died June 1 ; buried at P. West's farm.
- H. V. Dudley, private, Company H, Fifty-seventh Virginia ; died June 2 ; buried at P. West's farm.
- B. B. Boykin, private, Company H, Fifteenth North Carolina ; died June 6 ; buried at P. West's farm.
- Robert McEllmerry, private, Company K, First South Carolina Engineers ; died June 7 ; buried at P. West's farm.
- M. A. Ellis, private, Company G, Forty-eighth Georgia ; died June 7 ; buried at P. West's farm.
- L. W. Robertson, private, Company H, Twentieth Virginia Battalion ; died May 27 ; buried at P. West's farm.
- P. Marten, private, Company D, Nineteenth Virginia Regiment ; died May 29 ; buried at P. West's farm.
- George Brockwell, private, Company C, Eighteenth Virginia ; died May 29 ; buried at P. West's farm.
- James Oakley, ———, Hampton Legion ; died May 31 ; buried at P. West's farm.
- W. L. Shelton, private, Company H, Thirty-eighth Virginia Regiment ; died May 24th ; buried at P. West's farm.
- Jas. H. Chapman, private, Company E, Sixth North Carolina ; died June 8th ; buried at P. West's farm.
- Thomas Goodwin, private, Company A, Third Georgia ; died June 9th ; buried at P. West's farm.
- M. C. House, private, Company K, Third Arkansas ; died June 9th ; buried at P. West's farm.
- C. Staten, private, Company C, Eleventh Florida ; died June 9th ; buried at P. West's farm.
- B. B. Jackson, private, Jeff. Davis Artillery ; died June 10th ; buried at P. West's farm.

- W. S. Crimes, private, Company E, Thirteenth Alabama; died June 10th; buried at P. West's farm.
- J. Lindsey, private, Company I, Eleventh Virginia; died June 10th; buried at P. West's farm.
- Lewis Riute, private, Company K, Thirtieth Virginia; died June 10th; buried at P. West's farm.
- David Sweet, private, Company E, Seventh Tennessee; died June 10th; buried at P. West's farm.
- William Rinsley, private, Company E, Fourth North Carolina; died June 10th; buried at P. West's farm.
- D. Ray, private, Company C, Fifty-seventh Virginia; died June 11th; buried at P. West's farm.
- W. G. Andrews, lieutenant, Company C, Tenth Virginia Battalion; died June 11th; buried at P. West's farm.
- J. D. Rice, private, Company —, Sixth North Carolina; died June 11th; buried at P. West's farm.
- E. W. Lane, private, Company C, Eighteenth Virginia; died June 12th; buried at P. West's farm.
- C. P. Fox, private, Company F, Eleventh Virginia; died June 12th; buried at P. West's farm.
- J. L. Davis, sergeant, Company C, Eighteenth Virginia; died June 12th; buried at P. West's farm.
- R. M. Hudson, private, Company D, Nineteenth Virginia Battalion; died June 12th; buried at P. West's farm.
- Andrew Wills, private, Company B, Ninth Florida; died June 12th; buried at P. West's farm.
- S. S. Nunn, private, Company K, Thirty-fourth Virginia; died June 12th; buried at P. West's farm.
- F. M. Stone, private, Company B, Hampton Legion; died June 12th; buried at P. West's farm.
- W. J. Waters, private, Company K, Sixty-six Georgia; died June 13th; buried at P. West's farm.
- Jacob Fitzgerald, private, Company A, Thirtieth North Carolina; died June 14th; buried at P. West's farm.
- James Clontz, private, Company B, Eleventh North Carolina; died June 14th; buried at P. West's farm.
- A. Redding, private, Company H, Fifty-sixth North Carolina; died June 14th; buried at P. West's farm.
- J. C. Kent, private, Company E, Cobb's Legion; died June 14th; buried at P. West's farm.

- D. J. Smithson, private, Company H, Fifth-sixth Virginia; died June 14th; buried at P. West's farm.
- E. A. Murrel, private, Company C, Eleventh Virginia; died June 14th; buried at P. West's farm.
- M. F. Wills, private, Company B, Tenth Virginia; died June 15th; buried at P. West's farm.
- J. R. Carmicle, private, Company K, Thirty-second North Carolina; died June 15th; buried at P. West's farm.
- J. R. Dennis, private, Company F, Eleventh South Carolina; died June 16th; buried at P. West's farm.
- David Foley, private, Company A, Fifty-seventh Virginia; died June 16th; buried at P. West's farm.
- T. R. Huffman, private, Company I, First Virginia; died June 16th.
- James E. Guthrie, private, Company B, Nineteenth Virginia Battalion; died June 16th.
- Andrew Lee, private, Company D, Forty-first Alabama; died June 17th.
- W. L. Manly, private, Company E, Twenty-fifth North Carolina; died June 17th.
- Daniel Gregory, private, Company F, Forty-first Alabama; died June 17th.
- W. Rousey, private, Company H, Thirty-eighth Georgia; died June 17th.
- J. B. Cook, private, Company A, Thirty-fourth Virginia; died June 17th.
- C. Simmons, private, Company K, Thirtieth North Carolina; died June 17th.

**“That Hog Hole,” an Impromptu Banquet Speech, by
J. V. L. McCreery, of the First Company.**

The topography of the surroundings of the Baptist College has very much changed since we first went into camp there. For instance, there was at that time, on the right of the college, Schad's lager-beer garden. It was separated from the college grounds by a very tall close-board fence, built enthusiastically high, to keep the dear little boys who went to school there in

former days from seeing over that fence. Our camp was entirely surrounded by guards. Nevertheless, like all good soldiers, we sometimes "ran the block." This may not be considered the proper criterion for soldierly qualifications, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and after-experience showed that he who dared to run the block, that he might graze on fairer fields or bask in the sunlight of his sweetheart's smiles, would do and dare on the battle-field, for the Confederate soldier was of a different genus from that of any other soldier who ever fought or bled or—ran away. Discipline! Why, we fought without discipline. A Yankee soldier was more afraid of one of his corporals than we were of our generals. In camp, with us, it was "hail fellow, well met." On the battle-field! Ah, then we respected and obeyed our officers.

But to return to camp. The first post, or Post No. 1, was at the main entrance on Broad street. The second post, or Post No. 2, was at the intersection of a back fence with the high close-board fence before mentioned, and so on. Now, there was placed on guard one night at Post No. 2 a countryman who, not being in the habit of sitting up o' nights, must have nodded on his post. The pardon of this gentleman is humbly begged if injustice is done him; but this is the only hypothesis which is borne out by the facts as herein related. Well,

"Sleeping, he dreamt of the dear ones at home;
Of the pigs and the cows which so quickly would come
When he called them," &c., &c., &c.

For fear this may be misunderstood, if it be poetry it was not by Longfellow by a long shot, but much more probably by some other fellow. Something must have partially aroused this nodding sentinel to some sense of his duty, the position he occupied, and the responsibilities attached to it; for, evidently half awake, mixing the imaginary of his dreams with the reality of his position, he suddenly shouted out:

"Corporal of the guard, post No. 2,
Show me the hole where the hog went through."

Now that is poetry, and it serves to show how remarkable the Howitzers were in one respect, that, "sleeping or waking," they made poetry. It is astonishing how this beautiful little

epic poem "took" in camp. It resounded on every side. A very strange discovery was made about this time, a hole was found through that high fence. It is not pretended that this was a hog-hole. Let's describe it. It was a square hole, about twelve inches in size, and about four feet from the ground. It may seem ridiculous that any fears should exist on our part that a hog could possibly get through a hole situated as this was; but "wait a bit:" There was a diabolical institution in that hole in the shape of a plank, forming a shelf, extending out some ten or twelve inches, and it is very reasonable, we suppose, that a remarkably active hog might have jumped up on one side of this shelf, crawled through the hole, and jumping down from the other side have thus succeeded in passing the guard at Post No. 2. Yet we never saw that hog:

"And still the cry resounds."

