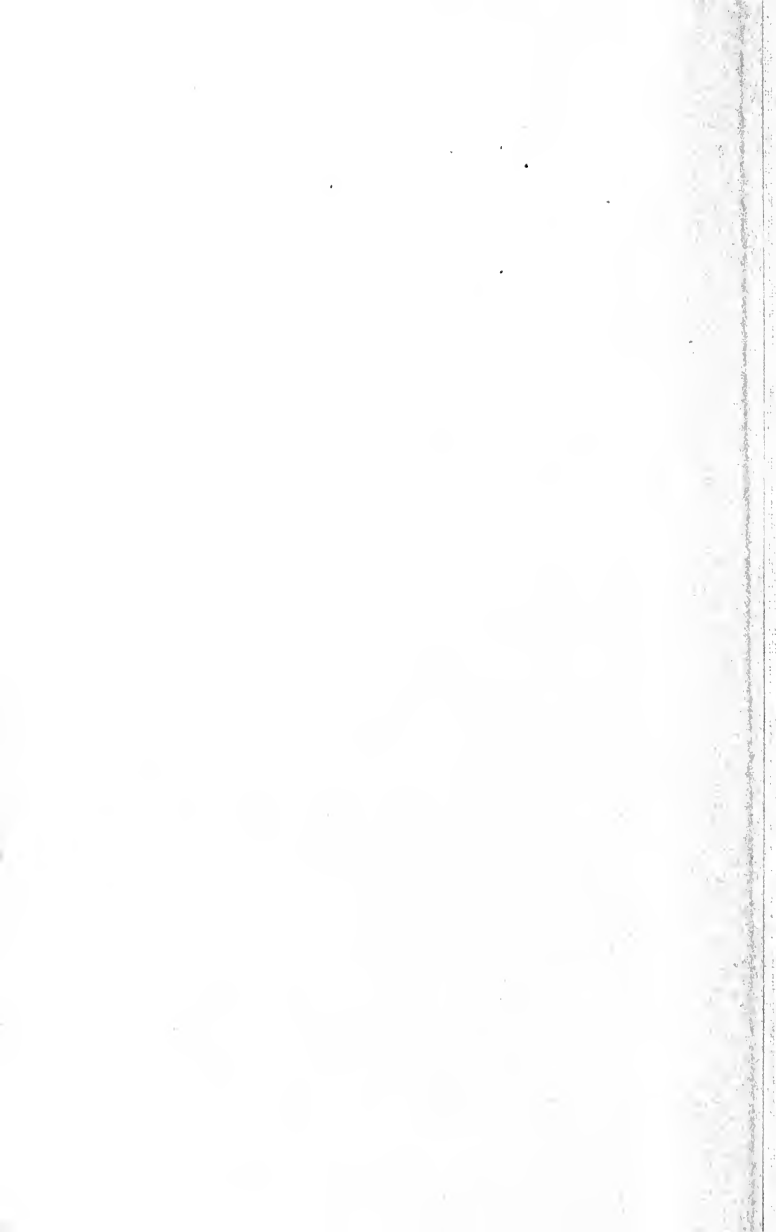


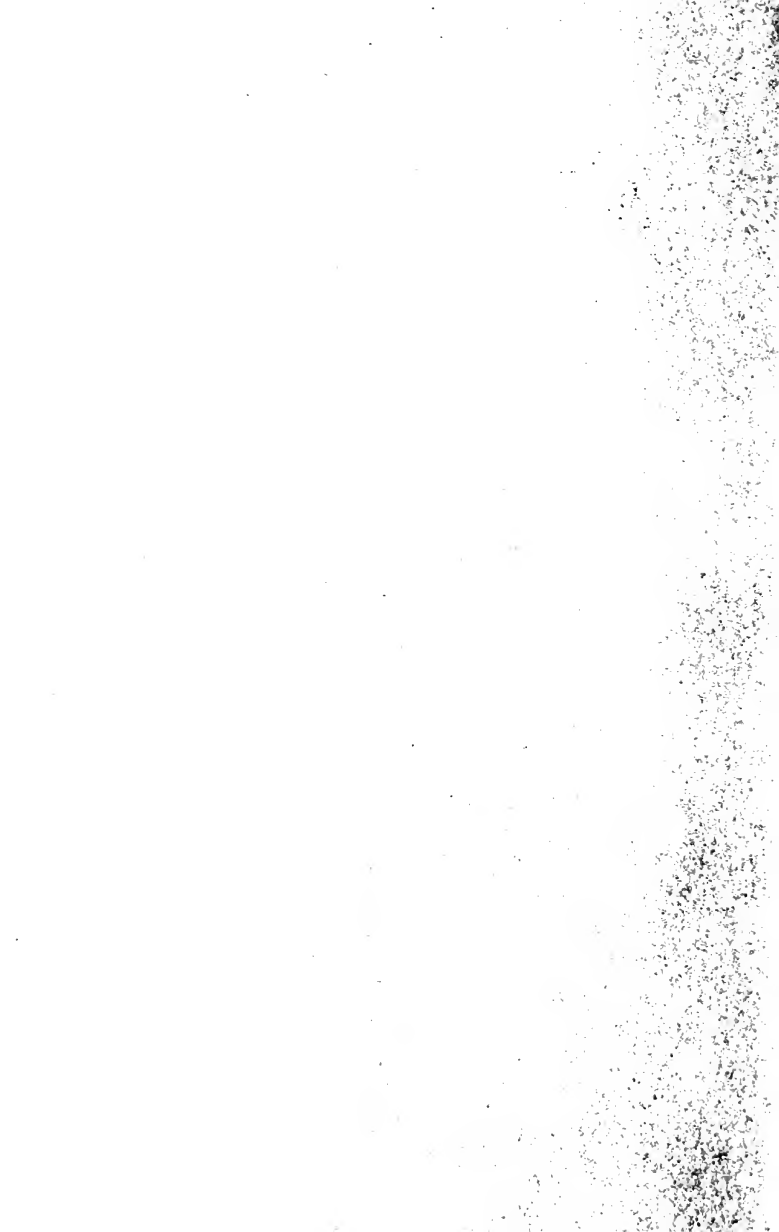
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REMINISCENCES
OF THE
GUILFORD GRAYS,

CO. B, 27TH N. C. REGIMENT,

BY

JOHN A. SLOAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C. :
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CONTENTS.



CHAPTER I.

Organization of the Greys—General Joab Hiatt—Original members—Election of Officers—Drill—Arms received—First public parade—"Jake Causey"—Exercises at Edgeworth—May Queen: presentation of banner.

CHAPTER II.

The Greys celebrate Fourth of July—Visit the Orange Guards at Hillsboro—Dinner and Ball—Celebrate 22d February at Greenboro—The "boom" of War—Secession of the Gulf States—Correspondence between Gov. Ellis and Secretary Holt—Organization of the Confederacy at Montgomery—We celebrate our own Anniversary—Our Visitors—The Ladies—Feasting and Dancing—"Call" on Gov. Ellis for troops—Ellis' Response.

CHAPTER III.

Effect of Lincoln's call for troops—Gov. Ellis convenes the Legislature—The Greys ordered to report at Goldsboro with three days rations—Ordered to report at Fort Macon—Ladies' Aid Society—Political excitement—North Carolina secedes—New recruits—The Greys sworn in—Arrival at Fort Macon—Latham's Woodpeckers—Assigned to the 9th Regiment—Assigned finally to the 27th Regiment—Deaths—New recruits—Routine duty at the Fort—Sports and Past-times.

CHAPTER IV.

Election of Regimental Officers—Ordered to New Berne—Burnside approaches—Fleet arrives on the 12th—The morning of the 14th—The Battle—The retreat—At Kinston—Changes and promotions—Expiration of enlistments—Regiment reorganized—Greys reorganized as Company B—Election of commissioned and non-commissioned officers.

CHAPTER V.

More recruits—Sam'l Park Weir—Leave North Carolina for Virginia—The Seven Pines—The seven days fight—Malvern Hill.

CHAPTER VI.

Marching in the rain—From Drury's Bluff to Petersburg—Riddling the "Daniel Webster"—Shelling McClellan's camp—Ordered to Richmond—At Rapidan Station—Discharges and deaths—Regimental Band formed—First Maryland campaign—Across the Potomac—Two Grays captured—Lost in the woods—Turn up in Loudon County, Va.—At Harper's Ferry—Surrender of Harper's Ferry.

CHAPTER VII.

Battle of Sharpsburg—The 27th Regiment in the fight—Complimentary notice by President Davis, Gen. Lee and others—Cook's heroism—Casualties—Captain Wm. Adams—Recross the Potomac—Rest at Occoquan—Election of Officers to fill vacancies—Deaths.

CHAPTER VIII.

McClellan moves Southward—Our march through the Valley—At Upperville—Return to Paris—Cedar Mountain—Col. Cooke promoted—Major J. A. Gilmer made Colonel—On to Fredericksburg—Incidents on the march—Burnside advances—Battle of Fredericksburg—Casualties.

CHAPTER XI.

Muster Roll of Grays in December, 1862—Ordered to Richmond—To Petersburg—Take cars for North Carolina—At Burgaw—The sweet potato vine—On to Charleston, S. C.—The Alligators of Pocatigo—In camp at Coosawhatchie—More deaths—Return to North Carolina—On the old grounds near Kinston.

CHAPTER X.

The affair at Bristow Station.

CHAPTER XI.

The affair at Bristow—Gallant conduct of Color-Guard W. C. Story—Losses of the Grays—Lieut. McKnight killed—Sergeant-Major R. D. Weatherly mortally wounded—The affair a criminal blunder—President Davis' comments—The surprise at Kelly's Ford—Meade crosses the Rapidan—Lee advances—Meade's retreat—In winter quarters near Orange Court-House.

CHAPTER XII.

Company promotions—Our "Fighting Parson" appointed Chaplain—New recruits—Transfers—Deaths—Virginia Xmas hospitality—Visited by Rev. J. H. Smith, of Greensboro.

III

CHAPTER XIII.

Relative strength of the two armies in May—Their respective positions—The Wilderness—Private Williams receives a wound—Casualties.

CHAPTER XIV.

The enemy re-enforced by Burnside's Corps—Heth and Wilcox overpowered—Critical situation—General Lee charges with the Texas Brigade—Enemy routed—Longstreet wounded—Night march—Moving towards Spottsylvania Court-House—Fortifying at Spottsylvania.

CHAPTER XV.

Barlow's attack upon our left—The little brick church—The enemy's advance on Ewell at the salient—Gen. Lee exposes himself—Terrific conflict—Heth's Division moved to the left—The enemy repulsed—Rest for a few days—Grant's desperate attack on the 18th.

CHAPTER XVI.

Grant abandons his plans—Moves towards Bowling Greene—On the road to Hanover Junction—Weary marches—A "Georgy" soldier's costume—His idea of Music and Medicine—Anecdote of General Grant—Grant changes his tactics—Engagement at Atlee's Station—Brush at Tolopotomy Creek—Skirmish at Pole—Green Church—Lieut. Campbell mortally wounded.

CHAPTER XVII.

The army at Cold Harbor—Battle at Pharr's farm—Casualties—At Cold Harbor—Lieut. Frank Hanner's death.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Marching towards the James—Our Brigade in the Chickahominy Swamps—Cavalry skirmish at Hawe's Shops—Sergeant W. M. Paisley mortally wounded—Ordered to support the cavalry on the 21st.—Fighting under difficulties—On the lines near Petersburg.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Crater—Warren's corps seize the Weldon Railroad—The 27th at Ream's Station—The Grays lose heavily—Warren holds the railroad.

CHAPTER XX.

In the trenches before Petersburg—Casualties—The Federals cross to the north side of the James—Skirmish near Battery No. 45—At Hatcher's Run—At Burgess' Mill—In line of battle—Building winter quarters—On a raid at Bellfield—The enemy in full flight—Grant creeping up on our lines.

CHAPTER XXI.

In winter quarters at Hatcher's Run—A midnight tramp—An affair at Hare's Hill—Our picket line in the hands of the enemy—Recaptured—At Fort Euliss—Our lines broken—The retreat—Fight at Sutherland's Tavern—Sorely pressed—Reach Deep Creek—Camp near Goode's Bridge—We celebrate—Reorganization of the regiment—A halt at Amelia Court-House—Wagon trains attacked and burned—Every man for himself—Reach Appomattox—In line of battle—Awaiting orders.

CHAPTER XXII.

To the reader—The morning of the 9th—Preparations to attack—A flag of truce—Negotiations between Generals Grant and Lee—The surrender—The Guilford Grays present at Appomattox—Comrades—Closing scene—Retrospect.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The names of all who were at any time on our rolls, and a sketch of the military record of each member—Battles fought.

Preface.

I hope no one will think that I aspire to the severe dignity of a historian in these rambling reminiscences which are to follow. I am well content to take an humbler part. With the political questions of the past, with the conduct of politicians and statesmen, with the skill of military leaders, with the criticism of campaigns, with the causes and effects of the civil war, I have here no concern, much less with the personal interests and rivalries of individuals. But for all this, the writer hopes that these contributions will not be unfavorably received by those who were actors in the scenes which are here recalled. He hopes that what is lacking of the general history of those eventful times will be compensated for in the details touching the history of the Guilford Grays themselves.

From the period when our company was called into the field by Gov. Ellis, down to the surrender at Appomattox, the writer kept a record of those events which came under his own observation, and which he thought might prove useful and interesting in future time. "*Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*"

These records up to the capture of Newberne were lost, and for this period of our history I have relied principally upon my memory. From the battle of Newberne to the final catastrophe, I have accurate notes of the most important events and incidents in which the Grays participated and shared.

To the memory of my comrades who fell, and as a testimonial to those who survive, these reminiscences are dedicated. To the derelict in duty, if such there may have been, the writer will have naught to say. Let their names stand forever in the shadows of oblivion.

JOHN A. SLOAN.

REMINISCENCES OF THE GUILFORD GRAYS.

CHAPTER I.

In the year eighteen hundred and sixty the military spirit was rife in the South. The clouds were threatening. No one knew what a day would bring forth. The organization, the equipment and drill of volunteer companies was, accordingly, the order of the times. The first assembly to perfect the organization of the Guilford Grays was held in the court-house in Greensboro, N. C., on the evening of the 9th of January, 1860. The meeting was presided over by General Joab Hiatt—now deceased—a favorite and friend of the young men. Gen. Hiatt won his military laurels as commander of the militia, in the piping times of peace. Whoever has seen him arrayed in the gorgeous uniform of a militia brigadier on the field of the general muster cannot fail to recall his commanding presence. He was the proper man to fill the chair at our first meeting. James W. Albright (who is still in the flesh) acted as secretary. The usual committees were appointed. A constitution and by-laws were drafted and adopted. The constitution provided for a volunteer company of infantry, to be known as the Guilford Grays. Each member was required to sign the constitution and by-laws. The following is a com-

plete list of the signers, in the order of their signatures :

John A. Sloan, William P. Wilson, Thomas J. Sloan, Jos. M. Morehead, John Sloan, David Gundling, Henry C. Gorrel, William U. Steiner, Otto Huber, James R. Pearce, Jas. T. Morehead, Jr., P. B. Taylor, Chas. A. Campbell, J. H. Tarpley, William Adams, James W. Albright, Mabeu Lamb, James Thomas, Edward G. Sterling, Jos. H. Fetzer, William P. Moring, Wilbur F. Owen, George H. Gregory, David N. Kirkpatrick, Andrew D. Lindsay, John Domell, Benjamin G. Graham, W. W. Causey, William L. Bryan, Chas. E. Porter, John D. Smith, James R. Cole, John H. McKnight, Jed. H. Lindsay, Jr., W. C. Bourne, John A. Gilmer, Jr., Samuel B. Jordan.

The foregoing persons signed the constitution and by-laws on the 9th of January, 1860, when the company was first organized, and are entitled to the honor of being the "original panel."

The company was organized by the election of the following commissioned and non-commissioned officers, viz. :

John Sloan, Captain ; William Adams, 1st Lieutenant ; James T. Morehead, 2d Lieutenant ; John A. Pritchett, 3d Lieutenant ; Henry C. Gorrell, Ensign (with rank of Lieutenant) ; W. C. Bourne, Orderly Sergeant ; William P. Wilson, 2d Sergeant ; Samuel B. Jordan, 3d Sergeant ; Geo. W. Howlett, 4th Sergeant ; Thos. J. Sloan, Corporal ; Benjamin G. Graham, 2d Corporal ; George H. Gregory, 3d Corporal ; Silas C. Dodson, 4th Corporal.

The following musicians were selected from the colored troops :

Jake Mebane, fifer ; Bob Hargrove, kettle-drummer ; Caesar Lindsay, base-drummer.

The anniversary of the battle of Guilford Court-House is an honored day among the people of old Guilford. It was the turning point in the future of Lord Cornwallis. When the Earl of Chatham heard the defeat announced in the House of Parliament, he exclaimed: "One more such victory would ruin the British." This battle was fought by General Greene on the 15th of March, 1781. On this anniversary, the 15th of March, 1860, our officers received their commissions from Governor Ellis. This is the date of our formal organization.

Friday night of each week was set apart for the purpose of drill and improvement. Our drill-room was in the second story of Tate's old cotton factory, where we were instructed in the various manœuvres and evolutions, as then laid down in Scott's tactics.

Early in April we received our arms, consisting of fifty stand of old flint-and-steel, smooth-bore muskets, a species of ordnance very effective at the breech. They were supposed to have descended from 1776, and to have been wrested by order of the Governor from the worms and rust of the Arsenal at Fayetteville. By the first of May we had received our handsome gray uniforms from Philadelphia. These uniforms, which we so gaily donned and proudly wore, consisted of a frock coat, single-breasted, with two rows of State buttons, pants to match, with black stripe, waist belt

of black leather, cross belt of white webbing, gray cap with pompon.

Our first public parade was a day long to be remembered. It occurred on the 5th day of May, 1860. The occasion was the coronation of a May-queen in the grove at Edgeworth Female Seminary. The Grays were invited by the ladies to lend their presence at the celebration, and it was whispered that we were to be the recipients of a banner.

It will be readily imagined that we were transported with the anticipation of so joyous a day. We did our best to make ourselves perfect in the drill and manual—for would not all eyes be upon us? The day came at last, and at 10 a. m. we assembled in front of the court-house. The roll was called and no absentees noted. The uniforms were immaculate, our officers wore the beautiful swords presented to them by the fair ladies of Greensboro Female College, the musket barrels and bayonets flashed and gleamed in the glorious May sunshine, and with high heads in jaunty caps, and with the proud military step, as we supposed it ought to be, we marched now in single file, and now in platoons, down the street towards the Edgeworth grounds, keeping time to the music of "Old Jake," whose "spirit-stirring fife" never sounded shriller, and whose *rainbow-arched* legs never bore him with such grandeur.

When we arrived at our destination, we found the beautiful green grounds, which were tastefully decorated, already filled with happy spectators. The young ladies, whose guests we were to be, were formed in

procession, and were awaiting the arrival of the Queen and her suite. The appearance of this distinguished cortege on the scene was the signal for the procession to move.

The following was the order of procession :

First. Fourteen of her maids of honor.

Second. Ten Floras, with baskets of flowers, which they scattered in the pathway.

Third. Sceptre and crown-bearer.

Fourth. The Queen, with Lady Hope and the Archbishop on either side.

Fifth. Two maids of honor.

Sixth. Ten pages.

Seventh. The Military (Grays).

As the Queen advanced to the throne, erected in the centre of the grove, the young ladies greeted her with the salutation :

“ You are the fairest, and of beauty rarest,
And you our Queen shall be.”

Lady Hope (Miss Mary Arendell) addressed the Queen :

O, maiden fair, with light brown hair !”

The Archbishop (Miss Hennie Erwin) then proceeded to the crowning ceremony, and Miss Mary Morehead was crowned Queen of May.

After these pleasant and ever-to-be-remembered ceremonies, the Queen (Miss Mamie) in the name of the ladies of the seminary, presented to the Grays a handsome silk flag, in the following happy speech :

“ In the name of my subjects, the fair donors of

Edgeworth, I present this banner to the Guilford Grays. Feign would we have it a "banner of peace," and have inscribed upon its graceful folds "peace on earth and good-will to man;" for our womanly natures shrink from the horrors of war and bloodshed. But we have placed upon it the "oak," fit emblem of the firm heroic spirits over which it is to float. Strength, energy, and decision mark the character of the sons of Guilford, whose noble sires have taught their sons to know but one fear—the fear of doing wrong." * * * * *

Cadet R. O. Sterling, of the N. C. Military Institute, received the banner at the hands of the Queen, and, advancing, placed it in the hands of Ensign H. C. Gorrell, who accepted the trust as follows:

"Most noble Queen, on the part of the Guilford Grays I accept this beautiful banner, for which I tender the thanks of those whom I represent. Your majesty calls to remembrance the days of 'Auld Lang Syne,' when the banners of our country proudly and triumphantly waved over our own battle field, and when our fathers, on the soil of old Guilford, 'struck for their altars and their fires.' Here, indeed, was fought the great battle of the South; here was decided the great struggle of the Revolution; here was achieved the great victory of American over British generalship; here was evidenced the great military talent and skill of Nathaniel Greene, the blacksmith boy, whose immortal name our town bears.

"If any earthly pride be justifiable, are not the sons of Guilford entitled to entertain it? If any spot on earth be appropriate for the presentation of a "banner of peace," where will you find it, if it be not here, five miles from the battle-field of Martinsville; here at Guilford Court-House in the boro of Nathaniel Greene; here in the classic grounds of old Edgeworth, sur-

rounded with beauty and intelligence; in the presence of our wives, our sisters, and our sweethearts. And who could more appropriately present this banner than your majesty and her fair subjects? You are the daughter of a Revolutionary mother to whom we would render all the honor due—

‘No braver dames had Sparta,
No nobler matrons Rome.
Then let us laud and honor them,
E’en in their own green homes.’

“They have passed from the stage of earthly action, and while we pay to their memories the grateful tribute of a sigh, we would again express our thanks to their daughters for this beautiful banner, and as a token of our gratitude, we, the Guilford Grays, do here beneath its graceful folds pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor, and swear for them to live, them to love, and, if need be, for them to die.

“Noble Queen, we render to you, and through you to your subjects, our hearty, sincere, and lasting thanks for this entertainment; and to the rulers, in your vast domain, for the privilege of trespassing upon their provinces which lie under their immediate supervision.

“In time of war, or in time of peace, in prosperity or adversity, we would have you ever remember the Guilford Grays—for be assured your memories will ever be cherished by them.”

This beautiful banner was designed by Dr. D. P. Weir and executed in Philadelphia—the size is 6 feet by 5, being made of heavy blue silk. On the one side is a painting in oils, representing the coat-of-arms of North Carolina encircled by a heavy wreath of oak leaves and acorns. Above is a spread eagle with scroll containing the motto, “E Pluribus Unum,” a similar scroll below with words, “Greensboro, North Caro-

lina." The other side, similar in design, except within the wreath the words, "Presented by the Ladies of Edgeworth Female Seminary, May 5th, 1860;" on the scroll above, "Guilford Grays," and on scroll below, "Organized March 5th, 1860," all edged with heavy yellow silk fringe, cord and tassel blue and gold, the staff of ebony, surmounted with a heavily plated battle axe. This flag is still preserved and in the writer's possession.

CHAPTER II.

More than a year in advance of the National Paper, attributed to Mr. Jefferson, the people of Mecklenburg County declared themselves a free people and took the lead in throwing off the British yoke. On the 4th day of July, 1776, the National Declaration, adopting (?) some of the language of the Mecklenburg convention, "rang out" the glad tidings "that these United Colonies are, and, of right, ought to be, *free and independent States.*"

To celebrate the "glorious fourth," the good people of Alamance County unveiled and dedicated a monument at Alamance church to the memory of Colonel Arthur Forbis, a gallant officer of the North Carolina troops, who fell mortally wounded at the battle of Guilford, March 25th, 1781. By invitation of the committee—Rev. C. H. Wiley and Dr. D. P. Weir—the Grays participated. Invitations of this kind were never declined. The day was intensely hot, and the distance from Greensboro being too far for a march in those days, wagons were furnished for our transportation.

