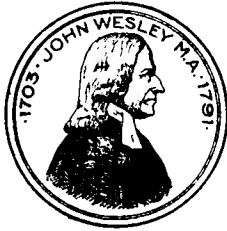


HISTORY OF COMPANY "C"
14TH REGIMENT, N. C. V.
ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA

MAJ. W. A. SMITH



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GEN. ROBERT EDWARD LEE

THE ANSON GUARDS

COMPANY C, FOURTEENTH REGIMENT
NORTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS
1861-1865

BY
MAJ. W. A. SMITH

STONE PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
1914

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W. A. SMITH**

DEDICATED
TO
THE MOTHERS, THE WIVES AND THE
DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY—
DOWERED WITH ALL THE GRACES—
DOWERED WITH THE COURAGE OF CON-
VICTION—SUSTAINERS OF THE ARMY—
ANGUISHED, PATHETIC, LONGING, WAIT-
ING, IMPASSIONED, SORROWED!—ENDUR-
ING TO THE END: AND—AND BEYOND:—
UNCONQUERED, HEROIC, SOUTHERN
WOMANHOOD!

REVERENTLY WE SALUTE THEE.

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE

THERE have been many histories written of the great War Between the States, but they have dwelt in large part on the chief actors participating. It seemed good to us also, who were eyewitnesses, to draw up a narrative of a Company, the Unit of an Army. To portray its daily doings — its life so to speak — chiefly taken from a diary kept by Thomas J. Watkins. We cheerfully acknowledge the valuable and material assistance received from the diary and manuscript of Thomas J. Watkins, from the writings of Edmund F. Fenton, and from the recollections of other Comrades.

In essaying to depict the action of the company and its individuals, we were constrained to include the regiment, the brigade, the division, the corps; indeed the Army of Northern Virginia and its superb commander-in-chief.

This explains the latitude taken in this history of the Anson Guards.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE ANSON GUARDS

CHAPTER I

WORDS, dead words, but faintly describe the active scenes and stirring life in the sixties—the war between the States—in which the Anson Guards participated, but words are our only medium to portray the boy soldiers' doings; their joys, their sorrows, their hardships and endurance of those days now passed near and quite a half century. The readers will pardon imperfections of style and omissions, for the subject is too great to be compassed in the brief history we are writing.

This history is written by the men who, as boys, were actively engaged—eyewitnesses of the facts herein set down, chiefly taken from a diary kept by Thomas J. Watkins, attested and ratified by others. What we have written, we have written and know to be true. That taken from information we believe to be true. Nothing in exaggeration, nothing in malice, simply a statement of facts as we saw them.

In interpreting the valor of the Southern troops in the great war full credit must be given to the idea and the fact that he was fighting for principle—the interpretation of the Constitution as held by the fathers, when they formed and created that nation called the United States, by adopting that immortal instrument—taking their stand against the expounding of that sacred instrument made

by the North by what is known as the higher law. His conscience was clear in the conviction that he had right and law on his side to fight in defense of the reserved rights of the States, which included the right of secession — especially was this so when the North invaded the South. This was the high ground upon which he stood — he must in all honor resist and defend his State and country from invasion. Hence the South, as one man sprang to arms regardless of consequences, regardless of the question of secession or of slavery or of States rights — all lost or overshadowed by the thought that their independence was threatened by the invasion of their country.

They looked upon the Federal Government as transcending its powers when it placed an armed foot on sacred Southern soil — to conquer a free people — to coerce them into fraternity. They knew the cause of freedom was holy, and throughout the whole four years of the war conducted themselves and their warfare so as to preserve intact this holy conception. It is only by grasping these thoughts clearly that one can understand the ardor of the Southern soldier — his invincibility, and his cheerful endurance of hardships. That among all his privations his government was doing all in its power and the final outcome would be independence. His cause was just, God was just and would not suffer wrong to prevail over right. This it was that made him so fearless and brave, enabling him to wrest victory from overwhelming numbers. He did not fight in defense of slavery, never fired a gun to perpetuate slavery; indeed the freedom of the negro was scarcely thought of and never discussed. He volunteered to fight in defense of his country, to drive back the invaders, believing the God of battles was on his side and would give him the victory regardless of fearful odds in

numbers, in armament, in supplies and in everything conducive to thorough equipment of an army organized for invasion and victory. Southern sentiment regarded the war as righteous and even men, eminent in the church, endowed with all the Christian virtues, did not hesitate to volunteer, not only as chaplains but in the ranks.

The Anson Guards had a chaplain, Rev. William C. Power, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. When the company was organized into a regiment, by the army regulations only one chaplain was allowed to a regiment, and our chaplain was voluntarily supported by the company. These reverend gentlemen thought it not derogatory to their Christian calling to take up the musket of some disabled comrade and engage in the higher calling of using it in defending their country from invasion. Many company chaplains entered the ranks as privates, and shared, without complaint the hardships, the dangers, in the camp and in the field. The Southern army was thoroughly imbued with the idea that they engaged in a holy contest, in defense of their rights, their homes, their firesides, and in opposing the invasion of their country, therefore, courage and prowess animated them far beyond their brave opponents.

“Thrice armed is he who has his quarrel just.” This it was that made him victor in desperate battles over foes of the same blood, equally as brave and quadrupled in numbers. There was a kind of passionate glorification in renunciation of the Stars and Stripes, because the South had been imposed upon by the aggressive spirit of the North — denying them equal rights in the Union; by the running of the Mason and Dixon line (some of the pillars of this line are still standing); by the overriding of the decision of the Supreme Court; by intoler-

ance and coercion; by the establishing the underground railroad, and last but not least, the public proclamation of the doctrine "that the Constitution was a league with the devil and a covenant with hell." This spirit drove the South to secession, and as one man, the chivalry of the Southern States arose to do battle against the aggressive acts of the North — trampling rough-shod over our rights guaranteed by the Constitution. The volunteer felt that death in this righteous cause would be a passport into heaven, most certainly volunteering was a passport into the favor of his best girl, who hailed him as the defender of her country and herself. Parents gave their only son and all their sons — every one capable of bearing arms, to privation, danger and almost certain death; believing it to be their bounden duty, and even esteeming it a privilege to give their only and their best to the God-given right to choose their own government.

CHAPTER II

THE Anson Guards was a company of boys of Anson County, North Carolina. The company was organized many years before the war of the sixties, with the following officers: Captain, Robert T. Hall; First Lieutenant, William C. Watkins; Second Lieutenant, Walter J. Boggan.

It was the custom of the captain to give the company a banquet annually, in his hospitable home which was enjoyed beyond the common. On one occasion T. J. Watkins well remembers the whole pig, barbecued, was placed on the table with a large red apple in its mouth. The officers and privates of the Anson Guards was composed of the best of Southern young manhood—the elite of the county—sons of farmers, merchants, lawyers, doctors, mechanics, teachers. Hardee's tactics were used (two volume edition), and the company, being fairly well drilled, understood maneuvering.

In January, 1861, Captain Hall tendered the services of the Anson Guards to John W. Ellis, governor of North Carolina, which was declined, the exigency of the State not so great as to demand their services at that date. Again in the spring, the company authorized Lt. William M. Hammond to visit Raleigh and again tender the services of the Anson Guards to the governor. For reasons satisfactory to himself the governor again declined. The report of Lieutenant Hammond threw quite a damper on the enthusiasm of the company, because the boys were

eager for the fray and to show their patriotism. They met regularly for drill and kept their organization to the high mark of efficiency, believing the time rapidly approaching when they would be called into service. The Anson Guards was the first company in the State to offer its services to the governor and should have been assigned to the first regiment, but subsequent events, which will be related in due order, prevented.

April 15, 1861, Abraham Lincoln, the president of the United States, issued a call to the governor of North Carolina to furnish the State's quota of 75,000 men, for the avowed purpose to coerce the seceded States back into the Union. This our governor not only refused to do but issued his own proclamation for 15,000 men to protect the rights of the State and the interests of the people. April 16 the tender made by the company was accepted and preparations were promptly made to put the company on a war footing. Recruiting was in order and soon the rank and file numbered over 100. The company was re-organized on April 20, when the following gentlemen were elected to fill the commission and non-commission offices:

Captain, Robert T. Hall.
1st Lieutenant, Charles E. Smith.
2nd Lieutenant, Walter J. Boggan.
3rd Lieutenant, William J. Liles.
1st Sergeant, Dunkin E. McNair.
2nd Sergeant, F. A. Buchanan.
3rd Sergeant, Eli Freeman.
4th Sergeant, J. A. Jones.
1st Corporal, J. H. Wheeler.
2nd Corporal, J. W. Turner.
3rd Corporal, R. T. Bennett.
4th Corporal, J. A. Smart.

Many changes took place in the officers which will be noted later. William M. Hammond was elected quartermaster-commissary, with the title of captain. Dr. Albert Legrand was elected surgeon and the Rev. William C. Power, of the Methodist Protestant Episcopal Church, South, chaplain.

After the election of officers the ladies, through Miss Kate Shepherd, presented to the company a beautiful silk flag. The lettering on the flag was painted by Mr. Lemuel Beeman. The presentation speech was made in behalf of the ladies by Capt. Wm. M. Hammond. The speech of acceptance was made by Corp. R. T. Bennett, in behalf of the Anson Guards. The fair donors promised us that their good wishes and their prayers would follow us through all the danger-scenes we might be called to pass. In the speech of acceptance we promised them that our beautiful flag should never trail in the dust, that we would defend it with the last drop of our blood and pledged our prowess and manhood to bear it aloft to their honor and glory. The flag is still in existence and treasured by the Anson Guards.

Our old uniforms would no longer serve us, and "Little" Billy Patrick took our measures for a suit of gray, which were to be made and forwarded. Our mothers and sisters had made for us uniforms of white linen pants and red flannel shirts, and each man had a heavy pair of shoes for stout service. We made a fine appearance and were ready for marching to the front. Serg. Eli Freeman was by birth a Northern man, a very fine mechanic, and had been running a blacksmith and wood-working establishment in the town of Wadesboro for several years. He made for many of the company bowie knives, beautifully shaped, brightly polished, with which we proposed to hue

our way when we came to close quarters. We soon found that these knives were a useless, antiquated arm of the service and one by one they were discarded. This served to show our great ignorance of modern warfare. A large number of the citizens from every section of the county were in Wadesboro to see us march away in defense of our country. Our nearest railroad station was at Cheraw, S. C.

When in line, Rev. Sidi H. Brown made an address from the text taken from I Sam. iv, 9:

“Be strong, and quit yourselves like men — quit yourselves like men and fight.”

This was April 29, 1861. We boarded carriages and wagons and set out for Cheraw, 23 miles distant, accompanied by several prominent citizens — General Dargan, Jesse Edwards and others — leaving about 1 P. M.

At the toll-house on the old plank road, nearly a mile from Cheraw, we were met by the Cheraw Light Dragoons. Alighting from our vehicles, formed in line and were saluted by the dragoons with three volleys and escorted into the city. Colonel Harrington made the address of welcome which was replied to by Gen. Atlas J. Dargan of our town. Corp. R. T. Bennett also replied in behalf of the Guards.

General Atlas J. Dargan was a general of militia and was not in the Confederate service. His friend, Ebenezer Nelme, became a captain of a company from Hernando County, Miss. Dargan and Nelme were practicing attorneys of Anson County and special friends. One was clever, sparkling, neat in habit, a great teaser. The other brilliant, ingenious, facetious, negligent in dress. Both were witty and humorous. Both liked Peach and Honey. Their contemporaries who were familiar with the charac-



RIXDEN TYLER BENNETT
Colonel of 14th Reg. N. C. V.

teristics of these famous raconteurs enjoyed the following bon mots:

Captain Nelme and other gentlemen were standing in front of the courthouse when General Dargan approached. Addressing the party, but looking at Captain Nelme, said: "Ezer-teaser spells Nezer, and one red elm spells Eben Nelme."

Instantly flashed this mot: "Bootless, shoeless and hatless spells 'Atlas.' Splurging and a charging spells 'Dargan.'"

In 1852 the Whig party nominated General Dargan elector at large for the State, and the Democratic party nominated Mr. Mitchel Peacock. By agreement they met in joint debate to discuss the issues. Mr. Peacock led off in an able and logical speech of an hour.

General Dargan followed, saying: Fellow citizens! You all know me. I was raised in the Fork (junction of the Pee Dee and Rocky rivers) When a boy I assisted my mother in domestic affairs. She called on me to pick turkeys, chickens, guineas and geese, but this is the first time I have ever been called on to pick a Peacock. And I'm going to do it, and do it close. I won't leave a pin-feather. I'll even singe the down off. He'll be the cleanest bird you ever saw.

With sentences of irony, sarcasm and ridicule he proceeded till Mr. Peacock left, and never would meet Dargan again in joint debate.*

The ladies gave us a reception, with refreshments and dancing. The boys were in fine spirits and judging from the actions of some, spirits were in them. We slept only during the wee small hours. Early the next morning, May 1, boarded the train for Florence. Here we re-

* Reported to the author by his friend William Standback, who was present at the joint debate.

mained several hours for the connecting train to Wilmington, at which place we arrived about midnight, the rain pouring down like blazes and dark as Egyptian darkness. At this late hour there was no one to meet us or tell us where we could obtain lodging. This was the first damper to our ardor and very depressing. Captain Hall ordered us into line, marched and counter-marched with no prospect, under his orders, of getting out of the car shed. Finally disgusted with himself, his surroundings or his condition, he ordered us to break ranks and shift for ourselves. A few found accommodation in the hotels, others remained in the cars and waiting-room during the night. Early in the morning we obtained breakfast here and there wherever we could, and notwithstanding our depressing surroundings, our spirits, buoyant and hopeful, were made exuberant by the accession to our ranks of these excellent gentlemen, viz.—A. S. Morrison and Robert J. Lilly of Roberson County. At this early date there was no company of volunteers from Roberson and their ardor, brooking no delay, they showed their patriotism by coming to Wilmington and joining the Anson Guards. Their valiant deeds of four long years of warfare is safely lodged in the hearts and memories of their comrades and in the records of the company and regiment.

May 2 we boarded the train for Goldsboro, at which place we received order from Adjutant-general Hoke to proceed to Weldon. This order being in conflict with former orders, Captain Hall determined to go to Raleigh, to which place he had been directed in the first order. He therefore pressed a train and we pulled out for Raleigh, arriving there just before dark. General Hoke met us and demanded to know why we did not go on to Weldon as ordered, and informed us there was no accommodation

in Raleigh and no preparation made for us. This act of insubordination doubtless militated against us and was one of the reasons we were not assigned to the First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers, which covered itself with glory at Bethel, and gave to North Carolina one of its great distinctions, namely, "First at Bethel," of which we are all so proud. General Hoke reprimanded Captain Hall, which stirred the ire of some of the boys. They told General Hoke "That we were not paupers, that we were able to buy rations and were not beholding to him or to the State for our sustenance." Brooks Haily, the wag of the company, proposed to auction off General Hoke, and mounting a box proceeded to cry him off to the highest bidder. He was knocked down for six and a quarter ($6\frac{1}{4}$) cents, the auctioneer declaring the purchaser was cheated in his property.

We spent the first night at the fair grounds. These quarters not suiting, we took possession of the courthouse. Some of our boys were too intimate with John Barleycorn, too much so for good manners, and they disgusted the sober element of the Guards. The governor did not approve of the actions of our captain; and we justly offended many of the best citizens by placing guards where they were not needed, and would not let them (the citizens) pass the street on which the courthouse was situated without permits, even when going to their places of business. But the good people of the city soon learned that only a few of the mischievous boys were responsible. The citizens of our capital city were kind and generous and showered upon us many acts of kindness. The Anson Guards, to show their appreciation of the hospitality, entertainment and good offices received from the hands of the ladies, presented to their leader, Mrs. Mary McNair, a

gold locket suitably engraved. This locket is still the proud possession of Mrs. McNair — now living. We certainly enjoyed our stay in the city, taking possession and ruling it according to our sweet will. We knew nothing of discipline and cared less, receiving orders only from our officers and obeying only those orders which suited us. The time soon came when this was all changed, and strict obedience required and promptly given to all orders. It requires time to thoroughly break colts to harness, and we boys were frolicsome colts.

After a few days' stay in Raleigh we went to Weldon and were quartered in a two-story building, many taking rooms in the hotel. Captain Pender in command. The Guards had a good time, eating bullfrogs and other fish. Daily drill and sport consumed the day. Governor Ellis came over to see us drill, after which we passed in review before him. While in Weldon Captain Hall again showed his independence and disobedience to orders. He, and some half dozen of the boys, wishing to visit their homes (T. J. Watkins was of the number), boarded the train for Cheraw and home. Captain Pender, seeing us on board, asked Captain Hall where he was going. He told him he was going home. Captain Pender said "You had better get furloughs, and you would then go by permission and would not have to pay railroad fare." "Well, write furloughs for seven men." Captain Pender soon returned with the furloughs for leave of absence for seven days. Captain Hall threw them out the window and remarked: "We know the way home, are not paupers, could pay our fare and would come back when it suited us to do so." This action did not raise us in the estimation of a rigid disciplinarian like Captain Pender and others in authority. The company had not been mustered into

service and we felt free to do as we pleased. However, we soon learned that to be in favor with the authorities we would have to submit to discipline. Captain Pender remarked, "You are a fine-looking set of boys but too d—d independent."

Remained in Weldon several days, then crossed the Roanoke river and went into camp at Garysburg.

Early in June Captain Hall resigned. He was the clerk of the Superior Court of Anson County, very popular, good-hearted and made a good, efficient clerk. As an officer a poor disciplinarian, and he himself would not bear the restraints of the service. The company elected Charles E. Smith captain and W. M. Hammond first lieutenant. It seemed to be the determination of the authorities not to allow the Guards to be mustered into service so long as Captain Hall was in command. When his resignation was accepted and the vacancy filled, the company was immediately mustered into the service of the Confederate States by Capt. W. D. Pender, for the term of twelve months, the Guards reserving the right to elect their own officers. D. N. Bennett, John Threadgill, John Ballard, M. T. Ballard and George B. Gibson refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate Government and returned home. Later Gibson, Bennett and the Ballards returned to the company and were sworn in.

The boys now began to feel the reins tightening by experiencing the requirements of the regular army. Reveille at daylight, fall in for roll call, breakfast call, surgeon's and fatigue calls, guard mounting, squad drill, company drill, dinner; in the afternoon a repetition of the morning's calls, followed by dress parade, supper, tattoo and taps.

One day Captain Smith and some of his men were engaged in conversation. Without warning and to the sur-

prise of all, Kit Kirby, in a drunken frenzy, assaulted Captain Smith with a stick. Knocked him down, making an obtusion which bled freely. The boys were so enraged by this dastardly assault on their loved captain they jumped upon Kit with murderous intent. By the captain's command they refrained from further violence and locked him up. When sobered, Captain Smith accepted Kit's humble apology and refrained from other punishment than dismissal from the ranks of the company. The lesson was lasting. He returned to his county, again volunteered into the service of the Confederacy and made an obedient, good and brave soldier.