Finally this hog became to us a myth, a spirit. Did you ever hear of fighting the devil with fire? Well, that is just the way we fought that hog. Being a spirit, we fought it with spirits, and it is no exaggeration to say that dozens of glasses of lager beer, whiskey-straight, and other spirits, were used by the boys in that hole, with the very laudable object of keeping that hog from passing the bounds of camp. Among the noticeable characteristics of the Howitzers was their willingness always to assist each other, even at grub-time, or "any other man;" and it was beautiful to see with what unanimity and a flow of spirits they all helped that poor guard at Post No. 2 keep that hog from coming through. In this transitory world all things have an end, and so had our hog hole. This may have been a blessing in disguise, for otherwise some of our boys might have become spirit-mediums. But it was discovered by one of our officers, a Doctor, who having studied the art of stopping up holes effectually stopped up that one. But did you ever hear of a Confederate soldier who was circumvented spiritually? Not much; and we just walked around that little stop-up. And here is how it was done, and it serves to show with what indomitable perseverance a Howitzer overcame every obstacle in the attainment of his object—a Grant-like, bull-dog tenacity of purpose, a very valuable attribute for a soldier. We had very comfortable

quarters in the college, but about this time the martial spirit of our revolutionary forefathers stirred within our breasts and fired our youthful hearts, and we wanted to be *all* the soldier. Having lost our hog hole, we wanted to go the whole hog, and live in tents. They were scarce articles, but we put in a requisition and drew one tent. The next thing was where and how to pitch this tent. It may seem ridiculous that this should rise to a question of magnitude, but you must remember that we did not know anything in this world about pitching tents at that time, and did not want that one tent to blow down on us and thus be made the laughing stock of the balance of the boys. While this momentous question was being discussed, it was solved by another member of our crowd coming up, a very remarkable man, who at once suggested that it should be pitched close to that high, strong fence, as affording additional security, showing with what lightning-like rapidity a Howitzer recognized a strong position and seized upon it, another valuable attribute for a soldier. It was a house tent and the side was pitched next to the fence, showing with what intuitive perception a Howitzer recognized the necessity of protecting a flank. At this late date it is almost impossible to tell much about how that tent was fixed up inside. There was one thing in it worthy of mention, as it serves to illustrate two characteristics of the Howitzers, and that was an old store-box. It was a very dilapidated old affair; no top on it and one end knocked out, but it was turned upside down with that dilapidated end towards the back part of the tent so no one could see it, thus showing how remarkable the Howitzers were for concealing a weak point, another valuable attribute for a soldier. It was also turned upside down close to that high fence, affording not only a seat, but a seat with a back to it, showing how quickly a Howitzer recognizes the adaptability and fitness of things. It could not be said that this old store-box was a very remarkable old store-box outwardly, but inwardly it was rather reckoned among the most remarkable old store-boxes ever seen, for a fellow could sit on that old store-box and seemingly idly kicking his heels against it, take out of that dilapidated end glass after glass of foaming lager beer, whiskey straight, and other spirits. This at once became the seventh wonder of camp. The boys flocked there to see how that thing was done.

Well, they went one eye on it, and then the other eye on it; they even scrutinized it through glasses, but it was no go. It must be confessed we were somewhat afraid of that doctor, and he seemed determined to find us out. One morning we gave it up for gone; he was seen coming from the college building before roll-call, with such an expression of "satisfied expectancy" on his face that we almost knew he had laid awake all night thinking about that thing, and had found us out. We retired in the greatest consternation within our tent, but before we could consult as to what was to be done in this emergency, he pushed aside the flap and entered, and we were very much relieved to see by a closer inspection of his face, that he was just about to bet five dollars that fellow could not do that thing again, when before he could get the words out of his mouth, out came a whiskey cocktail with a lump of ice in it, and the Doctor retired in perfect satisfaction. All tricks of legerdemain seem very difficult until they are explained, and then they are generally very simple, and so it was with this one, and we will explain how it was done. In the first place, raising up the side of that tent next to the fence, we began digging. Mark that word *digging*, for this is historical. This is the first instance on record of the use of the pick and spade by the Confederate soldier, and there is no doubt in this world that from this little germ sprung that great love of *slinging dirt*, for which the Howitzers were so *very remarkable* during the whole war, and as so many things are contagious there is no doubt in this world that it spread from them through the whole Confederate army, and that hence it was, when Mr. Burnside, or Mr. Grant, or Mr. Hooker, or any other Yank, came nosing around our lines, they found so many obstacles to their forming too close an intimacy with us. This must be so. What says the poet?

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

After having excavated a hole entirely under that fence, the old store-box—one end having been previously knocked out—was turned over it to conceal it. Then a very small portion of Schad's lager beer garden was moved up close against the fence on the other side and a medium placed there to exercise the spirits on that side of the fence, and the circumvention of that little "stop-up" was an accomplished fact. Of course it will be

readily perceived that it would have been a very dangerous thing for us to have called out to that fellow on the other side of the fence, "Swei glass lager," especially in the presence of that doctor. We therefore instituted a system of signals, and that fellow knew perfectly well from those signals what "spirits to call up from the *vatty* deep." This was the most complete code of signals ever invented, and there is no doubt in this world that they were largely adopted by the signal service corps of the Confederate States. History again! And yet once more. This was the very inception of that underground railroad which, during the war, supplied us with so many of the necessaries both of life and for death. Did it ever occur to you before what an important part we played in the late war? Among the characteristics of the Howitzers was one, which, though not remarkable in itself, was in those living the license of a soldier's life, and that was, you never heard of their committing any acts of vandalism or wantonly destroying property. Hence it was that we did not destroy the beautiful green grass upon which that tent was pitched by pouring upon it all the spirits required in the performance of this beautiful little trick.

**Extracts from an old "Order Book" of First Company,
Richmond Howitzers.**

HEADQ'RS FIRST CO. HOWITZER BATTALION,
Camp Pickens, Department of Alex'a,

June 1, 1861.

The Howitzer company, as it existed at that time, was mustered into the service of the State on the 21st April, 1861, in obedience to an Ordinance of the State Convention adopted 17th April, 1861.

The commissioned officers then were as follows: Captain, George W. Randolph; First Lieutenant, John C. Shields; Second Lieutenant, John Thompson Brown; Third Lieutenant, Theo. P. Mayo.

The state of the country at that date was such as to convince every reasonable and reflecting mind that an outrageous and unprecedented invasion of the State and the South was fast setting in from the North under the assumed forms of law

and usurpations by the Federal administration. To prepare ourselves for the conflict, the officers and members of this corps, who had devoted much time and diligence to the service as volunteers, considered themselves discharging a high public duty to contribute all the aid in their power by receiving new recruits, and in their limited means prepare artillerists for the future. This view was sanctioned by the highest authorities of the State, and accordingly the entire command laid aside, in a great measure, all business, entered into barracks under the "Spotswood Hotel," corner Main and Eighth streets, in the city of Richmond, where the corps increased rapidly to large numbers.

Captain Randolph at the time was a member of the convention, and being a leading member of that body, and occupying a high position on the committee on military affairs, his time and energies were much occupied as such, so that, in a measure, in these first important movements we were deprived of his aid in instruction, but not in careful watching over our progress and in the executive affairs of the command.

About this time Colonel John B. Magruder, late of the United States Army, and a distinguished officer of the artillery arm, was appointed to the command of the artillery forces then assembling in and around Richmond. Under his direction artillery barracks were established at the Richmond College. By his advice the Executive and Council determined to organize this force—accumulated under the Howitzer organization—into three companies, with four pieces to each company.

The battery, in possession of the company, was six Navy pieces, mounted on light field-carriages, drawn by two horses to each piece, without caissons; the left piece in the battery, or No. 6, was a rifled gun of great power and beauty for its metal. Altogether, it was the most convenient battery for instruction known to the writer. It was drawn by the State from the United States government, and when received was upon boat-gun carriages, to be drawn by the cannoneers, but on examination and trial the carriages were changed, the new ones being constructed under the direction of the accomplished Captain Charles Dimmock, commanding the Public Guard at the State Armory, and now Colonel of Ordnance for the State.

Before orders had been matured for the division of the command, Captain Brown, then Lieutenant, was ordered with the

left section and forty-seven rank and file to Gloucester Point, where, upon the day after his arrival, he had an engagement with the United States gunboat, "Yankee." Captain Brown's force was not harmed. The "Yankee" retired early, and believed to be disabled.

The command was ordered to be divided into three companies, with the commanding rank of Major. Captain Randolph received the appointment, and proceeded on the 8th of May to the organization, under the following style: "First Howitzer Battalion" attached to the Fourth regiment of artillery. Elections being held at the same time for Captains, resulted as follows, taking rank as herein arranged :

First Company—John C. Shields ; rank from 8th May.

Second Company—John Thompson Brown ; rank from 9th May.

Third Company—Robert C. Stanard ; rank from 10th May.

Two days thereafter the following persons were elected Lieutenants for the First company :

William P. Palmer, First Lieutenant ; Edward S. McCarthy, Second Lieutenant ; and Ed. F. Moseley, First Lieutenant, to the Third company ; subsequently John M. West, Second Lieutenant, to the Third. William M. Archer, First to the Second, and Henry Hudnall, Second to the Second, were elected.

The appointment of non-commissioned officers for the battalion was deputed to the Major Commanding, and on the 11th May the following appointments were made :

First Sergeant—Robert M. Anderson.