The exercises of the occasion were opened with prayer by Rev. E. W. Caruthers. He was followed by Gov. John M. Morehead, who, taking the sword which the brave Forbis had carried while he was an officer, with it lifted the veil from the monument. The Governor's remarks were just such as those who knew him would have expected of him. The exercises were closed by Rev. Samuel Paisley, that venerable man of God. The Grays, after firing a salute and performing such duties as were required, returned to Greensboro, having spent an interesting "fourth."

On the 1st of October, in the same year, we visited by invitation the Orange Guards, a military organization at Hillsboro, N. C. The occasion was their fifth anniversary. We took the morning train to Hillsboro, and in a few hours reached our destination. We found the Guards at the depot awaiting our arrival. Lieutenant John W. Graham, on behalf of the Guards, received us with a most cordial welcome. Lieutenant James T. Morehead, Jr., responded upon the part of the Grays. We were then escorted to quarters, which were prepared for us, at the Orange Hotel, where we enjoyed the delicacies, luxuries, and liquids so bountifully "set out" at this famed hostelry, then presided over by the genius of Messrs. Hedgpeth and Stroud. In the afternoon we were escorted to the Hillsboro Military Institute, and gave the young gentlemen there an opportunity of observing our *superior* skill, both in the manual and the evolutions. At night the chivalry and beauty of "ye ancient borough" assembled in the Odd Fellows' hall to do us honor at a ball,

“And then the viols played their best;
Lamps above and laughs below.
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for yes, or fit for no.”

As Aurora began to paint the East in rosy colors of the dawn, we boarded the train for home. Some with aching heads, some with aching hearts.

The Orange Guards were closely and intimately associated with us during the entire four years of the war. We entered the service about the same time, at the same place, and served in the same regiment. Our friendships were there renewed, and many, so many, are the memories sweet and sad, which we mutually share. Our marches, our wants, our abundance, our sorrows, and our rejoicings—each and all, they were common to us both. In love and allegiance to our native State we marched forth to take our places among her gallant sons, be it for weal or woe; hand in-hand together till Appomattox Court-House, we struggled and endured. There, like a vesture no longer for use, we folded and laid away our tattered and battle-stained banner, to be kept forever sacred, in the sepulchre of a lost cause.

My diary intimates no occasion for even a “skirmish” until the 22d of February, 1861, when we again donned the gray to honor the memory of “George W.” and his little hatchet. We were entertained during the day with an address at the court-house by Jas. A. Long, Esq., on the all-absorbing *question* of the times.

The Congress of the United States had assembled as usual in December, and was at this time in session.

The clouds surcharged with sectional hate and political fanaticism were now lowering over us, and the distant mutterings of that storm which had been heard so long, and against which the wise and patriotic had given solemn warning, foreboded evil times. South Carolina had already, on the 20th of December, adopted her ordinance of secession; Mississippi on the 9th of January; Florida followed on the 10th, Alabama on the 11th, Georgia on the 18th, Louisiana on the 26th, and Texas on the 1st of February.

Events now crowded upon each other with the rapidity of a drama. On the 10th of January, 1861, Governor Ellis telegraphed Hon. Warren Winslow of North Carolina, at Washington, to call on General Winfield Scott and *demand* of him to know if he had been instructed to garrison the forts of North Carolina. The Governor stated that he was informed that it was the purpose of the Administration to coerce the seceded States, and that troops were already on their way to garrison the Southern forts. On the 12th, Governor Ellis addressed the following letter to President Buchanan:

“Your Excellency will pardon me for asking whether the United States forts in this State will be garrisoned with Federal troops during your administration. Should I receive assurances that no troops will be sent to this State prior to the 4th of March next, then all will be peace and quiet here, and the property of the United States will be protected as heretofore. If, however, I am unable to get such assurances, I will not undertake to answer for the consequences. Believing your Excellency to be desirous of preserving the peace, I have deemed it my duty to

yourself, as well as to the people of North Carolina, to make the foregoing inquiry, and to acquaint you with the state of the public mind here."

On the 15th day of January, J. Holt, Secretary of War (*ad interim*), in behalf of the President, replied as follows :

"It is not his (Buchanan's) purpose to garrison the forts to which you refer, because he considers them entirely safe under the shelter of that *law-abiding* sentiment for which the people of North Carolina have ever been distinguished."

The congress of delegates from the seceded States convened at Montgomery, Alabama, on the 4th of February, 1861, and on the 9th, Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, was chosen by this body for President, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, for Vice President of the Confederate States. On the 18th of February Mr. Davis was inaugurated and the Provisional Government was instituted.

On the 4th of March, "at the other end of the avenue," Abraham Lincoln, nominated by a sectional convention, elected by a sectional vote, and that the vote of a minority of the people, was inducted into office.

Eager now were the inquiries as to the probabilities of a war between the sections. Everything was wrapped in the greatest uncertainty. North Carolina still adhered to the Union.

The anniversary of our company occurring on the 15th of March, which was now near at hand, we determined to celebrate the occasion. We accordingly issued invitations to the Rowan Rifles, of Salisbury, the

Blues and Grays, of Danville, Va., and the Orange Guards, of Hillsboro, to be present with us. The Danville Grays, commanded by Capt. Claiburne, arrived on the evening of the 14th, the Rowan Rifles, Capt. McNeely, accompanied by Prof. Neave's brass band, greeted us on the morning of the 15th; the Orange Guards, Capt. Pride Jones, brought up the rear a few hours afterwards. Our visiting companies were welcomed, and the hospitalities of the city extended in an appropriate address by our then worthy Mayor. A. P. Eckel, Esq. Special addresses of welcome were made to the Danville companies by John A. Gilmer, Jr.; to the Rowan Rifles, by Lieut. James T. Morehead, Jr.; and to the Orange Guards, by Lieut. Wm. Adams. Having formed a battalion, under the command of Col. R. E. Withers, who had accompanied the Danville companies, we paraded the streets some hours. We repaired, by invitation of Prof. Sterling, to the Edgeworth grounds, where we found a bountiful lunch ready for us, prepared by the hospitable hostess. From Edgeworth we marched to the college, and passed in review before the bright eyes and smiling faces of the assembled beauty of that institution. At night our guests were entertained at a sumptuous collation in Yates' Hall, prepared by the ladies of our city. After we had refreshed the inner man, and regaled ourselves at the groaning tables, we moved, by way of a temporary bridge, constructed from the third-story window of the Yates building to the large hall in the Garrett building adjacent. Here, under the soul-stirring music discoursed by the Salisbury band, the feet

began to twinkle and sound in quadrille, and continued until

“The jagged, brazen arrows fell
Athwart the feathers of the night.”

On the next day all departed for their homes. Ah! who surmised so soon to leave them again, and on so different a mission!

We now pass from these holiday reflections, which are germane only to the introduction of these reminiscences, and arrive at the period when our *law-abiding* old State called her sons to arms; when we pledged our *most* sacred honor in the cause of freedom, and willingly made the sacrifice:—

“All these were men, who knew to count,
Front-faced, the cost of honor—
Nor did shrink from its full payment.”

On Friday, the 12th day of April, 1861, General G. T. Beauregard, then in command of the provisional forces of the Confederate States at Charleston, S. C., opened fire upon Fort Sumter. Then, on the 15th, came the proclamation of Mr. Lincoln, calling for 75,000 troops. As this levy could only mean war, Virginia determined to cast her lot with the Confederate States, and, accordingly, on the 17th added herself to their number.

This proclamation was the out-burst of the storm, and with lightning speed the current of events rushed on to the desolating war so soon to ensue.

On the 16th of April, Governor Ellis received from Mr. Cameron, Secretary of War, the following telegram, viz.:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *April 15th, 1861.*

TO J. W. ELLIS:

Call made on you by to-night's mail for two regiments of military for immediate service.

SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

Governor Ellis immediately telegraphed back the following reply:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
RALEIGH, N. C., *April 15th, 1861.*

TO SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

SIR: Your dispatch is received, and if genuine, which its extraordinary character leads me to doubt, I have to say in reply, that I regard that levy of troops made by the administration for the purpose of subjugating the States of the South as in violation of the Constitution, and as a gross usurpation of power. I can be no party to this wicked violation of the laws of the country, and to this war upon the liberties of a free people. *You can get no troops from North Carolina.* I will reply more in detail when I receive your "call."

JOHN W. ELLIS,
Governor of North Carolina.

It is to be remarked that as early as the 19th of March, Senator Thos. L. Clingman had dispatched Gov. Ellis, to wit:

"It is believed that the North Carolina forts will immediately be garrisoned by Lincoln."

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Lincoln's "call" for troops excited indignation and alarm throughout the South; and "law-abiding"

North Carolina had now to decide what it was her duty to do.

On the 17th of April, Gov. Ellis issued a proclamation convening the General Assembly to meet in special session on the first day of May.

On the evening of the day of the issuing of the proclamation, Capt. John Sloan, commanding the Grays, received orders from Gov. Ellis, "to report with his company, with three days' rations, at Goldsboro, N. C." This order was countermanded on the following morning, "to report to Col. C. C. Tew, commanding the garrison at Fort Macon."

In obedience to this order the Guilford Grays, on Friday night, April 18th, 1861, left Greensboro for Fort Macon. Thus the Rubicon was crossed; thus did North Carolina find herself in armed conflict with the United States; and thus were the Guilford Grays precipitated in the contest in which they were to suffer and endure for four long years.

Our departure was the occasion of different and conflicting emotions. The Grays, young, ardent, and full of enthusiasm, were the most light-hearted and happy of all, and marched with as little thought of coming trouble, as if on the way to some festive entertainment. Not so with mothers, sisters, and sweethearts—for except our captain, none of us were married—nature seemed to have granted to these a vision of the future, which was denied to us, and while they cheered us on with encouraging words, there was manifest in their expression a deep but silent under-current of sad forebodings, not unaccompanied with tears. We marched to

the depot with drums beating, and with *that* flag flying, which but twelve months before the girls had given us as a "banner of peace."

Previous to our departure on Friday night the company assembled in the court-house, when Lieut. John A. Pritchett and Orderly Sergeant W. H. Bourne, resigned their offices. John A. Gilmer, Jr., was elected to fill the vacancy of lieutenant, and Wm. P. Wilson that of orderly sergeant.

The following is the roll of members who left for Fort Macon on the night mentioned:

John Sloan, Captain; William Adams, 1st Lieutenant; James T. Morehead, Jr., 2d Lieutenant; John A. Gilmer, Jr., 3d Lieutenant; John E. Logan, M. D., Surgeon; Henry C. Gorrell, Ensign; William P. Wilson, Orderly Sergeant; John A. Sloan, 2d Sergeant; Geo. W. Howlett, 3d Sergeant; Samuel B. Jordan, 4th Sergeant; Thos. J. Sloan, Corporal; Benjamin G. Graham, 2d Corporal; Edward M. Crowson, 3d Corporal; J. Harper Lindsay, Jr., 4th Corporal. Privates: Hardy Ayres, James Ayers, William L. Bryan, Peter M. Brown, John D. Collins, Allison C. Cheely, Chas. A. Campbell, H. Rufus Forbis, Rufus B. Gibson, Walter Green, Frank A. Hanner, Alfred W. Klutts, Andrew D. Lindsay, John H. McKnight, J. W. McDowell, James R. Peafce, Chas. E. Porter, William U. Steiner, Edw. G. Sterling, John E. Wharton, Richard B. Worrell, Robert D. Weatherly, Samuel P. Weir, A. Lafayette Orrell, James Gray, Samuel Robinson, J. Frank Erwin, Joseph E. Brown, Edward Switz, Thos. D. Brooks, W. G. Duvall.

A few days after our departure, the ladies of Greensboro organized a committee, consisting of Mrs. D. P. Weir, Mrs. R. G. Sterling, Mrs. T. M. Jones, Mrs. A. P. Eckel, and Mrs. J. A. Gilmer, to see that we were supplied with provisions and such clothing as was needful, and nobly did these blessed ladies—three of whom have since “crossed the River: resting under the shade on the other side”—perform their work of love. We were constantly receiving boxes, containing, not only every comfort, but luxuries and dainties, from this committee, in addition to those sent us by the dear ones in our private homes.

In the meanwhile our newspapers and politicians were urging immediate action upon the part of our State. The following quotation from *The Patriot* of May 2d, 1861, will serve to show the state of public opinion at that time. *The Patriot* says:

“Our streets are filled with excited crowds, and addresses were made during the day by Governor Morehead, Hons. R. C. Puryear, John A. Gilmer, Sr., Rob’t P. Dick, and Thomas Settle. These speeches all breathed the spirit of resistance to tyrants, and our people were told that the time had come for North Carolina to make common cause with her brethren of the South in driving back the abolition horde.”

On the 20th day of May, 1861 (being the 86th anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence), North Carolina severed her relations with the Federal Union, and made “common cause with her brethren of the South.”

During the months of May and June our company re-

ceived many volunteer recruits, all, with one or two exceptions, coming from Guilford County. Below are their names and the dates of their enlistment :

Edward B. Higgins, J. T. Edwards, H. M. Boon, Richard G. Boling, L. G. Hunt, John W. Nelson, Jas. A. Orrell, Chas. W. Westbrooks, Jos. W. Rankin, C. W. Stratford, William M. Summers and Jas. S. Scott, on the first of May. A. F. Coble, R. S. Coble, Robert L. Donnell, Mike Gretter, G. D. Hines, Robert A. Hampton, Isaac F. Lane, Walter D. McAdoo, on the 4th, Wash. D. Archer, on the 9th of June. James M. Hardin, T. M. Woodburn, on the 10th. Wilbur F. Owen, Hal Puryear, Rob't. B. McLean, Edward B. Lindsay, S. A. Hunter, W. I. L. Hunt, W. C. Clapp, Israel N. Clapp, Jas. C. Davis, David H. Edwards, W. C. Story, Andy L. Stanley, Rob't. B. Tate, on the 11th, Jas. M. Marsh on the 13th, John W. McNairy, H. Smiley Forbis, William Dennis, John W. Reid on the 15th, Thos. J. Rhodes on the 25th, and on the 19th of July, Jas. L. Wilson.

A large majority of the members of the Grays were sworn in, some two months after our arrival at the Fort, as twelve months State troops. Some few at this time returned to their homes, and others enlisted in different commands. Ensign H. C. Gorrell returned to Greensboro, raised a company for active service, was elected its captain, and assigned to the 2d North Carolina regiment. He was killed June 21st, 1862, while gallantly leading a charge against one of the enemy's strongholds on the Chickahominy. Our surgeon, Dr. John E. Logan, remained with us about four months as surgeon of the post. He was then assigned to the 4th North Carolina

Regiment in active service, and, later during the war, to the 14th North Carolina, where he served as surgeon until the close of the war.

The war fever had now reached its height, and companies were forming throughout the State, and rapidly hastening to Virginia, which was soon to become the theatre of active operations. In the meanwhile, the seat of government was transferred from Montgomery, Alabama, to Richmond, Va., where, on the 20th day of July, 1861, the first Confederate Congress convened.

On our arrival at Fort Macon, on the night of the 20th of April, we found our old friends, the Orange Guards, also the Goldsboro Rifles and the Wilson Light Infantry, in quiet possession of the citadel. The United States garrison, consisting of Sergeant Alexander, supported by one six-pounder mounted on the inner parapet to herald the rising of the sun, and the going down of the same, had surrendered on the 11th, without bloodshed, to Capt. Pender, of Beaufort. The sergeant was paroled, and allowed to leave the fort with his flag and side-arms. The ordnance was retained. On the next morning we saw floating from the flag-staff over the fort the Pine Tree flag, with the rattlesnake coiled around the base. This was the State flag. About ten days afterwards for some cause, and by what authority is not known, the State flag was pulled down and a Confederate flag run up in its place. North Carolina had not yet seceded, and this was looked upon as an unwarrantable assumption of command, and some of our company left for home, but returned when the State afterwards seceded.

A few weeks afterwards our garrison was reinforced by Capt. Latham's (artillery) "Woodpeckers," from Craven. This command received its very appropriate nickname from the fact that, when they entered the fort, they wore very tight-fitting scarlet caps. (This company, with a detail from the 27th N. C. Regiment, did splendid service at the battle of Newberne.)

Some time in June we were assigned to the 9th North Carolina regiment; but, for some reason unknown to us, we were taken from this regiment, and another company substituted. On the 22d we were placed, with five other companies, in a battalion, commanded by Col. Geo. B. Singletary. Our position was retained in this battalion until some time in September, when we were assigned to the 27th North Carolina regiment, which was organized with Col. Singletary as Colonel, Capt. John Sloan (of the Grays) Lieut.-Colonel, and Lieut. Thomas C. Singletary as Major. Seven companies of this regiment were then in camp near Newberne, and the remaining three companies—one of which was the Grays, and designated in the regiment as Company "B"—were on detached service at Fort Macon, where we remained until the 28th of February, 1862.

Owing to the promotion of Capt. Sloan to the Lieut. Colonelcy of the regiment, Lieut. William Adams was elected captain of the Grays and Sergeant William P. Wilson elected 3d Lieutenant.

Private William Cook died in Greensboro of typhoid fever, on the 5th of June, having been a member of the company about one month.

On the 31st of July, private George J. Sloan, after severe illness, died at the fort.

On the 1st of August the following new members enlisted, viz.: Jno. T. Sockwell, R. D. Brown, Frank G. Chilcutt, George W. Lemons, James H. Gant, Richard Smith, and L. L. Prather.

Our special employment at the Fort, outside of the military routine, and to relieve its tedium, was "totin" sand bags. Thad Coleman was our chief of ordnance, and as the duties of this office were important and imperative, Sergeant Howlett and private A. D. Lindsay were detailed as assistants or aids-de-camp. While waiting the arrival of our artillery to equip the fort, Capt. Guion, our civil engineer, instructed our chief of ordnance and his aids to erect embrasures and traverses, of sand bags, on the parapets. The bags were first tarred, then filled with sand and carried by the men to the parapets. This interesting recreation was indulged in during the dog-days of the hottest August that our boys ever experienced. At the early dawn of every morning, upon the parapet, with a pair of opera glasses, intensely scanning the horizon of the deep, deep blue sea, might have been observed the inclined form of Capt. Guion, on the look-out for a United States man-of-war. But whether a man-of-war or the "idly-flapping" sail of some crab hunter hove in sight, the order for more sand bags was placed on file at the ordnance department. We built traverses day after day. We pulled them down and built them up again, exactly as they were before. At length the raw material, of bag, failed, and Sergeant-aid-de-camp Howlett was dispatched

under sealed orders to Greensboro on some mysterious errand. We employed our leisure time which we now enjoyed (thanks to the bag failure and the mysterious errand of Sergeant Howlett), in citing delinquents to appear before a court-martial of High Privates, which we now organized. Among the culprits were Sergeant Howlett and private Summers. It had transpired that Sergeant Howlett's mysterious errand had been to fill a requisition, made by Capt. Guion and approved by Lieut. Coleman, chief of ordnance, for a Grover and Baker sewing machine (extra size) to be employed in the furtherance of the tarred sand-bag business. The prisoner was tried, convicted, and sentenced to change his sleeping quarters to No. 14½. This casemate was occupied by Harper Lindsay, Ed. Higgins, Tom. Sloan, Jim. Pearce, and McDowell. Any man was entitled to all the sleep he could get in these quarters.

Private Summers, who had obtained leave to visit home on what he represented as *urgent* business, was also arraigned in due form. The charges and specifications amounted substantially to this, that he went home to see his sweetheart. He was permitted by the Court to defend with counsel. "Long" Coble appeared for him, and in his eloquent appeal for mercy—in which his legs and arms played the principal part of the argument—he compared the prisoner to a little ship, which had sailed past her proper anchorage at home and cast her lines at a neighbor's house. The evidence being circumstantial he was acquitted, but was ever known afterwards as "Little Ship" Summers. He served faithfully during the entire war; has anchored *properly* since,

and the little "crafts" around his happy home indicate that he has laid the keels for a navy.

Running the "blockade" to Beaufort was another favorite amusement. The popular and sable boatman for this "secret service" was Caesar Manson. Caesar's knowledge of the waters of the sound was full and accurate, and his pilotage around the "pint o' marsh" was unerring. Privates McDowell, Jim Pearce, and Ed Higgins employed Caesar a dark, rainy night on one of these secret expeditions to Beaufort. Owing to the fog on the sound and the *fog* in the boat, the return of the party was delayed till late in the night. The faithful sentinel, Mike Wood (of the Goldsboro Rifles), being on post at the wharf that night, and this fact being known to prudent Caesar, he steered for the creek to avoid him. As these festive revellers were wading ashore, Mike, hearing the splashing in the water, sung out, "who comes there!" receiving no reply, he cocked his gun, and became very emphatic. Pearce, knowing that Mike would shoot, answered very *fluently*, while in the water to his waist, "don't you shoot me, Mike Wood, I am coming in as fast as I can." Mike escorted the party to head quarters, and they performed some one else's guard duty for several days.

We must not forget to mention our genial commissary, Capt. King, and his courteous assistant, Mike Gretter, of the Grays. "Billy" King and his little cosey quarters were just outside the fort, and so convenient of a cold frosty morning, to call upon him and interview his *vial* of distilled fruit, hid away in the corner. *Vive le Roi, Billie.*

On the 8th of September, private James Davis died at the fort.

On September the 28th, private El. Sterling, who was absent on furlough, died at his home in Greensboro, N. C.

On the 25th of October, the U. S. Steamer "Union" was wrecked off Bogue Banks near the fort. Her crew was brought to the fort and confined there for a short time. What is of more interest was, that we received valuable stores from the wreck, among others, elegant hair mattresses, which now took the place of our slucks and straw.

These days at the fort were our halcyon days, as the dark hours were to us yet unborn. The war had been so far a mere frolic. In the radiant sunshine of the moment, it was the amusing phase of the situation, not the tragic, that impressed us.

CHAPTER IV.

On the 7th of November, Lieut.-Col. John Sloan was ordered to report for duty, to his regiment at Newberne. Some time in December Col. George Singletary resigned and Lieut.-Col. John Sloan was elected colonel of the regiment; Maj. T. C. Singletary was elected Lieutenant-Colonel, and Lieut. John A. Gilmer, of the Grays—who had been acting as adjutant of the regiment at Newberne—was elected Major. The promotion of Lieut. Gilmer made a vacancy in the offices of our company, and Sergeant John A. Sloan—at the time sergeant-major of the fort—was elected to fill it.

On the 28th of February, 1862, we were ordered to join our regiment then encamped at Fort Lane, on the Neuse River, below Newberne, North Carolina. About mid-day we filed through the sally-port and bade a long and sad farewell to Fort Macon. We were transported by boat to Morehead City, and thence by rail to Newberne. We arrived at Fort Lane late in the evening, and in the pouring rain, marched to our quarters. Our position in camp was assigned us, and we began to make ourselves comfortable in our new home. We had much baggage, more than would have been allowed an entire corps a year afterwards. Every private had a trunk, and every mess a cooking-stove, to speak nothing of the extras of the officers. All this portable property we turned over to Gen. Burnside, later in the season, for want of convenient transportation.

We had scarcely made ourselves snug in our winter quarters when we learned that a large land and naval force, conjoined under command of Gen. Burnside, was approaching Newberne. The fleet arrived in Neuse River on the 12th of March, and the land forces were in our front on the following day. On the night of the 13th we left our quarters and moved down the south bank of the Neuse a short distance, where we were placed in line of battle, in entrenchments which had previously been constructed under the orders of Gen. L. O. B. Branch, commanding our forces—our regiment being the extreme left of the lines, and resting upon the river. The morning of the 14th broke raw and cold, the fog was so dense that we could not see fifty yards beyond our works. As soon as it lifted, a skirmish be-

gan upon the right of our lines between the opposing pickets. About the same time the gunboats, which were creeping slowly up the river, began to shell the woods. Under cover of this random firing the land forces advanced. Our pickets along the entire line were rapidly driven in, and the battle of Newberne began. It is not my purpose here to venture a description of this engagement or to make any remarks by way of criticism.