Lieutenant Weaver of the Lexington Wildcats, officer of the guard for the day, ordered that Captain Smith's company march to the parade ground. Corporal A. A. Waddell said to Lieutenant Weaver: "If you are in command of the company order it to move, otherwise make yourself scarce around our quarters." After the parade Lieutenant Weaver, with a file of soldiers, came in front of our quarters demanding the man who, he claimed, had in contempt of his authority, insulted him. Waddell stepped out and said, "I am the man." Thereupon the whole company fell in and told Lieutenant Weaver to take the company if he could, that he would not get Waddell alone. We had our muskets and they served us a good purpose. Lieutenant Weaver thought discretion the better part, and returned without his man. This taught him the material the Anson Guards were made of, and raised them in his esteem so high that ever afterwards when he needed a friend he would come to the Guards. These instances are narrated here to show the spirit of the company and their idea of discipline. Insubordination was common and generally went unpunished.



THOMAS J. WATKINS

CHAPTER III

T. J. WATKINS, one of the Anson Guards, kept a diary of daily occurrences. This diary is the foundation of this history. Many facts have been added which have been garnered from participants. Consequently these incidents are from first hands — candid utterances of Confederate soldiers. These pages have been reviewed, verified, confirmed and approved by Sergeant Fenton and others.

Many of the members of the company did not believe secession the proper remedy for our troubles. They did not doubt the right to secede but the expediency. They thought the better plan was to fight for our rights and privileges in the Union. Disunion would be a great calamity. North Carolina had been a nation a hundred and seventy years before the Union was born. She was one of the original thirteen colonies. On her shores was born, Aug. 18, 1587, Virginia Dare, the first white child to be born on the American continent. In November, 1789, North Carolina adopted the Constitution and became a member of the Union. The last but one of all the colonies to enter the Union, and then only after the guarantee by the United States congress to her of the reserved rights of the States. The principle of independent Statehood had all along been recognized by the American people, and especially so by Massachusetts and the New England States. We were taught the rights of the States were higher than the rights of the Union by the fathers and by the illustrious example of Maine, New

Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut — the six New England States.

In 1792 war with England seemed imminent and these New England States, through their spokesman, declared against the war and sooner than they would engage in it they would go out of the Union by secession. Likewise when the United States proposed to purchase Louisiana, Massachusetts threatened to exercise her "unquestioned right of secession." Again, in Jefferson's administration, Massachusetts proposed a general dissolution of the Union with the intention of forming a Northern Confederacy. New York declining to join them they weakened and gave up the project. In 1804 the legislature of Massachusetts passed an act "declaring the United States had transcended their power" and "had formed a new Confederacy, to which the States, united by the former compact, are not bound to adhere." The War of 1812 was violently opposed by these same States, and a convention was called to meet, and did meet, at Hartford, and ordinances of secession would have followed but for the treaty of peace. These New England States taught us by precept and example that the right of withdrawal from the Union by the States was inherent because "the creator is greater than the thing created."

The Anson Guards, in common with the people of the State, ratified the ordinance of secession, and as one man rose to the occasion, volunteered promptly to resist the invasion threatened by President Lincoln in his endeavor to coerce the States back into the Union.

The Anson Guards on June 1 were mustered into the service of the Confederacy, and became Company C of the Fourth Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers. This regiment was composed of the following:

Company A, Roanoke Minute Men, Halifax County, Captain, W. A. Johnson.

Company B, Thomasville Rifles, Davison County; Captain, W. L. Millar.

Company C, Anson Guards, Anson County; Captain, Charles E. Smith.

Company D, Cleveland Blues, Cleveland County; Captain, Edward Dixon.

Company E, Oak City Guards, Wake County; Captain, G. H. Faribault.

Company F, Rough and Ready Guards, Buncomb County; Captain, Zeb. B. Vance.

Company G, Reidsville Guards, Rockingham County; T. T. Slade.

Company H, Stanly Marksmen, Stanly County; Captain, R. H. Anderson.

Company I, Lexington Wild Cats, Davidson County; Captain, Jesse Hargrave.

Company K, Raleigh Rifles, Wake County; Captain, W. H. Harrison.

Junius Daniel, Colonel, from Halifax County; G. L. Lovejoy, Lt. Col., from Wake County; Paul B. Faison, Major, from Northampton County; B. F. Lockhart, Captain Quartermaster; E. A. Daniels, Captain Commissary; John W. Hutchins, M.D., Surgeon; R. T. Wingfield, M.D., Assistant Surgeon; Rev. N. B. Cobb, Chaplain; R. C. Badger, Sergeant-Major; B. F. Fortune, Q. M. Sergeant.

A fine body of men, most excellently officered. Colonel Daniel was educated at West Point, thoroughly understood military training. He drilled his regiment till it became a thunderbolt of war, never a better machine for the destruction of men organized. Rev. Wm. C. Power remained chaplain of the Anson Guards and was supported by them. The legislature passed an act, raising ten regiments of State troops which were numbered from one to ten and the Fourth (our) Regiment became, and was ever afterward known, as the Fourteenth (14th) North Carolina Volunteers.

CHAPTER IV

DAILY trains loaded with soldiers passed our camp, all actuated by the desire to uphold freedom; the freedom of sovereign States, which had the right to withdraw and had withdrawn from an equal partnership of States.

We knew the North was more populous, controlled the government, and had access to the ocean and the world, but this did not deter us. The Southern States passed ordinances of secession for the purpose of withdrawing from a partnership in which the majority were oppressing the minority, and we simply asked "to be let alone." If the theory — our theory, that government rests on the consent of the governed is right, then how can be justified the invasion of the Southern States by the North for the avowed purpose to coerce them back into the Union and force them to submit to laws inimical to their welfare?

We chafed and fretted at our inaction, lying in camp, drilling, drilling, drilling and guard duty. Finally orders came on June 4 for a forward movement to Blackwater, near Suffolk, Va., to take part in the defense of that section. The day was very warm and the troops conveyed in box cars. The heat became intolerable and Company C did some lively work knocking off the side-plank to let in air. Arrived at Blackwater, a railroad crossing about two and a half miles from Suffolk, late in the evening. Went into camp, known as Camp Bragg. The Fourteenth Regiment was assigned to the brigade of Gen.

J. C. Pemberton, and division of Major-general Huger. Here we encamped thirty days and many amusing incidents occurred.

Jeré B. Sibley, known and familiarly termed "O K," was doing guard duty one night. A fine, fat hog approached his post and he shot it. His shot alarmed the camp, the long roll beat, the regiment turned out to find no enemy; cussing mad to be disturbed without cause. In the meantime, by previous arrangement, "O. K.'s" friends had taken good care of the fatted pig. "O. K." ever afterward claimed that as the regiment had fattened the pig it was ours by right. It served to refresh many of the company and furnished many a laugh. "O. K." one day subsequent was again on guard. He was six feet high, well built and stout, and made one of the very best of soldiers.

Some time during the night Colonel Daniel made the grand rounds. "O K" had received instructions to let no one pass, take his gun or other liberties. When the colonel came round "O. K." hailed him. "Who comes here?" Answer, "The Grand Round." "Advance, Grand Round, and give the countersign."

This was done and then the colonel wanted to inspect his gun and approached to take it. Sibley refused and resisted the attempt. Corporal of the guard was called and the colonel demanded to know what instruction had been given the sentinel. When informed, he commended Sibley and said "I would not have blamed you had you shot me," and added, "but darn such ignorance on the part of the officers giving such instructions." Colonel Daniel was a strict disciplinarian and ever afterward held "O. K." in great esteem. It was customary for the field officers to test the efficiency of the sentinels. A guard

was posted at the barn and stables. Twice the regiment had been turned out by the long roll call because of shots fired on that post.

One night a member of the Guards, Geo. T. Little, was placed on that post. Major Faison loaded the guns for the sentinel on this post. After the gun was loaded and all had left the sentinel on duty, Little tested his gun with the ramrod and found only a cartridge with powder and no ball. He put a ball in. He also carried a revolver. It was a bright moonlight night. About midnight the major made his appearance some 40 yards away, approaching the sentinel. Little commanded him to halt. Instead of halting he ran. Little fired at him, the ball striking a plank fence just beyond him. The major now had a cause for running, and run he did. Little opened fire on him with his revolver, fortunately missing him but accelerating his speed. This was the last time the boys were roused by a false alarm. The major remarked that was the closest call he ever had and it would not do to project with those Anson Guards boys.

Squad, company and regimental drill were continually on. No let up. The boys would fume, fuss and complain, but to no avail. They could see no use in this everlasting drill, drill in the hot sun, under great fatigue. The iron band of service was being drawn closer and closer as the days rolled by and we were daily being molded into a fighting machine. Afterward we could see the wisdom of our colonel in preparing us for the fatigue, the hardships and the impact of battle. We had one compensation and that was seeing him drill his subordinate officers. It was very amusing, not for him or them, but for the rank and file. Oh, how we did laugh at their mistakes. They were the greenest of greenhorns, and did not know Har-

dee's tactics near so well as the rank and file of the Anson Guards.

Remained at Camp Bragg about 30 days and then moved to Suffolk to Camp Ellis, just beyond the suburbs. Drilling, inspection and reviews were of daily routine. The townsfolk came out to camp in great numbers to witness the dress parades in the evening. The citizens were exceedingly kind to our company — a company of gentlemen — and often invited us to break bread with them. Friendships were made which were lasting. Some of our boys were smitten by the elegant forms and beautiful faces of the girls, who gave their most winning smiles to patriotic boys coming from their homes, to fight in their defense and protect them from the ruthless invaders.

Hitherto we had enjoyed fine health, but here an epidemic of measles swept over the camp and many of the regiment passed beyond roll call. The smitten of Company C were all restored to health. While the malady was raging the ladies of the city showed the fiber of their being by braving the epidemic and in attentions to the afflicted. After four long years of experience the soldiers of the South, one and all, said that no better women lived on God's earth than the ladies of Virginia.

CHAPTER V

THE field officers were West Pointers, every one of them, proficient in tactics, experts in camp sanitation and rigid disciplinarians. They soon won the respect of the regiment. Company officers, rank and file gave them prompt obedience with esteem; bearing with little or no complaint the fatigue of the daily drills, guard duty, and even cheerfully policing the camp. Our proficiency as soldiers grew apace and we were proud thereof and glad to show our skill to the townfolk, both ladies and gentlemen, the girls and boys. On Sundays our company marched to church in a body and our chaplain preached.

Company C was known as the "crack" company of the regiment. The most proficient in drill, the most expert in tactics and made the best appearance in the field — in our new uniforms received from home. Its company officers, from the captain down, were better dressed and more esteemed by the citizens of the town of Suffolk. The colonel of the regiment, try ever so hard, could not conceal his preference for the officers and men of the Anson Guards. It was spoken of and called the colonel's favorite company and he soon came to know by name every boy in it. This naturally produced ill-feeling toward us by the other companies. In some of them much more than in others. The captain of Company B desired to humiliate the company in the eyes of the colonel. One drizzly, rainy day Captain M of Company B was officer of the day. During the day he noted that J. D. Morton, one of the

Anson Guards, was assigned to guard a certain post. The night was very dark, rainy and wet. Captain M determined to surprise Morton, while a sentinel on his post, obtain advantage of him and take his gun; then he could prefer the charge of being asleep on his post. Morton, unaware of his intentions, was walking his post when suddenly Captain M jumped toward him and seized his gun. Morton held to it and drawing his pistol snapped five barrels at him. The caps were wet and failed to fire. Captain M called the corporal, had Morton taken to the guardhouse, and next morning reported to the colonel that one of the Anson Guards tried to shoot him while in the discharge of his duty as officer of the day. Colonel Daniel ordered Morton to be brought from the guardhouse, and on investigation, hearing Morton's version, was convinced that Morton acted the part of a brave soldier and a good sentinel, and remarked, "I am sorry the powder was wet." He ordered him (Morton) released. After he had left Colonel Daniel addressed Captain M and said, "Captain M, you must be careful how you fool with Company C or you will get your damn brains blown out." Captain M was a preacher of the Presbyterian church, and received the colonel's remarks with aversion, but he took great care to heed them.

The commissary stores were kept in a warehouse at the depot, a mile or more from the camp, and a guard was stationed there. On several occasions some of the citizens of the town or natives of the county, on mischief bent, had disturbed the guard and run him off. This conduct was disliked by the officers and they determined to put a stop to it. Simon J. Edwards of Company C, was assigned to the post, with instruction to load his gun, and if anyone attempted to run him away, to shoot and shoot

to kill. Edwards had his revolver also. It was a very dark night and hard to distinguish anyone a short distance away. About 8 o'clock two men in a buggy passed along the road and Simon heard one remark to the other that when they returned they would have some fun. An hour or so later they did return and when near the warehouse began firing in the direction of Edwards, expecting him to run as the other sentinels had done. The flash of their pistols gave him a pretty good idea of direction and he fired his musket, then drew his pistol and began firing it. He heard a man cry out "For God's sake quit shooting; you have killed one man and you have wounded me." The killed proved to be a blind man and caused Edwards to regret the instructions to shoot. If it had been the other man, who was evidently the leader and to blame, he would not have taken the matter so much to heart. Investigation was had and Edwards exonerated from all blame by the court but he seemed never to get over it.

CHAPTER VI

SATURDAY, August 10, we were ordered to the vicinity of Burwells Bay on the James river, Isle of Wight County, Virginia. On this day we experienced our first hard march, a precursor of many, many more. We reached Bidgood's church about dark, a distance of 23 miles. The day was bright and sultry hot. The sand deep, and most of the regiment succumbed. Hardly sufficient men left to guard the camp. Make a note right here that the temperate boys, those not addicted to the use of ardent spirits, bore the heat, the fatigue and hardships of the march far better than the others. This camp was called Camp Bee, in honor of General Bee, who fell at First Manassas. It was an ideal camping ground, in a high, level, sandy country. Abundance of wood to be had, and plenty of good water — a fine parade ground. Officers' tents pitched on one side of the public highway and the companies' on the other. The ground sufficiently rolling for drainage.

A legend pertains to Bidgood's church — that it was in this church the famous Lorenzo Dow preached and his oratory was so powerful and effective he raised the devil, his satanic majesty being under conviction for his sins.

One very dark night the writer was a sentinel near the graveyard. He heard a little baby crying in the cemetery. His hair pushed the cap off his head — he was relieved to discover it was a big tomcat.

The rank and file of the Anson Guards were the equals, and superiors to some of their officers; socially, in wealth,

in position and in education, and it was a hard lesson to learn respectful obedience. Day by day the lesson was being learned.

In these pages allusion has been made to one Brooks Haily, the wag, the humorist, the life of the company. His doings, his sayings, his mischief-making propensities would require pages. He was very profane, an adept at stringing out "cuss" words. He gathered a class around him, the object being to teach them profanity by note. One day Captain Smith, whom all the boys loved, ordered Brooks to do something. Brooks not only refused but cursed his captain. Captain Smith put him under arrest and sentenced him to hard labor under a guard. A day only was required to break his spirit of insubordination and disobedience. Brooks was a great favorite with all the company and with his officers. It was hard for the captain to punish him but such a breach of discipline could not be overlooked. The hard labor in the hot sun under a guard was too much for his tender hands. He asked the guard to take him to the captain's tent. He yielded and yielded gracefully and effectively, apologizing and humbly confessing his error and promising for the future that he would cease his profanity. This promise he faithfully and religiously kept for months.

While we were at Camp Bee, William Boggan and Addison Jones were drill masters, and good ones, too. Company C was well up in Hardee's tactics, as the sequel will show. Lt. Walter J. Boggan of Company C had paid his respects to John Barleycorn too often and Captain Johnson of Company A being in command of the regiment, ordered Lieutenant Boggan to the guardhouse. He refused to go. Captain Johnson then essayed to force him. The Stanly Marksmen and Lexington Wildcats

joined the Anson Guards in resisting, telling Captain Johnson he could not put a commission officer in the guardhouse, could only put him under arrest, confined to his tent. It was a squally time for a while, but better thoughts prevailed. We resisted successfully and Lieutenant Boggan was placed under arrest in his tent. Colonel Daniel, on his return, commended the action of the Guards, saying that we were right. Instead of Captain Johnson humiliating the Guards they were commended, being better posted in military usages.

Brooks Haily obtained a furlough and went up to Petersburg where he contracted a severe case of diphtheria, and we were all very uneasy, for Brooks was a great favorite, not only with Company C but with Colonel Daniel, the other field officers and indeed with all who knew him. Brooks found out somehow that a good citizen, Mr. Wren, living near, had some peach brandy of his own make. Brooks bought several gallons and some honey from him. You have all heard of good old "peach and honey." Never better was made, we all thought, and some of us carried too much of it around. This blind tiger ran for several days before the officers caught on. Many of the imbibers could not appear on dress parade. Colonel Daniel sent for Haily early one morning. Brooks knew the colonel's fondness for some that was fine, took a bottle of the peach brandy, put honey in it according to taste. Haily found the colonel wrathful.

He said in a very rough manner: "Haily, did you not know it was against the regulations to sell whisky to the men?" Brooks in an ingratiating manner said: "It wa'n't whisky, Colonel; it was some good old peach brandy and honey which I bought from Mr. Wren. I brought a bottle along for you, that you may see the kind of spirits

the boys have had." He handed the bottle of old peach and honey to the colonel. They retired into another room. The colonel poured out some into a glass, tasted it, smiled and took more. The colonel warmed, forgot his wrath and said: "Did you get this from old man Wren?" "Yes, sir." "It's very fine. Is this the same you let the men have?" Brooks assured him it was. "Well," said the colonel, "I cannot blame you much. If you can get more like it, bring me some." This ended the matter. Brooks returned to his quarters gratified and exultant, having been let off without punishment and still on friendly terms with his colonel.

CHAPTER VII

OCTOBER came and the weather became pinching, which admonished us that winter was approaching, preparation for winter quarters was in order. Colonel Daniel selected a ten-acre spot nearby covered with a growth of long-bodied old field pine. The men set to work, the pines felled, cut into 12-foot lengths. The colonel laid off the camp into a square inclosing about ten acres and named it Fort Bee. Digging a trench two feet deep the logs were set up on end in the trench in line. On top of these was placed hewn plates which held them in position. From the plates the roof sprang which was covered with boards. Each company's quarters was divided into eight rooms, with partitions built of the same material, and constructed in the same manner as the outside walls. The cracks were daubed with mud, a "stick and dirt" chimney built to each room. They presented a pleasing appearance and were very, very comfortable. The years and winters following gave us nothing to compare with "Fort Bee," our first winter quarters. We often talked of our pleasures, our comforts, our enjoyments at Fort Bee, and like the Israelites of old, longing for the fleshpots of Egypt, we longed for our comforts and luxuries of Fort Bee.

The square was cleared of all rubbish, the stumps dug up and removed, the holes filled and leveled; the result being the most perfect parade ground. The colonel's house occupied the center of the west side of the square

marked by a flag born on a pole near a hundred feet high, and the lieutenant-colonel's and major's adjoined. On either side of these were houses of the various officers of the companies. In rear of the officers' quarters were situated the surgeons' and chaplains' On the east side of the square opposite the officers' was located the guardhouse, the commissary and quartermaster's. Company A was on the south, opposite on the north was Company B. The other companies arranged in conformity with their places in the regiment, this arrangement placing Company C on the southwest corner near the quarters of Captain Smith, which was a fine location for us.