Second Sergeant—William H. Blackadar.

Third Sergeant—John Esten Cooke.

Fourth Sergeant—C. C. Trabue.

First Corporal—Henry S. Williams.

Second Corporal—Harrison Sublett.

Third Corporal—Robert Armistead.

Fourth Corporal—George H. Poindexter.

Similar appointments were made at the same time for the Third company, and subsequently for the Second.

During this time the command, not on duty at Gloucester Point, was marched from Richmond College—first, to Howard's Grove, and thence to Chimborazo heights, or Griffin's Spring, overlooking Rocketts, and Major Randolph ordered to fit out the batteries for active field service.

The First company's battery was thus constituted : Two twelve-pound army Howitzers and two six-pound field guns, with caissons to each, and each carriage drawn by four horses ; the sergeants being chiefs of pieces, and mounted. Having received supplies and ammunition, and in full order for the field, except battery wagon and traveling forge, the First company reported for marching orders.

The battery of six Navy pieces was disposed of to the Second and Third company and two rifled Parrott guns added, thus equalizing the battalion of four guns to the company.

On the 21st May the commandant of the First company received orders to report to Brigadier-General Bonham, of the Confederate States Army, then at Richmond and moving his column to Manassas Junction, the intersection of the Orange and Alexandria railroad with the Manassas Gap railroad, in the county of Prince William, that point being considered the key to the lower valley of Virginia by means of the Manassas road. The report was made, and marching orders given, but just at that time Colonel Magruder was assigned to the command of the division in the Peninsula between James and York rivers, and the order to march to the Junction being changed for orders to report to Colonel Magruder at Yorktown. Just at this time the Federal forces took possession of Alexandria, when the marching orders for Yorktown were countermanded, and the order received to move to the Junction. Accordingly, on the 24th May, the First company embarked by railroad at Richmond, and reached Camp Pickens at the Junction the following day, all wearied and fatigued, especially the horses, as they had no provender and but little water for thirty-six hours.

On our arrival we found the gallant and noble hearted Captain H. G. Latham, of the Lynchburg Artillery, disembarking his battery, part of which came in the preceding train, and part on a few hours before us ; the detention of part of his command being occasioned by a collision of trains near Orange Courthouse, but fortunately no damage was done to his force. Unfortunately several of other commands were killed and disabled.

On our arrival I reported to general headquarters, and received instructions to report more directly to Colonel Samuel Jones, of the Confederate States Army, commanding artillery in this division.

On the following day most of the troops in this column were set in motion towards Alexandria, satisfactory assurances having been communicated that the enemy were advancing on us from Alexandria, which, however, turned out to be untrue. The enemy were reported to be taking two routes : Captain Latham's battery, with a column of infantry were to take one route, and our battery with another column of infantry were to take a different, but the column to which we were attached did not move, as a satisfactory assurance was made that there was no advance on that as well as the other route. The conduct of the officers and men on the occasion—for their promptness and calmness—received commendation from the Commanding-General, as they were so justly entitled to it, having stood at their guns for six hours awaiting marching orders.

At this time we are expecting an attack, or, if not that, then the circumstances will require our advance. We have not ammunition to spare for experimental practice, consequently we must rely on what little experience we have should we have to meet the foe.

History will record this campaign on the part of the South as one dictated by the holiest and most sacred emotions. A true, noble and generous people, asking only to be let alone, performing all their obligations and duties to humanity, Christianity, civilization and the world, find themselves in the singular position of having suddenly to take the field to repel an invading force from spoiling them of their dearest rights—an invading horde, warmed into life in their peaceful pursuits in the North by the bounty of the South, have now turned upon us, and with the resources, accumulated from the indulgence and tributary commerce of the South, seek our destruction. Actuated by all the high and holy dictates of patriotism, love of home and its dearest associations, indignant at the outrages we have endured for the sake of peace, we are here at last to repel by force the desolating power at Washington.

Before our commencement of preparation for the field, the Rev. Thomas Ward White, of the Presbyterian Church, actuated by all the noble impulses of his cause as a messenger of the Lord, and yielding to none in patriotic fervor, ready to lend his hand to assist the soldier, to minister to him in his hardships and toils for the cause of his country, and to erect in the little

camp of the "Howitzers" the standard of the Redeemer, generously, and like the patriot Christian minister as he is, volunteered his services to the command as chaplain. The proposition was received with joy and gladness. He labored day and night for our good, and whilst yearning for the consolidation of our battalion at a common point, yet he does not forget those that are separated. He spends much of his time with the First company. We all love him as our brother, and hope in after days to meet and talk over our hardships and sufferings for our beloved South, and worship our Creator unmolested. As long as a Howitzer lives, the memory of the cheerful and beloved chaplain will be cherished.

HEADQ'RS FIRST CO. HOWITZER BATTALION,
Camp Pickens, June 23, 1861.

Order No. —.

Artificer E. A. Holmes, having been on account of physical debility discharged from the service, as will appear by reference to the headquarters of this post, the First Sergeant will erase his name from the company roll from and after this date.

By order of Captain J. C. Shields.

RO. M. ANDERSON, *First Sergeant.*

HEADQ'RS FIRST CO. HOWITZER BATTALION,
Camp Pickens, June 30, 1861.

Orders —.

Musician George King, having been transferred to the ——— regiment of infantry, Colonel Garland, as will appear by reference to the headquarters of this post, the First Sergeant will erase his name by transfer from the roll-book of the company from and after this date.

By order of Captain J. C. Shields.

RO. M. ANDERSON, *First Sergeant.*

HEADQ'RS FIRST CO. HOWITZER BATTALION,
Serving with Advance Forces, Army of the Potomac,
 Fairfax C. H., June 30th, 1861.

To Major-General LEE,
 Commanding Virginia Forces, Richmond :

SIR,—I have the honor to report the battery and condition of the company under my command as directed first by General Orders No. 29, from the headquarters of this army in these words : " Commanders of detached corps and companies will muster their respective commands" and the further duties enjoined upon the mustering officers by your General Orders No. 29, to-wit :

Captain,	1
First Lieutenant,	1
Second Lieutenant,	1
Sergeants,	4
Quartermaster-Sergeant,	1
Corporals,	4
Artificers,	2
Privates,	81
	—
	94
On detached service,	3
On sick leave,	2
Sick, not fit for duty,	3
Twelve-pounder army howitzer caissons with ammunition,	2
Six pounder field pieces, caissons with ammunition,	2
Horses,	41
Sets artillery harness,	16
Saddles for chiefs of pieces,	4
Two-horse wagon and harness,	1

My command is not under regimental orders, having reported to and now directly under General Bonham.

Respectfully submitted,

J. C. SHIELDS, *Captain-Commanding.*

HEADQ'RS FIRST CO. HOWITZER BATTALION
Serving with Advance Forces, Army of Potomac,

June 30th, 1861.

To the Adjutant-General,

War Department, Richmond :

SIR,—I have the honor to enclose my muster roll as directed under "General Orders No. 29," and the order from headquarters of this army, making it my duty to muster my own command, not being under regimental orders, having reported directly to General Bonham.

Respectfully,

J. C. SHIELDS, *Captain-Commanding.*

HEADQ'RS FIRST CO. HOWITZER BATTALION,
Serving with Advance Forces, Army of Potomac,

June 30, 1861.

To the Paymaster-General

of the Forces of Virginia, Richmond :

SIR,—I have the honor to enclose my muster roll as directed under General Orders No. 29, and the orders from headquarters of this army, making it my duty to muster my own command, not being under regimental orders, having reported directly to General Bonham.

Respectfully,

J. C. SHIELDS, *Captain-Commanding.*

HEADQ'RS FIRST CO. HOWITZER BATTALION,
Fairfax C. H., 10th July, 1861.

Orders No. 1.

In obedience to general orders this day received, this command will keep on hand three days' cooked provisions until further orders.

I. The chief driver will require in future all the horses to be kept at the picket. This is absolute, and must not be violated.

II. Officers will prepare their baggage and the men their knapsacks in order to move at the shortest notice.

III. The Quartermaster-Sergeant will first provide transportation for the minimum amount of baggage for the officers; then the tents and tools and implements, including all in the possession of the artificers; the minimum amount of cooking utensils, and afterward all the cooking utensils, if room can be provided. He will receive into the wagons knapsacks, &c., of the men if there be room; if not, they will be strapped on the foot-board of the gun carriages and caissons. No boxes will be transported.

By order of Captain J. C. Shields.