After repeated attacks, the right of the Confederate lines gave way, which exposed our portion of the lines to an enfilade fire; the enemy took immediate advantage of their success, and were now endeavoring to turn our flank and get in our rear. We were ordered to fall back a short distance, and made a stand a few hundred yards to the rear in the woods. Meanwhile the guns in Fort Lane had been silenced by the shots from the enemy's fleet; this gave the boats an unobstructed passage to Newberne. Had they succeeded in reaching Newberne ahead of us, they would have destroyed the bridges and thus cut off our retreat, and forced a surrender of our entire command. Under these new and trying circumstances, a devil-may-care retreat was ordered, with instructions to reform at the depot in Newberne. We stood not upon the order of going but "went," rivaling in speed the celerity of the famed North Carolina militia at the battle of Guilford Court-House.

Before leaving our entrenchments, private S. H. Hunter was struck by a fragment of shell, which had exploded near us, and killed. This was the only casualty

in our company and the first. Poor Hunter was struck on the head and rendered unconscious. He was carried from the field and brought with us to Kinston in an ambulance, but died on the way. His remains were conveyed under escort to Greensboro. Sergeant Samuel B. Jordan was captured on the retreat. He was exchanged and paroled afterwards, but his term of enlistment having expired, he did not again enlist.

The company, or at least a portion of it, reformed at the depot in Newberne. From here we continued our retreat unmolested to Kinston, where we arrived at a late hour in the night.

While at the depot in Newberne a special train was ordered for the transportation of the sick and wounded. Some few others apparently healthy and able-bodied, but constitutionally exhausted, sought shelter on this train. Among these was my *body-guard* "Bill," who, with prudential forecast, had secured a berth early in the action and "held his ground" until the train reached Greensboro. Bill says he simply went home to inform "mar's" Robert that "mar's" John was safe and "untouched." He returned in due season and enlisted with me "durin" the war, was faithful to the end, and is part of our history.

We remained in and around Kinston performing picket duty on the roads leading toward Newberne until the 22d of March. About the 25th we changed our camp to "Black-jack," and on the 29th we moved to Southwest Church.

The muster-roll of our company at this period contained one hundred and twenty names, but of this

number, owing to the measles, whooping-cough, itch, and other "diseases dire," only seventy-three were reported for duty.

On the 18th of March, Mike Gretter was detached and appointed brigade commissary sergeant, in which position he served during the entire war. On the 1st of April, A. D. Lindsay—a graduate of the sand-bag department of Fort Macon—was appointed Ordnance Sergeant of our regiment. About the 20th of April, our 1st Lieutenant, James T. Morehead, Jr., resigned, to accept the position of captain in the 45th North Carolina regiment. He was afterwards elected lieutenant-colonel of the 53d regiment, and after the death of Col. Owens, was promoted to the colonelcy. Colonel Morehead was wounded at Spottsylvania Court-House, Gettysburg, and Hares' Hill, at which latter place he was made a prisoner in a gallant charge of his command, and was held until after the war.

Private John W. Nelson was detailed as permanent teamster to regimental quarter-master, some time in April, and acted as such until the 17th of March, 1863, when he died in the hospital at Charleston, S. C.

The expiration of the term of enlistment of the twelve months' men was now near at hand; and to provide measures to levy new troops; and to hold those already in the field, President Davis was authorized by an act of Congress "to call out and place in the military service for three years all white male residents between the ages of 18 and 35 years, and to continue those already in the field until three years from the date of enlistment, but those under 18 years and over 35 were to

remain 90 days." Under [this act our company lost privates R. B. Jones, W. D. Hanner, W. Hopkins, W. C. Winfree, and W. Burnside, all of whom were over 35 years of age. W. Burnside rejoined us in April, 1863. Private John E. Wharton substituted P. A. Ricks on the 1st of May, and returned to Guilford, where he raised a company and re-entered the service as its commandant. Private Ed. Lindsey, who left us, being under 18 years of age, was made a lieutenant in Capt. Wharton's company. Ed. was killed in the month of April 1865.

On the 16th of April, the 27th North Carolina regiment reorganized. Major John R. Cooke, who was at that time chief of artillery on Gen. Holmes' staff, was elected colonel, R. W. Singletary re-elected lieutenant-colonel, and John A. Gilmer, Jr., re-elected major. The regiment was then assigned to Gen. Robert Ransom's Brigade, under whose command we remained until the 1st of June.

On the 22d of April, our company reorganized as company "B." William Adams was re-elected captain, John A. Sloan was elected 1st lieutenant, John H. McKnight 2d lieutenant, and Frank A. Hanner, 2d lieutenant junior; Benjamin G. Graham was appointed orderly sergeant, Samuel B. Jordan (still prisoner) 2d sergeant, Thos. J. Sloan, 3d sergeant, George W. Howlett, 4th sergeant, Will U. Steiner, 5th sergeant, Ed B. Crowson, 1st corporal, Jed H. Lindsay, Jr., 2d corporal, John D. Collins, 3d corporal, and Chas. A. Campbell, 4th corporal. Lieutenant W. P. Wilson declined re-election in the company to accept the position of adjutant of the

regiment, tendered him by Col. Cooke, which office he filled with much credit to himself and regiment. He died in Greensboro on March 3d, 1863, after a severe illness.

From the 4th to the 7th of May, we assisted in tearing up and destroying the A. & N. C. Railroad from Kinston to Core Creek. We made up our minds if Burnside pursued us again, he should come slowly, and on foot.

CHAPTER V.

From February to the tenth of May, the following men had joined our company: Benjamin Burnside, Henry Coble, R. L. Coltrain, John Coltrain, D. L. Clark, John Camady, W. W. Underwood, Jas. Hall, Jas. R. Wiley, Hugh Hall, Wash. Williams, Lewis N. Isley, Stephen D. Wimbourne, W. W. McLean, Geo. H. Woolen, Wm. McFarland, Sam'l Young, Lemuel May, Thos. L. Greeson, Rasper Poe, B. N. Smith, J. M. Edwards, John H. Smith, R. L. Smith, Wm. Seats, Paisley Sheppard, Newton Kirkman, James Lemons, Wm. Horney, Silas C. Dodson (rejoined), Jas. E. McLean, Wm. May, S. F. McLean, E. F. Shuler, and J. J. Thom.

Samuel Park Weir, who had acted as chaplain to our company, in connection with his duties as a private soldier, was transferred, in May, to the 46th North Carolina regiment, to accept the office of Lieutenant in one of the companies of that regiment. When the war commenced, Sam was at the Theological Seminary in

Columbia, S. C. Leaving his studies, he shouldered his musket and entered the ranks of the Grays in April, 1861. At the battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13th, 1862, as his regiment was passing in our rear, at the foot of Marye's Hill, Sam halted a moment to speak to Col. Gilmer, who had been wounded as we were moving into our position, and was advising him to leave the field. While thus conversing with the colonel and the writer, he was struck by a minie-ball, and instantly killed, falling lifeless at our feet. His remains were carried to Greensboro, and buried in the Presbyterian burying-grounds.

On the front line, he crossed the silent stream, leaving behind him the fragrant memory of a name engraven to remain in the affections of his comrades, and an example of modesty, purity, courage, and devotion to principle unsurpassed. He sleeps the sleep of the blessed, and no spot of earth contains a more gallant soldier, a truer patriot, or a more faithful and sincere friend—

“Sleep, soldier ! Still, in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.”

On the 31st of May we folded our tents, made our preparations for a hasty adieu to North Carolina, and left Kinston for the seat of war in Virginia. We reached Richmond about one o'clock on the first of June. As we neared the city, we could hear distinctly the guns of the battle of Seven Pines, and as soon as we reached the depot, we were ordered to the battlefield. We were marched rapidly through Richmond,

all anxious to take part in the battle now raging. Before we arrived on the field, the fight had been fought and won, and our services were not called for.

On the following day we were assigned to Gen. J. G. Walker's brigade, and ordered into camp at Drury's Bluff, where we remained, constructing fortifications, until the latter part of June. While in camp here, B. N. Smith substituted Paul Crutchfield. Dr. L. G. Hunt, acting surgeon of our company, was appointed assistant surgeon of the regiment. "Gwyn," with his amiable and handsome hospital steward, C. M. Parks, of the Orange Guards, continued to prescribe "them thar pills" until the war ended.

On the 27th of June, 1862, the memorable "Seven Days' Fight" around Richmond began. The Grays formed a portion of the reserve under Gen. Holmes, and were marched from battle-field to battle field, receiving the shells of the enemy, and acting as targets for their sharp shooters. On the 29th, Gen. Holmes crossed from the south side of the James River, and on the 30th, being re-enforced by Gen. Wise's brigade, moved down the river road with a view to gain, near to Malvern Hill, a position which would command the supposed route of McClellan's retreating army. We were posted on this road at New Market, which was supposed to be the route McClellan would pursue in his retreat to the James. Our generals and their guides, being ignorant of the country, subsequently learned there was another road running by the Willis church which would better serve the purpose of the retreating foe, and we were moved to a position on this road. Here we remained

under the fire of the enemy's gun-boats, whose huge, shrieking shells crashing through the trees and bursting in our midst, inspired a degree of terror not justified by their effectiveness. The dust created by our march gave the enemy a knowledge of our position, and caused the gun-boats to open this heavy fire upon us. Instead of finding the enemy a straggling mass, as had been reported, they were entrenched between West's house and Malvern Hill, commanding our position with an open field between us.

General Holmes' artillery opened fire upon the enemy's infantry, which immediately gave way, and simultaneously their batteries, of twenty-five or thirty guns, and their gun boats made a cross-fire upon us. Their force, both in infantry and artillery, being vastly superior to ours, any attempt upon our part to make an assault being considered worse than useless, we were withdrawn at night-fall. The enemy kept up their cannonading until after dark.

On the 1st of July, late in the afternoon, line of battle was formed and orders were issued for a general advance at a given signal, and the bloody battle of Malvern Hill began. Several determined efforts were made to storm Crews Hill; "brigades advanced bravely across the open field raked by the fire of a hundred cannon and the muskets of large bodies of infantry. Some were broken and gave way; others approached close to the guns, driving back the infantry, compelling the advance batteries to retire to escape capture and mingling their dead with those of the enemy. For want of co-operation the assaults of the attacking col-

umns were too weak to break the enemy's line, and after struggling gallantly, sustaining and inflicting great loss, they were compelled successively to retire. The firing continued until after 9 p. m., but no decided result was gained. At the cessation of firing several fragments of different commands were lying down and holding their ground within a short distance of the enemy's line, and as soon as the fighting ceased an informal truce was established by common consent. Parties from both armies, with lanterns and litters, wandered over the field seeking for the wounded, whose groans could not fail to move with pity the hearts of friends and foe." McClellan withdrew with his army during the night, and hastily retreated to Harrison's landing on the James.

CHAPTER VI.

Early on the next morning the rain began to fall in torrents, and continued for forty-eight hours, rendering the roads almost impassable. It was reported that the enemy were crossing the James, and we were ordered back to our camp near Drury's Bluff. About sun-down we commenced our weary and hard march. Our men were worn out by continuous marching and loss of sleep, still we plodded along, reaching our camp, 17 miles distant, about 3 o'clock in the morning thoroughly drenched. Col. Cooke had gone ahead of us, and having aroused the men left in charge of the camp, had great blazing fires in front of our tents awaiting our arrival.

On the 6th, we left Drury's Bluff and marched to Petersburg, spending a day there; on the morning of the 8th we were ordered to Fort Powhatan on the James below City Point. About daylight on the morning of the 11th we were placed in ambush on a high bluff on the river with instructions to fire into any vessel that might attempt to pass. We had not been long in our position when a transport called the "Daniel Webster" was spied approaching us. When she steamed up opposite us, the batteries which had accompanied us let loose the "dogs of war," and riddled her cabins and hull. She floated off down the river disabled, but we had no means of knowing what damage we had done to the crew. Very soon the gunboats below opened fire upon us, and, for a mile below, the woods and banks of the river were alive with shot and shell. We withdrew our artillery and made a similar attempt the next day, but found no game.

We returned to Petersburg and remained in camp there until the 19th of August, picketing up and down the James River.

On the 31st of July we were sent down the river as support to the artillery which had been ordered to Coggins' Point to shell McClellan's camp. On the night of the 1st of August we had about fifty pieces of our artillery in position; we could not show ourselves in the daytime, as the enemy had their balloons up and could almost see the "promised land" around Richmond. About 2 o'clock in the morning we opened fire upon McClellan's camp on the opposite bank of the river. His camp fires and the lights

from the shipping in the river formed a grand panorama. After a few shots from our artillery, these lights quickly disappeared. We kept up a constant fire for several hours, withdrew, and at daylight took up the line of march for Petersburg. After we had retired far out of reach of their guns, the enemy opened the valves of their ordnance and belched forth sounds infernal, but their gunpowder and iron was all wasted upon imaginary forces.

On the 20th of August we were ordered to Richmond, remaining there, at Camp Lee, until the 26th, when we boarded the train for Rapidan Station, on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad. We remained in camp at this point until the 1st of September.

Sergeant Geo. W. Howlett, being disabled for service in the field on account of his eyes, left us on the 23d of July. Private R. L. Coltrain was discharged by surgeon's certificate about the same time. Corporal John D. Collins, on detail as one of the color-guard—and who, in the absence of the regular color-guard of the regiment, had carried our flag in the battles around Richmond—died of typhoid fever, while we were encamped at Drury's Bluff. On the 8th of August, private W. C. Clapp died at his home, and private John H. Smith at the hospital in Petersburg. On the 17th, Hal Puryear substituted a most excellent soldier in the person of Louis Lineberry. About this time a regimental band was formed, and the Grays furnished as their quota: Ed. B. Higgins, Samuel Lipscomb, and Thomas J. Sloan; each of whom became excellent "tooters."

After the series of engagements at Bull Run and on the Plains of Manassas, the condition of Maryland encouraged the belief that the presence of our army would excite some active demonstration upon the part of her people, and that a military success would regain Maryland. Under these considerations, it was decided by our leaders to cross the army of Northern Virginia into Western Maryland, and then, by threatening Pennsylvania, to induce the Federal army to withdraw from our territory to protect their own.

Gen. J. G. Walker, our brigadier—now in command of the division—ordered us from our camp at Rapidan Station, on the morning of September 1st, and we set out with the army of Northern Virginia on what is termed the “first Maryland campaign.” Our first day’s march halted us at Warrenton. On the 4th, we reached the battle-field of Manassas, finding many of the enemy’s dead still unburied, from the engagement a few days previous. On the 5th, we passed through the villages of Haymarket and New Baltimore, and rested at Leesburg on the evening of the 6th. McClellan was ignorant of Lee’s plans, and his army remained in close vicinity to the lines of fortifications around Washington, until the sixth. Early next morning (Sunday), we forded the Potomac at Noland’s Ferry, and were occupying the shores of “My Maryland.” Our band struck up the “tune,” but the citizens we came in contact with did not seem disposed to “come.” We had evidently crossed at the wrong ford. On the next day, the 8th, we arrived at a small place called Buckettown, where we rested until the morn-

ing of the ninth. About 10 o'clock, we reached Frederick city; here we found the main army, and our division was assigned to Gen. Longstreet's corps. In a skirmish with the enemy's cavalry, near the city, Jas. A. Orrell and Thos. R. Greeson were captured.

On the night of the 9th, we, in company with our division, were quietly marched to the mouth of the Monocacy river to destroy the aqueduct. We were tramping all night and accomplished nothing; the manœuvre, as it afterward appeared, was but a feint to draw the attention of the enemy away from the movements of "Stonewall's" corps, then marching on Harper's Ferry. About daylight next morning we found ourselves again in the vicinity of Buckettown; we proceeded some 5 miles further, where we formed a line of battle, and rested on our arms in this position all day in full view of the enemy, who were posted on the hills beyond us, and to the east of Buckettown. As soon as night came, we started off hurriedly in the direction of Frederick; having gone in this course some three miles we countermarched and took the road for Point of Rocks on the Potomac. Just as day was breaking, on the morning of the 12th, after a rapid march, we reached Point of Rocks and recrossed the Potomac. We were completely bewildered as to our course, and no one seemed to know what all this manœuvering would lead to. During the day, we ascertained we were on the road leading to Harper's Ferry, but our course was so repeatedly changed that we had but this consolation, that "if we did not know where we were, or where we were going, the Yankees didn't, for the Devil himself could not keep

track of us." At night we reached Hillsboro, in Loudon County, Va., and camped near there. On the 13th, we were in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, and at night took possession of Loudon Heights, on the east side of the Shenandoah, and were in readiness to open fire upon Harper's Ferry. General McLaws had been ordered to seize Maryland Heights, on the north side of the Potomac, opposite Harper's Ferry. Finding them in possession of the enemy, he assailed their works and carried them; they retreated to Harper's Ferry, and on the 14th, its investment by our forces was complete. As soon as we gained our position, which was accomplished by a circuitous route up the steep and ragged mountain, the enemy in and around Harper's Ferry opened fire upon us from their batteries. Owing to the extreme elevation, most of their shells fell short; a few burst over us, but did no damage. The batteries attached to our division were carried by hand to the top of the Heights, and placed in position. Early on the morning of the 15th, the attack upon the garrison began. Stonewall Jackson's batteries opened fire from Bolivar Heights, in conjunction with ours and the artillery on Maryland Heights; in about two hours, "by the grace of God," as Jackson had foretold, the garrison, consisting of 11,000 men, surrendered. Seventy-three pieces of artillery, 13,000 small arms, and a large quantity of military stores fell into our hands.

On the night of the 15th we made our descent from the Heights, crossed the mountain and resumed our march. About midday of the 16th we reached Shepherdstown, crossed the Potomac and went into camp near Sharpsburg, Maryland.

CHAPTER VII.

On the morning of the 17th of September, just before day-break, we were aroused from our slumbers and moved to a position in line of battle on the extreme right of the Confederate lines. At early dawn the enemy opened their artillery from both sides of the Antietam, the heaviest fire being directed against our left. Under cover of this fire a large force of infantry attacked Gen. Jackson's division, and for some time the conflict raged with fury and alternate success. Gen. Early, in command of Ewell's division, was sent to their support, when Jackson's division was withdrawn, its ammunition being nearly exhausted. The battle was now renewed with great violence, and the troops of McLaws and J. G. Walker were brought from the right. With these re-enforcements Gen. Early attacked resolutely the large force opposed to him, and drove them back in some confusion beyond the position our troops had occupied at the beginning of the engagement. This attack upon our left was speedily followed by one in heavy force on the centre, and our regiment was double-quickened one and a half miles to near the centre, and placed in line about one mile to the left of the town of Sharpsburg.

The gallant and conspicuous part which the 27th regiment took in the fight, Capt. Graham, of the Orange Guards, describes graphically as follows :

“Forming in a corn-field we advanced under a heavy fire of grape and canister at a quick step up a little rise and halted at a rail fence, our right considerably advanced, After holding this position for half an hour

or more our front was changed so as to be on a line with the other troops. In the meantime we had suffered heavily, and I think had inflicted equally as much damage. [On this first advance Capt. Adams was shot down.] About 1 o'clock the enemy having retired behind the hill upon which they were posted, and none appearing within range in our front, Col. Cooke ordered us to fall back some twenty steps in the corn and lie down so as to draw them on: he, in the meantime, regardless of personal danger from sharpshooters, remained at the fence beside a small tree. After remaining there some 20 minutes, the enemy attempted to sneak up a section of artillery to the little woods upon our left. Colonel Cooke, watching the movement, ordered the four left companies of our regiment up to the fence and directed them to fire upon this artillery. At the first fire, before they had gotten into position, nearly every horse and more than half the men fell, and the infantry line which had moved up to support them showed evident signs of wavering. Col. Cooke seeing this, and having received orders to charge if opportunity offered, immediately ordered a charge. Without waiting a second word of command we leaped the fence and 'made at them,' and soon we had captured three guns and had the troops opposed to us in full retreat. A battery posted near a little brick church upon a hill to our left was playing sad havoc with us, but supposing that would be taken by the troops upon our left—who we concluded were charging with us—we still pursued the flying foe. Numbers of them surrendered to us and they were ordered to the rear. We pushed on and soon wheeled to the right, drove down their line, giving them all the while an enfilade fire, and succeeded in breaking six regiments who fled in confusion. After pushing on this way for a while we found ourselves opposed by a large body of troops behind a stone wall in a corn-field. Stopping to contend with these, we found that we were almost out of ammunition. Owing to this

fact, and not being supported in our charge, we were ordered to fall back to our original position. This of course was done at double-quick. As we returned we experienced the perfidy of those who had previously surrendered to us, and whom we had not taken time to disarm. They, seeing that we were not supported, attempted to form a line in our rear, and in a few minutes would have done so. As it was we had to pass between two fires; a part of the troops having been thrown back to oppose our movement on their flank, and these supposed prisoners having formed on the other side. A bloody lane indeed it proved to us. Many a brave man lost his life in that retreat. At some points the lines were not sixty yards distant on either side. Arriving at our original position, we halted and reformed behind the rail fence. We opened fire with the few remaining cartridges we had left and soon checked the advance of the enemy, who did not come beyond the line which they occupied in the morning. In a short while all our ammunition was exhausted. Courier after courier was sent after ammunition, but none was received. Four or five times during the afternoon, couriers came from Gen. Longstreet, telling Col. Cooke to hold his position at all hazards, 'as it was the key to the whole line.' Cooke's reply was, 'tell Gen. Longstreet to send me some ammunition. I have not a cartridge in my command, but I will hold my position at the point of the bayonet.' "

Mr. Davis, in his history, says: "*Col. Cooke, with the 27th North Carolina regiment, stood boldly in line without a cartridge.*"

"About 5 o'clock in the afternoon we were relieved, and moved to the rear about one mile. After resting half an hour and getting fresh ammunition, we were again marched to the front, and placed in line in the rear of the troops who had relieved us. Here we were subjected to a severe shelling, but had no chance to return

the fire. After nightfall we rejoined our division on the left, and with them bivouaced upon the battle-field."

General R. E. Lee, in his report of this battle, makes complimentary mention of our regiment, and says, further, "this battle was fought by less than forty thousand men on our side, all of whom had undergone the greatest labors and hardships in the field and on the march. Nothing could surpass the determined valor with which they met the large army of the enemy, fully supplied and equipped, and the result reflected the highest credit on the officers and men engaged."

General McClellan, in his official report, states that he had in action in the battle 87,184 men of all arms. Lee's entire strength was 35,255. "These 35,000 Confederates were the very flower of the army of northern Virginia, who, with indomitable courage and inflexible tenacity, wrestled for the mastery in the ratio of one to three of their adversaries; at times it appeared as if disaster was inevitable, but succor never failed, and night found Lee's lines unbroken and his army still defiant. The drawn battle of Sharpsburg was as forcible an illustration of southern valor and determination as was furnished during the whole period of the war, when the great disparity in numbers between the two armies is considered.

The Grays went into this battle with 32 men, rank and file. Capt. William Adams, privates Jas. E. Edwards, A. F. Coble, James M. Edwards, R. Leyton Smith and Samuel Young were killed on the field. Privates Peter M. Brown, Benjamin Burnside and Robert L. Donnell were badly wounded and fell into the hands of

the enemy. R. L. Donnell died of his wounds at Chester, Pa., November 6th, 1862. Privates W. D. Archer, Walter D. McAdoo, J. E. McLean, Samuel F. McLean, L. L. Prather and W. W. Underwood were wounded and sent to the hospital. W. W. Underwood died of his wounds September 29th, 1862. Privates Paul Crutchfield, H. Rufus Forbis, Rufus B. Gibson, James M. Hardin, James L. Wilson and William McFarland were exchanged and returned to their company the following November, except McFarland, who was reported dead.

On account of the forced and continuous march from Rapidan, many of our men from sheer exhaustion and sickness were compelled to fall out of ranks, among them some of the best soldiers in the company.