Our winter quarters were built principally by our own hands, each company vieing with the others to make the nicest. Captain Smith obtained by purchase a lot of brick and Henry Napier, one of his men, constructed a chimney which was the admiration of everyone, the envy of all the officers and which the writer never saw excelled. Around the camp fire a lot of officers were gathered. The question arose as to the cause of the war, what are we fighting for anyway? One said "The fire-eaters of the South brought it on." Another, "The Abolitionists of the North was the cause." Another, "The hot-headed politicians on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line brought it about." Another advanced the opinion that it was the underground railroad and the passing of acts by the legislatures of the Northern States annulling the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Captain Vance was leaning over with his head in his hands, listening to the opinions advanced but had taken no part in the discussion. Finally he was appealed to for his opinion. Rising from his camp stool and straightening up he said: "Well boys, I don't know the cause

of the war, but I knew it was bound to come. I was in congress last year and one day three members of congress from New England and myself left the Capitol together and were walking along Pennsylvania avenue. We passed a saloon and the member from Connecticut asked us in to take a 'snifter.' Nothing loath, in we went. The bartender gave prompt attention. Our host turned to one and asked, 'What will you take?' Answer, 'I will take a Tom and Jerry.' 'What will you take?' Reply, 'A mint julip.' Then addressing me, said, 'What will you take?' I said, 'Whisky straight,' for, boys, that was what I was raised on in the mountains. We tipped our glasses to our host, drank and chatted. Our host pulled out his wallet and paid for his own drink and left us to do likewise. No, boys, I don't know the cause of this war, but I knew then it was bound to come, for we couldn't live with such a damn set."

The regiment soon found out why Colonel Daniel had all the stumps dug up and the holes leveled. Drill, drill, drill; no end to drilling! All our field officers were West Pointers and they took it turn and turn about in our drilling exercises. Beyond question, no regiment in the Confederate army were more thoroughly drilled or understood military evolutions better. We were converted into a veritable phalanx of war. This was proved on more than one battlefield, and especially at Gettysburg on the first day of the battle.

The historians all jump over the first and second days' fight to get to the climax of Picket's and Pettigrew's famous charge made on the third day. The hardest fighting on that historic field was done on the first day. Meredith's Iron Brigade and General Stone with his Pennsylvania Bucktails — better men never wore the blue — had

driven the Confederates and swept the field by 11 o'clock in the morning. Heth reformed his lines, his men were close quarters men, and advanced in the face of a galling fire, the blue line melting away under volleys at twenty paces. Pettigrew's superb brigade of North Carolinians struck the second line squarely in the face. Then it was that Colonel Bennett of the Fourteenth Regiment asked of General Ramseur that he might change from the right to the left of the brigade. This movement was effected in perfect order, to the admiration of the general, under a terrific fire; so perfect had the maneuvering exercises been drilled into us while at Fort Bee and other places. This movement turned the tide of battle and we drove the enemy more than a mile through the town and on to Cemetery Ridge.

The Iron Brigade and the Bucktails here met their fate and their dead were piled up "heaps on heaps."

When Colonel Bennett made his dash with our regiment and struck the enemy his commanding general said his dead marked his line of battle with the accuracy of a line at dress parade.

Of course we grumbled and complained, but Colonel Daniel knew the good of exercise as well as the necessity of training us in military tactics and maneuvers, all of which stood us in good stead on occasions. A post was established on Burwells Bay, and the writer was the sentinel there one cold night. Generally the boys were glad to get on this post, because when off duty they could fish, grapple for oysters, etc. It was mostly fun and frolic during the day but this night was dark and very cold. The wind blowing fiercely from the north and northwest over the broad expanse of water, several miles. I was

dressed with flannels, heavy wool suit and great top coat, and yet could not keep warm.

I strode up and down the beach on our assigned beat, the icy winds penetrated down the coat collar, down the spine, freezing the very marrow. It was bitter as death. Would the relief never come! Boy as I was it came to me that I was in a man's place and must be a man, vigilant as a man, endure as a man and, when occasion offered, fight as a man. Beyond question every experience in life has its usage.

The day found us ready for fishing. Lying on the beach was an old discarded boat. This we succeeded in launching, to find it so leaky it could not be used. Not to be deprived of our pleasure and enjoyment, we grabbed the oyster tongs and rowed out, one bailing out the water with an old leaky bucket while the other fished. The roasted oysters amply repaid us for the risk, and our enjoyment all the greater with the relish given by a keen appetite. The oysters were seasoned with some of Brooks Haily's good old peach and honey.

CHAPTER VIII

WHILE at Fort Bee, the Anson Guards were known as the handbox company. Many of the company were the sons of gentleman land-holders, who knew and exercised the rights of unbounded hospitality; to fish, to hunt, to ride to the hounds and other gentlemanly exercises. Educated at the best schools and colleges, trained in use of firearms and well supplied with money. This enabled them to dress, wear "biled" shirts and make an all-round good appearance, with boots blacked and stiff linen collars. They could and did have their wash-women weekly. Yes, we kept ourselves clean and well dressed, and manly pride caused us to give cheerful obedience to those in command, an example to some of our own men and other companies.

In the days that came after, when all these good times had passed, and we were forced to do our own washing of clothes and these clothes mostly reduced to rags; still we kept up appearances as best we could, and when the fateful bullet came along one was killed as a gentleman with his face to the foe. No member of the Guards ever had occasion to be ashamed of his colors.

The building of our winter quarters blistered our hands but we stuck the closer to our job. After planting our poles in the ground a hewn plate was placed on top of them and a peg through the plate fastened securely each pole. They were well tamped with earth which made them steady and safe. Doors to each room in front and

rear. Little huts for kitchens added in the rear. Chimneys were made of split logs notched up six to eight feet high and then with sticks and mud carried up the proper height above roof. The hearth and jambs were made of tamped mud and served the purpose of brick, which we could not obtain. Two small rooms were added, one to each end, for the orderly sergeant and the company's commissary.

We have taxed your patience with this minute description for the purpose of showing the wisdom of our commanding officer and the great care of his men. All visitors, and we had many, said nothing they had seen could compare with our winter quarters in comfort, convenience or beauty. An alley way between each company's quarters was provided for free access. November 25 our work of construction was finished and we moved into our winter homes. Company C had eight colored cooks. The Oak City Guards of Raleigh often vied in dress with Company C, and from one of these was generally chosen the orderly for the day. He must not only be neat in appearance but must have his gun brightly polished and be handy and intelligent. R. D. Watkins, of the Anson Guards, the youngest boy in the regiment, and well qualified, rarely failed to be selected by the adjutant for this light duty and honorable position.

While at Fort Bee the regiment was sorely afflicted with chills and fever. In a few days it sapped one's very life and energy, and few of the men escaped this terrible malady. The inevitable humorist, Brooks Haily, again comes into our narrative of the history of our company.

A man stricken with chills and fever, sallow and weak, would be seen by him slowly, carefully picking his way as he attempted to walk. Brooks would get in front of

him, whistle the dead march and beat an old tin pan for accompaniment, saying it was the poor fellow's funeral dirge on the way to the cemetery. Strange to say, few ever die with it. Quinine, the only sovereign remedy, could not be had, because the Yankees made quinine and other medicines contraband of war, that when sick we would die for lack of a remedy. By order of the colonel details were sent out to find and bring into camp boneset — nature's herb remedy. Bitter, most bitter weed imaginable. It was used by soaking it in whisky. No one was ever made a drunkard by using this decoction and acquiring the taste.

Lieutenant Boggan resigned and Sergeant Freeman was elected to fill the position. N. B. Cobb resigned the chaplaincy and our chaplain, W. C. Power, was appointed chaplain of the regiment and remained chaplain till the close of the war, to the great satisfaction and profit of the entire regiment. Sergt. Duncan E. McNair being promoted lieutenant in Company H, Third North Carolina Regiment, A. S. Morrison was elected to the position.

Christmas day rolled around, a day made memorable to the regiment by the dress parade gotten up by Brooks Haily. Colonel Daniel had issued orders giving the regiment freedom from all guard and police duties, only requiring them to keep order and have no unseemly conduct, fighting, etc. Brooks' fertile mind brought forth a burlesque parade. The boys were to dress as comical as their means allowed, consequently no two were dressed alike. Brooks, acting as colonel, procured the poorest-looking horse he could find, but gayly caparisoned with flags and streamers. The other field officers were of the same order, bedecked to suit the occasion. Brooks, in his carriage and voice endeavored to imitate Colonel Daniel,

to the great amusement of that gentleman. It was arranged that every order given was to be executed contrariwise. When he ordered us to shoulder arms we grounded arms, when ordered to present arms we shouldered arms, to right dress we dressed to the left, to the great enjoyment of all. The tangle the regiment was thrown into by the order to change front to rear was so ridiculous and confusing the onlookers roared, shouted, and were convulsed with laughter. Colonel Daniel so enjoyed the burlesque imitation of himself he complimented Brooks highly.

Honey and peach brandy, for which this section was famous, was plentiful in camp this Christmas day. E. F. Fenton writing of that day, says, "Will I ever forget that day? I am sure I do not wish to." W. A. Smith manipulated the eggnog. One had to chew the stuff (the eggs were so thoroughly beaten and compounded). The Major would tell you this is one of the family secrets. Exhilaration followed; yes, and something else. And such a dinner. I feel bad when I think of what I've got to eat today. That day we had it all and some more. I have never had such a dinner since. The good parents and other home folk had remembered us and our hearts flowed out in gratitude as we indulged in their thoughtful abundance. Mock drills, mock evolutions and mock dress parade ended with a big dance, one of the happiest days of my existence. And what is more remarkable, there were no breaches of discipline and no arrests, though peach and honey was plentiful and free as water.

CHAPTER IX

FORT BEE being finished and made comfortable several of the officers were pleased to have their wives with them in the fort. Their presence had a refining influence and proved a great blessing in restraining the men. Captain Smith furnished his quarters nicely with carpets and other furniture. Our captain's wife was made most comfortable by the welcome and good will of the company and she was very popular, not only with the officers and their wives, but with the entire regiment. Tall, graceful, fine-looking, her suave manners was an entrée into all hearts. Company C was her obedient slave. Ladies from the surrounding country visited her — bringing their daughters to the great delight and pleasure of the boys. Many of the home folk visited their sons; among them were Messrs. Culpepper Watkins, Whitman Smith and John McLendon. They not only brought themselves, but boxes of clothing and substantials in the shape of the best of home cooking. Oh, but we had a fine time sharing the abundance of good things, sent us in boxes, with our fellows. I remember a great tub of most delicious butter sent by Thomas Robinson to his son Henry. B. K. Threadgill and J. B. Sibley, known as "O. K." and "B. K.," inseparable friends, by permission, went to Smithfield. Both tarried too long with John Barleycorn, taking on of his wares more than they could well carry. They managed to return to camp. A drunken man's conduct is amusing to spectators. "O. K.," staggering around, reached a tree.

Caught hold of it to steady himself, believing the tree was falling, called to "B. K." to hold the tree up. He lost his grip and fell sprawling on the ground and said, "'B. K.,' you've let the tree fall on me."

Two room-mates of one of our best boys, Badger Little, came into camp very tipsy, nay violent and cross. Many gathered around trying to manage them, but could do nothing to quiet them and save them from guard-house. Badger coming, saw their condition, gently placed his arms around them and led them into the tent. Thus showing us all and proving that gentleness is better than force, even with a man drunk.

A. S. Morrison was elected orderly sergeant in place of Eli Freeman, promoted. R. T. Bennett was made assistant commissary of the regiment by Colonel Daniel, with the rank of captain. He made a good commissary and we were all proud of his promotion.

- The 6th North Carolina, Colonel Pender.
- The 13th North Carolina, Colonel Scales.
- The 14th North Carolina, Colonel Daniel.
- The 3rd Virginia, Colonel Pryor.
- The Ellis Artillery, Captain S. D. Ramseur.

were by the authorities organized into a brigade, with R. E. Colston brigadier-general commanding. General Colston established a camp of instruction about two miles north of Smithfield, the town famous for its fine hams. The 28th of November the Fourteenth Regiment was ordered to this camp for instruction and brigade drill. December 15 the brigade was reviewed and at 3 P. M. returned to Fort Bee. In going and returning we passed by Ben's church, said to be the oldest church in Virginia. It was built of brick made in England. The roof was

very steep and covered with moss or other lichen which prevented the roof from leaking.

A volunteer for the navy was requested and a member of Company C, E. W. Flake, volunteered. He was assigned to the Ironclad *Merrimac*, which became so famous. After the *Merrimac* was destroyed by the Confederate authorities Flake joined the Forty-third Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers. He survived the war and is still numbered with the good citizens of Polkton, N. C. He has recently written a brochure of the *Merrimac*.

The Fourteenth Regiment had a picket post at the mouth of Smithfield Creek where it emptied into Burwells Bay. While we remained at Fort Bee an entire company would go down for a week on picket duty. Fish and oysters were in abundance. The fishing smacks were managed by negroes, keeping their boats in range of our guns. At sunset the boats were beached in charge of the pickets. The owners, in their kindness, gave the company all the oysters and fish they desired. We were glad when order came for our company to go down to the bay. The object of this post was to keep a vigilant look-out on the bay and prevent communication with the enemy at Fortress Monroe on the opposite shore, by means of boats.

Brigade drill and maneuvers were observed frequently at Camp Pryor. The company spent two days at Wren's place on the bay. A fine old colonial residence crowned the bluff which overlooked the bay, and which was reached by ascending a hill some two hundred yards from the road. I shall never forget the good dinner enjoyed at this hospitable mansion. Wines graced the table and peach and honey on the sideboard. It reminded one of the customs of his youthful days when every gentleman

had from two to four cut-glass decanters filled with refreshments on the sideboard with sugar and honey convenient for his guests. To abuse one's hospitality by dissipation was a breach of good breeding not to be thought of. Ah, well, those good old days are gone never to return and blind tigers are in vogue.

CHAPTER X

To date the Anson Guards had been without a serious case of sickness, while other companies had lost by death. We attributed this to cleanly habits, free exercise, good nursing and healthful constitutions. We did not escape measles and chills and fever, had in common with all the regiment.

March 25, 1862, received orders for the regiment to join General Magruder on the Warwick river. The time had come when we were to leave our fine winter quarters and become actively engaged. While regretting to leave, still we were very desirous to be active participants in the great drama being enacted, fearing the war would close before we had had an opportunity to strike one blow for our freedom. Packing our trunks we sent them home by some visiting friends, keeping only our knapsacks filled with light baggage. Taking boat at Wren's landing we steamed across the bay to Mulberry Island, near the mouth of Warwick river. It was the first boat ride many of us had ever taken, and were much interested in the manner of getting the officers' horses aboard, the boat itself and the engines driving the sidewheeler.

On landing, marched up the river to Green's farm on the Warwick, near dam No. 2. The river was only some forty or fifty yards wide and fordable at low tide. General Magruder had dams constructed across it at intervals which raised the water above fording, and had posted artillery, supported by infantry, at each dam, making it

possible for a small force to defend the position against a large army.

The regiment remained here only two days and returned to Fort Bee. We never learned the object sought or reason for our return. Some of the boys left valuables to find them gone on their return. Thoughtless, thoughtless boys!

We took up our old programme of eating, sleeping and drilling with the necessary guard duty for only a few days when again ordered to the peninsula. Landing on April 4, we were located between dams No. 1 and 2. The enemy, under command of Gen. George Brinton McClellan, occupied the whole river front from the head to its mouth, with 200,000 men he had drilled and trained from July, '61 to March 17, '62. Little incidents come to mind which I will relate to show the accuracy of memory. T. J. Watkins says:

“On picket my musket tube became stopped up and the gun could not be fired. Attempting to take out the tube, broke it. We carried extra tubes and tube wrenches. I went to the colonel and explained the matter. He knew me well and asked what I proposed to do. With a permit I would go to Yorktown and have it drilled out. He said it was a hazardous trip and doubted that I could make it. With his permit, passed all guards, found the town and succeeded. Having several hours, took a look over the town. It was very old and dilapidated — not a new building of any kind. It was finished and completed many long years ago. Saw the marble monument erected by congress to mark the spot where Lord Cornwallis surrendered his sword. Saw also signs of the old forts of Revolutionary days. Yorktown is situated at the mouth of York river and well fortified on the land side by nature. Was glad

to get away, and avoiding the Yankee pickets, by the aid of citizens, reported my success to Colonel Daniel. He was delighted and in complimentary terms said he could always rely on the intelligence of Company C."

General Magruder with 10,000 to 15,000 men was expected to hold McClellan in check until Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who was on his way from Manassas via Williamsburg, could arrive to reënforce us. We built fires all along the bank of the river at night and by marching showed our forces at intervals betokening a large force. This ruse was successful till reënforcements came, which to our inexperienced eyes seemed ample to whip the whole Yankee nation. Here we began to taste the hardships of real war — marching day and night, through mud and water, keeping up fires all night, sleeping, when we could, on brush and poles to keep us out of the mud. These beds were not comfortable like we had at Fort Bee. We never saw our old winter quarters again because they were in the hands of the enemy, but could not help contrasting its comforts with present hard conditions.

One dark night Lieutenant Liles, in command of a squad of 15 men, crossed dam No. 2 to ascertain the doings and location of the enemy. Two men now living were of this squad and they are two of those now writing this history, spared possibly, for that purpose. It was a trying and dangerous crossing and more dangerous penetrating through the woods and rousing up their pickets, who, firing on us, we beat a hasty retreat; fortunately no one was hit. We were glad indeed when we recrossed the slippery narrow dam without a casualty. The progress of the war and the many engagements we were in proved our coolness under fire and our bravery. To this date we had never been under fire and as we marched

along the public highway, some two hundred yards from the river, screened by a growth of small old field pines, the enemy across the river heard us and shot a minie ball, which passed over our heads with a peculiar whistling sound, once heard, never to be forgotten. Every man in line ducked his head, dodging from the bullet. It was the first hostile shot we had heard and totally unprepared and unexpected. The time came when the sound of a minie ball was common, and at close quarters. The smooth-bore muskets with which we were armed would not carry a ball one-fourth the distance. This shows the superiority in arms of the Yankee army over ours. And as they were in armament so likewise were they in equipment and supplies. When we contemplate the vast difference in numbers, in armament, in supplies and all the paraphernalia of war we are not surprised at Appomattox. What does surprise us, and is incomprehensible, it took four long years to reach Appomattox.

At Green's farm we had a sharp skirmish with the enemy firing from across the river with their long-range guns. Here we saw the first blood drawn, by a gun-shot in the leg of a soldier from Alabama. The boys thought surely he would die. This skirmish seemed to us, and we spoke of it as a great battle. It was brought on by the enemy trying to get a foothold on our side of the river. One of the writers thinks he hit his first Yankee here. How many more afterward he does not attempt to enumerate. The enemy made several attempts to cross but in each they were severely chastised and withdrew.

Not far from Lee's mill and near dam No. 2, Colonel Daniel's horse was killed under him by a shell. This was a ghastly sight to our inexperienced eyes. We thought it hard that the poor dumb brute should be mangled and

torn to pieces. This was a taste of dreadful war. April 10 the regiment moved down the river three miles to Lands End on Mulberry Island. One day one of the shacks blew down, falling on one of our men, W H. Sanders, who was sick. John Bowman saw it fall and ran through the camp, nonplussed and frantic with fright, calling out, "A man under here! A man under here!" "Where?" Sanders was not much hurt and reported for duty two weeks afterward. This man Sanders made one of the best soldiers in our company, which is high praise, because it could be truthfully said "all were good." But of course some were better than others.