RO. M. ANDERSON, *First Sergeant.*

On Wednesday night, the 3d instant, at 10 o'clock, I received an order direct from General M. L. Bonham, commanding the advanced forces, of which the following is a copy:

Captain Shields:

You will quietly prepare two of your pieces to move immediately and without noise. Move them up at 12 o'clock *precisely* to Courthouse Square, and await further orders.

[Signed]

M. L. BONHAM.

I complied with the order, and was promptly on the ground at the hour, and found General Bonham and Colonel Kershaw, commandant of the Second regiment South Carolina Volunteers. The command formed, consisting of the Bedford Cavalry, Captain Winston Radford; the Black Horse Troop, of Fauquier, Captain William H. Payne; two pieces of artillery, under my own command, and four companies of infantry of Colonel Kershaw's regiment. Colonel Kershaw was the first and Lieutenant-Colonel T. T. Munford, of Colonel Radford's regiment of cavalry, the second in command.

I was informed by the General-Commanding first, and afterwards on the march by the Colonel in charge of the expedition, that the object was to surprise and if possible capture a large picket of the enemy that was said to appear frequently at Mills' Cross-Roads, which is between our outside pickets and the encampment of the enemy at Falls Church. My own judgment

counselled me that the expedition was extremely hazardous, as far as my own command was concerned, for various reasons; the country not being adapted at all for the use of artillery, being surrounded nearly all the march and at the point posted for the supposed action by a heavy forest and thick undergrowth; the road-way, too, was narrow, hilly, and often traced through deep cuts.

Referring more minutely to the disposition made of my command in a report which I will copy, I will here say that my object is to allude to one of those sad events which not unfrequently happens to undisciplined forces. Colonel Kershaw, after giving directions for the position of the troops upon an eminence one and a-half miles from the cross-roads, proceeded in advance a mile or more with two companies. He had not left our position more than thirty minutes before a sharp fire of musketry was heard in our advance, which unfortunately proceeded from the South Carolina company deployed along the road upon two members of the Black Horse troop, who had been dispatched forward by Colonel Munford to Colonel Kershaw to inform the latter that the former had espied some of the enemy's scouts on our right and front. The messengers were Anderson D. Smith and Samuel H. Gordon. Had I the report of Colonel Munford it would be more satisfactory than the style in which I can relate it. The result was that Gordon and his horse fell pierced by many bullets, whilst Smith escaped with but one wound, though his horse was killed instantly. This was sad indeed, but the heart sickens in contemplation of the whole scene. The whole company continued the fire as the unfortunate victim ran the gauntlet, and when passing their right flank fired obliquely to the right and rear in the direction of the outer piece of artillery and the cavalry, the range of the fire passing through and over the detachment and howitzer gun stationed near them. Corporal Madison Tyler, of the Black Horse troop, was at the time on the right of his company, and fell mortally wounded by a bullet from the oblique fire. Both Gordon and Tyler were conveyed to the Courthouse, where they soon expired. They were gallant and true men, and died freely excusing all who had participated in the deplorable affair. As part of my own command served on this occasion, full of mournful events, the company embraced the first opportunity to express their sorrow and sympathy by adopting the following

preamble and resolutions, which, in conveying to Captain Payne, I embraced the occasion to speak my own feelings in contemplating the termination of a movement which I entered upon only because I was ordered, in which I had no hand in creating or devising, and to which I was well assured I could not contribute any aid even if successful:

"At a meeting of the Howitzer company, at their camp near Fairfax Courthouse, July 5, 1861, the following preamble and resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, on the morning of the 4th July, 1861, Mr. Madison Tyler and — Gordon, members of the Fauquier Black Horse troop of cavalry, came to their death by a most painful and afflicting conjunction of circumstances: therefore,

"*Be it resolved by the members of the Howitzer company, Captain J. C. Shields* (a portion of whom were present at the death of their brethren-in-arms), That they have been deeply distressed by this unhappy occurrence, and sincerely sympathize with the families and surviving comrades of the deceased.

"*Resolved*, That we especially lament the circumstances under which these two young and gallant Virginians fell, and that their cordial sympathies are hereby expressed for Mr. — Smith, who was wounded on the same occasion.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of the Howitzer company, and that a copy of them be sent by Captain Shields to Captain Payne, of the Black Horse troop, with the request that he will lay them before his command and communicate them also to the families of the deceased."

Having performed the duty enjoined by the foregoing resolutions, the commandant of the Howitzer company received the following from Captain Payne:

HEADQUARTERS BLACK HORSE TROOP,
Fairfax C. H., July 5, 1861.

Captain SHIELDS, Commanding Richmond Howitzers:

DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by my troop to acknowledge the receipt of the kind and affectionate expression of sympathy upon the part of yourself and company in our late bereavement.

I am also instructed to communicate to you their formal expression of gratitude in the following resolution :

Resolved, That the Black Horse troop tender to Captain Shields and his gallant company of Howitzers from the city of Richmond (our comrades in our late expedition) our heartfelt thanks for the active kindness they exhibited in the field and their public expression of sympathy in our loss since, which we have just received, and recognize in them the highest type of the generous and chivalrous soldier, and henceforth ask that they permit us to be to them something more than comrades.

Let me add my own thanks to those of my troop to your command and to yourself also. The kind terms in which you conveyed to us their condolence is truly gratifying. It is such acts as these that adorn the character of the gentleman and soldier.

I am, dear Captain, respectfully your friend and obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. PAYNE,
Captain Commanding Black Horse.

By *Ch. H. Gordon*, Secretary.

The following is a copy of the report alluded to :

HEADQ'RS FIRST CO. HOWITZER BATTALION,
Near Fairfax C. H., July 4, 1861.

Brigadier-General M. L. BONHAM,
Commanding Advance Forces, Army of the Potomac :

SIR,—In obedience to orders received from your headquarters on Wednesday night, the 3d inst., to report with two pieces of my battery, one twelve-pounder army howitzer and one six-pounder field piece, to Colonel Kershaw at the Courthouse for immediate service, I did so, and under his directions at a late hour of the night joined his column of march. The proposed point of action was in due time reached and the position of my special command having been established under the direction of Colonel Kershaw I was ordered by him to regard Colonel Thomas T. Munford as chief in command of all the forces present.

In accordance with this order my desire was to communicate

with Colonel Munford, but perceiving that he was already disposing his forces to meet the emergency anticipated by us, I proceeded to place my pieces in their proper position. Having determined upon the kind of ammunition to be used and ordered the guns to be charged therewith, my instructions to the chief of the howitzer which now commanded the road were that if the skirmishers occupying the road on our left and in advance should fire upon an approaching enemy and the latter should be too few in number, not to begin the attack, but reserve his fire for a column or large body and then to open upon him: fire with a case shot and afterwards canister, the range being necessarily short from the configuration of the ground.

This disposition having been so made as to the approach by the road upon which our line rested, I placed the other piece—a six-pounder—upon an eminence about eighty yards to the right and in rear of the howitzer with the double purpose of harassing the enemy by a flanking fire, should he attempt to cross or occupy the field on his left, and of following him up with a discharge of canister should he be forced to retire.

The cavalry support, under Captain Payne, of the Black Horse troop, and Captain Winston Radford, of the Bedford cavalry, occupied the ground intermediate between the two pieces, the right of the squadron resting on the howitzer gun and facing to the rear, the six-pounder being a little to their left and front. This being the disposition of the forces, I remained in person near the centre of the line by the howitzer awaiting the issue of events. At this juncture my attention was attracted by a sudden and rapid fire of musketry by files from the wood on our left. I therefore drew nearer to the position of the howitzer gun and instantly recognized two horsemen rapidly approaching under the fire from the wood. They both passed entirely through the lines, one of them coming in contact with my own and the gun carriage horses. As he passed he exclaimed, "What does this mean?" and having gone some thirty yards reeled and fell from his saddle. Some of my command immediately ran to his assistance, when he reported himself a Black Horse trooper and desired to see his captain. I hastened to communicate this untoward circumstance to Captain Payne. In the meantime my astonishment was increased by perceiving that the fire from the wood on our left was continued and came obliquely to the right,

passing through our ranks and directly over the heads of the cannoneers at the howitzer gun.

As soon as the firing had ceased, and apprehending that the enemy's attention (should he be near) would now be attracted to our position, and lest his skirmishers should attack it, I withdrew the six-pounder to the road in rear of the howitzer gun under cover of the wood and reported the fact to Colonel Munford. The latter having informed me of his orders to hold the position as occupied I promptly replaced the field piece upon its former ground, which condition of things continued to exist until orders were received to retire, when the charges were withdrawn from the guns.

It affords me pleasure to have it in my power to commend the entire self-possession of Lieutenant E. S. McCarthy and Corporal H. S. Williams, the one in charge of the six-pounder and the other the howitzer, and all under them at their respective pieces.