Captain Adams, as before stated, fell early in the action. He was carried from the field and buried in the cemetery at Shepherdstown. His remains were afterwards removed and interred in the cemetery at Greensboro. He was a brave and gallant officer, and fell front-faced with his armor on. The other members of the company who were killed, wrapped in their martial garb, sleep in some unknown grave, on the spot where they fell, amid the carnage and gore of the battle-field:

“ Whether unknown or known to fame—
 Their cause and country still the same—
 They died, and wore the gray.”

On the 18th we occupied the position of the preceding day. Our ranks were increased during the day, and our general forces were augmented by the arrival of troops; but our army was in no condition to take

the offensive, and the army of McClellan had been too severely handled to justify a renewal of the attack, consequently the day passed without any hostile demonstrations. During the night our army was withdrawn from Sharpsburg, and at day-break on the morning of the 19th we recrossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown. After fording the river, we halted a short distance on the hills near by, and were engaged in drying our clothing and making a breakfast from our scanty rations of pop-corn and hard tack, when a force of the enemy, (Porter's corps,) who had the temerity to cross the river in pursuit, made their appearance. Gen. A. P. Hill, in charge of the rear guard of the army, met them, made a charge upon them and drove them into the river. In his report of this engagement he says: "The broad surface of the Potomac was blue with the floating bodies of our foe. But few escaped to tell the tale. By their own account they lost three thousand men, killed and drowned. Some two hundred prisoners were taken."

The condition of our troops now demanding repose, we were ordered to the Occoquan, near Martinsburg. On our march another attempt to harrass our rear was reported, and we were sent back to the vicinity of Shepherdstown; finding "all quiet on the Potomac," the march was again resumed at night, and on the 21st we went into camp near Martinsburg. After spending a few days here we were moved to the neighborhood of Bunker Hill and Winchester, and remained in camp until the 23d of October.

On the 22d of September, while in camp near Martinsburg, the Grays proceeded to fill the offices made

vacant by the battle of the 17th. Lieut. J. A. Sloan was promoted to captain; 2d Lieut. McKnight to 1st Lieutenant; Frank A. Hammer to 2d Lieutenant; and Sergeant B. G. Graham to junior 2d Lieutenant. J. Harper Lindsay was appointed orderly sergeant. Corporals Wm. M. Paisley and A. C. Cheely were made Sergeants. Privates R. D. Weatherly, Thos. J. Rhodes, and H. Rufus Forbis were appointed corporals.

On the 8th of September, private R. D. Brown died at the hospital in Petersburg, Va.; on the 12th, private R. L. Coble, at Frederick City, Md.; on the 19th, Hugh Hall in hospital at Richmond; and on the 24th, privates Wm. Seats and Wm. H. McLean died in hospital at Winchester, Va.

CHAPTER VIII.

About the middle of October, McClellan moved his army across the Potomac, east of the Blue Ridge, and bent his course southward. Later in the month, he began to incline eastwardly from the mountains, and finally concentrated his forces in the neighborhood of Warrenton, Virginia. On the 7th of November he was relieved of the command of the army of the Potomac, and Gen. Burnside, "under Federal dispensation," became his successor. The indications were that Fredericksburg was again to be occupied. Gen. Lee, with his usual foresight, divining his purpose, promptly made such disposition as was necessary to forestall him. McLaw's and Ransom's divisions were ordered to proceed at once to that city.

On the morning of the 23d we broke up our camp at Winchester, and after a long but pleasant day's march, reached the vicinity of Millwood; from thence we journeyed on to Paris, in Loudon County. Our march through this Arcadia of Virginia, with its picturesque scenery, and along those splendid and wonderful turn-pikes, as they stretched out before us, formed a panorama never to be forgotten. The giant hills stood around like sentinels wrapped in their everlasting silence; behind these, still bolder hills, and again behind these, the blueness of the distant mountains. The day was glad with the golden brightness of an October sun, and as I gazed upon these mountains, clothed in their autumnal beauty, and in their everlasting fixity of repose, I could but contrast this grandeur and silence with the too recent scenes of blood and tumult upon the hills of Antietam. How brief, how insignificant is man's existence! Encamped so high above the world filled us with a sense of exaltation and awe. Fires were soon lighted, and the men, weary with marching, wrapped in their blankets, stretched themselves upon the ground to sleep, perchance to dream of firesides in distant homes where—

“Belike sad eyes with tearful strain,
Gazed northward very wistfully
For him that ne'er would come again.”

The next morning broke cold and threatening. We resumed our march and had proceeded but a few miles when the rain began to fall. Later in the day it came down in torrents, and the wind was blowing gales. About dark, in the midst of this storm, we were halted

in a large hickory grove on the side of the Blue Ridge, near the small village of Upperville. Our men comprehended the situation at once, and, though thoroughly drenched and chilled, soon had their axes ringing in the forest, and large log fires were ablaze over the camp. The storm continued with fury all night, to sleep was impossible, and we were forced to pass the most disagreeable night we had ever experienced.

On the 29th we retraced our steps to Paris. On the following morning, acting as an escort to a foraging party, we proceeded to Middleboro. At night we returned to camp, rich in wagon loads of corn and provender, also securing a large lot of fine beeves. On the next day, leaving Paris, we moved by way of Salem in the direction of Culpepper Court-House, which place we reached on the 2d of November, and remained there until the 4th. Sergeant Harper Lindsay, while here, accepted the position of adjutant of the 45th North Carolina regiment, and Sergeant Chas. Campbell was promoted to orderly sergeant in his stead.

On the night of the 4th, after a tiresome day's march, we went into camp on the top of Cedar Mountain. We were halted on a bleak and barren hill with no fuel within our reach. Col. Cooke, under the circumstances, suspended "special orders" in reference to destroying private property, and gave the men permission to burn the rails from the fences near by. For this necessary disobedience some spiteful person reported him and he was placed in arrest, from which he was released next day without a court martial. After our company had made its fires and were busy trying to make a supper from their scanty rations, I strolled over to Cooke's

headquarters and found him sitting moodily over *his* fire of rails. We began to discuss the officers of the brigade, and while he was idly turning a splinter he held in his fingers, it fell from his hand and stuck upright in the ground. He turned quickly to me, slapped me on the back and laughingly said: "John, that is an omen of good luck." I surmised to what he had reference—a probability of his promotion had been whispered—and replied, I did not take much stock in splinters, but I hoped in this instance the omen might be realized. In a few moments, several men from the regiment, with their canteens, passed near us and one of them, a lank, lean soldier, inquired of Cooke if he could tell him where the spring of water was. With some irritability in his tone he replied, "No, go hunt for it." The thirsty questioner, possibly recognizing him, made no reply, but turned away thinking, no doubt, under other circumstances, he would have answered him differently. The soldier had gone but a short distance when Cooke called him back, apologized for his hasty speech and indifference, and informed him kindly where he could find the water.

Not many days afterwards the splinter omen was interpreted, and Col. John R. Cooke, of the 27th North Carolina regiment (though junior colonel of the brigade), was promoted for gallantry to brigadier general, and assigned to the command of Gen. J. G. Walker's brigade, who was transferred to the Mississippi department. I have introduced these incidents, merely to illustrate the noble traits of character of this gallant and courteous gentleman and soldier, who was acknowledged by Gen. Lee himself to be *the* brigadier of his

army. Of his services with his North Carolina brigade history already leaves him a record. He is a man of chivalric courage, and possesses that magnanimity of heart which ever wins the affections of a soldier. He was beloved by his entire command. A truer sword was not drawn in defence of the South and her cause, and a more untarnished blade never returned to its scabbard when the unhappy conflict was over.

Upon the promotion of Col. Cooke—Lieut.-Col. Singletary having resigned on account of wounds—Major John A. Gilmer was promoted to Colonel, Capt. George F. Whitefield, of Company C, to Lieutenant-Colonel, and Capt. Jos. C. Webb, of the Orange Guards, to Major. The brigades in our division were also changed, and under the reassignment of regiments, Cooke's command consisted entirely of North Carolina troops, and was *well known* in Lee's army as "*Cooke's North Carolina Brigade.*"

On the 8th of November we were moved to Madison Court-House, where we remained until the 18th. About the 15th the army of the Potomac was reported in motion, and their gun-boats and transports had entered Aquia Creek in their "on to Fredericksburg." On the morning of the 18th, our division received marching orders, and we also set out for Fredericksburg. The weather was very cold, and our march was made through rain and sleet; the ground was frozen, and some of our men being barefooted, their feet cut by the ice, left their bloody tracks along the route. The men, under all these hardships and exposures, were in excellent spirits, and no one escaped their gibes and jokes. Every few miles, growing in the corner of the fences

and in the old field, the persimmon tree ever dear to a North Carolinian's soul appeared, and immediately discipline was forgotten, ranks broken, and the tree besieged. Sam Hiatt once remarked that the green persimmon was invaluable to an ordinary soldier, as a few of them would always draw his stomach to the proportions suited to a Confederate ration. On long marches the brigades marched by turns to the front. On one occasion, while we were seated on both sides of the road waiting for the rear brigades to pass to the front, a young and clever officer of our command, who had assiduously cultivated his upper lip, and by the aid of various tonsorial applications made pretense of possessing a mustache, stepped out into the middle of the road and commenced, as is usual with beginners, to toy with his hairs; presently a rough specimen of a soldier came trotting along astride of a pack mule, and as he neared the officer he halted his steed with a loud and long "whoa!" Leaning forward, with a quizzical look, he politely but firmly requested the officer "to please remove that mustache from the main highway and allow him and his mule to pass." [The mustache was *raze-rd* at Fredericksburg.]

On the 23d we reached the vicinity of Fredericksburg, and employed the interval—before the advance made by the enemy on the 11th of December—in strengthening our line, which reached from the Rappahannock, about one mile above Fredericksburg, along the hills in rear of that city to the Richmond & Fredericksburg Railroad.

About 11 o'clock on the morning of the 13th, Burnside, "whose turn it now was to wrestle with General

Lee," massed his forces under cover of the houses of Fredericksburg and moved forward with his grand divisions to seize Marye's and Willis' Hills—

"With a hundred thousand men
For the Rebel slaughter-pen,
And the blessed Union flag a-flying o'er him."

At the foot of Marye's Hill ran the Telegraph Road, along which, for some four hundred yards, is a stone revetement. On the crest of the hill, at intervals, in pits, were posted nine guns of the Washington artillery, under Col. Walton. Three regiments of Cobb's brigade, and commanded by him, were in position behind this stone wall at the foot of the hill. Some two hundred yards in a ravine, and immediately behind the Washington artillery, lay our (Cooke's) brigade. About one o'clock all the guns on Stafford Heights were directed against our guns on Marye's Hill, endeavoring to draw their fire so as to cover the advance of their infantry. Our artillery, instead of replying, remained silent until their infantry had deployed, when they poured a storm of canister into them. French's division came first, and they were swept away before the deployment was completed. The battle now lullcd for some twenty minutes, when the enemy "entered the ring" with Hancock to the front.

About this time our brigade was moved to the crest of the hill. The 46th, 48th and 15th regiments were halted on the hill on the line of the batteries, while our regiment (27th), in the midst of a terrific fire, passed rapidly through the Washington artillery, and double-quickcd down the steep incline into the Telegraph Road and joined in the fire. During our advance Col.

Gilmer was severely wounded in the leg, but succeeded in reaching the foot of the hill.

Hancock was repulsed with terrible slaughter. Gen. Cobb had been previously killed, and Gen. Kershaw now took command of the troops in the road. After we had reached our position behind the stone wall, Gen. Cooke received a severe wound in the head and was carried from the field. The command of the brigade now devolved upon Col. Hall of the 46th regiment, who moved his and the other regiments of the brigade into the Telegraph Road. The enemy now made his third effort, when Howard's and Sturgis' and Getty's divisions advanced bravely to the desperate work assigned them. We took heavy toll from their columns, and, like their predecessors, they fell back in confusion. Lastly came the sixth and final assault by Humphrey's division, of Hooker's corps, and charge it did, as game as death. They, too, had to bite the dust, and their broken and shattered columns fled in disorder to the city, leaving the field strewn with their slain.

About 9 o'clock we threw forward our pickets and, in the darkness, many of their raw recruits came into our lines, their guns and accoutrements perfectly new; some of them had not fired a shot and could scarcely tell their nativity.

We remained in line of battle during the night, expecting and hoping for a renewal of the assault on the next day. The 14th (Sunday) came, however, and went away without a renewal. On the 15th we were moved a few hundred yards farther to our left, and remained in this position until the morning of the 16th,

when it was discovered that the enemy, availing himself of the darkness of the night, had recrossed the river.

“A river has always been considered a good line of defence by most writers on the art of war, provided certain principles be observed in defending. When Napoleon crossed the Danube, in 1809, in the presence of the Archduke Charles, who was a good general, he was forced to retreat to the islands of Lobau and Enzersdorf, after the bloody days of Essling. Had not the Archduke assumed the offensive so *vigorously*, the Emperor's loss would not have been so great, and he could have remained on the left bank.” This later “Essling” army was fairly and terribly beaten, forced to recross the river, after great loss of life and labor, and was spared (thanks to his bridges and darkness of the night) utter annihilation.

Burnside testified, before the committee on the conduct of the war, that he had, in round numbers, one hundred thousand men, all of whom were engaged in this battle, and that he failed because it was found impossible to get the men up to the works; that the Confederates' fire was too hot for them. Of Lee's forces, only about twenty thousand men were actively engaged. The casualties in our company, owing to the protection afforded us by the stone wall behind which we were posted, were comparatively few. Private William D. Archer, a splendid specimen of a soldier, was killed; Privates James M. Hardin severely, and Frank G. Chilcutt slightly, wounded. On the 16th, we were removed to near Hamilton's Crossing, and re-

mained in camp there until the 3d day of January, 1863. While here, some of our officers and men were in demand, and Lieut. B. G. Graham was detailed as brigade ordnance officer. Silas C. Dodson was appointed clerk in the commissary department under Major Hays, and David H. Edwards, quartermaster-sergeant. On the 4th of December, Private John W. Reid was transferred to the 48th North Carolina regiment, having been elected to the position of lieutenant in one of its companies. On the 17th, Corporal Will L. Bryan, having contracted a severe cold on the march from Madison Court-House, died in camp. Private Thos. J. Rhodes was appointed corporal in his stead.

CHAPTER IX.

The muster-roll of the Grays, in camp near Fredericksburg, numbered, on the 31st day of December, for duty, two commissioned officers, four sergeants, four corporals, and thirty-eight privates; on detached service, six privates; sick (present), three privates; sick and wounded (absent) twenty-three privates; total present and absent, rank and file, eighty-nine.

On the third of January, 1863, we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to march, and about 10 o'clock we were on the road leading towards Richmond. The first day's march found us encamped on the Telegraph Road, 15 miles from Fredericksburg. We arrived at Richmond on the 6th, passed through the city, and made camp on the Richmond & Petersburg turnpike. The following day we registered at Peters-

burg, camping just outside of the city limits, and remaining there until the 14th. Next morning (15th) we boarded the cars for North Carolina, and reached the city of Goldsboro on the evening of the 16th—being our first visit to the State since our summary expulsion from Newberne by Burnside.

The 19th found us on the outskirts of the straggling little village of Kenansville; thence onward, we marched through a sparsely-settled country to South Washington, where we remained until the 1st of February. From South Washington, we moved about 7 miles eastward to the scattered town of Burgaw, where we remained until the 20th.

It was here at Burgaw that our foot-sore and weary boys found realized those blissful dreams which sometimes hover over the hard couch of a soldier and lure him into the fable land of unknown joys from which he hears

“The horns of Elfland faintly blowing.”

It was here that we found the sweet potato, the perfectly cultured sweet potato, as it only grows and ripens in that portion of eastern North Carolina. Imagine, if you can, the solid comfort—after the many hardships and adventures of the bustling year of 1862—it would afford a native Carolina “Cornfed,” to be able to sit down under his own pines

“An’ hear among their furry boughs
The baskin’ West wind purr contented,”

and occupy his leisure moments in roasting a genuine yam. There were no armed blue-coats here, like little Miss Muffett’s spider, to frighten us away. We were

in a land untouched as yet by the foot of war; no war-dog had bayed here—it was still the domain of ancient peace; and the little villages slept in the hollows of the pine-clad hills, or perched in security upon the uplands. It was also at that delightful season of the year when the women and children were no longer vexed with the cares of agricultural pursuits. The sweet potato crop had been dug, the virgin dip had been scooped out of the last box, and nothing now remained but to enjoy in peace the products of honest industry.

On the night of the 20th we left these plaintive pines, marched to Wilmington, and were soon aboard of the cars destined for Charleston, S. C. About mid-day of the 22d—after slight detentions at Marion Court House and Florence—we arrived at the depot in Charleston. While here awaiting orders—the men remaining upon the open flat cars—several impudent and inquisitive idlers, necessary adjuncts to every depot, gathered around us. Among them happened to be a well-dressed, dapper fellow, in his home-guard-suit-of-gray and snow-white “b’iled” shirt. Being of an inquisitive nature, and seeking information, he had the rashness to address Jim Pearce, and inquire of him: “*Whose command? Where are you stationed, sir?*” Jim, who was sitting on the edge of the car, idly dangling his feet, seemed to “take him in” at once, and rising to the dignity of a full-fledged veteran, replied (very feelingly): “*Stationed! Stationed, sir! Stationed, the H—l-fire!* We have chased and been chased by the Yankees from beyond the shores of Maryland to this city, and we are *still* on the wing!” As the cars

moved off, Jim gave him a quizzical look out of his left eye, smiled, and faintly whispered "stationed?"

It is a peculiar trait of the faculty of memory that it is very prone to gather up the "unconsidered trifles of life," and to let slip many of its apparently more important events. But my reader must remember that war is not all tragedy,—that there are smiles as well as tears in the drama.

The evening of the 23d found us at Pocatigo, a small railway station on the Charleston & Savannah Railroad. Remaining here a few days, we next located at Coosawhatchie, another depot, eight miles away, and about sixty miles from Charleston. Having an ample supply of tents, we laid out a regular camp; with no battle to fight, and very light picket duty to perform, we passed a quiet and pleasant time, until the 23d of April. The country around Coosawhatchie is low and marshy; the lakes and streams abound with alligators; the forests of live-oak, shrouded and festooned with a gray moss, present a weird and picturesque appearance; the products are rice, pinders, and grits; the pasturage is confined to a few lean, lank cattle, called by the natives "high-walk." We relied upon the markets of Charleston and Savannah for our commissary stores, and the morning train rarely failed to bring us fresh shad. Our provident surgeon had a good supply of wet groceries, which sustained our *sick*; and our stay in South Carolina wore pleasantly, having no special fighting to do.

While in camp at Coosawhatchie, the writer and a comrade (Maj. Webb) mounted our horses one bright

Sunday morning to enjoy the charming beauty of the day, and the invigorating influences of the sea air. After riding for about two hours over the level country with its monotonous aspect, we came suddenly and unexpectedly upon one of those charming country seats, which were once the pride and delight of the landed proprietor. The mansion, situated upon a gentle elevation, was of old-time construction with the wide hall, large rooms and broad staircases, and colonade of immense pillars supporting the roof of the front porch. It was embowered in thick clusters of live oaks which stood round in a kind of outer park, while the inner park was composed of terraces covered with flowers and shrubbery, while thickets of rose gardens seemed to stretch in every direction. An aged negro was the only living being about the place. He told us that the place was called "Roseland;" that old massa was dead; that the two boys were in the army, and that Miss Minnie was at school in Raleigh, N. C.

"A merry place, 'tis said, in days of yore:
But something ails it now."—

Vandal hands had done their accustomed work. The beautiful grounds were sadly disfigured; the shrubbery was broken down; the crops and forage had been gathered by alien hands, and only the poor ghost remained of this once peaceful and happy home.

During our encampment in South Carolina, we were notified of the death of private R. G. Boling, at hospital in Richmond. Jas. H. Gant died on the 18th of February; about the same time, Isaac F. Lane died at Leesburg, N. C.; his remains were carried to Guilford.

On the 1st of March, James M. Lemons died at his home. On the 14th of April, Jas. S. Hall died in hospital at Hardyville, S. C., and was buried in the cemetery at Charleston.

Private Sam Smith, unfit for active service, substituted Jas. E. Lloyd, and private Jas. R. Wiley was discharged upon surgeon's certificate on the 7th of February.

On the 27th of March, corporal R. D. Weatherly was promoted to sergeant-major of the regiment, and private William C. Story was appointed corporal in his stead.

On the 23d of April, we received orders to return to North Carolina. We left Coosawhatchie the same day, arrived at Charleston, S. C., the following day, and on the 25th reached Wilmington, N. C. We remained in camp near Wilmington until the 5th of May, when we moved to Magnolia. Remaining here a few days, we were moved to Goldsboro; from here we were ordered to our old tramping-grounds near Kinston, where we arrived on the 16th. Meanwhile, a detachment of the enemy from Newberne, on a raiding expedition, had encountered General Ransom's brigade near Gum Swamp. General Ransom undertook to drive them within their lines, and made a feint upon Newberne. We formed a portion of the troops engaged in this expedition, and succeeded in driving the enemy within their lines, and destroying the block-houses they had made for their defence. We gained nothing by this tramping, except a few cases of malarial fever, occasioned by our swamp-wading. With the exception of an occasional skirm-

ish with the enemy's cavalry on Batchelor's Creek, there is nothing worthy of mention during our encampment in the vicinity of Kinston. We remained here until the 5th of June, when once more we received orders to proceed to Virginia.

CHAPTER X.

In the latter part of April, 1863, the Army of the Potomac, under the command of Major-General Hooker, occupied its position in front of Fredericksburg. Here he constructed a formidable line of earthworks; from which secure position, he purposed to move on General Lee's flank. With this view, he crossed the Rappahannock and took position at Chancellorsville.

Meanwhile, General Lee, watching him, was entrenched on the line of hills south of the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg.

On the 2d of May, these two confronting armies met each other, and commenced the memorable engagements of Chancellorsville. "On this field the star of Confederate destiny reached its zenith, when the immortal Jackson fell wounded at the head of his victorious troops; it began to set on the 10th of May, when Jackson was no more."

General Lee, deeming the true policy now to take the aggressive, at once set to work to manœuvre so as to draw Hooker's army from Fredericksburg, and remove hostilities beyond the Potomac.

In pursuance of this design, our army—now reorganized into three corps, respectively commanded by

Lieutenant-Generals Longstreet, Ewell, and A. P. Hill—early in June moved northward, with the view of marching into Maryland and Pennsylvania. On our arrival at Richmond, on the 6th of June, we were assigned to Heth's division of A. P. Hill's corps—which corps still occupied the lines in front of Fredericksburg, the corps of Ewell and Longstreet having advanced as far as Culpepper Court-House. On the night of the 13th, Hooker retired from his position, and on the 14th the corps of A. P. Hill left for the valley. At the urgent request of General Elzey, in command at Richmond, our brigade (Cooke's) was retained there, and Davis' Mississippi brigade was assigned to Heth's division in our stead; through which circumstance, we failed to participate in the Pennsylvania campaign and to share in the fatal battle of Gettysburg.

On the 9th of June we were sent to the South Anna bridge, on the Virginia Central road, to repel a threatened attack from the enemy's cavalry. Remaining here until the 11th, we returned to Richmond, and were ordered to Chapin's Bluff, on the James. John F. McQuiston joined the company here. We remained at the Bluff only a few days, when we were again returned to Richmond, and camped in the vicinity until the 8th of July. On the 11th, we moved to Taylorsville, on the R. & F. R. R. Remaining here until the 1st of August, we moved to Fredericksburg, and picketed the various fords on the Rappahannock. On the 28th, we retraced our steps to Taylorsville, went into camp in pine forest near the railroad, and passed the time quietly until the 24th of September.

On the 13th of July, the shattered remnant of our

army recrossed the Potomac into Virginia. General Meade, now in command of the Federal troops, advanced east of the mountains, and General Lee, so as to confront him, moved his army, and established a line of defence along the Rapidan River. In this position the two armies remained, in comparative quiet, about two months. Early in October, General Lee, with Ewell's and Hill's corps, crossed the Rapidan to attack Meade's flank, or force him to retire from his position.