CHAPTER XI

APRIL 25, 1861, the Anson Guards enlisted for twelve months in the army of the Confederate States, reserving the privilege of electing their officers. April 25, '62, their time of service expired. All who desired were permitted to return home. Not a single man of the company embraced the opportunity. They had volunteered to protect the State of North Carolina from invasion, but did not refuse to go into Virginia when her soil was smitten by the tramping host of the Northern army. Some of the State's soldiers did refuse, saying they had volunteered to defend their State but not to go across its borders. This is States Rights. Those familiar with the history of the Revolution will readily recall instances of the same kind and fact. Volunteering and serving in defense of the Colony, to fight the invasion of their borders by the British, and declining to serve beyond the lines of their Colony. We are proud to say this narrow spirit did not have foothold with our boys, not one hesitating to march out of the State when called to do so. So, too, animated by the spirit of loyalty to the South, every one of us stepped to the front when the call was made for volunteers for the war.

Capt. Charles E. Smith declined reelection because his health had failed him, resigned and left for his native heath. He, in copartnership with his first cousin, Charles B. Lindsey (who afterwards was elected captain of Company B in the Thirty-first Regiment North Carolina Vol-

unteers), was engaged in the drug, wholesale and retail, business at Wadesboro, N. C., when he volunteered as a private and was elected first lieutenant of the company, succeeding Captain Hall when that officer resigned, as has already been stated in a former chapter. Six feet tall, never robust, but straight as an Indian arrow, he carried himself well, made a good officer, beloved by every man in his company, respected by his superior officers and by the regiment. We regretted to give him up and many cast their votes for him, "howsoever-anyhow," as old Uncle Tommy Little used to say.*

When Sherman's raiders invaded Anson County in 1865, the old men and the boys, the feeble and infirm, under command of Captain Smith, endeavored to stay their march through the county. He, with others, were captured. The little boys were allowed to return to their homes, but the feeble captain and some others were forced to march many weary miles, till in an engagement with General Wheeler's forces, while the enemy's attention was negligent, they made their escape. They robbed Captain Smith of every valuable, even taking an old heirloom of his family, a gold open-faced watch, to his very great regret and which he never saw more. As they robbed him so likewise did they rob Col. Walter L. Steele and the others captured with him.

Captain Smith, in 1869, moved to Shelby County, Tennessee, and made a home on a tract of land given him by his uncle, Col. Charles G. Nelme, who was killed at the battle of Shiloh, a cannon ball passing through the body of his horse and cutting off both his legs at the thigh. The change seemed to benefit the health of the captain. He soon won the confidence and esteem of his

* William Stanback.

neighbors and was elected Probate Judge of Shelby County, in which is situated the city of Memphis. At that date Memphis had no city charter, having had it repealed by the legislature, and the probate judge administered the affairs of the county including the great city of Memphis. This office he held for six years, retiring with praise for his honest, upright and honorable administration. He passed to his reward in the odor of sanctity and is buried at Stephenson's Chapel, about six miles south of the city of Memphis, in the county of Shelby, in the Volunteer State.

Risden Tiler Bennett was elected captain, and on the same day was elected, by the captains of the regiment, lieutenant-colonel. Captain Bennett being promoted, Lieutenant Freeman was elected by the company captain. The Anson Guards elected

Eli Freeman, Captain.	B. C. Hutcherson, 4th Serg.
W. A. Liles, 1st Lt.	W. H. Watkins, 5th Serg.
W. A. Threadgill, 2nd Lt.	J. H. Wheeler, 1st Corp.
W. G. Meachum, 3rd. Lt.	J. W. Turner, 2nd Corp.
A. S. Morrison, Orderly Serg.	J. A. Smart, 3rd Corp.
D. N. Bennett, 2nd Serg.	J. C. Hill, 4th Corp.
T. C. Rodgers, 3rd Serg.	

Privates.

Alford, James A.	Clark, Z. D.
Buchanan, F. A.	Covington, E. A.
Billingsby, E. F.	Cox, Charles.
Billingsby, J. J.	Cox, Calvin H.
Boggan, Wm. H.	Darley, Frank.
Bowman, John.	Dumas, J. C.
Brigman, James.	Dumas, J. P.
Brower, John A.	Dunlap, G. B.
Cameron, E. McN.	Dunlap, J. J.
Carpenter, H. B.	Edwards, S. J.
Crump, T. B.	Fenton, E. F.

Gaddy, Ed. D.	Napier, Henry.
Gibson, George D.	Pinkston, R. R.
Hailey, H. Brooks.	Redfearn, J. W.
Hammond, H. B.	Robinson, H. W.
Henry, J. A.	Rogers, J. L.
Hill, J. C.	Rye, W. W.
Hooker, J. D.	Sanders, H. B.
Horton, R. B.	Sanders, W. H.
Hutchinson, William.	Sibley, J. B.
Kendall, B. D.	Simonds, T. D.
Kendall, H. E.	Smith, Edward J.
Kirby, W. H.	Smith, J. L.
Lilley, P. B.	Smith, James M.
Little, G. Badger.	Smith, J. T.
Little, George T.	Smith, Thomas.
Little, W. C.	Smith, William A.
McGregor, J. W.	Stallings, Caswell.
McGregor, Malcolm.	Stanback, George L.
McKay, D. C.	Stanback, W. L.
McKay, Martin.	Threadgill, B. K.
McLendon, J. Frank.	Threadgill, W. C.
McLendon, John J.	Tillman, D. C.
Medley, B. Frank.	Tillman, J. D.
Mitchel, Ralph	Tyson, M. V.
Morton, A. B.	Waddill, A. A.
Morton, G. A.	Waddill, J. B.
Morton, G. D.	Watkins, C. R.
Morton, P. F.	Watkins, R. D.
Morton, W. H.	Watkins, T. J.

The following volunteers came and joined our company at various dates as follows:

- Ballard, M. T., Anson County, March 1, '63.
- Bowman, C. C., Anson County, July 23, '64.
- Brower, William, Anson County, Dec. 12, '64.
- Boyd, B. L., Anson County, Apl. 15, '64.
- Bonner, J. J., Anson County, June 19, '63.
- Gaddy, S. H., Anson County, Oct. 1, '63.

Leak, W. P., Anson County, July 1, '64.
Lilley, A. D., Stanly County, March 20, '64.
Liles, C. M., Anson County, May 18, '64.
Little, W. C., Anson County, Aug. 1, '62.
Morrison, T. W., Anson County, May 18, '64.
McPherson, W. D., Cumberland County, July 5, '62.
Smith, Starling, Stanly County, Oct., 1862.
Taylor, B., Edgecomb County, July 16, '62.
Teal, A. C., Anson County, July 16, '63.
Threadgill, John, Anson County, Sept. 19, '64.
Threadgill, Miles, Anson County, Sept. 19, '64.
Watkins, J. M., Stanly County, March 1, '63.

The following conscripts were sent to us:

Baldwin, D. M., Montgomery County, July 16, '62.
Baldwin, H., Montgomery County, July 16, '62.
Brittain, J. J., Montgomery County, July 16, '62.
Cates, Montgomery County, July 16, '62.
Coir, J. C., Montgomery County, July 16, '62.
Ewing, D. J., Montgomery County, July 16, '62.
Hamilton, J. J., Montgomery County, July 16, '62.
Johnson, Cary, Roberson County, June 19, '63.
Leammond, N., Montgomery County, July 16, '62.
Mask, J. D., Montgomery County, July 16, '62.
McAuley, G. W., Montgomery County, July 16, '62.
McCallum, A. S., Montgomery County, July 16, '62.
McCaskill, E. A., Montgomery County, Sept. 5, '64.
McCaskill, J. A., Montgomery County, July 16, '62.
Murchison, A., Montgomery County, July 16, '62.
Ragsdale, D., Montgomery County, July 16, '62.
Sanders, J. H. D., Anson County, July 24, '63.
Watkins, S. A., Montgomery County, July 16, '62.
Williams, Montgomery County, July 16, '62.

One substitute was sent to the Anson Guards, H. Blume, from Louisiana, on July 16, '62. Coming with the Montgomery conscripts, some gentleman of that county must have hired him. He was killed in the battle at Sharps-

burg, September 16, 1862, just thirty days after joining the army. Though a hired substitute, he fought a good fight. It is not surprising that he was killed at this battle for we occupied the "Bloody Lane" and successfully repulsed every effort of the enemy to drive us away. All day long we sustained our position till every man in the company was either killed or wounded. We know absolutely nothing of Mr. H. Blume, but coming from Louisiana he must have been a good Southerner, and could do not more than yield up his life for the cause. God save his soul!

Volunteers were always permitted to select their company. Conscripts were assigned, and in the early years of the war were assigned to those companies that understood tactics and were thoroughly drilled, at the same time their preference was taken into consideration. In the latter years all were well seasoned troops and conscripts were assigned to fill up the depleted ranks wrought by the casualties of the service.

Z. D. Clark, being an old man, had been placed on light duty by Captain Smith. He was so zealous for the cause, notwithstanding his age, he volunteered and went out with us. He was offered an honorable discharge any time but declined. At the reorganization the authorities positively refused those over age and those under age. Sometimes ages were concealed or fabricated, and the youthful heroes remained in service.

We all liked Uncle Zack Clark and regretted to give him up. He returned to his State and sought service in the Home Guards, which often were more arduous and as dangerous as skirmishing in the regular army and even as pitched battles. He, after the war, gave many years of faithful service to one of the writers of this book, and it affords him pleasure to say No one could identify

himself more thoroughly with his employer's interests. It was with him — right or wrong — employer first, last and all the time. He lived many years in devotion to his country and his God. During his last sickness a physician who called to see him, after a thorough examination said, "Uncle Zack, I can give you some medicine that will help you."

"Can you cure me?"

"No, but I can prolong your life five or six weeks."

"If you could cure me I would take the medicine, but what do I care for five or six weeks, adding that much more to the burden for my care on my brother and his family? No, I don't want your medicine."

Robert D. Watkins volunteered at the beginning at the early age of 14. Youthful inspiration and aspirations were high in this boy, who had the chivalrous blood of the French coursing in his veins. The same valorous blood that made the great Napoleon of Corsica. Boy as he was he did his duty as a soldier to the praise and admiration of his fellows, but being only 15 he, too, had to return home with an honorable discharge. This brave boy, undeterred by his discharge, immediately joined a battery of light artillery, baring his breast to the opposing enemy invading his State and died in the service. Requiescat in pace.

Frank Darley being over age was also given an honorable discharge and returned home. A gentleman of good family and well educated. He left Washington City in 1855 and came to Wadesboro, N. C., and engaged in the publishing of a newspaper styled *The Wadesboro Argus*. He thoroughly identified himself with the Southern people, believing their position as to the rights of the States correct and their complaints against the North

just. Occupied conservative grounds and advocated conservatism till the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln called on the States for troops to war on sister States. Laying down the pen he voluntarily buckled on the sword and joined the ranks of the Anson Guards. Rendered cheerful obedience to authority, did his full duty on all occasions — a good example to other members of the Guards. A member of the Odd Fellows' society. A Mason of many degrees — exemplar in life of the noble teachings of these orders. After the war he made his home in Washington, D. C., and died in the year 1884.

James Picket Dumas, a near connection of the famous family of Pickets of Anson County. Animated by the chivalric spirit of his ancestors, he volunteered at the tender age of 15 and went out in the service of his country with the first company in the State to offer its services to Governor Ellis. The authorities being convinced that the army would be called to endure most arduous service thought best to spare those under 18, declined his further proffered service and he returned home.

“The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring.” The Guards gave them up with regret, and the discharged men left with reluctance and with sorrow. The longer the men served together the closer the bonds that bound them one to the other.

CHAPTER XII

IT was very amusing to the Guards to note the mistakes of the other companies while on drill. Captain Vance on one occasion ordered his company to come from right-shoulder-shift to order-arms. The colonel looking on, called out, "Captain Vance, don't you know you can't come to order-arms from right-shoulder-shift?"

Vance looked up at the colonel and defiantly said, "I'll be damned if I didn't do it anyhow."

Whereupon Colonel Daniel ordered Captain Vance to his tent under arrest and First Lieutenant Gudger to take charge of the company. Gudger, the drill being over, sought his captain much troubled, depressed and in mental distress, solicitous as to the punishment the colonel would impose on his captain. Going to his tent, to his very great astonishment Captain Vance was not there — he had broken his arrest, a more serious misdemeanor than his impertinent reply to his superior. Fearing the worst, Lieutenant Gudger sought him through the camp and found Vance playing poker with the colonel himself. Captain Vance was so very good-natured, the educated humorist of the camp, and so very popular the colonel could but treat him as he would a great big-hearted wayward boy.

On another occasion Colonel Daniel, walking around the camp, noticed Captain Vance playing with the men of his company. When he returned to his quarters he called an orderly and sent him to ask Captain Vance to his tent. Arriving, the colonel talked with him on various subjects,

finally coming to the point, he told him of the impropriety of engaging with his men in sport, that in the near future serious engagements with the enemy would come, and then he would not have the respect of his men and they would not give him obedience. Said he:

“I sent for you to tell you that an officer must hold himself to his official duties, and not equalize himself with the rank and file in sport or otherwise; they are your inferiors, and you should treat them as such.”

Captain Vance gazed at him in astonishment and surprise. an equivocal smile played an instant over his face, then looked up and replied, “Colonel Daniel, there is not a man in my company that is not my equal, and some of them are my superiors or yours either, damn you.” All of which was practically true, for the armies of the South were mostly composed of the better, and the very best element of the country, who volunteered into the ranks in defense of freedom and liberty, and all of them could not be officers. In popular government elections do not always go in favor of merit and capacity, and as in civil matters likewise in army elections.

Captain Vance was promoted to the colonelcy of the Twenty-sixth Regiment North Carolina Volunteers and left to take command of his regiment. While leading his regiment in front of the enemy in line of battle a rabbit jumped up and scurried to the rear. Vance’s humor, ready on all occasions, did not desert him even while charging in the face of whistling bullets, and he roared out, “Go it, old Molly Cottontail: if I had no more reputation at stake than you have I would go too.”

From the army Zebulun Baird Vance went to the governorship of the great State of North Carolina, and became the Great War Governor of the South. Certainly

by his indomitable energy and foresight the veterans of North Carolina were better clothed than the troops from any other State. He won the respect and love of every veteran.

General McClellan continued to receive reënforcements, our scouts reported, daily, and none coming to us made us feel just a little quakey. But we thought one Southerner could annihilate a good half dozen or more Yankees and the glory of victory would be all the greater. Our hearts swelled out with pride over the paucity of our numbers and we cheerfully endured picket and guard duty along the river front, holding ourselves ready at a moment's notice to repel an effort to cross. General Magruder had only 12,000 men. Our "biled" shirts were the worse for wear and boiled no more. We surely missed our wash-woman. Soiled and dirty beyond recognition, we essayed to cleanse them in the branch. Cold water, and but little soap made the task a hard one, and though not clean, they were purer and fresher. As for ironing, it was not to be thought of; it was utterly impossible. Some were disposed to complain because their mothers had not taught them to wash their own linen. This was thoughtless and ill-considered because how could our mothers anticipate that our country would ever be invaded and their own sons — the light of their eyes — would be called upon to undergo the endurance of the hardships of internecine war. With their love they gave us their blessings and followed us with their daily, hourly prayers. Surely it was up to us to be manly men and endure without complaint.

CHAPTER XIII

MAY 3 orders came to march. We lived in knapsacks, you know, and the little we had seemed too heavy. As we trudged on, not knowing where going nor the object of the going, we discarded much of that little to lighten the burden of our shoulders. As in the beginning we had to learn the hard lesson of discipline and obedience, so now we must learn to march at the behest, the mandate of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Merely a machine with sufficient intellect to go when he said go.

It was amusing, as we marched along in total ignorance of the country, to hear the boys asking the roadside on-looker, "Where are we going?" "Say, Mister, tell us where we are going?" A spruce young man, some staff officer, came along riding a good horse, nicely habited — wearing a cap made of a coonskin with the tail hanging down on the side just behind his right ear; evidently very proud of his get-up and of his position — his ears were assailed by some humorist: "Git out o' that coonskin," "Sure you are thar." "See your laigs and your tail sticking out," "Let's ketch the varmint; a mess of coon 'ud go right good — rations is scase," "Oh, shaw, boys, hit's too green to eat," "Well, anyhow, hit's a coon all-right, fer I kin smell it. Hit's jest out of hits hollow." He could stand it no longer. Putting spurs to his horse he was soon beyond our company to be assailed probably by another.

We came to the town of Williamsburg, the seat of the William and Mary College, founded under charter granted by King William and Queen Mary in 1693. The second

oldest institution of learning in America, Harvard being first established. When we reached Williamsburg we knew that we were retreating, falling back from Yorktown towards Richmond. Retiring from before McClellan was very depressing. The rain, the mud, the fatigue and the lack of rations added much to our depression. A night at Williamsburg with rations revived us greatly. Early in the morning were ordered to fall in. After roll call attention was given to the request for six volunteers. Supposing some dangerous service calling for daring and bravery was the object, promptly not only six, but many stepped to the front and said "Take me." Six stalwart men were selected and away they went to help pry out and assist the wagons through the mud. If ever the virtuous ardor of men was taken aback this was the occasion. It caused them to miss the engagement at Williamsburg, at which they were much chagrined. Their mortification was enhanced when they learned the glorious part taken by our company and regiment in that day's fight. McClellan's overwhelming force was turning our flank at Yorktown which compelled us to fall back, and here at Williamsburg, the rank and file thought the retreat would end by driving "Little Mac" back to the Potomac. Our hopes were high and we were sanguine in those days.

Strange to say, our boys never lost this hope till Appomattox. Defeats, retreats were all attributed to a necessary chastisement to prove us and fit us for the enjoyment of our independence which was bound to come. We spent the night in the college campus near the college building. After the battle it was converted into a hospital.

Remained in line of battle from the early morning till about 3 P. M. Could hear roaring guns and the rattle of small arms and see the wounded being brought to the col-

lege. At this hour General Colston rode to the front and called the brigade to attention, followed by the command. "Load at will. Fix bayonets. Shoulder arms. Forward, march!" Our time—the time we had waited for and longed for, had come.

Marching through the town in mud knee deep, the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and cheered us on. Clearing the town, were formed in line of battle. "Double quick," "march!" rang out, and away we dashed, yelling like devils. Divesting ourselves of all baggage that impeded our haste we soon reached Fort Magruder. The panorama of battle was visible, an inspiring sight. Halting here we saw the cavalry, under General Stuart, charging a Yankee battery which he captured, though many saddles were emptied.

Early's brigade were charging and driving the enemy back in our front. We were ordered to the right to relieve the Nineteenth Mississippi, fighting gallantly. Forward we went and were soon into one of the worst places that can be constructed. During the preceding night the Yankees had felled trees in our direction, sharpened the limbs, making a cheval de frise that would seem to impose a barrier impossible to penetrate, while they could pour a destructive fire into our ranks. It always did seem unaccountable that the Yankees were the invading force, and yet we had to charge and drive them out of forts filled with batteries of guns and infantry supports, protected by cheval de frise and all the other obstructions that could be devised by the ingenuity of man. Somehow, the Lord *only* knows, we managed to crawl, climb and surmount these obstructions and work our way through, falling over logs and stumps to rise again and press forward—walking over the dead and wounded cut down by the

Mississippi regiment. The Fourteenth Regiment in the center, Thirteenth North Carolina on the right and the Third Virginia on our left. Working our necessarily slow way through these obstructions about 100 yards, being peppered at by the Yankee sharpshooters, we were ordered to lie down. Henry W. Robinson remained standing through the fight in spite of entreaty and orders.