Respectfully submitted,

[Signed.]

J. C. SHIELDS,
Captain First Howitzer Company.

[A COPY.]

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Manassas Junction, July 11, 1861.

Special Orders, No. 109.

Commanders of batteries and detached companies of artillery of this army will forward returns of their respective commands to Colonel Samuel Jones of the provisional army of the Confederate States, Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, on the 1st, 8th, 15th and 22d days of each month.

By order of Brigadier-General Beauregard.

[Signed]

THOS. JORDAN, *A. A. A. General.*

Official:

G. W. LAY, *A. A. Adjutant-General.*

[A COPY.]

HEADQ'RS FIRST CO. HOWITZER BATTALION,
Serving with Advanced Forces, Army of the Potomac,

July 15, 1861.

Colonel SAMUEL JONES,

Commanding Artillery:

SIR,—Under special orders, No. 109, I have the honor to report the condition of the battery under my command as follows :

Captain,	1
First Lieutenant,	1
Second Lieutenant,	1
Sergeants, or Ordnance Sergeant,	4
Quartermaster-Sergeant,	1
Corporals,	4
Artificers,	2
Privates,	78
Detached and special duty privates,	6
Teamsters,	2
Twelve-pounder howitzers,	2
Six-pounder brass field-guns,	2
Horses,	47
Sets artillery harness,	16
Saddles, &c., chief's pieces,	4
Two-horse wagons and harness,	2
Four-horse wagons and harness,	1

Ammunition, limber and caisson chests complete, properly distributed : For the howitzers, of shell, spherical case and canister ; for the six-pounders, solid case and canister—all fixed.

Respectfully submitted,

J. C. SHIELDS, *Captain.*

HEADQ'RS FIRST CO. HOWITZER BATTALION,
July 15, 1861.

To General M. L. BONHAM:

In compliance with your verbal order, transmitted through Captain Stevens of the Engineers, I have to report that at 3

o'clock P. M. to-day I ordered one twelve-pound howitzer with its caisson, under a commissioned, two non-commissioned officers, fifteen privates, and four drivers, to report to Colonel Cash. My command being now divided, and not being able to equalize transportation for the portion detached, may I ask, if it shall remain separated that assistance be given me to provide for it. The detachment has with it its camp equipage and ten horses.

Very respectfully,

J. C. SHIELDS, *Captain.*

On the 29th of June the company, after having spent more than a month at Manassas Junction, moved by order, and after a good day's march reported to General Bonham at Fairfax Court-house. We had enjoyed military and social intercourse with many most agreeable and accomplished gentlemen and officers, among whom we with pleasure recall the names of Colonel Samuel Jones (now General), and Captain Grey Latham, of the Lynchburg Artillery, also Captain Maurice Langhorne, of Lynchburg. We found Fairfax a pleasant place, its inhabitants cordial and true, but smarting under the late incursion of the enemy's dragoons, on the occasion of the death of the lamented Captain Mare, of Fauquier. Our corps remained here some twenty days doing the ordinary camp duties, drilling, &c., and had the honor of being intimately associated with the Black Horse troop of Fauquier, Captain Payne, and Captain William Ball's Chesterfield Dragoons, as also with the Hanover troop, Captain Williams Wickham, three gallant and efficient officers and accomplished gentlemen. Nothing of moment occurred during our sojourn at Fairfax, except that on the morning of the 4th July the reverberation of a distant cannonade at Arlington Heights announced the anniversary of the birth of our once happy country. It was a sad reflection that those same thundering salvos were solemnly recording its death. In addition to this it becomes our duty to record a sad and unfortunate accident, by which two of the Black Horse troop were killed on that memorable morning and which cast a gloom over the entire encampment. A detailed narrative of this is already on our pages. Alarms of the enemy's approach had, from day to day,

become more and more frequent until the 17th of July, when early in the morning the rapid retreat of our picket guards and sudden arrival of scouts announced the fact that he was really advancing in great force, probably more than twenty-five thousand. The whole encampment was now astir. It had been previously determined by General Beauregard that General Bonham should make a show of fight at Fairfax and retire before him, in order to decoy him farther into the country. Accordingly, after having struck our tents, and the baggage train having been set in motion along the road to Centreville, the troops were ordered to their several positions in the trenches and behind the earthworks, which had been hastily thrown up a short time since. The four pieces of the Howitzer battery, with their supports, were posted so that the right of the line rested on the western boundary of the village and the left (the line extending for more than a mile) on the road leading from Vienna to Germantown. Soon the skirmishers, then the deployed lines of the enemy, appeared in the morning sun about one and one-fourth miles in front of this position, while his line of battle extended far to the right on the road to Fall's Church and in the direction to Fairfax Station where Ewell's brigade was posted. He numbered full twenty-five thousand men. Both officers and men thought the hour had come when, though opposed to an overwhelming force, we were to engage the long expected hosts of our invaders. They stood calmly awaiting the approaching masses of the enemy, bristling with bayonets, and, doubtless, confident of victory. Not a word was spoken after every preparation had been made, and none could discover in that gallant little army of about six thousand men a slightest evidence of anything other than a determination to resist unto death. At this juncture the order was given to retire by regiments under cover of the hills, one corps taking the place of the other as it moved off. Soon the entire column was in motion, taking the road to Centreville and maintaining perfect order and marching at "common time." The day was excessively warm and the men suffered much from the weight of their knapsacks; many were dropped, and numerous articles were necessarily thrown aside on this account, but in no instance did the troops move faster than in the ordinary route-step of marching. It is but justice to General Bonham and his accomplished staff (amongst whom we must enumerate

Colonel G. W. Lay, of Virginia), to record here that in our judgment this flank movement, so successfully made in the immediate presence of a vastly superior force, exhibited on their part an unusual degree of personal prowess and military conduct and skill. Colonel Lay was especially active on this trying occasion and rendered valuable assistance by his long experience as an officer in the United States army. The retreat was continued until the baggage train was safely deposited beyond the lines of Bull Run, some fifteen miles towards Manassas. About mid-day the column halted at Centreville, thus still carrying out Beauregard's plan of enticing the enemy along this chosen route. It was supposed that he was cautiously following, and hanging upon our rear with the intention of inflicting a blow should occasion offer it. Accordingly a line of battle was immediately formed along the crest of the hills at Centreville composed of Bacon's and William's South Carolina regiments of infantry, Kemper's and Shield's Virginia batteries, and the cavalry comprising part of Radford's Virginia rangers, the Black Horse, the Chesterfield and Hanover troops of dragoons. Pickets and scouts having been detailed, the command awaited the enemy's approach with the intention of feigning fight by giving him a shot or two and then retiring still further along the predetermined route. The enemy did not appear during the day, although one of his videttes was captured by the Black Horse scouts within two miles of our position. At midnight, however, firing on our right announced his intention to flank us if possible; indeed, our pickets were already retiring when the order came to resume the retreat as soon as possible. The moon, which had been very bright had now gone down, and our position was rendered the more hazardous on account of the subsequent darkness; nevertheless, the march was resumed along the road to Bull Run, our battery being in the van under the especial escort of Captain Winston Radford's dragoons, whose gallant leader, we are pained to relate, fell subsequently in the battle of Manassas. From occasional conversations with Colonel Lay, who met us on our march, it was obvious that we were in great danger of being cut off before the lines of Bull Run could be gained, but the sudden appearance of signal rockets in our rear announced that our rear-guard was at a safe distance from the enemy's advance-guard. An hour or two of

anxious and silent marching brought us to Bull Run at 2 o'clock A. M. on the 18th. Here the battery was put in position, the right section under Captain Shields on the left bank and the left section under Lieutenant Palmer on the right bank of the stream, each with its appropriate supports. This disposition was deemed necessary to resist the enemy, who it was supposed would display himself at the break of day; he not having done so, as the morning appeared, the whole column under General Bonham crossed the Run and was posted at Mitchell's Ford, the guns of our battery being so placed as to command, from behind the hastily constructed earthworks, the approach to and the ford itself. Our immediate support here was Colonel Kirkland's Seventh North Carolina regiment, Colonel Bacon's South Carolina, and Kershaw's and Williams' South Carolina regiments.* These dispositions, and the further throwing up of earthworks and other defences had scarcely been made when about 9½ o'clock A. M. the artillery of the enemy was distinctly seen approaching by the Centreville road and preparing to come into battery about one and one-fourth miles in our front. Accordingly he announced his presence by annoying our position with a volley of shells and shot from his rifled guns. It was the first shot ever fired at our battery and the first time our men had ever heard the unwelcome sound of whizzing missiles and screeching rifle-shot from their superior artillery. They stood prepared, however, assisted by their stern supporters, to receive the foe with all due respect should he come within feeling distance of our guns. This, however, he did not do. The present demonstration was but a feint, or was intended to feel our position and annoy our baggage train, whose white covers could doubtless be seen by his cannoneers on the heights to our rear.