The Grays, having been encamped at Gordonsville since the 24th of September, were ordered to rejoin their corps, and on the 9th of October we left Gordonsville, marching *via* Madison Court-House, where we camped on the 10th. On Sunday morning (11th), we reached Culpepper Court-House. Just before our arrival it was ascertained that Meade was on the farther side of the Rappahannock River, which would render it necessary for our troops to make another flank movement. On Monday, the 12th, therefore, we started for Warrenton. Passing near Salem, we camped that night at Amisville. The next day, passing Warrenton Springs, we reached Warrenton. On the morning of the 14th, we resumed our march, and about ten o'clock we came upon a little place called Grinage. Here we found the deserted camp of the enemy. Their camp-fires were still burning, many articles of camp equipage were lying around, everything showing that a panic had seized them and that their retreat was hasty and terrified. We hastened on in pursuit, at a rapid rate, capturing their stragglers at every turn. At the same time, we knew that Ewell was driving another

corps of the enemy on our right up the Orange & Alexandria Railroad. Our men were in the highest spirits, confident not only of victory, but of destroying or capturing everything in front of us. We knew the river in their rear was swollen, and possibly the bridges gone, and there would be no outlet for them. Governor Vance's faithful ship, the "Advance," had come in "heavily laden," and we were proudly and splendidly dressed in some of the gray cloth of its cargo, which, but a few days before, we had received; our hopes were buoyant, our rations plentiful, and it is easy to imagine with what pace we kept up the pursuit. Reasonable expectations doomed to a speedy and bitter disappointment!

After keeping up the pursuit at this rapid rate for some three hours along the main road leading to Bristoe station, our brigade filed out into the woods upon our right when we arrived within a short distance of the station. Cooke's brigade formed the advance of the pursuing column, Kirkland's brigade followed, then came the remainder of A. P. Hill's corps. At the time we filed to our right in the woods, Kirkland's brigade moved up and filed off to the left of the road; the rest of our corps was halted and *remained* in the road in the rear. Our brigade (Cooke's) was immediately thrown into line of battle, the 46th N. C. regiment on the extreme right, the 15th N. C. next, the 27th N. C. next, and the 48th N. C. next, with their left resting upon the main road. In this position we were ordered to move forward. Advancing some five hundred yards through a dense forest of pines, we were halted near a small stream in an open field. About 800 yards in our

front and to our left upon a hill, we could see several brigades of the enemy; while in the road in their front a large wagon train was hurriedly moving off. About this time a battery of guns concealed in the woods opened a heavy fire upon our right flank, seemingly to cover the retreat of their wagon train. Just then a courier from Gen. Heth handed to Gen. Cooke orders from Gen. Hill to advance; in the meanwhile a message was received from Col. Hall, commanding our right flank, informing Gen. Cooke that the enemy had driven in his skirmishers and was pressing him on his flank. Thereupon Cooke sent Heth's courier back to him with the information that the enemy were in force upon his right, and before he could advance that his flank must be protected. The courier from Gen. Heth returned a second time with orders to advance, and while delivering the orders one of Gen. Lee's staff-officers rode up, and being informed of our situation, said to Cooke that *he* would go to Gen. Hill for him. Before he had time to reach Gen. Hill, a courier arrived *direct* from Hill to Gen. Cooke with orders to *advance at once*. Cooke replied, "I will do so, and if I am flanked I will face about and cut my way out," and immediately gave the command "forward!" Advancing at a quick step up a slight elevation we came in full view of the enemy. Simultaneous with our advance five pieces of our artillery, posted in the main road upon our left, opened fire on the enemy in sight, who retired apparently in confusion.

About 800 yards in the valley in our front ran the track of the Orange & Alexandria Railroad. The road here formed an embankment from six to eight feet high,

extending far enough to overlap our brigade and a portion of Kirkland's on our left. The space between us and the railroad was a barren, open field, descending with a gradual declivity to the railroad embankment. Across and beyond the railroad about 300 yards, upon a considerable elevation, were extensive woods and thickets; here the enemy had posted their artillery. In front of these woods, and on the face of the hill descending to the railroad embankment, was posted what we then supposed was the enemy's skirmish line, but which proved to be a decoy, for the troops which had retired at the firing of our artillery in the road, and a large body of those who had been retreating before Ewell, had stretched themselves behind the railroad embankment, forming their real line of battle, which consisted of the entire second corps and one division of the 5th corps of Meade's army.

We had advanced rapidly some 25 yards when our regiment, being slightly in advance, was halted until the regiments upon our right and left came up. Here we discovered for the first time the real position of the enemy behind the railroad embankment. We were going down the hill; they, secure behind the bank, had only to lie down on the slope, rest their muskets on the track of the railroad and sweep the open field as we attacked. The attack was made.

“Not tho' the soldier knew,
 Some one had blundered:
 Their's not to make reply,
 Their's not to reason why,
 Their's but to do and die;
 Into the Valley of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell,
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Marched the six hundred.”

CHAPTER XI.

We had scarcely emerged from the woods and began to advance down the hill, when Gen. Cooke, in command of the brigade, was shot and fell from his horse severely wounded. Col. Gilmer, in command of our regiment, was shot down about the same moment. The command of the brigade now devolved upon Col. Hall, of the 46th N. C. regiment, and the command of our regiment fell upon Lieut.-Col. Whitfield. We were now suffering from the terrific fire of the enemy's artillery posted in the thickets on the elevation beyond the railroad, and from the murderous fire of their infantry in safe position behind the embankment. Col. Whitfield seeing that our entire force would soon be annihilated by the concentrated fire of the enemy, reported to Col. Hall that the brigade must either retreat or make a charge. Col. Hall thought a charge was the best to be done, and Col. Whitfield gave the order to advance. In a moment we were double-quicking down the hill, our men falling at every step. When we came to within a few yards of the railroad, the enemy rose up from behind the embankment and poured a volley into our ranks which almost swept the remnant of us out of existence. At this juncture some of our company sought shelter in a little shanty on our left, where they were afterwards captured by the enemy. Col. Whitfield was now shot down, and Major Webb assumed the command. In our perilous condition but two courses were open, either to surrender or to take our chance in a retreat up the hill, the descent

of which had been so disastrous. Major Webb chose the latter and gave the order to fall back.

During our advance our colors were cut down three times. The third time they were caught up by corporal William C. Story, of the Grays, on the color-guard, and carried by him during the rest of the fight. For his gallantry upon this occasion he was complimented in special orders, and was afterwards appointed ensign of the regiment, with the rank of lieutenant. The cause of the war may be forgotten, but the achievements of each soldier are the common property and common glory of the country, and are imperishable. The calm and cool courage displayed by this young lad of Guilford, who bore so well the brunt of this hard-fought field is worthy of the heroes who fell at Culloden. He bore the flag of his country's trust until the surrender. He returned to his home broken down in health, and in a few months surrendered to his last enemy—Death! In the quiet church yard at Tabernacle, in the southeastern part of Guilford, Story sleeps near those who loved him. In this consecrated spot may memory come to embalm his name, and love bedew with her fondest tears the turf which wraps his clay.

We continued to fall back, under a continuous deadly fire, until we had passed the brow of the hill, and were under shelter.

“They that had fought so well
Came back from the mouth of Hell—
All that was left of them.”

During the night the enemy continued their retreat toward Centreville. We, with litters and canteens of

water, repaired to the battle-field to care for our wounded, where "Death wagged his slim jaws gleefully over his feast," and gorged himself with many more victims ere the dawn of the 15th.

The Grays went into this battle with three commissioned officers, four Sergeants, four Corporals, and fifty-two privates.

Killed: First Lieutenant John H. McKnight; privates John Cannady, Henry Crider, and John T. Sockwell were killed on the field.

Wounded: Capt. John A. Sloan, Corporal C. W. Stratford, Sergeant Chas. A. Campbell; privates Emsley F. Shuler, W. Burnside, Henry G. Coble, Lewis N. Isley, Wm. D. Dennis, L. L. Lineberry, J. W. McDowell, Robt. B. McLean, William May, Cyrus Crowson, A. L. Orrell, Rufus B. Gibson, Samuel Gray, R. S. Smith, W. M. Summers, were wounded. Sergeant E. M. Crowson was wounded, taken prisoner, and died of his wounds at Point Lookout, Jan. 23, 1864. Private H. Rufus Forbis died of his wounds at Richmond, Oct. 27, 1863. Joseph E. Rankin died of wounds, October 24. W. F. Hunter died of his wounds, Nov. 7, and John W. McNairy lost a leg.

Prisoners: Sergeant W. U. Steiner (wounded and captured); privates H. M. Boon, Paul Crutchfield, Jno. Coltrain, Geo. W. Lemons, James M. Marsh, James A. Orrell, Wilbur F. Owen, Jas. R. Pearce, Andrew L. Stanley, Paisley Shepperd, T. M. Woodburn, R. B. Worrell, Geo. H. Woolen, Thos. R. Greeson, and Jas. L. Wilson were captured and carried to Point Lookout.

Walter Greene, who was detached as courier to Gen.

Cooke, was shot from his horse, and severely but not seriously wounded.

Sergeant-Major Robert D. Wenderly was mortally wounded, and died of his wounds in Richmond, October 24, 1863. He served in the ranks of the Grays from their organization as private and corporal, until the 21st of March, when he received the appointment of Sergeant-Major of our regiment. Bob was a noble boy, and bravest of the brave. Fear was no word in his vocabulary. He was always at his post, and though slight in stature, his form was ever seen in the thickest of the fight. His remains were carried to Greensboro, and buried in the Pre-byterian church-yard.

John H. McKnight, at the outbreak of the war, was quietly pursuing his studies at Trinity College. When we received our orders to go to Fort Macon, he left his books and joined his company at the depot, on the night of the 19th of April, 1861, and served as private, corporal, and sergeant until September 17th, when he was promoted to 1st Lieutenant. He fell at Bristoe mortally wounded, foremost in the charge: was left on the field, and captured by the enemy. On the morning of the 15th, we found his body in the thicket beyond the railroad, where the enemy had left him to die. Here we buried him. His remains were afterwards removed, and interred in the cemetery at Greensboro.

These two noble boys sleep among their loved ones, where, each returning spring, loving hands may plant the flowers which speak of the resurrection of the true and just, and of the land where eternal summer reigns.

“ May young April o’er their lowly mounds
 Shake the violets from her hair,
 And glorious June with fervid kiss
 Ever bid the roses blossom there.”

A worse-managed affair than this fight at Bristoe Station did not take place during the war. With the rest of our corps in the rear, at a moment’s call, Cooke’s and Kirkland’s North Carolina brigades were made to fight this battle alone. President Davis characterized it “as a rash and ill-conducted affair.” Col. Taylor says that “too few of our corps was engaged; it was unpardonable mismanagement, and there was no earthly excuse for it.” Gen. Lee said to the officer who essayed to explain to him this occurrence: “Bury your *poor dead*, and say nothing more about it.”

This terminated Gen. Lee’s attempt to bring on a pitched battle with Gen. Meade.

On the following day we were busy burying our dead. Our wounded were all cared for, and sent off in ambulances and wagons. On the 16th, we were employed in destroying the railroad track, which we did most effectually, as far down as Rappahannock Station. On the 19th, we crossed the Rappahannock River, went into camp, and remained until the 6th of November.

On the 7th, our forces met with another surprise at Kelley’s Ford, on the Rappahannock River, which resulted in the loss of several hundred of our men and some few pieces of artillery. The loss of this position made it necessary to abandon the design of our making an attack, and on the 9th we were withdrawn to near Culpepper Court-House; at night we fell back across Robertson River. This position not being regarded

as favorable, we returned to the south side of the Rapidan on the following night. We picketed along this river, above Rapidan Station, until the 26th of November.

At this time, the army under Gen. Meade crossed the Rapidan, and we were busy getting ready for a counter-move, as he was supposed to be moving down the river. At the dawn of day, on the 27th, we were on our way to meet Meade's army. The weather was intensely cold, and our men suffered greatly.

We proceeded to advance towards Fredericksburg. In the evening we met the enemy, and had quite a skirmish, losing several men from the regiment. On Saturday, a position was selected on the line of Mine Run, and in a short while we were strongly entrenched, and anxious for the enemy to attack us. On Monday, the 30th, the enemy being in our immediate front, we certainly expected an attack. They were found to be busily entrenching, also, and Tuesday passed without any demonstration.

As Gen. Meade seemed reluctant to bring on an engagement, Gen. Lee determined to assail him; consequently, during the night, he made necessary arrangements for a grand battle. When dawn broke over the hills on the morning of the 2d of December, Meade's camps were found deserted, and his army fast making their way back to the river. We immediately made pursuit, but he had too much the start and reached the north side of the Rapidan before we could overtake him. Both armies then retired to their original positions on the Rapidan. We returned to our winter

quarters which we had prepared, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-east from Orange C. H. We were then, in turn, employed in picketing along the Rapidan until the 4th of February, when we were relieved by Kirkland's North Carolina brigade, and we again sought shelter in our log cabins.

CHAPTER XII.

On the 18th of December, Lieutenant Frank A. Hammer was promoted to 1st Lieutenant, vice Lieutenant McKnight killed. Orderly Sergeant Chas. A. Campbell to 2d Lieutenant, Jr.: Sergeant William M. Paisley was appointed Orderly Sergeant: Corporal C. W. Stratford, Sergeant, and privates Alfred W. Klutts and Rufus B. Gibson were promoted to Corporals.

During the month of December, under special orders No. 72, Lee's headquarters, a general court martial was convened for our (Heth's) division. Capt. J. A. Sloan was detailed as judge-advocate: Col. R. Mayo, of the 47th Virginia regiment, as president, and Sergeant William U. Steiner, of the Grays, appointed recorder. With the exception of a temporary suspension in February and again in March, to accompany our several commands on expeditions made at those times, the court was in regular session at Orange Court-House. In the meanwhile Lieutenant Hammer was in command of the Grays.

On the 8th of January, private Chas. W. Westbrook, our company chaplain, and known as our "fighting parson," was discharged by order of the Sec-

retary of War, and received an appointment as regular chaplain in the army. Charlie preached as he shot without fear and to the mark.

On the 16th of January, private Henry G. Kellogg, at home on surgeon's certificate, was permanently detailed in the commissary department at Salisbury, North Carolina.

On the 18th of February, W. H. Donnell joined the company.

On the 20th, Corporal Thomas J. Rhodes was promoted to Sergeant, and private Richard S. Smith was appointed Corporal.

On the 1st of March, Preston P. Dick joined the company. At the same time private Henry W. Ayer, who joined the Grays in May, 1863, was transferred to company "C," 48th N. C. regiment.

On the 12th, H. Smiley Forbis died of disease at hospital in Lynchburg, Va.

On the 31st, private A. Laflayette Orrell was transferred to the U. S. Navy, "or words to that effect."

On the 13th of April, private Pleasant Ricks died in camp of typhoid fever.

On the 25th, E. Tonkey Sharpe was detached, by order of Gen. Heth, for duty with the provost guard.

On our return from the Mine Run "freeze-out," we planned, built, and improved our winter quarters, and soon had a city of log cabins. It was now our turn to watch the wary "yank" on the borders of the Rapidan, and we picketed up and down the stream in the cold and ice until early in February, when Kirkland's N. C. brigade was sent to our relief.

While we were in camp near Orange Court-House in December, 1863, the good mothers, wives, and daughters of Virginia, with the ready hands and loving hearts that had always characterized them from the beginning to the end of the fearful struggle, bethought themselves to give Lee's army a Christmas dinner. Every pantry, turkey-roost, and hog-pen in the dear old State was called upon to furnish its quota for the feast. Our infinitesimal ration dimmed with the prospect, and we looked forward to that day, which ever stirs all the better and sweeter impulses of our humanity, with longing desires. In our log cabins we lay upon our hard beds and dreamed of its past celebrations, of its anthems and its carols; we thought of its bays and its wreaths of evergreen; its sprigs of holly in the parlor, and the sacred immortelles around the portraits of the lost ones; its gift-giving and all those interchanges of tokens that make friendship sweet; its suppressions of self; its lessons of generosity, and its going out to others. Need you wonder, under these circumstances, that Lee's hungry rebels were all anticipation. The day was ushered in with a snow storm, but, nothing daunted, our brigade wagon was soon on its way to the depot to receive our share of the feast; but, unfortunately, these same pantrys, turkey-roosts, and hog-pens had been invaded so often before that our part of the grand dinner assumed microscopic proportions, and the wagon returned with about a half-bushel measure of dissected gobblers—our Christmas dinner!

“O, ever thus, from childhood's hour”—

Early in February we received a most delightful and

interesting visit from Greensboro's eminent divine, Rev. J. Henry Smith, who preached for us in the large log tabernacle erected by the boys for divine service. During his visit the cry of the "Philistines be upon you" from the other side of the river was heard, and we were ordered out to resist the threatened attack. The parson exhibited an eagerness to become a "soldier of Lee" for the occasion. After spending two days and nights of bitter cold weather on the banks of the Rapidan, the enemy making no further demonstrations, we were returned to our quarters.

On the 26th of February, three formidable columns of cavalry, under the command respectively of Generals Kilpatrick, Custer, and Col. Dahlgren, proceeded by different routes towards Richmond to surprise and, if possible, capture the city; and, if successful, to sack and burn the city, pillage the buildings, and kill "old Jeff Davis and his cabinet." In the meanwhile two corps of the enemy crossed the river and proceeded to Madison Court House; their object being, by a feint, to cover their cavalry demonstration upon Richmond. Two days later another army corps left for Madison, and our corps (Hill's) was ordered to follow them. We left our camp before day on the morning of March 1st and reached Madison late in the evening, after a long and weary march in the rain and mud. On our arrival we found that the enemy had retired, and were returning to their former position on the Rapidan. The weather turned very cold during the night, and the next morning we retraced our steps through snow and ice to our camp, the men suffering greatly from fatigue

and cold. We remained quietly in our winter quarters until the 4th of May.

Sometime in March, 1864, Major-General Ulysses S. Grant was appointed Lieutenant-General and assumed command of the armies of the United States. In April he made his headquarters at Culpeper Court-House, and took personal command of the army of the Potomac. During the months of March and April reinforcements were gathered from the four quarters of the globe and sent to this army.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the 1st day of May, the official return of the Army of the Potomac showed, present for duty, one hundred and forty-one thousand one hundred and sixty men, of all arms. General Lee had, in round numbers, sixty-four thousand men.

I give the relative strength of the two armies, in order that the reader may have a proper appreciation of the difficulties which beset our army in thwarting the designs of our wily adversary, in the campaign we were now just entering. That the brilliant genius of our immortal Lee, made amends for paucity in numbers, and proved more than a match for brutal force, the bloody field extending from the Wilderness to the James River will attest.

On the 3d of May, our army held the south bank of the Rapidan River. Its right rested near the mouth of Mine Run; its left extended as far as Liberty Mills, on the road to Gordonsville. Grant, with his main

body encamped in Culpepper County, occupied the north bank of the Rapidan. On the 4th of May, Grant crossed his forces to the south side, and began his advance into the "Wilderness."

Running eastwardly to Fredericksburg, from Orange Court House, are two parallel roads; the one nearest the river is called the "Stone Turnpike," and the other the "Plank-Road."

As soon as Grant's movements were known, our army was put in motion. On the morning of the 4th, our division (Heth's) and Wilcox's, of A. P. Hill's corps, moved eastwardly along the "Plank-Road." Simultaneously Ewell's corps moved on the stone turnpike. That night we bivouacked at Verdiersville, near where we fought the battle of Mine Run.

The "Wilderness" is an almost impenetrable thicket of undergrowth; and our sagacious Lee resolved to fight Grant in these pathless woods, where their artillery would be least available, and where their massive columns would be most embarrassed in their movements.

On the morning of the 5th, we resumed our march, with Kirkland's brigade, of our division, in front. About one o'clock, our advance-guard came upon a body of the enemy, and a spirited musketry fire was opened in our front. Kirkland's brigade at once deployed on both sides of the "Plank-Road," and Cooke's brigade was thrown into line of battle with our regiment (27th), on the left of the road. About three o'clock, our skirmishers were driven in by a massive column of the enemy, who advanced firing rapidly.

Thus commenced the "Wilderness" fight; and the bloody contest continued until near sundown.

This stubborn and heroic resistance was made by the divisions of Heth's and Wilcox's, fifteen thousand strong, against the repeated assaults of four divisions of Hancock's and one division of Sedgwick's corps, numbering about forty-five thousand men. After dark, we were relieved by Kirkland's brigade. As we were retiring from our position, we got into a country-road, parallel to the "Plank-Road," and had proceeded but a short distance, when my attention was directed to a similar body of troops, marching quietly in the road with us; the night was very dark, and it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe. I felt some anxiety, as they seemed to possess uniform knapsacks and were of better appearance than our men, to know who they were. I therefore approached their column, and found to my utter astonishment that they were "blue-coats." I immediately rushed to Col. Whitfield, and informed him of our situation. He replied, "Impossible!" On close inspection, he found that they were really Federal troops. He drew his pistol, and, in a surprised and excited manner, called out: "Yes, they are Yankees! Shoot them, boys! Shoot them!" Some few guns were fired; but as the surprise was so great both upon our part and that of our "Yankee brethren," a hasty retreat was made on both sides, and each soon lost the other in the darkness. They were evidently on the wrong road "to get out of the Wilderness."

We soon reached the "Plank-Road," and were marched to the rear about one and a-half miles to a

ridge, upon which our line was established. Our men began at once to fortify: and while we had no implements for the purpose, we succeeded, by the aid of our bayonets and tin-cups, to build what proved to be on the following day a great protection.

During the progress of the battle on the 5th, there came a lull in the firing and an almost deathlike stillness prevailed, as though the god of war had stopped a minute to take a long breath, and pull himself together for a fresh start. Presently, a sharp, quick report of a rifle from the other side broke the stillness. Simultaneously with the report, private Wash Williams was struck and painfully wounded. He uttered a long, loud yell, which seemed to reverberate up and down the lines for at least a mile. Almost immediately afterwards, a gun was fired from our side, and some one on the Yankee line mimicked the cry of Williams perfectly. This incident created general laughter on both sides, thus giving the opposing forces an idea of each other's position, and the contest opened in good earnest.

Our casualties in this, the first of the series of battles of this campaign, were as follows: Privates Sam'l F. McLean and Louis Lineberry were killed. Sergeant C. W. Stratford, Corporal A. W. Klutts, privates Frank G. Chilcutt, William Horney, R. B. Tate, Jas. M. Hardin, Wash. Williams, Thos. R. Greeson, Sam'l Hiatt, John R. Siler, and Jas. L. Wilson were wounded. Chilcutt lost an arm, Horney lost a leg, and R. B. Tate died of his wounds in July, 1864.

CHAPTER XIV.

At dawn on the morning of the 6th the enemy, having been re-enforced by the 9th army corps under Gen. Burnside, and a fresh division commanded by Wadsworth, advanced.

The intervening space between the position now held by our brigade, and the point at which we fought on the 5th, was occupied by our (Hill's) corps camped in irregular order, and in no condition for an assault; consequently, when the enemy made their advance and attacked, these forces were thrown into confusion and driven back to the line where our brigade had formed the night previous. After a severe contest a portion of Heth's and Wilcox's divisions were overpowered and forced to fall back; our brigade, under protection of our hastily constructed earthworks, held its position. The condition of affairs was now assuming a very critical phase, when Kershaw's brigade of South Carolinians, of Longstreet's corps, arrived upon the scene and for a short while arrested their further advance. The repulsed portions of our divisions were in considerable disorder, and the battle began to rage with intense fury.