As we lay down the Thirteenth gave a well-delivered volley, judging from the sound. The Yankees made a counter-charge and came near cutting off and capturing three companies of the Thirteenth. They were repulsed and failed to accomplish their purpose. A Yankee regiment was marching down a road in our front. Just as they reached the head of our regiment, exposing their whole line, we were ordered to rise and fire. When our smoke lifted there were no Yankees in sight. Corporal Smart remarked, "Boys, we have killed the last damn one of them." Just afterward they rose in turn and delivered a volley into our faces. It seemed as if the whole air was full of flying bullets, whistling like so many yellow jackets. Nearer and nearer we worked our way, and fortunately they continued to fire over our heads. We could distinctly hear their order, "Charge bayonets on the damned rebels." Not one of them would obey.

Franklin McLendon fired twelve shots into a squad of them at a distance of thirty yards. Henry Sanders was very forward in the fighting. He ordered one to surrender. The Yankee threw down his gun. Instead of coming in, he turned and ran. Henry fired; the Yankee fell never to rise. Night came on and the Yankees crawled away. We held our position till 9 o'clock and withdrew. General Hooker said he drove us from the field. This was a lie out of the whole cloth, as the Con-

federates drove him over a mile during the fight, holding a part of the field till midnight, and then withdrew.

This battle was fought to enable our wagon trains to move on in advance of the army and then we resumed our retreat to Richmond. The enemy's loss in this engagement was very heavy. Our orderly sergeant said very many dead lay in front of the Nineteenth Mississippi. T. J. Watkins said, "I rambled over some four or five acres. I am sure I saw enough, if laid side by side, to cover an acre." James M. Smith was the only one of the Guards wounded. He was sent home on furlough. While there he contracted fever and died. Possibly the fever was in his system at Williamsburg and developed after his return home. Be this as it may, the Guards sustained in him the loss of a good soldier and one of the most upright, conscientious boys it was my privilege to know.

In this engagement the loss of the Confederates was reported at 1,562, and the Federals at 2,339. The Fifth, Sixth and Seventh New Jersey fought our brigade. The Guards were all very proud of the conduct of H. W. Robinson in braving the bullets of the enemy, up-standing while the rest of us were lying behind logs and stumps. This being our first real battle, we did not flinch under fire and our officers commended our admirable conduct. Now we would write to our home folk and our best girl and tell them of this baptism of fire and our personal prowess in advancing under fire through that cheval de frise obstruction. Our hearts swelled with pride, for we could see our loved ones read with glistening eyes the heroism of their brave boys. It was many a weary day before we found an opportunity to indite these glowing epistles and the consequence was not many were ever written. Here endeth the First Lesson.

CHAPTER XIV

THE day after the battle we took up the line of our retreat toward Richmond and pursued our way leisurely, The condition of the roads was such we could not do otherwise. The enemy did not attempt to hurry our march for fear we would turn again and rend them. From Williamsburg to Richmond is about 50 miles. We were six days making this distance, averaging eight miles, reaching the outskirts of the city on the 11th of May, 1862. The army dragged its weary way, day by day, each day seemingly harder than the previous day.

War is agony anyhow, and to many more than those enlisted; the home folk, the non-combatants, do not escape its terrors, its sufferings and its agonies. Little did we think that we would be called upon, day after day, to march through the mud and slush. The wagon trains had passed, cutting up the dirt roads. The falling rain softened them, and the heavy artillery made them in great holes; then the cavalry, with their horses trained to keep step, apparently the same as infantry, cut and piled the mud in ridges and trenches a foot or more deep; along comes the infantry toiling through this mud, stumbling over the ridges, halting for the men in front to move on out of the way, standing in the mud one, two, five minutes, till the company in front should move. "Oh, that I could sit down; I am so dead tired I will have to fall out, but then the Yankees will get me." Many did

fall out to be made to get up and stagger along. Our colonel, our chaplain and other mounted officers would assist some poor fellow, exhausted with fatigue or feeble from sickness, to his seat in the saddle, to the commendation of the company and the undying gratitude of the recipient. "God! will this retreat never stop? Will this mud continue all the way to Richmond?" "Close up, close up, men!" On we staggered, muskets seemed to weigh 30, 40 pounds; too heavy to be carried. Down they go to be again shouldered, for we could not face the enemy without guns — if I throw this one away I cannot get another.

When we were boys we could spring easily over mud holes and mud puddles — boys no longer — men fighting for our country — too tired and worn to jump; able, barely able, to drag one foot beyond the other. Someone in the kindness of his heart would endeavor to cheer up the desponding column and would break out into song,

"Wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten
Look away, look away to Dixie land."

and the refrain would be taken up by others, a quicker step result, heads lifted high and forward we would go. More and more mud puddles, weary and more weary would we be, when again you would hear,

"Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee,
And cherished thine image for years;
Thou hast taught me at last to forget thee
In secret in sorrow and tears:
Like a young bird when left by its mother,
Its earliest pinions to try,
'Round the nest will still linger and hover
E'er its tender wings can fly."

“Will we never go into camp? I am completely exhausted; cannot budge another foot.” But he would. Thoughts of his best girl, as she smiled amid her tears when she bade him good-by; thoughts of the Yankees invading the sacred soil of his native State, stirring the depths of his manly spirit, he would take courage and press on.

Along would pass a mounted courier, or an officer, making time through the mud, always a mark for the raillery of the boys never too tired to poke fun at those better circumstanced — a butt for their ridicule. It served, too, to enliven the hearers and cause them temporarily to forget their fatigue and environment. A man, riding a dapple-gray horse, nicely dressed, his feet encased in boots, the legs extending above the knee, was an object of good-humored banter and irony not to be resisted. “Say, Mister! Hike out o’ them boots! Know you air thar fer I see your haid (head).” Another, “I know that cow cried and bellowed, fer it took all her hide to make them boots.” “Now, sonny you are wrong. ’Tain’t no man in them boots; hit’s a calf!” The officer, feeling his importance and the importance of his position more than his position felt him, could stand it no longer. He was fresh in the service, and roared back, “Who you talking to?” Instantly a wizened voice piped up, “I’m talking to a calf, fer I heard hit blate.” One by one these sallies aroused good comradeship and provoked the laughter of the tired boys.

Halt! Break ranks! In camp at last, but such a camp. On the wet, damp ground to lie — no blankets, no oil-cloths, no wagons, no cooking utensils and nothing to cook, nothing to eat. Commissary inefficient, badly managed, disorganized in this awful retreat of days. “Hello,

boys, here's where the cavalry fed their horses and here are the grains of corn left by the horses." We gladly picked them up, parched and ate them with a relish. Hunger is a great sauce.

Day after day was a repetition of what I have attempted to describe, though the half can never be told. Gen. J. E. Johnston was in command. An old West Pointer, having had experience in Mexico and among the Western Indians. His chief characteristic was wariness. We had among the Guards, to hear them talk, much better generals; more courageous, more able to command, bold to intrepidity. "What were we retreating on Richmond for?" "Why not form our lines and strike McClellan before he had time to protect his men with breastworks." They had axes, spades and picks, but by a sudden attack these would be of no use. We had none of these tools, our spades and picks were our bayonets and our hands shovels. What if he has two or three to one? "Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just." Is not the strength of one Southerner as the strength of ten (said of Sir Galahad, the faithful knight, seeking the Holy Grail) because our hearts are pure, and we are engaged in a holy warfare, resisting invasion of our sacred Southern soil? "Did we not drive him out of his intrenchments at Williamsburg, and push him back a mile or more?" "Let's turn back and drive him across the Potomac, and end this war and go home." "We simply asked to be let alone, and by driving him across the Potomac the North would see the error of their way; cease the impossible effort to conquer and subdue a free people — blood of their blood mixed with the heroic dashing chivalry of the South." "With courage, boldness and one big battle we

would end the war in thirty days." Thus the generals in the Anson Guards thought, talked and believed.

The Guards thought themselves better than other soldiers, and they were better drilled; they were high-spirited, better disciplined, impatient with the impatience of youth and with the ardor of youth; trained to arms and horsemanship — war was a game, the most courageous, the most active would win. The camp soon became quiet, tired nature's sweet restorer would revive our fatigued and our exhausted bodies. Reveille sounds, up we'd rise, rubbing our eyes for lack of water to wash them, sleeping in our clothes, did not have to dress, not even to put on shoes, for we slept in them too. Fall in for roll call! Oh, joy! to find that the commissary wagon had brought us something to eat. Cooking was in order — breakfast over. It was only a break fast, the little we had. Fall in! and away we trudged toward Richmond.

Finally we crossed the Chickahominy river and stumbled into camp just outside the suburbs of the city. Here we found food to satisfy our hunger and took refreshment for weeks: sleeping the sleep of unconcern, free from care and all anxiety. The government, the general of the army had the burden — we were free and happy like the negro slave at home. Guard duties light — often went into the city for knick-knacks, etc. One of our number never drank a cup of coffee; was fond of milk; would go daily in the suburbs of the city and buy. One day change could not be made — would pay in the morning; ordered away that evening — he still owes the debt and would pay if he knew the boy's name. He is an elderly man now, with probably grandchildren around his knee. We went into camp on ground that had been occupied by

other troops. Heretofore we kept ourselves and our uniforms presentable. Our first care was to wash our shirts and clean up generally.

We had been here not many days when scratching was in order. Search found lice, body lice! Horror of horrors! A gentleman with lice on him — so ashamed would not confess it. The troops camping here, when they moved left these pests behind and we fell heir to their leavings. “Don’t know who they were and don’t want to know, damn ’em and damn their filthy rags,” was the mildest of many oaths. E. F. Fenton writes, “The boys kept it hid as long as they could. They would sneak off by themselves, disrobe and the slaughter would commence. I had a full supply on my person and on retiring to the woods came across Charlie Cox. He had his top garments off and was busy slaughtering in the usual way, by pressing them between his thumb nails.” “Hello, Charlie! What you doing?”

“Mending my shirt,” was the prompt reply and slipped on his shirt.

“Now, old boy,” I replied, “you know you were killing lice. I am full of them and so are all the boys in the company. No more lies; we are in for it and you know it, so let’s own up.”

After this there was no more retiring out of sight. The boys would strip off and go to killing in the camp. This was a slow process. Building a blaze, holding the garment over it and scraping them off we found was the best method, and usually did it at night before retiring. They would pop like salt. When near the enemy we had to be wary; a fire would invite a minie ball from their long-range rifles and when one of these balls interviewed you it was not always attended by a thirty-day furlough.

It was impossible to destroy them. One filthy man would scatter them over the whole regiment. They were very prolific, and no man ever saw an unfertile egg. The season of incubation was every day in the year — the nights between the days — and their appetite was never satisfied. To crawl and bite and bite and crawl over one's anatomy was their incessant delight to your great discomfort. The good Lord never created anything in vain but the Confederate soldier never appreciated this blessing. A chinch stops biting when he gets full; flea is satisfied on a dog, but a louse is never full, never tires and is never satisfied. They were not confined to the rank and file. The company officers, the field officers and the generals attested the ubiquitousness of this infernal, shameful, but not disgraceful pest.

CHAPTER XV

It is impossible to depict the feeling of shame and disgrace that possessed the Guards when they first discovered their bodies were covered by lice. Lice, the symbol of filth, created by filth and now found on the persons of those who had been gently, tenderly nurtured in the lap of refinement and luxury. The writer of these lines never saw the common bedbug — the chinch — *cimex lectularius* — till after he was 26 years old, but graybacks when 18 years old.

While encamped at Richmond the boys daily went up into the city. We forgot the hardships of our recent retreat from Yorktown; it was a thing of the past. We were so mercurial and sprightly, and soldiering was enchanting. Hardships lay lightly. We looked back with pleasure to our leaving home, briskly stepping high to the beat of the drum and sweet lively tone of the fife, amid the cheers of the populace, and must confess we seemingly forgot the sobs of the dear mothers who tried so hard to keep us from seeing the tears trickling down the furrowed cheeks. There was gayety, too, and jokes, lively sallies of wit. Close observers saw the gayety of the moment was contributed by those whose hearts were heaviest. They must not let the patriot boys see weakness in those they left behind. It is amazing how women can conceal their deepest emotions. The Guards were looking forward to the glory of tempestuous war; the mothers and sisters and sweethearts saw beyond — the

hardships, the suffering, the wounds, the dying, the grave! But their boys must not see heavy hearts and dim eyes; yea, rather smiles of encouragement. It was a comedy in action. Those who laughed were not gay deep down in their hearts.

We can never appreciate the renunciation of these loving hearts, the abnegation of these self-immolating loved ones who gave their boys to the bestial maw of this unnatural war. The muster roll was made out by Robt. Lilley, who wrote a beautiful hand, so round, so uniform and plain, in preparation for pay day. In due time the paymaster handed to each the shining new Confederate promises to pay.

This Confident promise was never redeemed,
But greeted our eyes with satisfaction supreme.

Crisp new bills just from the mint of the Confederacy made our eyes dance and filled our hearts with joy. Just like children as we were, we rushed into the city to buy, not forgetting mementoes for the loved ones at home. Little did we think these bills would ever call forth these beautiful truthful lines:

“ Representing nothing on God’s earth now,
And naught in the water below it —
As a pledge of a nation that’s dead and gone,
Keep it dear friend and show it.

“ Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale this paper can tell,
Of liberty born of the patriot’s dream,
Of the storm-cradled nation that fell.

“ Too poor to possess the precious ore,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,

We issued to-day our promise to pay
And hoped to redeem on the morrow."

These beautiful and truthful lines were written on the back of a Confederate bill.

The camp was again roused by the melodious morning calls of our musicians. The leader, William Hutchinson, would begin with a solemn, slow-moving tune, running into the Caledonia march, to which our fathers marched in the Revolution, then branch off into quicker measures and wind up the medley with the lively tune:

"O, the jay-bird died with the whooping cough,
The sparrow died with the colic;
The mocking-bird sang till his tail dropt off,
And that put an end to the frolic."

The fife's tenor whistle, the rat-a-tat of the kettle drums and the deep tones of the bass drum never failed to rouse the sleepy bodies, who sprang to their morning's ablutions, then to roll call and breakfast. Our chaplain held divine services whenever an opportunity offered in which our boys joined with great heartiness. With the bare earth for seats and the canopy of heaven for roof we poured out our souls in "concord of sweet sounds" to the Ruler of armies and Guider of nations.

"God bless our native land, firm may she ever stand."
"Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy Bosom fly."
"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

and many others rolled out from the strong, lusty throats of hundreds in sweet melody.

Our chaplain was regarded with high esteem and his sacred calling was held in reverence even by the most wayward and profane. He did not think it derogatory

to his high calling to engage with his comrades in their sports, and enjoyed their anecdotes. On the Warwick river he took the gun of one of the privates in Company C and fired the first shot at the enemy, which raised him very, very much in the opinion of the company and regiment. Dr. William C. Power, D.D., still lives and looks back over a well-spent life in the service of his Master, and awaits with equanimity his reward. Songs were often engaged in as a pastime of pleasure and profit, the old, old, sweet songs—"Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," "Maggie by My Side," "I Have Heard the Mavis Singing His Love Song to the Morn," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Lorena" and hundreds of others, always winding up with "Home, Sweet Home" and "When this Cruel War is Over."

Our days of leisure and do-nothing-happiness closed abruptly. We were anxious to cross swords with the invaders and began to murmur at our inaction. Most of us thought with Napoleon the Great, that every soldier carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack. Let us up and at them, show our prowess and receive our due reward in a commission. The generals in the Anson Guards often asked why General Johnston allowed "Little Mac" to approach nearer and nearer Richmond, and as he approached gave him time to fortify himself in strongholds covered with Cheveaux de frise that a rabbit could not get through. Queries with no answer.

CHAPTER XVI

GENERAL KEY's corps of the enemy crossed the Chickahominy river on the 25th of May, 1862, and as usual, began to fortify. The Chickahominy is a sluggish, deep river, with steep banks, to be crossed only over bridges and very wide swamps on either side. General Johnston was noted for his wariness and awaited an opportunity to strike. The opportunity came on the night of the 30th. A storm of lightning and deep thunder rolled over our devoted heads, accompanied by a very heavy downpour of rain, something like a waterspout. The river rose and overflowed its banks out over the swamps, too deep for crossing, because the bridges could not be reached. Consequently General Key's corps on the southwest side of the river was beyond support, and General Johnston planned to attack them. He put the Confederate army in motion, but instead of making the attack early in the day, as planned, it was 3:30 in the afternoon when the attack was made. The enemy's fortifications consisted partly in a redoubt in advance of his interior lines which were covered by other fortifications thrown up during the five days preceding. These fortifications were directly across the road leading from Richmond to the White House on the Pamunky river.

The battle was opened about 3:30 in the afternoon by the divisions of Generals D. H. Hill and Smith, supported by Longstreet. The Fourteenth Regiment was in Longstreet's division. In the charge the Fourth North Caro-



GEN. DANIEL HARVEY HILL.

lina, being directly across the road in front of the redoubt, in which was a battery of twelve-pound Howitzers, promptly moved forward at the word of command, drove the enemy out of their works and captured their guns. The enemy's supports coming up, they reformed their lines and made a counter-charge which would have succeeded in recapturing the fort and guns but for the timely assistance of our Fourteenth Regiment, checking their advance and driving them back. The Confederates captured about 1,000 prisoners, six cannon and a large quantity of small arms and commissary stores. We were in sore need of the cannon and small arms and the commissary stores helped to feed our boys.

The river fell, General Casey's corps crossed the river to General Key's assistance; night came on and the enemy withdrew across the river. 'Tis said General Johnston delayed the attack for General Huger's division, which stopped to construct a bridge over a small creek only about two feet deep. Had the battle been joined in the early morning beyond doubt General Key's whole corps would have been killed or captured with all his guns, ammunition and other supplies, all of which were badly needed by the Confederates. This serves to show upon what a little thing turns the fate of battles. The commander may plan ever so wisely and failure of a subordinate may snatch victory away or fail to complete a victory and secure the proper results of victory.

During this engagement General Johnston was wounded and command fell on Gen. G. W. Smith by seniority. The loss sustained by the Confederates was very heavy, exceeding that of the Yankees because we fought in the open, exposed to their fire, while they were behind their forts and other breastworks. Our loss was 6,134, as com-

pared with 5,031, of which 1,000 of these were prisoners.

The battle was hotly contested and the aim good. The enemy withdrew hastily, leaving their dead unburied and their wounded in our hands. General Mahone's brigade was on the field. They were fresh from some well-ordered camp near Norfolk and had seen no service. Uniforms nice and clean, looking like soldiers, petted soldiers — just out of the bandbox. They were ordered to storm a part of the enemy's works in which was a battery of guns taking our troops in enfilade, and doing great destruction.

It was a very dangerous undertaking and being raw troops they refused to move. General Hill then ordered up the Thirtieth and Fourteenth North Carolina. The Virginians were lying down in line formation. When we got to them General Hill was within a few feet of the writer. He was asked how we were to pass these troops. He replied, "Step on them and go forward." We hesitated no longer, set our feet on their backs or sides as the case might be, leaving the imprint of our shoes on their backs, soiling their new uniforms. Ever afterward the Virginians bore the pseudonym of "Sorebacks." Dolph Waddle, speaking afterward, said, "I did my best to mash him into the ground."

This incident is not related to disparage the Virginians, but as a simple fact occurring in our experience. We here now assert these troops were fresh to the field, and after they were inured to the usages of war probably did as good service as the best. The troops from no State excelled the Virginians and the women of Virginia were never equaled.

Listen to the noble words of our great Colonel Bennett, probably having in mind this and other incidents that came under his own observation, in writing the all too

brief history of his — the Fourteenth Regiment North Carolina troops — edited by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Courth of North Carolina, Walter Clark, who was a lieutenant-colonel in the Confederate Army at the early age of 18 years.