At about 11 A. M., however, the increasing cannonade and rattling of musketry announced the opening of the battle in earnest. The enemy was attempting to turn our right flank by a powerful demonstration upon Blackburn's Ford, now defended by General Longstreet's brigade. At 12 o'clock the combat increased into a battle and lasted some two and a half hours, when the enemy retired, smarting under so vigorous and successful a resistance on our part. It is a remarkable fact that the

*These two were afterwards moved further to our left.

First Virginia Volunteers encountered the First Massachusetts Volunteers on this occasion and drove them disastrously from the field. The First Virginia Volunteers was under Colonel P. T. Moore, who was badly wounded. Amongst the losses of this regiment was the death of young Milton Barnes, who fell after having, it is said, killed nine of the enemy. The action took place within sight of our position, but we could not fire a gun lest our shot should injure friend as well as foe, so intermingled were the contestants. No sooner had the enemy's infantry retired from the field, and after he had ceased to annoy our position with his artillery, than we had the pleasure of witnessing one of the grandest spectacles incident to war. It was a duel of artillery between Ayres' Federal battery of rifled guns and howitzers and the Washington Artillery of rifled guns and six-pounders and twelve-pound howitzers from New Orleans. The enemy had the advantage of position and weight of metal. He was upon a high hill, whilst his adversary was in the plain below, separated from him by a skirt of woods, which prevented his establishing his range except by observing the smoke of the enemy's guns. Soon, however, the Washington battery succeeded in depositing their shells and shot immediately upon the enemy's position, as was evinced by the rapid and ceaseless attempts he made to escape the fire by moving his pieces; he was evidently galled and sore under the sharp encounter. The fire became hotter and hotter, until at the end of an hour the Federal battery retired from the field, sullen and discomfited. Our guns, the Washington Artillery, fired the last shot at him as he disappeared in the neighboring woods. This incident of the day's operations was the more interesting because both armies stood anxious spectators of the scene. General Beauregard himself stood within a few feet of one of our guns observing with great interest the effect of the shot from the Washington Artillery, and gave from time to time such directions as soon showed that his instructions were not useless. It was now near the evening, and the sun went down in peaceful rest after having witnessed one of the most important events of our country's history.

Two days elapsed, during which our company remained in position, under the suspense of constantly anticipating the enemy's approach, and exposed by day and by night without

shelter to alternate sunshine and rain, sleeping on the naked earth, and using only such wood as could be hastily gotten under such circumstances. But amid all this there was no word of complaint uttered—no other temper shown than a determined purpose to fulfil every duty required of them. On Sunday morning, however, the 21st July, as soon as the morning light had discovered our position, the enemy's guns once more opened upon us; and now, as he had tried our right and had failed to carry it, we confidently expected (and so did our commander) that the centre would receive his especial attention. Our glasses disclosed to view his deployed columns one and a quarter miles in our front—long, dark and threatening. Our pickets came in frequently under suspicious circumstances, and scarce an hour elapsed without the call of the "long roll" to arms. And so the morning of that bright summer day wore away, until about 9½ o'clock A. M. the mutterings of a cannonade were heard away far to our left. What could it mean? Closer and closer and more and more frequent the reports became, until it could no longer be doubted that again the enemy chose rather to attempt our flanks than our centre. As on the morning of the 18th, the continuous roar of musketry and the ceaseless booming of artillery indicated that a fierce and terrible struggle was already going on. It was indeed the beginning of the great battle of Manassas that was now raging near the stone bridge over Bull Run, far to our left. The demonstration of artillery upon our position in the morning was, as before, but a feint, and behind his deployed and threatening lines the enemy had during the time sent his main body to the right with the intention of turning our left flank and thereby reach the fortified camp at Manassas Junction, unless thwarted in the endeavor. If our anxiety was great on Thursday, the 18th, it was ten-fold greater now. It was apparent by the hurrying couriers and rapid movements of reinforcements from near our position, and by the anxious expressions of our officers, that the fray was deadly, that the field was hotly contested. Hour after hour of tumult and doubt, of sounds of the battle as they ebbed and flowed across the heated air, passed, and yet no certain tidings had reached us. But at length there came about 4½ o'clock P. M. the certain information that the hosts of the enemy were beaten, and even then were enacting a disgraceful rout before our victo-

rious troops. They had been fairly beaten by less than half their numbers. General Bonham's brigade was now ordered out in pursuit. One section of our battery under Lieutenant Palmer was sent forward with the columns, and advanced towards Centreville. The enemy, however, had retired too rapidly to be overtaken, and after having received one or two parting shots from his rear-guard, and as night was just coming on, it was deemed expedient to return to our lines once more behind Bull Run. The enemy was known to have some sixteen or eighteen thousand men as a reserve at Centreville, and it would upon general principles have been folly to have advanced upon his position. In addition to this, our troops were much exhausted from long watching and anxiety in the trenches; were without rations and transportation, and therefore in no condition to pursue the flying enemy. More than this: no human ken could have foreseen that an enemy, once so confident and defiant, would so suddenly have been the subjects of weak and disgraceful panic. Had all been known that came to light a few days afterwards, and had the Confederate forces been so fortunate as to have had a fresh body of two thousand cavalry with which to have annoyed the enemy's rear, Arlington Heights and Alexandria would have become an easy prey. Indeed, had not the orders issued to General Ewell been misunderstood, because of the oversight of not numbering them in proper succession, his brigade, which formed our right wing and was comparatively fresh, would certainly have cut off the enemy and perhaps secured thousands of prisoners and materials of war, which otherwise escaped our hands.

On the following morning, the 22d July, Bonham's brigade was again ordered out to follow and observe the enemy, to pick up stragglers, secure such property as he had relinquished, and report results at headquarters the same night. One section of our battery, under Lieutenant Palmer, advanced with this column. We left the entrenchments at sunrise in a pouring rain, and moved forward as far as Centreville. The whole day was consumed in carrying out the instructions we had received. A vast quantity of arny stores, wagons, horses, ammunition and other material was secured. Numerous prisoners were also captured; one fine brass rifled eight-pound gun and four fine caissons with their ammunition. Among other things one whole camp, with its

equipment, baggage, and hundreds of rubber-cloths and haversacks; indeed every species of military stores and clothing were secured, having been left just as the enemy had occupied them. At night-fall, after a hard day's work of exposure, the whole command returned to report results at headquarters, and our section once more retired behind our old position at Bull Run, to spend our last night there in rain and mud, without tents and almost without food. No tidings of the enemy had been received, except that he was supposed to have halted at Fairfax; but this proved afterwards to be untrue, his flying masses not having paused to take breath until safely within his fortified lines. Many crossed the frontier at other points than that by which they had entered Virginia, and sought their way to their homes. It may not be amiss to mention here, that during the five days and nights of trying service at Bull Run, and whilst the battles of the 18th and 21st were actually going on, and amid the shower of shells and rifled shots our position was hourly receiving, Colonel Bacon, of the Seventh South Carolina regiment, had posted himself in the top of a lofty tree, and, glass in hand, reported from time to time, in his quaint and peculiar way, the movements and doings of the enemy. This circumstance occurring during the weary hours of our service there, became, on this account, a cheering and pleasing episode amid the anxieties of the moment. Thus ended our service at Bull Run—a point made famous forever, both by the military and political, as well as the moral results following so glorious a victory. The battles which took place along its banks might here afford much for reflection and comment; but this is not our province—we leave the theme for the consideration of the future historian of the times, who, if true to his muse, will place upon the brow of the genius of Virginia the imperishable chaplet she deserves to wear for the heroic part her sons bore in these memorable conflicts.

On Tuesday, the 23d, the left section of our battery, under Lieutenant E. S. McCarthy, was ordered to move forward and reconnoitre, and report any information of the enemy's movements or position which he might gain, and report accordingly. He went as far as Fairfax Courthouse.