General Lee, anxious and appreciating the impending crisis, rode up with hat in hand, dashed among the men, and calling upon them to rally, said he would lead the charge. The reins of his horse were seized by the men and he was told he must go "to the rear," or they would not go forward. Being evidently touched at this manifestation of anxiety upon the part of his men, the great, grand, and towering old hero waved his hand

and retired. In a few moments Anderson's gallant Texas boys came up at a double-quick, deployed into line of battle, and, with Longstreet at their head, went forward with a yell. Major Webb, while standing on our works cheering, was severely wounded and retired to the rear. In a short while the ground lost by our troops was recovered, and the enemy forced back to the position originally held by them. General Longstreet now took the defensive, and about mid-day made an attack on their rear and left flank. The assault resulted in their utter rout, and they were forced back some distance in rear of the lines occupied by them on the 5th. So far, this movement was a complete success, and Longstreet began preparations to follow up his advantages with a flank movement by the Brock road.

While advancing at the head of Gen. Jenkins' brigade, a portion of his flanking column, which had continued through the woods in the former charge, mistaking the brigade for the enemy fired into them, killing Gen. Jenkins, and seriously wounding Gen. Longstreet. This unfortunate and strange fatality checked our forward movement, and afforded the enemy time and opportunity to rally and reform behind their entrenchments.

At dark we began to move slowly to the right, and after we had proceeded about one mile a rebel yell, as if a rushing mighty wind, rolled down upon us from the right of our lines. Our army now was in a continuous line of battle, and the cheering was taken up spontaneously by brigade after brigade until it swelled into

one exulting roar of defiance. At first it seemed like the soft murmuring of the wind in the tree tops, and as it came nearer it made one vast tempest of sound, and thus it swayed back and forth for some time. Its effect was tragic in the extreme, and I readily recall the sensation it produced upon all at the time. The enemy's pickets thought we were making a grand charge and fled so precipitately to their main line that, as the prisoners we captured the next day informed us, they were fired into by their own men and many of them killed.

On the morning of the 7th an advance was made and Grant was found to have retired from his line of works on his right. We had several skirmishes, and desultory firing continued during the day.

He now attempted by a flank movement to secure possession of Spottsylvania Court-House, and Warren's corps, of his advance guard, marched out of the Wilderness by the Brock road. On his arrival at the Po River, on the following day, he found in his path, ready to dispute his passage, Gen. R. H. Anderson's division of Longstreet's corps. Each army, now forming on its advance guard as a nucleus, swung round, and on the 9th confronted each other in line of battle.

On our march on the 8th we were interrupted by several skirmishes, and were frequently shelled by the enemy. In the evening we reached Spottsylvania Court House, and were placed in line, without regard to alignment, a short distance to the left of the court-house building, where we at once proceeded to fortify. We were moved afterwards to different parts of the lines, but finally took our position not far from where we first halted.

CHAPTER XV.

On the 10th Barlow's division made an attack upon our left and obtained temporary possession of a portion of Ewell's line. Gen. Lee said that these lines must be re-established, if he had to attend to it in person. Our (Heth's) division was called upon to do the work. We received our orders and were soon in readiness. Advancing cautiously for some little time, we came upon the enemy about one mile this side of a branch of the Po, we deployed into line and began to push them back. They finally halted in some earth-works, freshly thrown up, in front of Mrs. Graves' house, in front of which was a large open field. As soon as we got into the road running parallel to these works, we were halted and reformed, and, after some little delay, we were ordered to charge their works and drive them away. We charged across the open field under a heavy fire of artillery from their batteries on the hills beyond the little stream, which ran a short distance in the rear of their earth-works. Before we reached the works they, deeming "prudence the better part of valor," fled and made good their retreat, leaving behind them one piece of artillery, their dead and wounded, and several prisoners. We remained several hours at their works under a heavy shelling; some few of the shells exploding in our ranks. Gen. Cooke was slightly wounded in the charge, and Ensign W. C. Story, after we reached the works. We were finally withdrawn and marched back to our position on the main lines, after we had recovered the lost ground and forced the enemy to re-

linquish their temporary advantage. The 11th was passed in comparative quiet, with the exception of our usual salutation from the enemy's batteries. They made daily practice on our works, and endeavored to batter down and destroy the buildings in the village. They appeared to have a special spite at the little brick church immediately in rear of our regiment, occupied by our surgeon (Dr. Hunt) as a *dispensary*. "Gwin" had hardly "opened up" when a wicked shell came thundering through the gable, and he concluded to vacate, which he did in considerable disorder. When we quit our lines the little church was sadly in need of a contribution box.

During the night of the 11th the enemy, under the cover of the dense woods, advanced without discovery, and massed a large force in Ewell's front at the point known as the "salient," which was occupied by Gen. Edward Johnson's division. On the next morning at daylight these troops vigorously attacked and overran this portion of our lines and captured most of the division, including its commander, who was quietly enjoying his breakfast.

General Lee at once hurried troops from our right and left, and made dispositions to dispute their further progress. As Harris' Mississippi brigade was coming up at double quick, Gen. Lee, already in a very exposed position, now joined them and started to the front with them. The minnies were flying fast and thick, and shot and shell ploughing the ground and bursting in the air. As they neared the lines a round-shot struck immediately in front of the grand old chieftain, and

caused him to halt and take breath. The officers and men now plead and insisted that he should retire from this exposed position. He, in his calm manner, his feelings exhibiting a purity and nobleness of heart never witnessed in any hero of ancient or modern time, replied: "If you will promise to drive *those people* from our works I will go back." The brigade quickly shouted the promise, and in a moment commenced the most terrific musketry-fire that took place during the war.

"From the side of the salient in the possession of the Federals, and the new line forming the base of the triangle occupied by the Confederates, poured forth, from continuous lines of hissing fire, an incessant hail of deadly missiles. No living man nor thing could stand within the doomed space embraced within those angry lines; even large trees were felled, their trunks cut in twain by the bullets of small arms. Never did the troops on either side display greater valor and determination. After several hand-to-hand conflicts, while we failed to dislodge the enemy, the assault which threatened such serious consequences was checked, and the result of the advantage to the enemy was limited to the possession of the narrow space of the salient and the capture of Johnson's division. The loss of this fine body of troops was seriously felt by Gen. Lee, and, though his army was sadly reduced by this and a week's incessant fighting, his lines, thus forcibly rectified, proved thereafter impregnable."

While this desperate attack was going on, our (Heth's) division and Mahone's were moved to the left near the Fredericksburg road, to make a feint and create a diversion. We leaped over our works, and formed inside of them, to make the movement, and bravely did

the boys move off, although nothing is so demoralizing to troops as to leave breastworks to do battle inside of them. We attacked the enemy, and drove them from two lines into a third. Finding that they were getting re-enforcements, and in a fortified position, we were gradually withdrawn to our former position on the main lines.

Several days of comparative quiet now ensued, during which time Grant was refurnishing his decimated brigades with heavy re-enforcements from Washington. In his official report to the 39th Congress, he said: "The time from the 13th to the 18th was consumed in manœuvering and awaiting the arrival of re-enforcements."

After covering the entire front of our army with *double* lines, he still had a large reserve force with which to extend his flank and compel a corresponding move upon our part, in order to keep between him and Richmond.

On the 18th, Gen. Grant made his final and desperate attack, by hurling division after division against our lines. He commenced the attack in the morning, and soon the battle became continuous along the lines, and raged with the utmost fury and desperation. The cannon's shot and shell seemed winged with impetuous rage, and with hissing red flame bellowed through the air and over hill and plain, withering and blasting everything in their flight. War had now indeed stalked forth unmasked from his infernal den. In the smoke and carnage, Grant drove his troops mercilessly up to the slaughter, but it produced no impression, and the hopeless task was relinquished.

We had now completed twelve days of battle at Spottsylvania, and at no time, day or night, did the firing on the lines entirely cease.

CHAPTER XV.

General Grant, giving up all hope of succeeding in his plans by direct assault, on the night of the 20th began a flank movement in the direction of Bowling Green, hoping thereby to interpose between our army and the long-coveted Richmond. On the 21st, Wright's corps began the initiative and moved southward.

To counteract and defeat this new purpose, General Lee, at midnight, dispatched Longstreet's corps on the road leading to Hanover Junction. On the day and night of the 21st, Ewell's and Hill's (our) corps marched for the same point.

The twelve long days and nights, in the trenches at Spottsylvania, of weary watching and desperate fighting, was telling on our men, and nothing but the indomitable courage and hope of success, which at all times and under all circumstances characterized the starved and ragged Confederates, sustained them. They placed every confidence in their great and good leader, and looked forward to the time when the sunlight of this hope, with its golden radiance, would remove the veil and permit them to look out on the long and lovely paths that wind, amid beauty, to the far-off but glittering temples of their dreams, and find them realities.

“What can we not endure,
When pains are lessened by the hope of cure?”

During the day and the night of the 22d, we continued our toilsome march.

On these long marches, to prevent straggling, we are frequently halted for a rest, and this opportunity is taken by those who have fallen back to catch up with their commands. Any one passing through the troops at this time, be he officer or private, had to run the gauntlet of the gibes and witticisms of the men. On one occasion, while thus resting, a very tall, lean, lank soldier of the 5th "Georgy Regiment," appeared in the road, dragging along his weary length. His long black tousled hair hung in uncombed ringlets from the holes in his rimless hat; his coat or jacket, a very scant pattern of gray jeans, seemed to be widely at variance with his copperas-colored breeches, as the leather strings attached to them by thorns, to serve as "gallasses," failed to effect a compromise between the two; the pants, from his oft-repeated restings, had been badly attacked and routed in the rear, and, from long use, "swunk up" in apparent fright from his sockless pedal extremities, whose coverings of untanned leather were held together by a withe as a shoe-string. In form and stature, he was modeled strictly after the heron. His avoirdupois gave evidence of unswerving observance of forty days' Lenten season, and that in soul and body he had, and was now, wrestling with that plague incident and concomitant to the experience of every soldier, called the "dia-ree."

As he approached near where our regimental band was seated, at the head of the regiment, he appeared to halt from sheer exhaustion, and, as he did so, he

came to an order and leaned in rest upon his gun. Near him stood, leaning on his drum, the tall bass-drum beater (Bill Burroughs) of the band. Bill was a fellow of "infinite jest," and possessed one of those large souls, full of sympathy and concern for the woes of others. He turned to this gaunt straggler, supposing him to be "somebody's darling," and entered into conversation with him. The "poor fellow" in detail related his hairbreadth escapes from battle, hunger, exposure, &c. When he had scarcely told all, Bill remarked to him that he ought to take notes for some *future historian*, and by all means to keep a diary. He raised his head, and as his eyes dimmed with the starting tear, now coursing down his bronzed and furrowed cheek, he replied, "Lord! stranger, that's what ails me now, I have had *it* nigh-on-to four months." The generous *cords* of Burroughs' haversack and canteen were unloosed and their gratuitous contents speedily disappeared. The order was now given to "fall in." The "Georgy" fellow shouldered his gun, and Bill swung his big drum on his back. Just as they parted the soldier extended his long bony fingers and grasped the hand of his Good Samaritan, thanked him kindly, and, in subdued tones of feigned grief, said: "My stranger friend, I am so much obleeged to you; can you not further oblige me by picking a tune for a sick man on that *thare instrument*." Thus agreeably employed our history leaves them--and we return to the course of our story.

On the morning of the 23d we reached the North Anna River in advance of the enemy, and about daylight crossed to the south side. Warren's corps crossed

at Jericho ford without opposition. Hancock's corps attempted to cross lower down, at the county bridge. Our brigade obstinately resisted them, and they did not succeed in crossing until the 24th.

General Cooke relates an interesting incident which occurred during the progress of Grant's army to the North Anna, as told by a prominent citizen of Caroline County, Va., who was captured by Grant in the march. He says: "Grant had halted at a house on the roadside with a number of his officers around him with whom he was discussing with deep interest the movements in progress. During the discussion Grant pulled out his watch, and opening it, said: 'Gentlemen, if we do not hear firing in ten minutes we will *at last* have gotten ahead of Lee!' He stood quietly, watch in hand, an occasional remark, only, breaking the silence, when, scarcely five minutes having elapsed, the booming of guns was heard in the direction of Hanover Junction. He closed his watch and impatiently remarked, 'I'll be *damned* if he has not beaten us again!' And so it was, as our brigade was at the time resisting Hancock.

General Lee, on the next day, did not further dispute in force the crossing of the enemy, but formed his lines with his left resting on Little River, and his right near the North Anna below the enemy, covering Hanover Junction. Here he awaited attack.

Owing to our well-selected position, Grant could not get at our flanks; and to take us by direct assault, after his bitter experience at Spottsylvania, caused him to "pause, ponder, study, and plan."

Perceiving he had made a blunder, and that his army

was in a position of much peril, he, on the night of the 26th, recrossed to the north side of the river, and made another *detour* to the eastward, as far down as the Pamunkey River.

On the 28th he crossed the Pamunkey at Hanover-town. On the 30th his advance ran against our brigade, on the left of our lines, at Atlee's Station, where we entertained him for some little time to his discomfiture. The next day we had a sharp engagement near Tolopotomy creek, and on June 1st, they attacked us in heavy force at Pole-Green church, the skirmish continuing for some time. Our brigade and regiment suffered considerably from their shells and sharpshooters.

Lieutenant Chas. A. Campbell was mortally wounded and was carried to the rear, where he died the next day. Campbell was one of the "original panel," serving as private until April, 1862, corporal until August, when he was promoted to sergeant. He was wounded at the battle of Sharpsburg. On his return to his command, November 1st, he was appointed Orderly Sergeant, serving as such until the 11th of December, when he was promoted to Junior 2d Lieutenant. With the exception of a short furlough from camp at Orange Court-House, he was always at his post, ready and cheerful at all times to perform his duties. Soon after he was shot down, he was carried to the field hospital, where he died and was buried the following day. As he passed me on his litter, he stretched out his almost pulseless arm and remarked, "Goodbye, Captain; if I don't come back, tell them I fell fighting at the front."

God's peace be with him in his rest,
Lone dweller in the stranger's land.

CHAPTER XVII.

On the 3d of June the two armies were brought face to face at Cold Harbor, where but two years before "Little Me" had struggled in vain for the mastery.

On the night of the 2d our brigade was placed in line on the extreme left, with our regiment upon what is known as Pharr's farm. As soon as we were halted we began to fortify, and by early dawn had constructed good temporary works. Owing to the dense, heavy body of woods the enemy were enabled to make near approaches in our front, and previous to their advance, on the following morning, we could hear distinctly the orders given by their officers. After some little firing by their sharpshooters, about 8 o'clock, they began to attack, and kept up their assaults until late in the evening. Brigade after brigade was hurled against us, until the ground in our front was literally covered with their dead and wounded. Their assaults were repulsed along the whole line. Finally, when the order was given to renew the attack, their men sullenly and emphatically refused to move forward under our withering fire. The prisoners we captured denounced and cursed Grant for this slaughter, and dubbed him the "champion butcher."

In the evening a battery of artillery was sent to our aid. They came up at a gallop and endeavored to take position on a slight elevation, in the skirt of pines, immediately in rear of our regiment. Before they had time to unlimber, every horse in the battery was shot down. The men then endeavored to run the guns forward by hand, when nearly all the men were killed or

wounded. One gun only was gotten in position, and it rendered but little service before it was dismantled. Having been under constant fire, and firing rapidly all day ourselves—each man averaging two hundred rounds of cartridges—it became necessary to replenish our ammunition. An attempt to go to the rear, or to leave our works in any direction, was almost certain death. Lieut.-Col. Whitfield, who was now in command of our regiment, disliked to force a detail to go to the wagons for ammunition, and therefore called for volunteers. A sufficient number came forward at once, and set out on their perilous expedition: among the number was private R. F. Hampton, of the Grays. In due time they all returned, each bringing a supply of cartridges, but waited some distance back of us for a lull in the firing so as to run the gauntlet of the sharpshooters to the lines. Several were badly wounded in making the trip, among the number private R. F. Hampton, who had almost reached the lines when he was shot down by a sharpshooter, mortally wounded, and afterwards died of his wounds. During the battle, private W. J. Hunt was killed, and Dal'l B. Coltrain and Benjamin Burnside severely wounded. Private Hunt, when shot, was standing near me. We were trying to locate a sharpshooter in our front, who had become very troublesome by the accuracy of his aim. We had been exposed in our position but a few moments, when a minie-ball pierced his head, scattering his brains in my face, and he sunk down lifeless at my feet. Lieutenant-Colonel Whitfield was severely wounded in the head, and was carried from the field. The command

now devolved upon Capt. Herring, the senior officer, who acted as Colonel, and Captain Sloan, next in rank, as Major.

On the following morning, we found that the enemy, under cover of darkness, had left our front; and we were moved to the right, and placed in position immediately at Cold Harbor, with our respective lines so near as to be able to converse with each other. We remained here in line of battle, under constant fire; happily, our immediate command had no serious casualties. Grant used every expedient to break through our lines, but he had so mercilessly slaughtered and cowed his men in his first charges at Cold Harbor, that his men refused to charge a second time. So determined was he to clean us up, at all hazards, that he remarked he would do so, "if it took him all summer." The sequel proved that he did not overestimate the time, but the process cost considerable bloodshed.

Stanton (Secretary of War) says, officially, that Grant's force, on the 1st of May, was over one hundred and twenty thousand men. Shortly afterwards, the 9th army corps was sent to him. This army, then aggregating over one hundred and forty thousand men, with a reserve to draw from of one hundred and thirty thousand more, in round numbers, was ruthlessly hurled against Lee's less than fifty thousand men. Lee had no reserve—the cradle and the grave had long since mustered, and our ports were closed to mercenary hirelings. Their own historians prove and show that their "butcher" slaughtered nearly one hundred thousand men in his "On to Richmond," from the wilds of the

“Wilderness” to the desolated fields of Cold Harbor. In other words, he sacrificed about twice as many men as Lee had, in order to take a position he could have taken at first without firing a gun or losing a man.

On the 3d of June, Lieut. Frank A. Hammer, who had been for some weeks confined by disease in the hospital at Richmond, died. He served as private until April, 1862; at the reorganization of the twelve-months' troops, he was elected 2d Lieutenant; was promoted to Senior 2d, September 17th, 1862, and again on the 15th of October, 1863, to 1st Lieutenant. On the 1st of June, private Joel J. Thom was appointed corporal.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Army of the Potomac having now apparently had sufficient amusement on this portion of its constituted “all summer route,” again adopted “Little Me’s” tactics, “sought water,” and on the 12th of June began its march towards the historic James.

On the 14th and 15th, by means of his pontoon bridges near Wilcox’s Landing, Grant crossed to the south side of the river. On the evening of the 15th his advance made a feint demonstration against Petersburg, and on the 16th made his attack in force. This attack was promptly met, and successfully repulsed by our forces under Gen. Beauregard. Our brigade, as yet, in the swamps of the Chickahominy, was almost daily employed in skirmishes with the enemy’s calvary. On the 15th of June we came across a large force of

calvary at Gary's farm. They had met a small force of our calvary and had been driving them. When we arrived they dismounted and sent their horses to the rear, formed their lines and showed fight. After a sharp struggle their lines gave way, and we pursued them some distance through the woods. Their sharpshooters were armed with seven shooters, and they used them against us on our advance with telling effect. When they reached their horses they quickly remounted and were soon beyond our reach. Orderly Sergeant William M. Paisley and private Henry J. Coble were wounded.

We had advanced in line but a short distance, when Sergeant Paisley, at the head and slightly in advance of his company, was shot by a sharpshooter, and fell mortally wounded. He was carried from the field and sent to the hospital in Richmond, there he suffered and lingered until the 13th of July, when he died in the arms of his broken-hearted father, who carried his remains to Guilford, and interred them at Alamance church. He was among the first of Guilford's gallant boys who went forth to do battle for truth and right. He kept his vows to his God and his Southland sacred alike, and at his post, on the front line in the fight, fell wounded to the death.

"On other brows let careless fame
 Her fadeless wreath of laurel twine,
 Enough for thee—thy epitaph!
 First in the foremost line."

After this encounter we were granted a short respite until the 21st, when our calvary was routed by the en-

emy at Yellow Tavern, and our brigade was ordered to their support. When we reached there, we found them slowly retiring before the enemy in a dense woods. Gen. Cooke at once ordered forward his sharpshooters, and very soon a spirited fight began. Our regiment was thrown into line and we began to press them back. As they had been driving our cavalry they were loth to retire, and fought us obstinately. Cooke then ordered his whole brigade into line. They, seeing now that they could not cope with us in fair fight, set fire to the woods and leaves in our front, and we were forced to advance through fire and smoke, our men suffering terribly from the heat, the day, besides, being exceedingly hot. We had been in too many hot places to be afraid of fire, so we made at them with a yell, and soon had their lines broken and in rapid retreat, with our cavalry—who had recovered—in pursuit of them. Our loss was not so great, but the men experienced great thirst, and many were scorched by the fires; in some instances the cartridges were exploded in their boxes.

About the 25th Gen. Butler, having pontooned the James River at Deep Bottom, crossed a heavy force to the north side. Our brigade was ordered to reconnoitre this force, and some fighting ensued. We found them in force and strongly fortified, and an attack was deemed inadvisable, so we were withdrawn and ordered to Petersburg. We reached Petersburg on the 1st of July, and were placed on the lines a short distance from the city, to the left of the Weldon Railroad.

On the 15th of July, private Daniel W. McConnell was appointed Orderly Sergeant.

We remained near Petersburg comparatively quiet until the 26th of July, when Grant crossed another corps at Deep Bottom, to attack our pontoons at Drury's Bluff, and prevent Lee from sending re-enforcements to the north side of the river. Our brigade was ordered back in haste to this point, and, although the enemy had gained some partial success, we drove him back and defeated the expedition. As events afterwards proved, these movements were only feints to draw our troops from Petersburg to better enable Grant to carry out his plans to make a breach in our lines in front of Petersburg. Uniform failure had now rendered him desperate, and Grant concluded the only wise thing now to do, was to "blow us up." Burnside was duly appointed "blower."

CHAPTER XIX.

On the night of the 28th, Hancock's corps was secretly withdrawn from the north side, and every preparation was made for the great forthcoming event.

Grant had constructed a mine under one of our forts in front of Petersburg, the main gallery of which was five hundred and twenty-two feet in length, with eight side galleries; in each of these galleries was placed about fourteen hundred pounds of powder. Gen. Burnside, in charge of this new feature of warfare, was to explode the "infernal machine," and walk into Petersburg with his colored troops, supposedly unopposed.

About daylight on the morning of the 30th, this famous mine—afterwards known as the "crater"—was

exploded with a great noise, as of a "rushing mighty wind, and there was a great earthquake, and the sky became black." About one hundred of our men and three or four guns were moved out of their places into the air, and when the smoke cleared away an opening about one hundred and fifty feet long, sixty feet wide, and thirty feet deep appeared in place of our earthworks. Simultaneously with this explosion the enemy opened a terrific fire along their whole front, and the white division selected for this occasion came slowly through the abattis up to this *hole*, where they were met by a merciless fire from our artillery, enfilading them right and left, with our infantry in their front. They were badly led, and, being demoralized, they faltered and sought shelter in the crater. Next came the "nigger" division, and the "colored troops fought bravely," until the withering fire from our guns created a panic, when into the crater pell-mell they rushed, white and black, a disordered, mangled, quivering mass; our shot, shells, balls, and canister creating a perfect carnival of death. Some few endeavored to leave the crater and run back, but they were immediately shot down. Those who witnessed the scene say it was beyond the power of words to describe. Our lines were soon re-established, and our brigade was sent to relieve the troops holding the lines where the mine was sprung. Thus ended this "miserable affair."

The space between the two lines, as now formed, was so close as to endanger any exposure whatever, and we had to hug our earthworks very closely. Our company was in line immediately at the crater. In our

front, and almost under our noses, lay the bloated, festering bodies of their dead, exposed to the scorching rays of a July sun. To make our situation still more interesting, it was supposed that the battery on our right was also mined; and we were daily and nightly in fear of another explosion, and to be landed—no telling where. We remained in this position for a week, when Grant asked for a truce to bury his dead. We were then moved a short distance to our right, where we remained until about the middle of August. While on these lines, we literally lived under the ground. We had to pass to and from the front in covered ways; our rations were all prepared in the rear, and sent to us. We were compelled to sleep in bomb-proofs to avoid their mortar shells, with which they enlivened the scene at night.