But hear what Colonel Bennett says in re of this matter: "I have always insisted that the troops from every State of the Confederacy were quite alike in courage and hardihood. All were at times less steady than their wont. I have no patience with the temper which points to unbecoming poises in the service of regiments."

We remained on the field till Monday, caring for the wounded and burying the dead, then returned to the suburbs of the city and encamped, but not in the same place.

Lt. J. A. Jones, one of the Anson Guards, who had been promoted adjutant of the Fourteenth Regiment North Carolina Volunteers, was killed, gallantly leading the charge of his regiment, storming the strongly fortified redoubt above spoken of.

During this engagement skirmishers from Company C were thrown out in advance of the line of battle. They moved forward through a thick wood. A. A. Waddell saw concealed in a fallen pine lap a man. He haled him out, proud of his capture, took him to the rear, to find he was a commissioned officer in the Confederate service. The dastardly fellow had sought safety in concealment.

Here as skirmishers we remained for some time. One keenly alive to his duty, with intentness looking in front to detect any approaching enemy, found to his astonishment, and surprise, and fear, that he was all alone; his fellow skirmishers having been withdrawn and he forgotten — unnotified.

Scattered, but not demoralized, he attempted to find his way back to his comrades. Missing the way he passed through the enemy's camp from which they had been driven in the midst of full preparation of a meal. They occupied clean, nice, white-looking tents with straw on their bunks, while we had tents only for the commissioned officers, but this did not matter as it was summertime and we could enjoy unlimited ozone. There were quarters of fine beef lying on boxes from which had been cut portions then in the pots. Our rations usually being a few ounces of salt pork. They had desiccated vegetables in large pones resembling cheese — we had no vegetables and were glad to gather wild onions and sassafras buds. I saw loaves of bakers' bread in abundance. In contrast we had flour of wheat which we mixed with water, a pinch of soda and salt when we could get them, kneaded it on a piece of plank, a small tin pan or in our hands, pulled it into strips and wound them around our ramrods, sticking them into the ground in and near the fire. By changing the angle of the ramrods and by frequent turning we baked it into a crispy brown, palatable, refreshing, sustaining food. I tell you the men in blue fared well. We as best we could.

What fools we were to think in our poverty we could conduct war to a successful issue against the rich and prosperous North, with all the machinery of an established government, backed by unlimited credit and supplies from the nations of the world. Yet I am proud to say we bore our wants without complaint, believing our poor government was doing all they could; and our enemy and the whole world concede we put up a good fight.

These men in blue were brave, stoutly defended their camp and glorious rations as attested by their slain scat-

tered yonder, thicker here, almost in heaps there. It was affecting to see the fine artillery horse mangled on the field, dead riders astride, holding the bridle reins firmly clasped between their fingers. Oh, the horrors of war! Sherman was right, saying, "War is hell." To his eternal shame he made it hell, not to the combatants, but to the feeble, the old, the infirm men and the defenseless women and children, by wanton destruction and inhuman treatment. His march from the Ohio river to Atlanta and from Atlanta to Raleigh grew in aggravation as he advanced, attested by blackened chimneys of palatial residences, the aged shot down on their doorsteps, the women and children driven from their destroyed homes in utter destitution to starve or left to the tender mercies of their slaves, who were in almost the same pitiable plight. It rejoices my heart to say these poor slaves never failed to render all the assistance in their power to their owners, actuated by respect, by esteem and affection. To this day the former masters and mistresses care for, comfort and sustain these old servants from pure kindness and affection.

The women and children that lay in the wake of Sherman's march and survived the exposure and suffering of those terrible days will never be reconstructed or cease to dislike and despise the authors of their afflictions, who, under the leadership of Tecumseh Sherman, robbed, killed, burned, destroyed and wantonly abused the fair daughters of our beloved Southland. The infamous tale of treatment will never be told, but it lies deep down in the hearts of the survivors.

Passing through the camp, the boy who had left Richmond with his canteen of milk, with no opportunity to scald and cleanse it, found his canteen unfit for further

service — mindful of necessity, thought it no wrong to the dead to relieve him of a canteen. Seeing a good one on a man lying flat on his back, he stooped to unfasten the strap, the unclosed eyes of the dead looking straight at him as if in reproach. He said, "Are you dead?" Receiving no reply he unbuckled the strap, took his canteen and went his way rejoicing. Necessity knows no law, and yet I am pleased to say this was the only thing I ever took from a dead or live Yankee.

The great battle of Seven Pines was over. The Yankees call it "Fair Oaks." We marched back to Richmond, having by manly bearing and courage done ourselves proud.

CHAPTER XVII

GENERAL JOHNSTON, being severely wounded at Seven Pines, was disabled for duty and Gen. Robert E. Lee was appointed by President Davis commander-in-chief of the Confederate army. A better day's work never fell to the lot of the Confederate president.

General Lee hastened to Richmond and immediately began the reorganization of the army, changing its name — Army of the Potomac — to Army of Northern Virginia, which it continuously bore, and which is enshrined in history as immortal. In reorganizing the army General Lee thought proper to make brigades and divisions as far as possible of troops from the same State.

Col. George B. Anderson of the Fourth North Carolina, was promoted for gallantry on the field of battle in the famous charge of the redoubt at Seven Pines to a brigadier-ship, his brigade being composed of the Second, Fourth, Fourteenth and Thirtieth Regiments of North Carolina Volunteers. This formation of the brigade continued throughout the war. You well understand that the steadiness, the bravery, the endurance, the courage of the rank and file make generals and cause their promotion. Junius Daniel, first colonel of the Fourteenth Regiment North Carolina was made a brigadier-general and lost his life in the war. General Anderson also gave his life to the cause. Stephen D. Ramseur, captain of artillery connected with the first brigade in which was our Fourteenth Regiment, rose to be our brigade commander, promoted to be a major-general and gave his life to his country. These

instances show that it is the rank and file to whom officers generally owe their promotion.

When General Lee took command, to the army at large he was simply a name — we knew nothing of him — and preferred General Johnston, who had been our commander for months. The vigor which General Lee began to show inspired our army with confidence, which was to grow with the years, and more; he was to become the idol of the army. He was at this time about 55 years old, and so well preserved physically that he was still in his youthful strength, and it could have been said of him, as Joshua said of himself, “Even so is my strength now, for war, and to go out and to come in.” General Lee was regarded so highly by the North that every inducement was offered him to remain in their service, even to the chief command of their armies. “Duty” was his watchword from his early youth to the end of his eventful life. He said, “Duty is the sublimest word in the language.” Actuated by his sense of duty he resigned his commission in the United States Army and refused the preferment offered, which would have dazzled the eyes of lesser men, and an inducement to them not to be declined. To obey, to act according to what he conceived to be his duty, he sacrificed his inclinations and gave up his grand old homestead, one of the finest, if not the finest estate in the country, and cast his lot with his State and the South. If he could have foreseen the end, as I believe he did, he would have chosen to present his sword to his mother — the great State of Virginia. With all the memories and traditions of his forbears in his heart, with his devotion to his State — the greatest of the thirteen original colonies — with his conception that his supreme duty was to his State, he could not do otherwise than as he did.

General Lee's own father, writing to Madison, used these words: "No consideration on earth could induce me to act a part, however gratifying to me, which could be construed into faithlessness to this commonwealth." Again his father — Light-horse Harry — wrote: "Virginia is my country; her will I obey, however lamentable the fate to which it may subject me." This sentiment of his illustrious father was in our own Lee's heart when he resigned the service of the rich and prosperous North to engage in the service of the State of Virginia.

General Lee was confronted with this situation when he assumed the command of the Confederate Army. Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, was besieged by a well-appointed army of 160,000 * men, under the command of General McClellan, thoroughly drilled and equipped, with abundant supplies of every description. General Lee could muster not exceeding 55,000 to 60,000 men. Under McDowell at Fredericksburg were 40,000 men, a little less than two days' march to McClellan's lines. In addition to these forces Generals Frémont, Banks and Shields had 25,000 to 30,000 in the valley. Totaling these Union troops you have over 225,000 men under arms, all equipped with the best weapons, artillery numerous with rifled guns and a full complement of cavalry.

The commissary department was in keeping with other equipment, with abundant rations of plain, substantial food, and even luxuries in the way of preserved meats, cordials, wines and liquors. You may think we are drawing on our imagination, but not so. "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." These good rations and extras were seen in their captured camps at

* Hapgood's "Abraham Lincoln."

Manassas and at Seven Pines. We may eliminate General Frémont's forces, for that astute soldier, Gen. Stonewall Jackson, so mystified his intentions that he caused Frémont to fall back on Strasberg and there intrench and fortify against the expected attack of Jackson, while that famous soldier, with his foot cavalry, was making his best speed to the Chickahominy in obedience to the orders of General Lee to aid him in raising the siege of Richmond and break the cordon drawn by McClellan around that devoted city.

CHAPTER XVIII

SEVEN PINES

THE Chickahominy river, a narrow, sluggish stream, with steep banks and wide swamps on either side, in places too deep for fording, bends around Richmond in the form of a flattened arc of a circle. At Meadow Bridge the right wing of the Federal army was posted only six miles from the city, at New Bridge, nine miles away, was the center, and at Seven Pines, only about five miles from the city, rested McClellan's left, on the south, or city side of the Chickahominy.

Between these points swarmed the Federal hosts. The whole line of battle was fortified and wherever the enemy had made a lodgment on the south side of the river they had doubly fortified; especially was this so at Seven Pines, where every knoll and point of vantage was covered with seemingly impregnable breastworks composed of earth and logs of trees. In front of these breastworks and redoubts were felled all the trees with tops and tree laps pointing away from the breastworks, the limbs cut off and ends sharpened like stakes, forming a bristling abatis, rendering access practically impossible. Behind these works were rifled artillery primed, loaded and ready to hurl a hurricane of shot and shrapnel and canister.

In support of the guns the infantry were massed in and around the forts. These fortifications extended on both sides of the Williamsburg road at Seven Pines. The

Fourth North Carolina, commanded by Col. Geo. B. Anderson, was aligned across the road in front of the enemy's works, and ordered to charge and take them. A member of the New York artillery thus describes the charge: "Our shot tore their ranks wide open and shattered them asunder in a manner that was frightful to witness; but they closed up at once, and came on as steadily as English veterans. When they got within 400 yards we closed our case shot and opened on them with canister; and such destruction I never elsewhere witnessed. At each discharge great gaps were made in their ranks — indeed whole companies went down before that murderous fire — but they closed up with an order and discipline that was awe-inspiring. It was awful to see their ranks, torn and shattered by every discharge of canister that we poured right into their faces, and while their dead and dying lay in piles, close up and still keep advancing right in the face of our fire. At one time three lines, one behind the other, were steadily advancing, and three of their flags were brought in range of one of our guns shotted with canister. 'Fire!' shouted the gunner, and down went those three flags, and a gap was opened through those three lines as if a thunderbolt had torn through them, and their dead lay in swaths. But they at once closed up and came steadily on, never halting or wavering, right through the abatis, right up to our guns and, sweeping everything before them, captured every piece. Our whole division was cut to pieces, with what loss I do not know." Yes, victory perched on our Confederate banners, but at the fearful price of nearly two fatalities on our part to the enemy's one. This battle was indecisive, and after remaining on the field two days removing the wounded, burying the dead and gathering up the spoils of war, rifled cannon, small arms, commissary

stores and supplies of all kinds, we returned into camp near Richmond.

In going to Seven Pines our regiment marched many hours during the night. Thirst caused us to drink of the branches passed, and the writer distinctly remembers drinking at a certain branch which he recognized on his return by day, and to his horror saw that he had slaked his thirst only a few feet from and below a dead, decaying horse. The wind surely must have been blowing away from the road as it was very offensive. We enjoyed being in camp after the strenuous battle of Seven Pines, and fun, jokes and anecdotes were interspersed with games of chance. Profanity was the rule, godliness the exception. I am pleased to say there were many in Company C who faithfully abided their religious convictions and "departed not from the law of righteousness." These men were marked, their walk and conversation known of all men.

Among these was Dr. H. W. Robinson. One day Dr. Robinson had prepared his dinner and set it aside, and while washing his hands preparatory for appeasing his hunger and enjoying his meal, a dog smelled the appetizing food and proceeded to make way with it. The doctor turning round, saw the last of the savory food disappearing. Many of the boys saw it also and thought the doctor would surely break over and "cuss," for the occasion justified, and he said: "Clear out from here, you nasty, long-legged, flop-eared, yaller hound, you!" Even in such trying circumstances he did not forget the command, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." "If any man offend not in word the same is a perfect man." His language was impressive, but the wicked boys were sorely disappointed. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." Our

chaplain received a nice box of good things from home. The lid of the box was a wide, nicely-planed deal board. He gave this board to Brooks Haily. A few hours afterward, passing through the camp, he saw the givee using the board for a game of "chuckaluck," the favorite gambling game. In great disgust he regretted the gift, but so used it as a text for exhortation the banker promised to play no more.

Soon after this we missed our mischief-maker and humorist, Brooks Haily. Sad to relate, he was taken to a hospital in Richmond, lingered some weeks and died June 25, 1862. Capt. W. M. Hammond told the writer that he saw him dying and blood exuded from the pores of the skin—"sweating blood." He was greatly beloved. His humor, merriment and sport were simply for fun and mischief, not malicious or wicked. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

Robert Lilly was probably the finest penman in the company and very obliging. George Morton, *assuming* to be illiterate and chuckle-headed, asked him to please write a letter to his mother. Bob, proud of his penmanship, said: "What shall I write?" George dictated the letter. Bob folded it neatly, placed it in an envelope and asked, "To whom must I address it?" "To my mother." "What's her name?" "Why, don't you know *my* mother? Everybody knows *my* mother; you just direct it to her and she'll git hit all-right."

CHAPTER XIX

IN writing the history of Company C of the Fourteenth Regiment North Carolina Volunteers, known as the Anson Guards, we are trying to depict the daily life of a soldier and are writing it for our kin living, our kin dead, our kin that do follow us, for our fellow soldiers and for all those interested in the great struggle of the South for freedom and the North for the Union.

Our regret is that we cannot mention, deservedly mention, every soldier from Anson County. The compass of this work forbids, but we trust some abler hand will yet indite their history and tell of their brave deeds, for it is their only compensation for their endurance, heroism, suffering and death. The history of General Lee, General Jackson and other great captains of the Confederacy have been written but no one has essayed the history of a company — its privates and officers. After all is said the company is the unit of the regiment and of the army. The general may plan the movements and the battle ever so wisely and well, but without the aid of his subordinates, the patriotism, the prompt obedience, the bravery and endurance — even unto death — of the rank and file, no victory would be won and no general's fame established and emblazoned to the world.

It is utterly impossible to depict the lack of comforts and even conveniences of the rank and file of the Confederate army. For instance, candles were issued to the men in blue. Uncle Sam was rich and very thoughtful

of his soldiers, prodigal in supplies, and after the day's routine they could write letters to loving ones at home. The Confederate could write only by daylight or by the flickering light of the camp fire on scraps of paper. One of the boys found a candle in a captured Yankee camp and used the luxury so sparingly he was captured before it was all burned. In prison he lit it to write home of his unfortunate capture. "Lights out!" shouted the guard. Instantly he blew out the candle, exclaiming, "Good Lord, deliver us." Speaking of candles — on one occasion candles were issued to the company and were used as lard in their dough and to fry with. This shows the dire extremity to which we poor Confederate soldiers were reduced, and yet for the love of our country, for the love of our cause, for the love of freedom, we cheerfully endured every hardship. All honor to the men in ranks — to the men behind the guns.

Our men suffered by contracting fever while on the Chickahominy. Many of them from this cause "passed over the river," for our surgeons did not understand the disease or its treatment. The physicians of the city were familiar with it and taught our surgeons the proper treatment. Our own colonel was stricken and was immediately moved to Richmond. He requested the writer to go with him as a companion. The young fool was so afraid a battle would be on and he would miss it he respectfully declined.

Company C was the color company and the flag of the regiment was committed to a color-bearer and six guards selected from the company — considered quite an honor because it was the most dangerous position in the regiment, the flag being a shining mark for the concentration of the enemy's fire. The youth declining his colonel's

request, as stated above, was one of the color guard. Now for the denouement.

Only eight days afterward General Lee began the famous movement which resulted in the Seven Days' battle. At Malvern Hill the color-bearer of the Fourteenth Regiment North Carolina Volunteers and every one of the six guards were stricken hors de combat, and that boy left on the field "for dead." He was only desperately wounded, and lived to enjoy many sweet communions with his beloved colonel. Before the battles around Richmond we reveled in fun and frolic, enjoying the supplies captured at Seven Pines. The private was always very polite to the passing officer — his wit thereby taking on a keener edge. One came by, a youth, his chin clean-shaven but with a mustache, which evidently he had cultivated assiduously. "Say, Mister! why don't yer swallow dem rats? What fer you chaw and chaw and chaw dem so long fer? I know you-uns eats rats fer I see de tails sticking out yore mouf."

After resting up a few days and faring sumptuously on Yankee rations, the generals in the ranks whose "wake-ness" had gone out of their stomachs, were ready for another fight with the bloody Yanks, began to devise moves against General McClellan and to complain that our new commander-in-chief was too slow — "Joe Johnston was slow, but Lee was slower than the wary Johnston." We did not know Lee — we had to learn that he was the very embodiment of war and victory — who, in sheer love of his men, shielded and protected them whenever possible from all assaults of the devil — the enemy — and we, in time, just simply venerated, loved, adored and almost worshiped him. His name would conjure victory from the jaws of defeat. General Lee, riding along the lines accompanied

by a general officer, noting the hardships which the men were forced to endure, heard his companion commiserating them, saying, "Poor devils, poor devils." General Lee said, "Rather call them 'suffering angels.'"

CHAPTER XX

IN writing the history of the Anson Guards it becomes necessary to explain the movements of the Army of Northern Virginia, of which the Guards was an integral part.

It is not the province of this history to attempt to relate in detail the wonderful conception of General Lee to have General Jackson unite his forces of 15,000 to 20,000 men, making Lee's total force, including accessions and recruits from the South, about 75,000, and drive McClellan's 160,000 out of their entrenchments and raise the siege of Richmond, the beleaguered capital of the Confederacy. To accomplish this it was necessary for Jackson, then in the Valley of Virginia, to clear said valley of the enemy and so threaten Washington that President Lincoln would recall McDowell from Fredericksburg, thereby preventing McDowell reënforcing McClellan with his 40,000 men.

Jackson, that wonderful strategist and adamantine fighter, succeeded in clearing the Shenandoah Valley and so mystified the Federal generals; and by General Stewart's aid, so concealed his movements, he was on McClellan's flank on Beaver Dam Creek before they knew positively that he had left the valley and marched his "foot cavalry" more than 120 miles to support his great chieftain. It is not our purpose to write a history of the Seven Days' battle, but in justice to the men in the ranks we do desire to place clearly before the reader the fact that the Confederate army all told of 75,000 men drove the Northern troops of 160,000 men out of their breastworks and

entrenchments, fortified by abatis and rifle pits, and sent them reeling to the cover of their gunboats on the James river, defeating McClellan, dispiriting his army, and according to McClellan's own report to his government, had General Lee pressed him after the Malvern Hill battle his army would have been shattered, if not annihilated.