In the meantime the remainder of the battery, with General Bonham's brigade, by order, advanced on the road to Vienna, to which place that officer had been ordered. On Tuesday afternoon we found ourselves once more on the well-known track *via*

Centreville, moving to our new point of destination, and after a night's march of some twenty miles halted at Vienna at day-break of Wednesday, the 24th, having fallen in with the left section at Germantown, where it had been ordered to join the column. At Germantown, and along the route, evidences of the enemy's violent measures displayed themselves; houses were burnt, and fields ravaged. The smouldering ruins of the property of supposed secession sympathizers were most conspicuous amongst these. The inhabitants greeted our reappearance with gladness, and gave free vent to their expressions of contempt for our late boastful but beaten foe. Captain — Kemper's battery being also with Bonham's brigade, our company did not remain long at Vienna. On the morning of the following Saturday we suddenly received orders to report to General Longstreet of the Forty-seventh brigade, now stationed at Centreville. Accordingly, after a rapid march, we reported to that officer late the same evening, and bivouacked that night within his lines. On the following morning our tents were pitched upon the summit of the hills south of the village, commanding a wide and most attractive view of the mountains and valleys of Virginia, and the neighboring plains below us all whitened over with the tents of other troops who had also moved up from the lines of Bull Run. Two weeks were here spent, during which time our Captain was necessarily absent on furlough to recover from an injury he had received from a vicious horse whilst at Bull Run, but which had not at that trying time prevented his constant presence when duty called him. He, however, returned on Friday, the 9th, and although not entirely recovered reported for service. During our stay at Centreville, the tedium of camp life was somewhat relieved by the excitement and novelty consequent upon the visit of Prince Louis Napoleon, cousin to the Emperor of the French, to General Beauregard at Manassas. He had passed down from Alexandria, and was now on his return, escorted by Beauregard's staff, and attended by sundry distinguished French dignitaries. A grand review had been ordered in honor of his approach. Five brigades, numbering about fourteen thousand men, were drawn up to receive the princely cortege. At his approach the signal was given; the drums along the line rolled, the sounds of martial music took up the strain, and all was impatience to see the heir perhaps at some future day to the French throne. He approached in an open carriage, and

alighted near the centre of the line where General Longstreet and staff stood. He seemed much interested with what he saw, and expressed especial satisfaction at the movements of the First Regiment Virginia Volunteers who passed in review before him, thus affording him an opportunity of bestowing a more minute inspection of our troops than could be gotten in a general review.

We may remark, in this connection, that his presence is far from being imposing, or calculated to impress the beholder very favorably. He looked little other than a plain, well-fed, complacent gentleman. His figure, however, certainly bore the impress of the Bonapartist mould, though rather fat and unwieldy. The military pageant on this occasion was by far the most imposing spectacle of the kind we had ever seen, embracing as it did the largest body of troops that had been together at any one time during the war. It really seemed as if we were fated to make our moves either on Saturday or Sunday whenever ordered to change our military relations or perform active duty. On Saturday morning, August 9th, we were again transferred to another command, and ordered to report immediately to General Evans, of South Carolina, who was then about to advance in the direction of Leesburg, Loudoun county. His column was already in motion, but owing to unavoidable circumstances our march was deferred until Sunday morning, when soon after sunrise we were on the road to the above-mentioned place. The day was very warm, and the distance full twenty-two miles, but it was considered expedient that the journey should be accomplished as soon as possible, as we had been ordered "*for active duty.*" The company, therefore, made the march the same day, and reported to General Evans at 6½ P. M. that afternoon (the 10th). We had arrived and pitched our camp in the midst of a beautiful and abundant country, strongly contrasting with the region we had just left, and were congratulating ourselves on our prospects for rest and comparative quiet, when, on Tuesday, the right section, under Lieutenant Palmer, was ordered to report for immediate service. Information had been received at headquarters that the enemy in force had occupied Lovettsville, a village some fifteen miles off, upon the Potomac, opposite Berlin, and it was the intention of General Evans to surprise and dislodge him if possible. Accordingly a column composed of the Thirteenth and Seventeenth Mississippi regiments, Ball's Chesterfield and Alexander's dragoons, and our

section, moved early on Tuesday morning, amid a pouring rain, in the direction indicated. The march was through a lovely, highly-cultivated country, and was uninterrupted until when about four miles from Lovettsville the column was halted in order to detail the necessary scouting parties and to reconnoitre. Conflicting reports induced us to believe that we should either soon be obliged to retire before a largely superior force or fight the enemy, who was now said to be fortifying the town in anticipation of our approach. Indeed, a scout returned and reported that he was five thousand strong, and that the streets were already barricaded. This, however, proved to be untrue, and after about an hour's detention the whole column entered the village without opposition, it having been deserted by most of its inhabitants, who unfortunately were for the most part sympathizers of Lincoln. The General soon disposed his troops so as to guard against any attack from the enemy, who were at Berlin, across the river. He also most unfortunately allowed the troops to appropriate the property of those citizens who had fled, thereby doing great wrong not only to them, but to some innocent ones. More than this: it tended to demoralize the troops. None of the men of our section, however, laid hands on anything to which they had not a right. On the following morning the whole command retired to Waterford by another road. Here we halted two days, our guns being put in position near an ancient Quaker meeting-house, whose foundation dated as far back as 1761. Our men occupied its silent portals two nights, and we are glad to say treated its sacred precincts with all respect. The inhabitants of this pretty village are for the most part Quakers; and whatever else may be said of this silent sect, certain it is that they treated us kindly and with every mark of good will.

Again the march was resumed towards Leesburg, where we arrived safely and were welcomed back by the inhabitants, and dispersed to our several encampments. Our command did not long remain inactive. On Friday, 23d August, our left section, under Lieutenant E. S. McCarthy, was ordered to report for active duty. He accordingly moved on the same afternoon to join Captain William Ball's dragoons and Captain Duff's company of Mississippians, all under the former officer, who had been instructed to annoy and if possible dislodge the enemy's camp at a point on the Maryland shore opposite to White's

Ferry. The column reached its destination late in the afternoon, and having made the necessary reconnoissances, early next morning opened a vigorous cannonade upon the astonished enemy. At the same time that this was going on Ball's mounted scouts and Duff's infantry were engaging the enemy's pickets closer to the river's edge. Some twelve or fourteen of our men had volunteered to serve under Ball as mounted scouts, and were now acting as such. On Sunday morning the firing was continued, both from our guns and from the enemy and the pickets on our side. During this fight it was that young Mr. George Kendall Royall, of Ball's cavalry, was killed, and Private J. W. Barr, of our battery, wounded by the enemy's sharpshooters. He had volunteered as a scout. Many of our men were in great peril of these sharpshooters, who, they affirm, could kill at one thousand yards' distance. It is not known with certainty what damage was done the enemy in these encounters, but it is supposed they lost some forty or more in the two days' action, during which time our guns had fired one hundred and twenty-eight rounds of shot and shell. On Tuesday evening this section was withdrawn from its position at White's Ferry, and for the time ordered to halt at the Big Spring on the road to Point of Rocks, about two miles from Leesburg.

On Saturday, the 24th, the right section was again ordered to report for active duty under Lieutenant Palmer. General Evans had ordered that an expedition under Captain J. C. Shields, supported by Colonel Eppa Hunton's infantry, should again threaten the country around Lovettsville. Accordingly that officer was ordered to report to Hunton, who furnished two companies of infantry under Captains Berkeley and ———, and twenty-five cavalry under Lieutenant ——— of the Madison troop. His instructions were to disperse and dislodge any encampment of the enemy he might find within range of his artillery, and to interrupt, if possible, the passage of trains on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad on the opposite shore near Berlin. The column arrived safely at Lovettsville on Sunday morning. The village was occupied as before. The ford and shores were reconnoitered, and every means taken to carry out the General's instructions, but it was apparent that no demonstration could be made which would affect anything against an enemy who was only to be descried in scattering numbers along the opposite shore. He was known to be in force on the oppo-

site side, and a special courier was dispatched to General Evans for further instructions. The reply was, that we should fall back upon Waterford. This was immediately done, much to the satisfaction of our men, who had an especial repugnance to this village of Lovettsville, a place abounding in repulsive faces and unprepossessing people, and located in a poverty-stricken and desolate region of country. We found the Quakers of Waterford as silent and inoffensive as ever, but did not halt long in their ancient village, but passed on near to Colonel Hunton's encampment, a mile or two further. Here we lay, enjoying the hospitalities of Colonel Shawn's family, who kindly bestowed upon us every polite attention in the way of food and flowers and beauty, so that we much regretted separating from them. Our men gave them thanks and vocal music for their kindness, and according to orders, on the following day, at 12 o'clock, found themselves on their way to "Point of Rocks," with instructions once more to annoy the enemy. Our march towards this place was a most disagreeable one, being over a rough road, taxing much our horses and strength. About 3½ P. M. we reached Taylortown, a very sparse village, smothered in hills, within one and a half miles of the opposite shore. Our Captain spent some five hours in reconnoitering the roads and mountains, in this region, with the view of placing our guns in position masked, so that we could with comparative safety fire upon the enemy's camp on the other side. After a long and careful observation of the localities at the base and on the top of the mountain, Captain Shields, upon consultation with his officers, reluctantly determined that it would be inexpedient and worse than useless to make any demonstration at that point. Night had now come on, and caught our section in a narrow road, where it became necessary to unlimber the pieces and caissons to change the front of the column. We were in dangerous proximity to a superior force of the enemy, and, for aught we knew, in the midst of traitors. But so great was the darkness that it was impossible to attempt to move the wagon-train and artillery, except at great risk. Accordingly the command halted, until the moon should come to our assistance. During this time the men sought repose and refreshment on the bare ground, and where else they could. At midnight the column moved off, and arrived at daybreak near Waterford, and continued on to near Colonel Hunton's camp, having taken leave of our infantry and