On the 18th of August, Warren's corps seized a portion of the Weldon Railroad near Petersburg, when we were withdrawn from our position in front of the city and moved to this point. On the 25th, this success was followed up by an attempt under Gen. Hancock to take possession of Ream's Station, farther south, on the same road. A. P. Hill's corps was selected to drive him from this position. On our arrival we were deployed in line, and ordered to go forward. The undergrowth and fallen trees over which we had to climb our way retarded our advance, and Gen. Cooke ordered the 27th and 48th regiments forward first. When they had gotten sufficiently advanced, he directed the other two regiments of our brigade, the 46th and 15th, to advance. When we reached the enemy's works, we

found them heavily manned with infantry and artillery. Nothing daunted, however, we still advanced through shot and shell until we came to a hand-to-hand fight across the breastworks. The two other regiments now came up and in a few moments the enemy broke and fled in confusion, leaving their guns. The colors of the 27th, carried by Sergeant Richards, of the Orange Guards, were the first seen on their works. We pursued them, and turned their own guns upon them: but having no friction primers, we could not use them to advantage. We captured over two thousand prisoners and twelve pieces of artillery.

Our loss in this brilliant dash was very heavy, and North Carolina's troops alone, consisting of Cooke's, McRea's, and Lane's brigades, were engaged. The 27th regiment came out of the fight with less than seventy-five men!

The Grays lost in killed, private John Coltrain; in wounded, Sergeants William U. Steiner and A. C. Cheely, privates Hardy Ayers, James S. Scott, Emsley W. Stratford, and Wash. Williams.

Warren had now made good his hold upon the railroad, and these events did not materially affect the general result. The enemy's left gradually reached farther westward, until, in October, it was established on the left bank of Hatcher's Run, eight miles southwest of Petersburg.

CHAPTER XX.

On the 26th of August, we returned to our position in the trenches, where we remained until the latter part of September.

On the 16th, Robert T. Heath and James Hackett joined the Grays.

The casualties in the campaign so far had sadly reduced our ranks. At the battle of Ream's Station, Capt. Herring, senior officer of the regiment, was wounded, when Capt. J. A. Sloan, next in rank, took command of the regiment, and Sergeant Thomas J. Rhodes commanded the Grays. Our muster-roll on the 31st of August contained sixty names rank and file. One captain, one sergeant, two corporals, and sixteen privates were reported for duty. One officer and thirty-five men absent, wounded, and prisoners; four men on detached service.

On the 18th of September, private Geo. H. Woolen died while a prisoner of war at Point Lookout, Md. On the 13th, Samuel E. B. Gray was killed in the trenches before Petersburg, and on the 27th, private Wm. N. Kirkman. About the same time, Sergeant Daniel McConnell, while lying sick in the field hospital in rear of our lines, was seriously injured by a shell passing through the hospital and so near to him as to cause a paralysis of his limbs, from which he died.

On the night of the 28th of September, Butler, with the corps of Birney and Ord, crossed to the north side of the James, and moved up the river, with the view of

attacking Fort Harrison, near Chapin's Farm. A portion of his force made a feint upon the Newmarket road, and while this engagement was in process, a column moved on the fort and captured it. This resulted in giving to the enemy a secret lodgment on the north side of the James, and a position very menacing to Richmond.

On the 20th, we were moved still further to the right; and on the next day, were engaged in a spirited skirmish near Battery No. 45, on our advanced lines. Every few days, we were moved still farther to the right, skirmishing and picketing, until we reached Hatcher's Run, about the 1st of December.

About daylight, on the morning of the 27th of October, three corps of the enemy moved towards the Boydton Plank-Road with a view to turn our right flank and get possession of the Southside railroad, which was now Lee's principal communication. When they reached the Boydton road, they found our troops entrenched at every point. Hancock's corps continued to advance in the direction of Stony Creek, supposing this to be the termination of our lines, and thereby creating a gap between his right and the left of the 5th army corps. Mahone's division, taking advantage of this opening in their lines, assailed Hancock's right, and drove Gibbons' division some distance back. Meanwhile, Hampton with his cavalry began to attack his rear. Our brigade was moved up the creek (Hatcher's Run) as far as Burgess' Mill, and was placed in position to be ready on the next morning to charge the enemy from their position on the other side of the creek. The

only means of crossing the stream was a narrow country bridge, which was guarded by their sharpshooters, and beyond on the hills, about one hundred yards off, was posted their artillery. The charge was to be made at daylight; and with this *pleasant* prospect before us, you may imagine we passed a *comfortable* night in anticipation. When morning came, our sharpshooters were advanced, and found, to our comfort and delight, that Grant had withdrawn his troops during the night, and retraced his steps to their intrenchments in front of Petersburg. He had been completely frustrated, and thus failed in his flank movement.

On the following day we were in position on the left of Hatcher's Run, and as active operations were considered closed for the winter, we began to build winter quarters. In a short while we had comfortable cabins, in which we remained quietly until the 8th of December.

On the 8th of December the 2d army corps, by way of diversion, made a raid on the Petersburg & Weldon Railroad, and A. P. Hill's corps was ordered to meet them. On the evening of the 8th we quit our comfortable quarters, and in the sleet and driving snow, marched until 2 o'clock a. m. of the 9th, when we bivouacked till morning. We then marched on, in the bitter cold, to Bellfield, when we found the enemy were retreating up the Jerusalem Plank-road. From here we were ordered back to Jarratt's Station to try to intercept them. Just as we reached this point we encountered a large force of their cavalry. Pegram's artillery was thrown forward, and our brigade, concealed in the pines, clad with ice and sleet, was thrown into line as support.

The enemy were not aware of our presence, and charged upon the artillery. Our skirmishers received the charge. Seeing that the battery was supported, they began to retreat. We pursued them across the railroad and pushed forward rapidly for several miles, hoping to intercept their infantry, but we found the pursuit useless. As darkness was now upon us, we halted for the night, and next morning resumed our march for our camp, which we reached, hungry and almost frozen, on the 13th.

Grant behaved himself now tolerably well until Sunday morning, February 5th, when, becoming restless, he began one of his periodical movements, and succeeded in getting very near our lines before we were aware of his movements. About the middle of the day Davis' Mississippi brigade, which was a mile to our left, was marched down to our position and relieved us. We were then marched up the lines some two miles, where we crossed our works and formed a line outside of them. We then marched to the front about one mile, when we turned to the right, and forming line of battle, began to advance and soon struck the skirmish line of the enemy, which we drove with our line of battle some distance, until we came in view of their line posted upon a hill in a field behind earthworks. We were ordered to charge. We started up the hill, and when we had gone some distance, and seeing the brigade on our left was not charging with us, we fell back to the edge of the woods. The enemy now made a strong demonstration on our right flank, and to prevent this movement we had to fall back to our reserve line, when a Georgia brigade took the place of ours. As they were

ordered forward a portion of our regiment, among them the Grays, thinking the order came from our commanding officer, advanced with this brigade and fought through the remainder of the day. After dark we were returned to our breastworks, and when we reached them we found that we had been fighting in front of our former position, and had been moved two miles up the lines to be marched back again to fight in the place of other troops who had been moved into our earth works, and almost directly in front of our camp. [There are some things past finding out and beyond explanation, but as the deductions of a citizen soldier are at no time of valuable consideration, I forbear.]

On the following day we were returned to our quarters, where we enjoyed quiet and rest until the latter part of March.

While we were in the heat of the battle of the 5th of February, some few of the new recruits who had recently joined our brigade, not exactly fancying the shot and shell which were flying around, thought the rear was a safer place, and suiting the action to the thought, "dusted." Gen. Lee with several of his staff was seated on horseback in rear of our lines and in proximity to the battle, awaiting the issue, when observing these men crossing the works without their guns, in seeming alarm and haste, he rode toward them, endeavoring to halt and return them to their command, when one of the "dusters," in grave alarm, raised his hands and voice in terror, exclaiming: "Great God, old man, get out of the way, you don't know nothing," continued his rapid flight too terrified to recognize or obey chieftain or orders.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Grays were in winter quarters on the left side of Hatcher's Run, one mile and a half below Burgess' mill. While here we received orders, at midnight on the 24th of March, to be in readiness to move in the direction of Petersburg. Leaving the sick and wounded to take care of the camp and the lines in our immediate front, we began our march, not knowing the cause of this seeming untimely order. After two hours rapid marching we reached Petersburg, and bivouaced near the water-works. About daylight we were quietly marched into our trenches in front of and to the right of Hare's Hill. The troops who had just occupied these trenches where we now were had been marched out, and were in readiness, under General Gordon, to make a prearranged sortie upon the Federal forts on Hare's Hill.

The attack was made in force about daylight. Our troops gained possession of the enemy's works, but were soon compelled to abandon them, owing to the superior force of the enemy and to the fact that our forces were bewildered in the darkness.

About two o'clock p. m. we were ordered back to our camp on Hatcher's Run. Before reaching it, however, we were informed that our sick and wounded had been routed, and that the enemy was in possession of our picket line. Gen. Cooke immediately ordered out his sharpshooters, and by a flank movement drove off the enemy and regained possession of his line. Next morning the sharpshooters were relieved by the regular pick-

ets, under command of Capt. John A. Sloan of the Grays, who held the lines against repeated attacks until the first of April.

At midnight of the first of April our brigade was relieved by Davis' Mississippi brigade. Our brigade now crossed the creek and took position in Fort Evliss. As soon as day dawned the enemy, being on three sides of us, opened fire upon us with artillery and infantry. Although protected to some extent, some of our men were killed by their shells during the morning. In the meanwhile a desperate fight was going on between fort Evliss, the position we were occupying, and Petersburg. Our position in the fort was only tenable, provided the troops on our left held their position. Consequently, the issue of the fight was awaited by us with much anxiety. Just before sunrise a courier dashed into the fort with news that the lines had been broken and our troops were in retreat. We were, in consequence, immediately withdrawn from our works, and began our retreat from Petersburg. After retreating some five miles, being pressed sorely by the enemy, two regiments of our brigade were deployed as skirmishers.

Arriving now at Southerland's tavern, on the South-side road, we formed line of battle and awaited the enemy's advance. They soon came up flushed with success, and attacked with great confidence. But we repulsed them with heavy loss, capturing many prisoners. Reinforcements coming up we were flanked and compelled again to retreat. After following us cautiously for some hours, and night coming on, the enemy abandoned further pursuit.

We now endeavored to cross the river so as to join the main army, from which we had been separated by the break in the lines that morning. We followed up our retreat until two o'clock that night, when we halted and rested on our arms until morning. At sunrise we began our journeyings again, reaching Deep Creek, unmolested, about nine o'clock. We wandered up this creek about three miles, fording it at this point. We then endeavored to make Goode's bridge on the Appomattox, but night overtaking us, we camped at the cross-roads near Goode's bridge. At one o'clock at night we received marching orders. After three hours hard marching through fields, bog, and fen, we came upon the advance of the main army, which had just crossed the Appomattox on a pontoon bridge. We were delighted to meet our old comrades once more after a three days' separation. What added to the interest of the occasion in a private way was the fact that Major Webb had found a canteen full of *something*, and my ever faithful "Bill" had captured a hen's nest and scouped in half a dozen or more of eggs. We celebrated our deliverance and *reunion*.

At the suggestion of the officers of our regiment, it was agreed, there being only about seventy men for duty, that we should form a battalion of two companies, the officers giving up their rank temporarily, and the non-commissioned officers going into the ranks. Lieut.-Col. J. C. Webb commanded the battalion. Major Calvin Herring took command of the first company, and Capt. John A. Sloan took command of the second. This organization was maintained until the surrender.

On the night of the fourth we camped at Amelia

Court-House, in the woods just outside of the town, and rested on our arms in line of battle. The next day was consumed in protecting our wagon trains from the frequent attacks of the enemy's cavalry. We now continued our march, fighting by day and retreating by night. Our provision train was burned by the enemy near Rice's station, and our rations that night consisted of one quart of corn per man in lieu of meal. The next day we passed through Farmville. Having been the rear guard for several days, we were now relieved by Scales' North Carolina brigade. Organization and discipline was now rapidly giving away. We were skirmishing and fighting to protect ourselves at every point in a kind of Guerrilla warfare, every man, for the most part, doing his fighting on his own hook.

Saturday night, April the 8th, we camped in about three miles of Appomattox Court-House. Before day next morning we were hastily ordered up and moved to the front. We were rapidly marched up the road filled with ambulances and wagons until we came within full view of Appomattox Court-House, where we could plainly see the Federal line of battle on the hills at and beyond the court-house. We were immediately thrown into line of battle on the right of the road and ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to advance at any moment. On the front line we awaited further orders.

CHAPTER XXII.

Reader! The writer said, when he began the "Reminiscences of the Guilford Grays," that it was not his purpose to undertake the severe labors of the histor-

ian, but to confine himself to the humbler task of relating what has been part of his own experience.

To make the thread of narrative continuous and intelligible, it deserves to be mentioned, however, that it has been necessary to allude to portions of the history of those eventful times in which the Grays were only generally interested, which the circumstance will justify.

The writer closes this, his last chapter, with the consciousness that he has been actuated by the very kindest feelings to all, and that if an intimation has escaped him which may have injuriously touched the feelings of any one, none such was intended. How he has performed his work, the reader will judge. This much he will say for himself, that he has attempted to do it faithfully and—lovingly.

But little more now remains to be said. The morning of the 9th of April presented a spectacle never to be forgotten by those who saw it. General Gordon was at the front with a meagre two thousand men; behind us smoked the remnants of the wagon-trains; in the rear, drawn up and ready again to strike, was the shattered wreck of Longstreet's once grand and noble command. About ten o'clock dispositions were made for attack, when Gordon was ordered to advance.

In vain! Alas, in vain! Ye gallant few! Suddenly a *halt* was called, a flag of truce appeared upon the scene, hostilities ceased, and a dreamy sadness filled the April air. The grand old Army of Northern Virginia was environed! "I have done what I thought best for you," "the gray-headed man" said to his men. "My heart is too full to speak, but I wish you all health and happiness."

The negotiations relating to the surrender had been instituted on the 7th by a note from General Grant to General Lee. The correspondence was continued until the 9th, when the terms proposed by General Grant were accepted.

On the 10th, General Lee issued his farewell address to his army. On the afternoon of the 11th, the gallant Gordon spoke most eloquently to the little remnant massed in the open field.

The sun hid his face in sullen sympathy behind the clouds, night settled drearily over the camp, and the brave old army fell asleep.

“Hushed was the roll of the Rebel drum,
The sabres were sheathed and the cannon was dumb;
And Fate, with pitiless hand, had furled
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world.”

On the 12th, the Army of Northern Virginia was marshaled for the last time, not to do battle, but to stack its arms and pass out of existence—forevermore.

Of the Guilford Grays who were present at the final scene of this eventful history, the following answered to roll-call: “Captain Jno. A. Sloan, Lieut. Rufus B. Gibson, 1st Sergeant Thomas J. Rhodes, Sergeant Joel J. Thom; privates Peter M. Brown, Lewis N. Isley, Jas. M. Hardin, Walter Green, E. Tonkey Sharpe, Geo. W. Lemons, Silas C. Dodson, and Samuel M. Lipscomb.

On the 11th, printed certificates, certifying that we were paroled prisoners of war, were issued and distributed among us, bearing date April 10th, 1865, Appomattox Court-House, granting us “permission to go home, and remain there undisturbed.”

Comrades! We entered the service in the bloom of youthful vigor and hope, with cheerful step and will-

ing heart, leaving happy homes in peace and prosperity behind. We took the field for a principle as sacred as ever led a hero to the cannon's mouth, or a martyr to the place of execution.

This principle was honor and patriotism; a firm determination to defend to the last that constitution which our fathers had handed down and taught us to revere as the only safeguard of our personal rights and liberties.

After four long years, we returned to our homes in tattered and battle-stained garments, footsore, weary, and with aching hearts. We returned to see poverty, desolation, and ruin; to find the hearts of our loved ones buried in the graves of the dead Confederacy. Aye! and we have seen other sorrows. We have seen that constitution subverted under the forms of law; we have seen the rights of individuals and communities trampled in the dust without hope of redress. Nay, more! We have seen the government of the fathers removed from existence, and an engine of oppression, no longer a Union of States, but a *Nation*, like the devil-fish of the sea, reaching its hideous and devouring arms in all directions from one common centre, knowing only one law of action and of motive—*the insatiate greed of avarice and plunder*.

But though the Confederacy went down in fire and smoke, in blood and in tears, that truth, which was the guiding-star of the devoted soldiers who fought its battles, and of those at home who toiled and prayed for its success—that truth did not lower its standard or surrender its sword at Appomattox. We submit to the inevitable. We submit in dignity and in silence. But because we accept, with becoming minds and conduct,

that subjugation which the fortune of war has entailed upon us, shall we therefore pronounce the word "craven?" *Shall we now recant?* Shall we now solemnly declare that we did not believe what we professed to fight for? Shall we thus insult, either in word or act, the memories of the dead heroes—and we dare maintain they died heroes—who sleep on a thousand hillsides and in the valleys of our common country?

Should we thus prostrate ourselves to invite the scorn and contempt which even our enemies would have the right to bestow upon us? *Never!* A thousand times never! "Will not history consent, will not mankind applaud, when we still uphold our principles as right, our cause as just, our country to be honored, when those principles had for disciple, that cause for defender, that country for son—Robert Lee?"

"Not to his honor shall extorted tributes carve the shaft or mould the statute; but a grateful people will in time give of their poverty gladly that, in pure marble or time-defying bronze, future generations may see the counterfeit presentment of this man—the ideal and consummate flower of our civilization; not an Alexander, it may be; nor Napoleon, nor Timour, nor Churchill—greater far than they, thank heaven—the brother and the equal of Sidney and of Falkland, of Hampden and of Washington!"

" He sleeps all quietly and cold
 Beneath the soil that gave him birth,
 Then brake his battle-brand in twain
 And lay it with him in the earth."

A word to the survivors of the Guilford Grays, and I close these reminiscences. From the period of the

outbreak of the war in April, 1861, to the surrender of the Confederate army in April, 1865, the muster-rolls of the Grays have contained one hundred and eighty names. Of this number, some were transferred to other commands, some were discharged for physical disabilities and other causes. A large proportion sleep, unmindful of the rude farmer's ploughshare upon the fields made memorable by their deeds. Some rest under the shades of the trees in the quiet cemeteries of your forest-green city, and some in the sacred churchyards of your historic country. Oh! they suffered a sad, dark fate—fallen in unsuccessful war!

On each return of Spring, come and bring flowers, nature's choicest, and scatter them on their graves. So long as tears fall, come and shed them there, and show to the world that we, of all men, are not ashamed of their memories or afraid to vindicate their motives.

And as we stand upon this hallowed ground, let us bury all animosities engendered by the war. In the grave there can be no rancorous hates; between the sleepers there is perpetual truce. Shall the living have less? Savages, only, perpetuate immortal hates. Then permit no "barbarian memory of wrong" to lodge in our breasts while we keep vigils over these graves of our illustrious dead.

To you who stood by me through all these eventful scenes, and came up out of the great tribulation, I pray Heaven's choicest blessings ever attend you—and now—*adieu.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ROLL.

- Captain JOHN SLOAN.—Elected Lieutenant-Colonel of the 27th North Carolina Regiment, September, 1861; promoted to colonelcy December, 1861; resigned April, 1862; died since war.
- 1st Lieutenant WILLIAM ADAMS.—Elected Captain, vice Capt. John Sloan promoted, October 5th, 1861; killed at battle of Sharpsburg September 17th, 1862.*
- 2d Lieutenant JAS. T. MOREHEAD, JR.—Resigned April 20th, 1861; appointed captain in the 45th North Carolina Regiment; promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel in the 53d Regiment, and after the death of Colonel Owens, became its Colonel; wounded at Spottsylvania, Gettysburg, and captured at Hare's Hill.
- 2d Jr. Lieutenant JOHN A. GILMER, JR.—Detailed as adjutant of the 27th North Carolina Regt. September, 1861; elected Major December, 1861; promoted to Colonelcy November, 1862; wounded at battle of Fredericksburg, December 13th, 1862; severely wounded at Bristow, October 14th, 1863; resigned, on account of wounds, January, 1865.
- LOGAN, JNO. E., M. D.—Entered the service as Surgeon of the Grays; remained at Fort Macon about four months; appointed Surgeon of the 4th North Carolina Regiment; transferred to the 14th North Carolina Regiment, where he served as Surgeon until close of the war.
- 1st Sergeant WILLIAM P. WILSON.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; elected 2d Lieutenant Jr., vice J. A. Gilmer promoted, September, 1861; appointed Adjutant of 27th North Carolina Regiment, at reorganization of State troops, April, 1862; died of disease at Greensboro March 3, 1863.
- 2d Sergeant JOHN A. SLOAN.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; appointed Sergeant-Major of the post at Fort Macon May, 1861; elected

*William Adams was born in Greensboro on the 18th of February, 1836. In June, 1858, he graduated at the University of the State. Shortly after his return from the University, he entered the office of R. P. Dick, Esq., as a student of the law. He was licensed to practise in the county courts in December, 1859, and was admitted to the bar at February Term, 1860. At the formation of the Grays in 1860, he was chosen and appointed 1st Lieutenant. On the night of the 19th of April, 1861, he left with the Grays for Fort Macon. On the 5th of October, 1861, he was unanimously elected to the captaincy of the Grays, *vice* Capt. John Sloan, promoted to Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the 27th Regiment.

On the 22d of April, the Grays reorganized under the conscript act, and Capt. Adams was re-elected without opposition, his men having implicit confidence in his skill, ability, and courage. At the battle of Sharpsburg, he fell wounded to the death, a martyr to the cause he loved so well. Young in years, high in hopes, illustrious in daring and chivalrous deeds, he fills a soldier's grave in the quiet country of his native town—mourned by all who knew him.