It was talked among our company that our victory at Seven Pines was made indecisive because General Huger failed to come to the position and take part in the battle assigned to his division. ('Tis said he stopped to bridge a little stream not over two feet deep.) He would then have cut off the retreat of the enemy and captured their forces before Key's corps could have crossed to their relief. So, also, 'twas said after the Seven Days' battle, had Huger obeyed orders McClellan would never have been able to reach his protecting gunboats on the James river. Be these censures, just or unjust, as they may, General Huger disappeared as a commander of a division, and we never heard of him more as actively engaged in the conduct of the war or otherwise. He simply dropped out of our knowledge. "So mote it be." "Amen."

In accordance with General Lee's orders, our brigade (General Anderson — consisting of the Second, Fourth, Fourteenth and Thirtieth Regiments North Carolina Volunteers), General Garland's brigade of five regiments from North Carolina, General Ripley's brigade of four North Carolina regiments, General Rodes' brigade of five regiments from Alabama, Colquit's brigade of four regiments from Georgia, composed a division of 15,000 to 20,000 men, and were placed under Maj.-Gen. D. H. Hill from North Carolina. General Hill was a graduate of West Point, won high commendation in Mexico, was command-

ant of a military school in Charlotte, N. C., professor of mathematics at Davidson College, N. C., and author of "Hill's Elements of Algebra"—a profound treatise on algebraical propositions—a good tactician and a superb fighter. He made a gallant and reliable subordinate—one of Lee's dependable officers. He displayed executive ability in the battle of South Mountain of no mean order, his one opportunity of showing his capacity when in chief command. By strategic movements he magnified his division of 15,000 men and made McClellan believe Lee's whole army was in his front. Late in the day the overwhelming Union forces succeeded in flanking Hill on both the right and left, when he retired in good order, but he had held McClellan's whole army a day, and thereby saved Lee's army. Lee was at Sharpsburg with only 17,000 men, having detached Jackson with the remainder of his forces to capture Harpers Ferry, which he did, and returned by forced march to Sharpsburg just in the nick of time to repel McClellan's charge. Delaying McClellan at South Mountain was Lee's salvation. Strategy is all right when it succeeds, and even moments are of great importance at times.

General Hill was careful of his men and at all times sought to secure their comfort and held their welfare of the utmost importance, their efficiency momentous.

CHAPTER XXI

WHEN A. P. Hill drove the enemy out of their entrenchments at Mechanicsville, and forced them to retire from the defence of the Mechanicsville bridge, Gen. D. H. Hill crossed the uncovered bridge and reënforced Jackson near Cold Harbor. Jackson was expected to aid A. P. Hill in his attack at Mechanicsville by flanking the enemy, but was 24 hours behind the time he himself set, and A. P. Hill, after waiting many hours, concluded to make the assault, hoping Jackson would carry out his part of the programme and take the enemy in flank. The hope was vain. General Jackson did not engage the enemy till next day. Hill and Longstreet did their utmost to capture the enemy's fortifications. They found the Federal position impregnable from a frontal attack. Strong breastworks crowned the bank of Beaver Dam creek, and abatis of felled trees beyond. A. P. Hill should have waited for Jackson but did not.

The assault was made and failed at fearful cost. The gallant boys worked their way forward through the swamp and abatis in the face of the fire of the enemy and plunged into the creek to find their further advance impossible, checked by the steep abrupt banks of the creek, which they had no way of mounting. The boys lay in the creek protected from the enemy's fire till dark came, and one by one crawled back through the abatis to camp. Learning Jackson's proximity the Federals withdrew their forces that night to prevent being flanked and captured by Jackson.

The morning of the 27th Longstreet and Hill advanced to find the works deserted. Moving on, came to wagons and stores in flames, burned by the enemy to prevent them from falling into our hands. Captured many prisoners in straggling squads. Near New Bridge the enemy massed behind Powhite creek, a position of remarkable natural strength. Their first line was composed of sharpshooters equal in number to a line of battle. Their second line was infantry, behind intrenchments of logs and dirt, protected by abatis of felled trees. Their third line, located on the crest of the ridge, consisted of a double line of infantry behind breastworks crowned with batteries of many guns, ready to pour grape and canister from their shotted guns into the devoted ranks of the Confederate army if they should dare to assault. Every point was guarded and protected by rifle pits all along their line. Artillery, supported by infantry, crowned every elevation. In addition to all this their batteries posted on the southern side of the Chickahominy river swept the ground in front of their lines over which we must pass in our attack. The ground itself was swampy and obstructed by trees they had felled and the limbs sharpened. How in the face of all this the Southern troops charged the enemy in this stronghold and drove them out is beyond our power to tell. Suffice it to say "We did it."

The tide of events rushes on fast and furious, but let's pause, go back and take up the incidents pertaining to the ranks.

June 23 our diary says, "Went on picket in the vicinity of the battlefield of Seven Pines and kicked up 'a dickens of a row,' skirmishing in a swamp with the undergrowth so thick one could scarcely see ten paces. One man of Company K was wounded. Investigation showed he had

shot a ball through his own hand, hoping thereby to obtain a furlough. Of course he claimed the enemy shot him. The surgeon dressed his wound and he was ordered to the guardhouse. This was a lesson and he afterward made a good soldier. Another man was ordered to leave his position. Being very slow in obeying, a minie ball was shot through his pants — the part he sits on — doing little damage except to the pants and not much to them. In this skirmish Dr. Grissom and private A. A. Lewis were wounded, though not seriously.”

June 26 the air was rent with ominous sounds. Boom! boom!! boom!!! “Fall in! Fall in, men.” The glad hour to pit the prowess of Southern chivalry against the despised, phlegmatic, puritan Yankees had come. We use “despised” because we looked down upon them with depreciation of their valor and manhood. Had we not made them “skedaddle” at Bull Run, and driven them out of their breastworks at Williamsburg, out of their camps and more formidable forts protected by abatis at Seven Pines? To the man who dares, all we lacked was an opportunity — nothing was impossible to Southern chivalry, no obstacle could daunt our determination. We might be foolhardy, even to desperation: some enterprises demand just that and nothing less. One of these is to whip the Yankees out of their fortifications and conduct the war to a successful determination. Mingled with the contempt we felt for the enemy — rank and file, and their want of enterprise, was a feeling of apprehension for the great resources of the North and the overwhelming preponderance in numbers of McClellan’s hosts. Lee — untried — his capability untested — his ability to command armies unknown, had only 75,000 effective men to pit against McClellan’s 160,000 effective men, according to his (Mc-

Clellan's) own report, made equal to 220,000 by entrenchments, supported by rifle pits and abatis of felled trees, with full equipment of rifled cannon. This fairly represents the disparity in numbers. The disparity in equipment and supplies and all the appliances of war was in proportion.

CHAPTER XXII

AT Cold Harbor Gen. D. H. Hill's division (in which was Company C, Fourteenth North Carolina Regiment) first engaged the enemy. We pushed through a swamp, through the dense underwood, on through the trees cut down and limbs sharpened to delay our progress, on we pressed in the face of a heavy fire; did not waver, did not even halt to reform, for line formation in this felled timber was impossible — on, on we charged, and after losing many of our brave comrades drove the enemy back on their reserve line. This line was protected by a fence and a ditch. On our left a battery was posted which enfiladed our line, and must be captured or forced to withdraw before we could advance.

General Hill ordered the First, Third and Twentieth North Carolina to capture this battery, which they did in gallant style. This prepared the way for our advance. We swept forward with the maddening, and to the enemy, the terrifying rebel yell, and soon found ourselves engaged all along the line. Being gallantly supported by the other divisions of the army we planted our battle flag upon the enemy's breastworks and victory again crowned our efforts, notwithstanding they had a triple line of defenders. The last line was carried by the cold steel of the bayonet.

General Lee's plan was to keep Jackson on McClellan's right flank on the northeast side of the Chickahominy river and cut off his retreat from his base of supplies and inter-

cept the line of his communications to the White House by the York River railroad. This plan was successfully carried out by Jackson, and McClellan, driven out of his breastworks, to save his army from total destruction and capture was forced to cross to the south side of the Chickahominy and seek safety in retreat to the cover of his gunboats on the James river. Oh, but these men in blue were brave and put up a stubborn fight. At Beaver Dam creek they did not discontinue the firing at us till after 9 o'clock. You may talk about your fireworks, but listen to the recital of our diary written on the spot.

T. J. Watkins says: "I think as pretty sight as I ever beheld was here after nightfall — seeing the shells leaving the gun's muzzle, a great ball of fire rising higher and higher in the heavens, the burning fuse making a flame distinctly marking its course, then slowly descending in a curve till over our heads and bursting into a thousand fragments with a loud explosion. Woe, woe to him who is smitten by one of these fragments of hot iron driven with the force of a burning volcano. One poor fellow was asked to describe the explosion. Said he, 'I saw the ball of fire hurtling through the air and heard a loud explosion, and then — the doctor said "take something."' We were lying on the rear side of a hill and the exploding shells did us but little damage and left us liberty to view with awe the fiery balls 'comin' and aguyin' In the whole course of the war never again was this scene surpassed in beauty and sublimity. At Cold Harbor the cannonading was terrific from both sides, solid shot and shells coming fast and furious, but our batteries were soon knocked into a cocked hat, the enemy's guns were so superior."

We had no rest, fighting by day and night, day after day and night after night. We began to estimate and

esteem our great commander-in-chief. He was determined to follow up our successes and push McClellan to the wall and laid plans to capture his army before it could be extricated from the Chickahominy swamps. Hence the battle of Gaines Mill was fought to force the enemy from his position, with Huger's and McGruder's divisions to intercept his flight, take and capture him while attempting to reach Harrison's landing on the James river. Our division marched to gain the enemy's rear and lay concealed in a wood. In front of our line was an opening — a cleared field of some twenty acres. Near the center of the field was situated a small two-room house amid a few trees. We could hear the firing and the shout, "the shout of mastery" on the other side of the field. We saw an old man and a little boy leave the house, seeking safety from the warring missiles. He was in his shirt sleeves, unarmed. When about one hundred yards from his home a Yankee shot him in cold blood, a dastardly wilfull murder. We heard the shot, saw him fall and his little son bending over him, and that was the last we ever knew of them. About this time the firing on our right became terrific. We could hear the cheers of the combatants as either side gained an advantage. Could recognize the arrival of the Yankee reënforcements as they went in at a double quick — could hear the command, "Halt! Front! Forward. Guide, center!" Soon the roar of musketry was heard like the popping of millions of cane on fire as it stands thick on the river bank, and the flash of the muskets like thousands of lightning bugs in the swamps. Nearer and nearer the firing approached, and we knew that A. P. Hill and Longstreet were driving them from Gaines Mill toward us.

It was getting late in the afternoon. We changed front

without noise. General Jackson was to make a charge in aid of A. P. Hill and drive them into our arms. We heard the yell of his men as they advanced to the charge. The musketry was furious. Then a long, loud yell as the Yankees gave way. Now was the time we had so patiently waited for. Forward! Double quick, and away we sped across the field — ran into an unbroken brigade of Zouaves from New York — we were on them so suddenly and unexpectedly they did not fire a single volley and turned to run. We fired on them at close quarters — their dead lying in our front showed how true was our aim — when the smoke from our guns lifted their ranks were seemingly unbroken, but lying down. “Behold they were all dead corpses.” We were annoyed by a battery of Napoleons which the Twentieth North Carolina charged and captured. McClellan had been organizing and drilling his army for ten months to good purpose. He was not ready for his move on Richmond, but the howling North shouted “On to Richmond! On to Richmond,” till he was forced to move. He was also a fine engineer as was well attested by the breastworks, redoubts, abatis, rifle pits and other military protections resorted to, to shield his troops and multiply their efficiency.

Fitz John Porter was a very capable corps commander and had 35,000 well-drilled regulars behind impregnable defenses to contest the battlefield of Gaines Mill with Lee’s impetuous men.

The Yankees fought like demons but they could not resist the repeated charges of the Confederates. Their enthusiasm would brook no obstruction. The enemy were stubborn and fought behind their triple lines of defense. In vain A. P. Hill and Longstreet hurled their forces in desperate charges against their fortifications defended by

triple lines, and oh, how they listened and prayed and prayed and listened for hours for the sound of Jackson's guns, while we were lying peacefully in the woods. Finally by his orders came the words, Attention! Forward, double quick, march! Like a thunderbolt we struck them, driving them out of their breastworks, capturing some pieces of artillery and taking many prisoners. Darkness came on, finding them in great confusion and dispirited, in full retreat. General Porter all night long gathered his corps and crossed the Chickahominy river by the grapevine bridge and burned the bridge.

Had General Jackson made his attack two hours earlier General Porter, with his defeated and dejected forces, would in all probability have been captured before they could have made their escape by the one bridge across the river. Some have said Stonewall Jackson on the Chickahominy river was not the Stonewall Jackson of the valley. That he was twenty-four hours late arriving from Ashland, and delayed for hours his attack at Gaines Mill.

One of the writers always wondered at the delay in making the attack at Gaines Mill, but was fully satisfied when told that Jackson was suffering from a slow fever and sick enough to be in bed, but he would not fail to aid his great chieftain and commander in these strenuous Seven Days' battle to the uttermost. When he did strike and wherever he struck the enemy recoiled, the tide of battle turned and victory perched on the Confederate banners.

By Jackson's skillful tactics and well-ordered fights in the valley he frustrated the design of the enemy in their intention to combine the valley army, under Frémont and Banks about 30,000 and the 40,000 under McDowell at Fredericksburg, with McClellan's forces around Richmond. Had they succeeded in thus combining their forces, beyond

question Richmond must have fallen and Richmond was the Confederate capital and the Confederacy itself. The salvation of Richmond and the Confederacy was Jackson in the Shenandoah valley.

The Fourth Texas, under General Hood, succeeded in piercing the adamant wall of the last defense of the enemy at Gaines Mill, closely followed by Anderson's brigade, in which were the Anson Guards, every man so acting his part that they won the admiration and were publicly commended by their commander. General Lee planned to capture McClellan's army and to prevent his retreat to the White House sent General Ewell's division and General Stuart's cavalry to intercept him on that line. Ewell found the enemy strongly posted behind defenses at Dispatch Station. An engagement drove them in retreat down the York river, first setting fire to everything combustible, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the Confederates. Stuart pushed on to the White House, the property of W. H. F. Lee, the son of our great commander. In this house General Washington's nuptials took place.

His approach was the signal for destructive burning as heretofore. He saw the lurid smoke and drawing nearer heard the crackling flames devouring this grand old mansion, too late to save any contents — but he rescued from the burning mass around, several railroad engines, badly needed by the poor Confederacy, 10,000 stand of arms and much commissary stores. By Lee's orders Ewell pushed on to Bottom's bridge and Stuart lower down to frustrate their retreat down the peninsula. With the usual vigor of these celebrated warriors Generals Ewell and Stuart hastened back to take part in the immense struggle on the Chickahominy. They had accomplished General Lee's design, cut off McClellan's retreat to the Pamunkey and forced

him to select the route through White Oak swamp to the James river.

The battles of Cold Harbor and Gaines Mill were decisive — McClellan knew he was defeated and safety for his army was the protection of his gunboats on the James river. Once under those guns he could defy further victory by his great antagonist and his Johnny Rebs. This is another evidence of the great superiority of the Yankees in having possession of the sea and ships of the line, frigates and hundreds of other war vessels. In the war of the Revolution the Thirteen Colonies were in a like situation. Great Britain having the command of the sea gave her an inestimable advantage over Washington.

Gen. McClellan was a great and successful organizer of armies, but a poor fighter. He was never ready for battle. Lincoln said he had the "Slows." After Antietam he thought his thribble numbers of well fed men in no condition to follow up what he styled a great victory over the ragged half starved Southerners.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE night after the battle of Gaines Mill thunder rolled and lightning flashed, nearer and nearer the storm drew on, long flashes of vivid lightning lit up the darkness, ear-splitting claps of thunder followed by muttered reverberations. Men could make the welkin ring with cannon and the shout of thousands and light a small space with the flash of burning powder, but now the voice of God spoke in the rolling thunder and His lightnings' flash lit up the lurid heavens. On came the storm; rain hurled by the forceful wind into our unprotected faces. The knapsacks of our enemy, picked up here and there, supplied some of the boys with food, which was shared as far as it went with others. Many, very many, had to go without — no Yankee knapsack, no food. The storm, hunger and privation could not discourage or dampen the ardor of these boys.

In the morning, our division in the lead, we struck out for the grapevine bridge in pursuit of the retreating enemy to find the bridge destroyed and no crossing till it could be repaired, and that under the fire of the enemy. By this time General Lee divined that McClellan would retreat to the James river, recalled Generals Ewell and Stuart and urged Jackson in pursuit. Magruder had a severe engagement with the enemy but failed to make much impression. He looked for Jackson in vain as that indomitable flanker had not been able to cross the river. In the late evening Ewell rejoined us, we crossed to the south

side of the Chickahominy, and at Savage Station came upon the field where Magruder had fought. McClellan all night continued his retreat, leaving behind immense military stores and thousands in hospitals, both wounded and sick. They loaded a long train of cars with ammunition to which they had attached a slow-burning fuse; with a full head of steam on, the throttle was thrown open and out the runaway train tore down the road. Just as it reached the river the explosion came with a roar that was heard at a distance of thirty miles. Their object was to destroy the ammunition, prevent its capture and at the same time hoped to do great damage to the Confederates. 'Tis said "All is fair in war."

The stand made at Savage Station was designed to check pursuit and to cover their retreat. That night they continued to fly and succeeded in passing through White Oak swamp and were comparatively safe from further molestation, having destroyed the bridge behind them.

June 30, A. P. Hill and Longstreet's divisions overtook them at Freyser's farm and a bloody engagement followed. The enemy were driven from every position but one and this they held though the fighting continued till 9 o'clock. Oh, what a blessed thing is night to the harassed army. Saïd Napoleon at Waterloo, 'Would to God Grouchy or night would come.'" Under cover of the moon-kissed night they continued their retreat, leaving their dead unburied and their wounded on the field to the mercy of the merciful Confederates. Thousands of small arms and many prisoners was the result of this battle, although they held their final position, from which we failed to dislodge them. The knapsacks and canteens of the enemy and their contents were the lawful property of the rank and file wherever found. It was from these we gained the greater part

of our subsistence and satisfied the wants of the inner man ; but all arms of whatever description, guns, broken guns, bayonets, cartridges, gun barrels, ramrods, cartridge boxes, ammunition of every description, was for the government. Wagons, ambulances, stretchers, hospital stores, tents, etc., were reserved and turned over to the ordnance department. Every ounce of lead or iron was preserved for future use. The Confederate Government had no factories at this date and carefully husbanded all munitions of war taken from their rich opponent. Food, apparel, oil-cloths and blankets were seized on by the boys and appropriated to cover the worn and torn shirts and other apparel. Oh, what a comfort is found in a clean, whole and sometimes a new shirt. Without hesitation or thought for the future was dashed away the old shirt. With a "biled" shirt on search for intruders along the seams was no longer necessary, and these infernal pests were not confined to shirts, but inhabited pants and coats as well. Bosh! I'm telling things out of school.