cavalry supports. After a short halt, to partake of breakfast, we returned to Leesburg, where we arrived about 12 o'clock on Wednesday, the 29th. This, like all such expeditions, had no other effect than to inure our men to hard service, which they uniformly bore with cheerfulness and alacrity. It may be proper to remark here, that the enemy had at "Point of Rocks" a full battery of rifled guns, and as we had but one twelve-pound howitzer and one six-pound piece it would have been folly to have aroused his attention to us at all. Again—had we mounted upon the steep summit of the neighboring hills his sharpshooters could have so annoyed our cannoneers that it would have been impossible to have retired safely from so perilous a position.

During the month of August nothing more of a military character was undertaken, the right section still being in camp in Mead's field, the left with Lieutenant McCarthy at the Big Spring. A very pleasant interruption and relief from the *ennui* of camp life occurred about this time. Captain Ball, whose camp was some three hundred yards from ours, on the opposite side of the road to Leesburg, gave a novel entertainment to the ladies of the town. The woods were brilliantly illuminated; a platform of timbers and a canopy of canvass, decorated with parti-colored lights, were erected; a music stand put up, and a rustic table so arranged as to form one side of the vast parallelogram formed by the tents and seats, completed the preparations for the *fête champêtre*. The evening was mild and balmy, a clear sky, and just enough breeze to temper the August heat, contributed to the enjoyment of the party. At an early hour the ladies came in numbers, and were met by the gallant Captain and his officers, Wooldridge and Clarke, and escorted to a tent selected for the purpose, where they might arrange their toilets, and doff their shawls, &c. The music began, and with it the twinkling of many scores of tiny feet. Some employed the cheerful hours in promenading, chatting and coqueting. It may not be amiss to mention here that Mr. Hendrick, who was an amateur warrior attached to Ball's cavalry, saw for the first time a lady whose charms captivated his sterner nature, and did what the enemy failed to accomplish, made him a prisoner; yes, a willing prisoner for life, for amid these sylvan scenes he saw, loved, and wooed his present wife, Miss G***, of Leesburg.

The party dispersed at an early hour, and left many memories behind them, which, like fairy sprites, will to all time haunt the sacred precincts of the sylvan grove in which the cavaliers of old Chesterfield so gracefully entertained their fair guests. Captain Jack Alexander, a dashing officer of the true Virginia stamp, a true gentleman, singularly gifted with more than an ordinary fund of humor and mother-wit, by his presence and joyous hilarity added much to the enjoyment of the company; the Howitzers, Captain Shields and Lieutenants Palmer and McCarthy, with numerous others, were present, and enjoyed the hospitality of their brothers in arms. General N. G. Evans was present, and led off in the dance.

Soon after this scene of joyous hilarity had passed away the winds and the weather determined to have a frolic. On September 27th a most terrible gale sprung up, carrying away our tents and deluging the camp with torrents of rain. It was the equinoctial gales, which, it appeared, had deferred their advent until the Yankee fleets on the Carolina coast had arrived off Hatteras. They lost many vessels, men and horses, war material, &c. Nothing of interest occurred, except that our worthy Captain soon after was obliged, through bodily suffering, to go home on sick furlough. Our surgeon, Dr. John C. Mayo, had been constrained by private reasons to resign, and had left us about the 1st September, 1861.

Soon after our Captain went to his home, our camp, by order of General Hill, on the 9th October, was removed to a point in the woods on the left of the road to Edwards' Ferry, about two hundred yards towards Leesburg, from some earthworks in this road, and from Fort Evans distant about three hundred yards to the left.

Our tents were not pitched the night we arrived here; we slept on the ground with the clear sky alone above us, and the enemy's pickets in less than half a mile from us. The next day we got our tents up and made ourselves comfortable. The Rev. Dr. Stiles, of the Crew School Presbyterian Church, who had two sons in our company, was with us, having arrived in the camp some ten days before, and added much to our social enjoyment by his agreeable manners and fine conversational powers. He preached for us also.

Our camp being now in the woods, as described above, our guns, three in number (two being with Lieutenant McCarthy at

Big Spring, were disposed as follows: one rifled-iron gun at Fort Evans on the hill, supported by a company of Mississippi infantry under Captain Campbell; the other two, a six-pounder and twelve-pounder field howitzer, at the breastworks in the road at least two hundred yards off. (It should be mentioned here that our battery had been increased to six pieces, but only one of the two new guns had arrived, thus accounting for our having now five pieces.)

The day after our arrival and permanent location at this camp Lieutenant Anderson and myself reconnoitered the whole country around our new position. The result of this was to convince the writer that the enemy, whose pickets and whose infantry were already occupying Harrison's Island, and whom we saw dimly within less than three-fourths of a mile from our camp, could, during any dark night, cross from this island, evade our pickets, and capture the whole of our command with perfect ease to themselves, for we had no infantry support within three hundred yards, and they were on a hill away to our rear. This opinion was verified by the events of the 21st of October, when the Federal forces did cross almost at this very spot during the night previous to the battle. This was one of the numerous instances, as we shall see, in which General Evans displayed an utter want of capacity as a Post Commander and manager of artillery. We remained at this point until the 17th of October, during which time Mr. Henry Massie, father of one of our company, paid us a visit, and carried his son home with him on furlough. Just as we had made ourselves comfortable, the weather beginning to get a little wintry, under the excitement of a false alarm we were ordered to strike tents at midnight, and retire by the road to Thoroughfare Gap as far as Carter's mill, but we were halted near Mead's, our old encampment, and waited until break of day for further orders. (It appears that at this time General Evans had instructions from Beauregard to retire before the enemy and draw him into this country, but not to go farther than the heights which overlook the right bank of Goose Creek at Carter's mills.) At sunrise our retreat was resumed, in company with the entire brigade, the Thirteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Mississippi regiments, Eighth Virginia regiment, and Colonel Jenifer's cavalry, composed of a squadron, Ball's Chesterfield troop, Alexander's Bedford cavalry, &c., and we did not halt until the whole column had passed the bridge over

Goose Creek, where it halted and encamped. The left section of our battery was not with us, because it had been ordered under Lieutenant E. S. McCarthy to join an expedition under Lieutenant-Colonel Griffith, of the Eighteenth Mississippi regiment, to make a demonstration in favor of Colonel Ashby, who was to attack the Federals at Harpers Ferry, whilst our troops on this side the Blue Ridge were to open fire upon them from the Loudoun heights. After a long and most fatiguing march, and having broken a wheel in those most rugged and almost impassable mountain roads, the left section arrived at its appointed position. At the moment of Ashby's attack, which could be seen from the position of our troops, our guns opened upon the enemy much to their annoyance and surprise. The fire was promptly returned, but with no effect. At first, the range being so far, Lieutenant McCarthy thought his shot and shells fell short, and after a brisk fire thought it unnecessary longer to maintain a useless demonstration. But it was afterwards ascertained that his pieces did good execution, his shells having fallen in the midst of a body of the enemy whom he had not discovered, from their being posted in a ravine under the town heights. At this moment, however, a courier dispatched by General Evans ordered the return of the expedition on account of the reported advance of the enemy. Our troops accordingly retired by a new route, via Hillsborough, leaving Leesburg to the left, where it was feared the enemy had already arrived, and crossed the country north of the village, reaching Lincoln Creek the morning after our arrival beyond Goose Creek.

On the 19th October we returned to our same camping-ground in the woods on the road to Edwards' Ferry. Whilst at the temporary encampment at Carter's Mill, the writer had the pleasure of dining at the stately mansion of Mrs. Carter, "Oatlands," in company with General Evans and staff and numerous other officers and gentlemen. Mrs. Carter did the honors of her house with true Virginia dignity and gracious hospitality. She is the widow of the grandson of old "King Carter," of Hominy Hall and has the bearing of one whose ancestral pride seemed to claim for her the respect of all who regard with interest the few remaining relics of true Virginia aristocracy.

[These "Notes" will be continued in next number.]