- 2d Lieutenant January 14, 1862; elected 1st Lieutenant April 22, 1862; promoted to Captain September 17, 1862; Judge Advocate of Heth's Division court-martial; surrendered at Appomattox Court-House.
- 3d Sergeant GEO. W. HOWLETT.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; discharged on account of affection of his eyes July 23, 1862.
- 4th Sergeant SAM'L B. JORDAN.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; captured at battle of New Berne March 14, 1862; exchanged and discharged at reorganization of State troops April 22, 1862; died since the war.
- 1st Corporal THOS. J. SLOAN.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; detached at General Ransom's Head-Quarters February, 1862; appointed Sergeant April, 1862; detailed as musician August 1, 1862.
- 2d Corporal BENJ. G. GRAHAM.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; appointed Sergeant January, 1862; appointed Orderly-Sergeant April 22, 1862; elected 2d Lieutenant September 22, 1862; detailed as Ordnance Officer December, 1862; resigned November 9, 1864.
- 3d Corporal SILAS C. DODSON.—Returned to his home from Fort Macon; re-enlisted May 16, 1862; detailed as Clerk Commissary Department December 15, 1862; surrendered at Appomattox Court-House.
- 4th Corporal ED. B. CROWSON.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; appointed Sergeant August 1, 1862; captured at Bristow October 14, 1863; died in prison at Point Lookout January 23, 1864.
- Privates:
- AYERS, HARDY.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; wounded at Ream's Station August 25, 1864; died since the war.
- AYERS, JAMES.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; discharged for disability May 12, 1862.
- ARCHER, W. D.—Enlisted June 9, 1861; wounded at Sharpsburg September 17, 1862; killed at Fredericksburg December 13, 1862.
- AYER, HENRY W.—Enlisted May 15, 1863; transferred to Company C, 48th Regiment, North Carolina troops, March 1, 1864; died since the war.
- BRYAN, WILL L.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; appointed Corporal September 21, 1862; died of disease in camp near Fredericksburg December 17, 1862.
- BROWN, PETER M.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; severely wounded at Sharpsburg September 17, 1862; detailed on Provost Guard February 14, 1864; surrendered at Appomattox Court-House.
- BOON, HENRY M.—Enlisted May 1, 1861; captured at Bristow October 14, 1863.
- BOLING, RICH'D G.—Enlisted May 1, 1861; died of disease in General Hospital, Richmond, Va., January 10, 1863.
- BROWN, R. D.—Enlisted August 1, 1861; died of disease in hospital, Petersburg, Va., September 21, 1862.
- BURNSIDES, BENJ. F.—Enlisted February 28, 1862; wounded at

- Sharpsburg September 17, 1862; detailed as teamster during 1863; wounded at 2d Cold Harbor June 3, 1864.
- BURNSIDES, W. W.—Enlisted July 15th, 1861; discharged under Conscript Act, May 22d, 1862; rejoined the company April 7th, 1863; wounded at Bristow October 14th, 1863.
- CAMPBELL, CHAS. A.—Enlisted April 20th, 1861; appointed Corporal April 22, 1862; appointed Sergeant August 1, 1862; promoted to Orderly-Sergeant November 1, 1862; wounded at Sharpsburg September 17, 1862; elected 2d Lieutenant December 18, 1863; killed at Pole Green Church, on skirmish-line, June 2, 1864.
- COLLINS, JOHN D.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; appointed Corporal April 22, 1862; transferred to the color-guard in May; died of disease in camp at Drury's Bluff, July 16, 1862.
- CHEELY, ALLISON C.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; appointed Corporal August 1 1862; promoted to Sergeant November 1, 1862; detailed as Chief of Ambulance Corps, September, 1863; wounded at Ream's Station, August 25, 1864 (arm amputated).
- COBLE, ALFRED F.—Enlisted May 4, 1861; killed at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862.
- COBLE, ROBERT S.—Enlisted May 4, 1861; died of disease at Frederick City, September 12, 1862.
- COBLE, HENRY I.—Enlisted February 25, 1862; wounded at Bristow, October 14, 1863; wounded at Gary's Farm, June 15, 1864.
- CLAPP, WILLIAM C.—Enlisted June 11, 1861; died at his home of disease, August 8, 1862.
- CLAPP, ISRAEL N.—Enlisted June 11, 1861; discharged (for disability) May 12, 1862; died since the war.
- COOK, WILLIAM.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; died of disease at Greensboro, N. C., June 5, 1861.
- CHILCUTT, FRANK G.—Enlisted August 1, 1861; wounded at battle of Wilderness May 5, 1864; (arm amputated.)
- CRIDER, HENRY—Enlisted April 12, 1862; killed at Bristow October 14, 1863.
- CRUTCHFIELD, PAUL.—Enlisted June 1, 1862, as a substitute for B. N. Smith; captured at Sharpsburg September 17, 1862; released in October; captured again at Bristow October 14, 1863.
- COLTRAIN, JOHN.—Enlisted February 27, 1862; captured at Bristow October 14, 1863; exchanged and returned to his company June 18, 1864; killed at Ream's Station August 25, 1864.
- CANNADY JOHN.—Enlisted February 27, 1862; killed at Bristow October 14, 1863; (a christian, a hero, a friend.)
- COLTRAIN, ROB'T L.—Enlisted February 27, 1862; discharged (disability) July 23, 1862.
- CLARK, D. LOGAN.—Enlisted February 27, 1862; discharged (disability) June, 1862.
- CROWSON, CYRUS M.—Enlisted August 4, 1862; wounded at Bristow October 14, 1863; shot through both legs.

- COLTRAIN, DAN'L B.—Enlisted October 20, 1863; wounded at 2d Cold Harbor June 3, 1864.
- DOXNELL, ROBT L.—Enlisted May 4, 1861; wounded and captured at Sharpsburg September 17, 1862; imprisoned at Chester, Pa., where he died of his wounds November 6, 1862.
- DAVIS, JAS. C.—Enlisted May 4, 1861; died of disease at Fort Macon September 8, 1861.
- DENNIS, WILLIAM.—Enlisted July 20, 1862.
- DENNIS, JAMES.—Enlisted July 20, 1862; discharged (disability) May 15, 1863.
- DENNIS, WM. D.—Enlisted June 15, 1861; wounded in the face at Bristow, October 14, 1863.
- DOXNELL, WM. H.—Enlisted February 18, 1864.
- DICK, PRESTON P.—Enlisted March 1, 1864.
- EDWARDS, JAMES T.—Enlisted May 1, 1861; killed at Sharpsburg September 17, 1862.
- EDWARDS, JAS. M.—Enlisted March 4, 1862; killed at Sharpsburg September 17, 1862.
- EDWARDS, DAVID H.—Enlisted June 1, 1861; detailed as courier to General L. O. B. Branch, May 1, 1862; appointed Regiment-Quartermaster Sergeant, December 1, 1862; captured at Bristow October 14, 1863.
- FORBIS, H. RUFUS.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; captured at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862; exchanged and returned to his company November 25; appointed Corporal December 20, 1862; wounded at Bristow October 14, 1863; died of his wounds in hospital at Richmond, October 27, 1863.
- FORBIS, H. SMILEY.—Enlisted June 15, 1861; died of disease in Lynchburg, Va., March 12, 1864.
- GORRELL, HENRY C.—Ensign, with rank of Lieutenant; resigned at Fort Macon, May, 1861; re-entered the service as Captain; killed near Richmond in a gallant charge at the head of his company, June 21, 1862.
- GIBSON, RUFUS B.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; captured at Sharpsburg; exchanged and returned to his company November 25, 1862; appointed Corporal December 18, 1863; wounded at Bristow; elected 2d Lieutenant November 9, 1864.
- GREENE, WALTER.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; appointed courier to General Cooke December, 1862; wounded at Bristow; surrendered at Appomattox Court-House.
- GRETTER MIKE.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; acting Commissary Sergeant at Fort Macon; appointed Brigade Commissary-Sergeant March 18, 1862.
- GRAY, SAM'L E. B.—Enlisted February 28, 1862; wounded at Bristow October 14, 1863; killed on the lines near Petersburg September 13, 1864.
- GANT, JAS. H.—Enlisted August 1, 1861; died of disease in hospital at Richmond February 24, 1863.
- GREESON, THOS. R.—Enlisted February 28, 1862; captured at Frederick City September 11, 1862; returned to his company February 10, 1863; wounded at Wilderness May 5, 1864.

- HANNER, FRANK A.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; elected 2d Lieutenant Jr., at reorganization of company, April 22, 1862; promoted to Senior 2d Lieutenant September 17, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieutenant October 15, 1863; died of disease in hospital at Richmond June 3, 1864.
- HIGGINS, ED. B.—Enlisted May 1, 1861; detailed as musician August 1, 1862.
- HUNT, L. G.—Enlisted May 1, 1861; acted as Surgeon of the company at Fort Macon; appointed Assistant Surgeon of 27th Regiment, North Carolina troops, June 13, 1862.
- HOOD, ABE.—Enlisted April, 1861; discharged under conscript act May 22, 1862.
- HANNER, W. D.—Discharged under conscript act May 22, 1862.
- HOPKINS, W.—Discharged under conscript act May 22, 1862.
- HAMPTON, ROBERT F.—Enlisted May 4, 1861; wounded at 2d Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; died of wounds.
- HARDIN, JAMES M.—Enlisted June 10, 1861; captured at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862; wounded at battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1863; detailed as teamster, July 7, 1863; returned to duty April 22d, 1864; wounded at battle of the Wilderness, May 5th, 1864; surrendered at Appomattox.
- HUNT, W. L. J.—Enlisted September 22, 1862, detailed as pioneer November 25, 1862; killed at 2d Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.
- HUNTER, S. A.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; killed at battle of Newberne, March 14, 1862.
- HUNTER, W. F.—Enlisted June 11, 1861; wounded at Bristow October 14, 1863; died of wounds in hospital at Richmond, November 7, 1863.
- HIATT, SAMUEL S.—Enlisted June 15, 1861; wounded at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
- HALL, JAMES S.—Enlisted February 28, 1862; died of disease at Hardyville, S. C., April 14, 1863; buried in Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C.
- HEATH, ROBERT F.—Sent to the company from Camp Holmes, Raleigh, North Carolina, under bounty act, Aug. 16, 1864.
- HACKETT, JAS.—Sent to the company from Camp Holmes, Raleigh, North Carolina, under bounty act, August 16, 1864.
- HALL, HUGH A.—Enlisted February 28, 1862; died of disease in hospital at Richmond, September 19, 1862.
- HORNEY, WM. A.—Enlisted May 14, 1861; detailed as nurse in hospital near Danville, Va.; returned to duty November 22, 1863; appointed clerk at brigade headquarters, December, 1863; wounded at the Wilderness, May 5, 1863 (leg amputated.)
- ISLEY, LEWIS N.—Enlisted February 28, 1862; wounded at Bristow October 14, 1863; surrendered at Appomattox.
- JONES, R. B.—Discharged under conscript act May 22, 1862.
- KLUTTS, ALFRED W.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; appointed Corporal December 18, 1863; wounded at Wilderness May 5, 1864.

- KIRKMAN, NEWTON W.**—Enlisted March 1, 1862; killed on the lines in front of Petersburg September 27, 1864.
- KIRKMAN, FRANK N.**—Discharged under conscript act May 22, 1862.
- KELLOGG, HENRY G.**—Enlisted August 1, 1861; detailed at Brigade Commissary Department January, 1863, until January, 1864, when, by special order, he was detailed in Commissary Department at Salisbury, N. C., under Capt. A. G. Brenzer.
- LINDSAY, R. HENRY**—Enlisted April 20, 1861; transferred to Captain Evans' Cavalry Company May, 1861; died in camp shortly afterwards.
- LINDSAY, ANDREW D.**—Enlisted April 20, 1861; appointed Ordnance-Sergeant of 27th North Carolina Regiment April 1, 1862; served as such during the entire war; died since the war.
- LINDSAY, JED H. JR.**—Enlisted April 20, 1861; appointed Corporal 1861; appointed Sergeant April 22, 1862; promoted to Orderly-Sergeant September 22, 1862; appointed Adjutant of 45th North Carolina Regiment November 1, 1862; died since the war.
- LANE, ISAAC F.**—Enlisted May 4, 1861; died of disease at Leesburg, N. C., February 18, 1863; (his remains were carried to Guilford.)
- LINDSEY, ED. B.**—Enlisted June 10, 1861; discharged—under age—by conscript act May 22, 1862; re-entered the service as Lieutenant in 5th North Carolina Cavalry Regiment; killed in April, 1865.
- LEMONS, GEO. W.**—Enlisted August 1, 1861; captured at Bristow October 14, 1863; surrendered at Appomattox.
- LEMONS, JAS. M.**—Enlisted May 1, 1862; died of disease at his home March 1, 1863.
- LINEBERRY, LOUIS S.**—Enlisted August 17, 1862, as a substitute for H. S. Puryear; wounded at Bristow, October 14, 1863; killed at Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
- LIPSCOMB, SAMUEL B.**—Enlisted April 20, 1861; detailed as musician in regiment band, August 1, 1862; surrendered at Appomattox.
- LLOYD, THOS. E.**—Enlisted January 26, 1863, as a substitute for Samuel Smith.
- McKNIGHT, JOHN H.**—Enlisted April 20, 1861; appointed Sergeant at Fort Macon; elected 2d Lieutenant, Jr., April 22d, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieutenant September 17, 1862; killed at Bristow October 14, 1863.
- McDOWELL, J. W.**—Enlisted April 20, 1861; wounded at Bristow October 14, 1863.
- McADOO, WALTER D.**—Enlisted May 4, 1861; wounded at Sharpsburg September 17, 1862, transferred to 53d North Carolina Regiment February 16, 1863.
- McLEAN, ROBERT B.**—Enlisted June 11, 1861; wounded at Bristow October 14, 1863; wounded at Wilderness May 5, 1864.
- McLEAN, SAMUEL F.**—Enlisted May 6, 1862; killed at Wilderness May 5, 1864.

- MARSH, JAMES M.—Enlisted June 15, 1861; captured at Bristow October 14, 1863; exchanged and returned to company June 18, 1864.
- McNAIRY, JOHN W.—Enlisted June 15, 1861; wounded at Bristow October 14, 1863 (leg amputated).
- McLEAN, JOSEPH E.—Enlisted May 6, 1862; wounded at Sharpsburg September 17, 1862; detailed on Ambulance corps July 10, 1863.
- McLAIN, WM. H.—Enlisted February 28, 1862; died of disease at Winchester, Va., October 24, 1862.
- McFARLAND, WM. H.—Enlisted February 28, 1862; captured at Sharpsburg September 17, 1862.
- McCONNELL, DANIEL W.—Enlisted July 4, 1863; appointed Orderly-Sergeant July 15, 1864; killed at Petersburg August, 1864.
- MAY, LEMUEL—Enlisted February 28, 1862; with the exception of a furlough for 18 days—January 4, 1864, from Orange C. H. —was never absent from his post.
- MAY, WILLIAM—Enlisted May 6, 1862; wounded at Bristow October 14, 1863.
- McQUISTON, JOHN F.—Enlisted June 22, 1863.
- NELSON, JOHN W.—Enlisted May 1, 1861; detailed as teamster; died of disease in hospital, Charleston, S. C., March 17, 1863.
- ORRELL, JAS. A.—Enlisted May 1, 1861; captured at Bristow October 14, 1863.
- ORRELL, A. CAPT.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; wounded at Bristow October 14, 1863; transferred to Confederate States Navy March 31, 1864.
- OWEN, WILBUR F.—Enlisted June 11, 1861; captured at Bristow October 14, 1863.
- PORTER, CHAS. E.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; discharged (disability) May 12, 1862; died of disease in Greensboro.
- PEARCE, JAS. R.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; captured at Bristow October 14, 1863.
- PURYEAR, H. S.—Enlisted May 1, 1861; substituted Lineberry August 17, 1862.
- PRATHER, L. L.—Enlisted August 1, 1861; wounded at Sharpsburg September 17, 1862; discharged (disability) March 26, 1863.
- POE, WM. E.—Enlisted February 28, 1862.
- PAISLEY, WM. M.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; appointed corporal August 1, 1862; Sergeant September 22, 1862; promoted to Orderly-Sergeant December 18, 1863; mortally wounded at Gary's farm June 15, 1864; died of wounds in hospital at Richmond July 13, 1864.
- RANKIN, JOS. W.—Enlisted May 1, 1861; wounded at Bristow October 14, 1863; died of wounds in hospital at Richmond October 24, 1863.
- REID, JOHN W.—Enlisted June 16, 1861; transferred to 48th North Carolina Regiment; promoted to Lieutenant in Company K December 4, 1862.

- RHODES, THOS. J.**—Enlisted June 25, 1861; appointed Corporal, December 17, 1862; Sergeant, February 20, 1864; promoted to Orderly-Sergeant, September, 1864; surrendered at Appomattox.
- RICKS, PLEAS, A.**—Enlisted May 1, 1862, as a substitute for Jno. E. Wharton; died of disease in hospital at Lynchburg, Va., March 12, 1864.
- SLOAN, GEO. J.**—Enlisted April 20, 1861; died of disease at Fort Macon, July 31, 1861.
- SMITH, JOHN H.**—Enlisted February 28, 1862; died of disease at Petersburg, August 8, 1862.
- STERLING, ED. G.**—Enlisted April 20, 1861; died of disease in Greensboro, September 28, 1861.
- STEINER, WM. U.**—Enlisted April 20, 1861; appointed Corporal June 1861; Sergeant, April 22, 1862; wounded at Bristow, October 14, 1863; Recorder for Heth Division Court-Martial; wounded at Ream's Station, August 25, 1864.
- SWEITZ, EDWARD**—Enlisted April 20, 1861, as a substitute for J. H. Tarpley.
- STRATFORD, C. W.**—Enlisted May 1, 1861; appointed Corporal, August 1, 1862; Sergeant, December 18, 1863; wounded at Bristow, October 14, 1863; wounded at Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
- STRATFORD, EMSLEY F.**—Enlisted May 1, 1861; wounded at Ream's Station, October 25, 1864.
- SUMMERS, WM. M.**—Enlisted May 1, 1861; wounded at Bristow, October 14, 1863.
- SCOTT, JAS. S.**—Enlisted May 1, 1861; wounded at Ream's Station August 25, 1864; wounded on the lines near Burgess' Mills; died of wounds May 6, 1865.
- SILER, JOHN R.**—Enlisted July 18, 1862; wounded at Wilderness May 5, 1864.
- STANLEY, ANDY L.**—Enlisted June 11, 1861; captured at Bristow, October 14, 1863. (The "Champion Forager" of Cooke's N. C. Brigade.)
- SMITH, RICHARD S.**—Enlisted August 8, 1862; wounded at Bristow October 14, 1863; appointed Corporal February 20, 1864.
- SMITH, SAMUEL**—Enlisted August 8, 1862; broken down in health he furnished a substitute in the person of Thomas E. Lloyd January 26, 1863.
- SMITH, B. N.**—Enlisted February 28, 1862; substituted Paul Crutchfield June 6, 1862.
- SMITH, R. LEYTON**—Enlisted February 28, 1862; killed at Sharpsburg September 17, 1862.
- STORY, WM. C.**—Enlisted June 11, 1861; appointed Corporal March 21, 1863; detailed on Color-guard; complimented in special orders for gallantry at Bristow; wounded at Spottsylvania Court-House May 10, 1864; appointed Ensign, with rank of Lieutenant, June 1864.
- SEATS, WM.**—Enlisted February 28, 1862; died of disease at Winchester, Va., January, 1863.

- SOCKWELL, JOHN T.—Enlisted August 1, 1861; killed at Bristow October 14, 1863.
- SHEPPARD, PAISLEY—Enlisted February 28, 1862; captured at Bristow October 14, 1863; died while prisoner at Camp Lookout.
- SHULLER, EMSLEY F.—Enlisted May 6, 1862; wounded and disabled at Bristow October 14, 1863.
- SHARPE, E. TONKEY—Enlisted May 7, 1863; detailed as Provost Guard April 26, 1864; surrendered at Appomattox.
- TATE, ROBERT B.—Enlisted June 11, 1861; wounded at Wilderness May 5, 1864; died of wounds June (?) 1864.
- THOM, JOEL J.—Enlisted May 10, 1862; appointed Corporal June 1, 1864; appointed Sergeant 1864; surrendered at Appomattox.
- WILEY, JAS. R.—Enlisted February 28, 1862; discharged (disability) February 7, 1863.
- UNDERWOOD, W. W.—Enlisted February 28, 1862; wounded at Sharpsburg September 17, 1862; died of wounds in hospital at Richmond September 29, 1863.
- WHARTON, JOHN E.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; substituted P. A. Ricks May 1, 1861; organized a company soon thereafter and re-entered the service as Captain in 5th North Carolina Cavalry.
- WORRELL, R. B.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; captured at Bristow October 14, 1863.
- WEATHERLY, ROBERT D.—Enlisted April 20, 1861; appointed Corporal November 1, 1862; appointed Sergeant-Major of 27th North Carolina Regiment March 27, 1863, mortally wounded at Bristow October 14, 1863; died of wounds in hospital at Richmond October 24, 1863; buried at Greensboro, N. C.
- WEIR, SAMUEL PARK—Entered the service as Chaplain of the Grays April 20, 1861; transferred in May, 1862, to take position of Lieutenant in 46th Regiment, North Carolina troops; killed, instantly, at Fredericksburg December 13, 1862.
- WESTBROOKS, CHAS. W.—Enlisted May 1, 1861; performed the duties of soldier and Chaplain until December 20, 1862; appointed Corporal August 1, 1862; appointed Chaplain in P. A. C. S. A. January 8, 1864.
- WOODBURN, T. M.—Enlisted June 10, 1861; captured at Bristow October 14, 1863.
- WILSON, JAS. L.—Enlisted July 19, 1861; captured at Sharpsburg September 17, 1862; exchanged November 25, 1862; wounded at Wilderness May 5, 1864.
- WINFREE, W. C.—Enlisted February, 1862; discharged under Conscript Act May 22, 1862.
- WILLIAMS, WASH J.—Enlisted February 28, 1862; wounded at Wilderness May 5, 1864; wounded at Ream's Station August 25, 1864.
- WINBOURNE, STEPH. D.—Enlisted April 28, 1862.
- WOOLEN, GEO. H.—Enlisted April 28, 1862; captured at Bristow October 14, 1863; died in prison at Point Lookout, September 18, 1864.

- YOUNG, SAM'L S.—Enlisted February 28, 1862; killed at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862.
- BROWN, JOS. E.—Served with the company until June, 1861.
- BROOKS, THOS. D. " " " " "
- ROBINSON, SAMUEL. " " " " "
- ERWIN, FRANK, " " " " "
- DUVALL, W. G. " " " " "
- GREGORY, GEO. H.—Enlisted in 12th Virginia Artillery and served through the war.
- ALBRIGHT, JAS. W.—Entered the service in May, 1862; served as Ordnance Officer in 12th Virginia Artillery.
- PRITCHETT, JNO. A.—Resigned as Lieutenant, April 19, 1861, and did not re-enter the service.
- CAUSEY, W. W.—Did not go into service.
- COLE, JAS. R.—Left his studies at Trinity College, and served with the company at Fort Macon until June, 1861, when he joined his brother's cavalry company.
- BOURNE, W. C.—Was Orderly-Sergeant in ante-bellum days resigned at outbreak of the war.
- KIRKPATRICK, DAVID N.—Did not go into service.
- LAMB, MABEN.—Did not go into service.
- MORING, WM. P.—Did not go into service.
- MOREHEAD, JOS. M.—Did not go into service.
- TARPLEY, J. H.—Substituted Ed. Sweitz April 20, 1861.
- FITZER, JOS. H.—Did not enter the service.
- DONNELL, JNO. D.—Did not enter the service.
- HUBER, OTTO.—Did not enter the service.
- GUNDLING, DAVID—Did not enter the service.

BATTLES

in which the Grays (Company B, 27th North Carolina troops)
participated in from 1861 to 1865.

New Berne, N. C.....	March 14, 1862.
Seven Days' Battles Around Richmond..	June 26 to July 27, 1862.
Harper's Ferry, Va.....	September 15, 1862.
Sharpsburg, Md.....	September 17, 1862.
Fredericksburg, Va.....	December 13, 1862.
Bristow Station, Va.....	October 14, 1863.
Mine Run, Va.....	November 27 to December 3, 1863.
Wilderness, Va.....	May 5 and 6, 1864.
Graves' Farm, Va.....	May 10, 1864.
Spottsylvania Court-House, Va.....	May 12, 1864.
Attlee's Station, Va.....	May 30, 1864.
Pole Green Church, Va.....	June 2, 1864.
Cold Harbor (2d), Va.....	June 3, 1864.
Gary's Farm, Va.....	June 15, 1864.
Yellow Tavern, Va.....	August 21, 1864.
Ream's Station, Va.....	August 25, 1864.
Bellfield, Va.....	December 9, 1864.
Hatcher's Run, Va.....	February 5, 1865.
Fort Euliss, Va.....	March 30 to April 2, 1865
Sutherland's Tavern, Va.....	April 2, 1865

A Card to the Public.

Last May I issued to our people a card in which I stated that it was my purpose to prepare and publish a work to be entitled: "North Carolina in the War between the States." I also stated that "the effort will be made to give, in a connected form, all the events pertaining to the history of the war, so far as they relate to North Carolina."

Since the publication of the card, I have been steadily engaged in the work proposed. Owing to the aid of many friends, and the material furnished by them, together with the rich supply of documents to be had here (Washington), and the material which I had already collected myself, I have been able to make more rapid progress than I anticipated when I began my undertaking.

If no unforeseen event occurs, I expect to have the work ready for the printer in the summer of 1833.

I again *earnestly* request all friends who desire to see vindicated the name and fame of those gallant North Carolinians who aided in our great struggle for Constitutional freedom, to send me any material they may have on hand, or any information in their possession which they may judge would be of interest.

"Let those who made the history tell it as it was."

Address—

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