CHAPTER XXIV

PASSING over the battlefield of Frayser's farm we had to remove the dead from the road, and came to a Yankee field hospital. It was ghastly beyond description, but how will our people be able to understand this war in all its phases unless we give all sides of the picture? War should be hated with a holy hatred — the paraphernalia of glorious war should be stripped of honor, its splendor, its renown and emoluments, and the naked truth with all its ghastliness laid before people en masse. This field of carnage, under a bright-burning sun, hastening decay and pestilence, lay before us, displaying heaps and mounds of food which the enemy had set on fire, wagons, broken in heaps, loaded with tools — spades, shovels, picks, axes — broken kettles, pans and other cooking utensils, clothing, blankets, all in a jumbled mass, piled up or tramped in the mud smoldering away but not consumed. They could not carry the stuff with them and war, horrid war, justified their destruction, otherwise it would afford aid and comfort to the enemy.

What seemed to us most wanton was the destruction of medical stores needed not only for their own sick but so awfully necessary for relief in our Southern country — medicine chests filled with quinine and the various other drugs known to the pharmacopœia as remedies for the diseases of man and beast. Dead horses, poor innocent beasts slaughtered and torn by shot and exploding shell, scattered over the field and, where the flying light artillery

was stationed, lying heaps on heaps, crossed and piled. Further on a shallow trench was to be seen, and men's bodies therein thinly covered in haste with earth, sometimes a hand or foot sticking out. All this was nothing to the harrowing sight around the hospital. We saw a dead Yankee surgeon still sitting in a chair. Piles of arms, feet, hands, torn, lacerated and amputated from wounded human bodies, betokening pain and suffering beyond measure and endurance. The stench, the deadly effluvia, had attracted the scavenger of the country. The buzzards feasting on the bodies or surfeited to satiety were perched on the adjacent trees. Numbers of them were flying around over the putrid field like the harpies of South America. This harrowing sight was left behind to our great relief. Strange to say, our boys were so reckless and abandoned and hardened they actually joked with death while the fringe of hell shone around.

The brain swims at the appalling suffering and loss of human life. This sinister and terrifying spectacle gives one pause and to furiously think. Who, who is responsible? Why, the aggressor. The South simply asked to be let alone and go in peace.

It was characteristic of the Southern soldier to drown his finer feelings by jokes and witticisms, to say and to do those things that would arouse merriment and excite laughter. Happy-go-lucky and devil-may-care. "Hello, Jim. What you got in that knapsack?" "Teeth bresh, by thunder, and — and shaving soap, razor and strop." "What in the hell is a soldier doing with such things?" "Yes, and here's some writing paper. Now that's useful, and when we've whipped the damn Yankees away from Richmond I'll write love in words and imprint even love in looks on this beautiful linen sweet-scented paper and

send it to my girl." "I ha'nt got no paper. I'll jest have to think a letter to my gal. She lives down in Norf Calliny, ne'r ther crick, where the fragrant woodbine twines o'er ther dore. Her eyes is brighter than ther stars and looks love to eyes that shine agin. Oh, but don't I wish I was thar, or in some bomb-proof posish, away from these pesky mosquitoes, which reminds one of the death-dealing minie balls singing about our ears?"

Now and again some boy would break out in song:

"Dere was an old niggah, de' call him Uncle Ned,
 He's dead long ago, long ago;
 He had no wool on de top o'er his head,
 De place whar de wool ought to grow.
 Den lay down de shubble an' de hoe,
 Hang up de fiddle and de bow;
 Dere's no more niggahs like poor Uncle Ned,
 For he's gone where de good niggahs go."

"Stop dat." "You better be chanting a hyme."
 "Mebbe you'll catch it to-morrow." "I tell you 'Little Mac' hain't teetotally whipped yet, and Marse Robert hain't gin ye no furlough yet, neither."

You may sing:

"Your priest with a prayer and your imp with a curse,
 All thrown together for better or worse."

General Huger, 'twas said, failed to come up again. General Lee might plan and issue orders, but must depend upon his subordinate officers for prompt and faithful execution. Had Huger intercepted McClellan's retreat there would have been no Malvern Hill. He could not have escaped to his gunboats. The straw changes the result of a battle. Jackson's troops, on the morning of July 1, were assigned to the front by General Lee with

instructions to press forward in pursuit of McClellan's retreating forces, hoping to overtake and give them battle before they could reach the haven of James river.

With his characteristic energy he urged his troops on, passed Willis's church under the fire of the Federal rear-guard and approached Malvern Hill. From the river the ground rises one hundred and fifty feet to the crest of the hill. Upon this ridge McClellan had posted his entire army. The hill stretched away a mile and more. A wide plateau, clear of woods, descended to a ravine and beyond the ravine was a belt of woodland occupied by the Confederates. The plateau gradually sloped down to the ravine. A part of the plateau was a wheat field which had been harvested, the shocks of wheat still standing, surrounded by a rail fence. Not far away stood the beautiful Westover mansion, the headquarters of Gen. Fitz John Porter, one of McClellan's trusted lieutenants, a steady, reliable fighter who, notwithstanding his defeat at Cold Harbor and Gaines Mill, held his men together and they retained their morale to a remarkable degree.

The enemy occupied the ridge which sloped down to the woods some six to eight hundred yards distant, over which and up which the Confederates must make their assault in full view of the enemy and exposed to the terrible fire of their guns. McClellan was a fine officer and an able commander. In deed and in fact he was and is still regarded by the South as the ablest commander the Federals had during the whole war. "Little Mac" was little only in stature, not in brains. General Lee, and his officers who knew him, held his engineering and military qualities in great respect, and ever esteemed him as an opponent who wielded a trenchant blade. He had planted upon the summit of the ridge tier after tier of batteries

of rifled artillery. (Let me say here the rifled artillery of the enemy was as superior to our smooth-bore guns as the far-carrying Minie rifle and Enfield rifle were superior to our old-fashioned smooth-bore muskets.)

Above these batteries, on the very crest of the hill, were massed his heaviest siege guns, protected as was his wont, for he knew the great advantage of fighting behind breast-works.

His army was well supplied with picks, spades and shovels and his men trained in their use. A few hours sufficed to make these works formidable and in this case, added to his strong position by nature, made that position impregnable. Bear in mind "Little Mac" was a great commander of armies and by instinct selected strong positions; that by nature and training he was a skillful engineer, noted for his method of erecting fortifications. Behind these tiers of artillery and siege guns were the triple lines of infantry, just beneath the crown of the hill, sloping toward the river, where they were wholly protected. Behind all these were his gunboats fitted out with heavy guns throwing large projectiles — bellowing monsters, which the soldiers termed "lamp posts." Some called them "wheelbarrows." These big guns threw these huge projectiles from the river over the crest of the hill, over the plateau and through the woods occupied by the Confederates, cutting off great limbs and sometimes even felling trees, which came crashing down upon our heads. "Look out! Look out! Limb falling," and away we would jump to prevent being crushed. These falling limbs did considerable damage, killing and wounding many, but we retained our position for hours awaiting the command to advance.

General Lee waited for his entire force to come up.

He could not engage the enemy till they did come, which gave the enemy full time to complete their defenses. He marshaled his men in the wood along the ravine and intended to make a simultaneous attack with all his divisions against the enemy's line. The signal was to be a rebel yell from Armistead's brigade. D. H. Hill's division, lying for hours in line, exposed to bursting shells and falling limbs of trees, impatiently awaited the coming of the other divisions, which did not arrive on the field and in line formation till late in the afternoon. General Hill heard a shout down the line—a cheer to Lee, Jackson or other general officer, or perhaps for the arrival of troops and, supposing it was the agreed signal for the general advance, ordered his men to charge. Forward! Guide, center! March! Gladly and gallantly the division moved through the thick underbrush and fallen limbs cut down by the huge shells as they came hurtling and screaming from the Yankee gunboats, on across the ravine and into the open. Forward! Guide, center. Double quick! March! With trailing arms we shot forward up the incline, reached the rail fence, threw it down, realigned in the face of a galling fire and struck out with a yell to capture those terrible guns. The thunder blast from the artillery changed from solid shot to a thick storm of grape, canister, and shrapnel, mingled with thousands of minie balls. We could see the red light of the guns belching forth their missiles of death.

War to the hilt was in mad career. Nothing but death could stay our rush up the hill and, reaching a point fifty yards from their breastworks, falling thick by the way, almost annihilated by their ferocious fire, falling like a flail in the hands of a giant upon the unresisting grain, the line reeled, fell back and melted away. No troops,

however brave, could stand the concentrated fire from the crest of Malvern Hill. You must know Gen. D. H. Hill made his attack prematurely, unsupported, and this enabled the enemy to turn all their powerful artillery upon our division. If, in McClellan's army, one arm of the service was superior to another, it was in batteries of rifled guns, which gave him so great an advantage over the Confederates.

Gen. Hill charged alone. It was gallantly done, but we could not withstand the terrific fire of the massed batteries on the crest of the hill. His division breasted the most devastating fire men were ever called to endure. Then other divisions hurled their embattled hosts against the enemy's strong position, but somehow the divisions made their attacks division by division, and not in accordance with General Lee's plan of one great, grand, simultaneous attack all along the line. We never knew why this was; we simply record the fact. Had his instructions been obeyed another result of this great repulse of Southern chivalry might have been the outcome.

In vain, division after division rushed forward up the hill against the guns — death-dealing guns — to be mowed down like grain before the sickle and swept away like chaff by the wind. This field was covered with the dead and wounded of the brave boys of our dear Southland. Next morning we found the enemy had withdrawn towards Harrison's Landing, their ramparts deserted and dismantled, removing all their guns and marching away under the cover of darkness, and we in no condition to follow and molest them further.

These men in blue were well drilled and under thorough discipline, brave and courageous, and proved themselves worthy foes, intrepidly bearing our frontal attacks. No

troops will stand a flank or rear attack. Protected by their breastworks, they resisted successfully our charges, and only when they were flanked by Jackson did they retire from Beaver Dam creek; and when flanked at Cold Harbor it required fearless charges in front and flank to drive them from their triple lines of defense; and at Malvern Hill they repulsed repeated frontal charges of the bravest boys that ever faced an enemy. Instance of bravery and determination: When our broken, devastated line fell back at Malvern Hill they found the colonel of the Twenty-first North Carolina fearfully wounded, lying where he fell. His men thought to bear him off the field. The colonel said, "Tell the Twenty-first they can't take me off until they take those guns." Wounded and bleeding themselves and knowing they could not make another charge, they put forward their hands to take him off. The brave colonel drew his revolver and said, "I'll shoot the man who touches me. I will not move till you take those guns." In the utterance of these brave words he fainted and his men bore him to the rear unconscious.

CHAPTER XXV

IN the furious, impetuous charge at Malvern Hill the color sergeant and every one of the color guards were either killed or wounded. The writer was left on the field, supposed to have been killed, but he was only desperately wounded. About 10 o'clock he paid someone ten dollars for a canteen of water. An hour afterward heaven in mercy poured out an abundance of water to the great refreshment of the wounded. This boy was carried to a hospital in Richmond, and from the hospital, by the good offices of our chaplain, he was borne to the private home of Capt. Thomas Epps. Here he lay for six months and never turned over, nursed back to health by his devoted mother and sister and one of his messmates, who was detailed by his colonel for that purpose. He was given an honorable discharge, and to-day is recalling the incidents and scenes of the great War Between the States, committing the same to manuscript for the information and delectation of the reader and the reader's friends.

The roll call next morning was the saddest ever. Silence was the only response to many names, all so dear to these comrades in arms. As the sergeant continued the roll call down the list, some messmate would falter out, "Dead."! "Dead on the field of honor."! Tears would be brushed away as unseemly but they welled up all the same from lacerated hearts. "The bravest are the tenderest." Human nature could endure no more. All honor to the living and the dead.

“ O, the glory and the story of the fight,
The charge and the retreat,
And the flag the winding sheet
Of faces staring upward from the strife —
Lost to life;
And the wailing of the mother and the wife.”

CHAPTER XXVI

GENERAL HILL, our division commander, was a gentleman of gentle manners. Kindly eyes — eyes that kindled with excitement — æsthetic, with the love of the beautiful, slight of stature. He was a skillful officer, intelligent and keen-eyed, stern to rebuke violation of orders and lack of discipline — a determined bulldog fighter — as the boys expressed it, “A fighter from way-back.” General Hill and General Jackson married sisters, and each respected and admired the other.

Our commander-in-chief, day by day, grew in the respect, esteem and confidence of the men, and now and then would be affectionately alluded to as “Marse Robert,” in imitation of the affection of the darkies for their owners in the Southland. This simile of the darkies’ affection for their masters may seem offensive to some and false to others. We take pride in asserting that it is true of our own knowledge and experience, but this subject cannot be enlarged on and may be considered foreign to this work.

General Lee, on taking command of the army, issued an order changing the name from Army of the Potomac to “Army of Northern Virginia,” and to animate the boys who had endured the fearful retreat from Yorktown, issued an address to them, saying, “The army would retreat no further.” To confirm this statement and make true this assertion he bent his great powers to a thorough reorganization of his army. He received some additions

to his forces from other sections of the South, and proceeded to fortify Richmond, which enabled him to execute his plans for the relief of the city. These plans will be set out later and are supposed by a writer about as follows:

Lee called a conference of Jackson, Longstreet, D. H. Hill and his other division commanders on June 23, 1862, at his headquarters on the Nine Mile road. Lee had not met Jackson since the Mexican War. Lee entering the room in which were his lieutenants sitting, they all rose and he walked straight to Jackson, made famous by his recent campaign in the valley, clasped his extended right hand and laid his left on Jackson's shoulder, saying, "You are welcome, General, very welcome. We are in great straits and need your assistance. Where is your army?"

"It will be in Ashland, sir, to-morrow."

"I am awaiting its arrival. There will certainly be a great battle, probably a series of battles. The next few days will write a page in history of blood. War is terrible, but these battles must be fought to relieve Richmond. McClellan has a large, well-appointed army, nearly doubling mine in numbers. He has approached Richmond cautiously, seizing on points of vantage and crowning them with fortresses and manning them with guns, as in a regular siege. I recently dispatched General Stuart to make a circuit of his army, which he did admirably and brought me valuable information."

On a table was a map; turning to it he thus outlined his plans. Pointing to Mechanicsville: "General Porter commands McClellan's right wing resting here, Mechanicsville bridge, Beaver Dam creek and Cold Harbor, McClellan's center on the Nine Mile road and his left at Seven Pines. General Branch will cross the Chickahominy

at Meadow bridge, march down and assail the enemy's right wing at Mechanicsville, and A. P. Hill will attack in front. D. H. Hill will cross the Mechanicsville bridge when uncovered by A. P. Hill and join Jackson, marching from Ashland to gain Porter's flank and rear, at Beaver Dam creek, and capture Porter's corps. Then, to cut off McClellan from his base of supplies and his retreat down the peninsula and to the Pamunkey.

“While General Jackson, with D. H. Hill, is executing the flanking movement, Generals Longstreet and A. P. Hill will make the frontal attack. This leaves only Generals Magruder and Huger in front of McClellan to protect Richmond. McClellan's great caution and our rapid movements on his right flank will prevent his making a forward movement against the city.”

Addressing General Jackson, who was all attention, he said, “When can you be on the Chickahominy?”

“On the morning of the 26th, sir.”

“Further orders will be issued as the occasion demands in carrying out the details.”

CHAPTER XXVII

GENERAL LEE was a fine specimen of manhood. Tall and stately, well built, stout and strong, with not an ounce of surplus flesh, a model of manly beauty; a fine form, indicating endurance, surmounted by a grand, kingly head, indicating power and brains; a benign countenance, indicative of magnanimity, elevation and dignity of soul; a kindly, modulated voice, resembling a woman's in sweetness. Hate and animosity had no part in his soul. As "Ben Hill" said, "He was a foe without hate," never speaking of the enemy except kindly, alluding to them as "those people." When stationed in Washington he was spoken of as "the most handsome man in the United States Army." He was a good horseman, sitting erect as Rupert, gallant as Murat, superb as Sir Galahad, and rode Traveler with the grace of the Knights of the Round Table. Quietly, grandly, admirably he moved the divisions of his army like chessmen over the board.

General Lee, to defeat McClellan's successfully besieging Richmond by gradual approaches, a method peculiarly adapted to McClellan's genius, determined to take the offensive. Knowing the impossibility of 55,000 men driving 160,000 effective men out of their well-constructed fortifications, he devised the plan of bringing Jackson from the Shenandoah valley and flanking McClellan's right wing north of the Chickahominy river — a brilliant piece of strategy.

Precedent to any move by Lee must be the defeat of

Banks, Frémont and Shields in the valley and so threatening Washington as to make the Union authorities recall McDowell to the defense of that city and prevent his reënforcing McClellan's already overwhelming forces, securely positioned behind protecting and impregnable breastworks. This was the work of Jackson. How well that great general executed the task assigned him is not in the scope of this work to tell. In aid of Jackson, Lee detached General Whiting's division from his small force at Richmond to make a feint of joining Jackson that that officer might move on to Washington. This perplexed the Federal generals in the valley, mystified McClellan and caused him to believe Lee's forces exceeded his own, and McClellan estimated them at 200,000 men, the very object Lee wished to obtain. It made the Union authorities tremble for the safety of Washington and caused them to recall McDowell to the Potomac and their forces in the valley to protect that city, thereby accomplishing Lee's utmost wishes, precedent to the execution of his great designs against McClellan. If Lee had never done anything before or accomplished anything afterward this stroke of policy and strategy would have crowned him a great military strategist of world-wide fame.

General Stuart, the "Red Fox of the Confederacy," dispatched by Lee on his reconnaissance around McClellan, took with him 1,200 cavalry and two pieces of light horse artillery. He fought the enemy at Hanover Courthouse and at Old Church; burned their camp, sunk transports on the Pamunkey, destroyed several wagon trains transporting supplies, captured many prisoners; determined the practicability of a flank movement against McClellan's right wing and recrossed the Chickahominy just as the Federal cavalry and light horse artillery came thunder-

ing down on his rear in large force. General Stuart, describing his reconnoissance, wound up by saying, "I left a general behind me."

"What general? Who was he?"

"General Consternation."

This was a brilliant stroke of Lee precursing the Seven Days' battles.

Malvern Hill was practically the end of the Seven Days' continuous battles around Richmond. Lee sent Jackson forward to follow McClellan and some skirmishing of the opposing forces took place. McClellan had accomplished his object, secured a safe harbor for his defeated army — creeks strongly fortified protected both flanks — the James river and gunboats his rear. Lee knew his position was impregnable and drew back his forces to Richmond. The curtain had fallen on the bloody drama. Our losses in killed and wounded exceeded the losses of the Yankees. They fought protected — intrenched behind breastworks, *cheval-de-frise* and what not, making their army equal in availability to 220,000 men. We fought in the open and had all told 70,000 to 75,000 men. Considering actual numbers engaged our loss was 23 per cent., the Federal loss only 9 per cent. Counting prisoners their loss would increase to 15 per cent. Many of our best and bravest are sleeping on the banks of the Chickahominy, the pines sighing a requiem over their unknown graves. They are resting in peace with the satisfaction of duty done — dying and fighting for the freedom of their country.

CHAPTER XXVIII

GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN was graduated at West Point, second in a class of forty-six. McClellan was a fine officer, a far-seeing strategist. Before the Seven Days' battle, with unlimited means in money, supplies and men, he had established a second base on the James river at Harrison's Landing. Having complete control of the water he did this without our knowledge, otherwise Lee would have divined his intention to retreat to the James at least twenty-four hours earlier and would have captured his entire army in White Oak swamp. The wooded swamps were favorable to McClellan, enabling him to conceal his movements and obstructing the road behind him. When Lee discovered his line of retreat he ordered Magruder and Huger to move by forced marches, cut off McClellan's retreat and hold the enemy till his other forces could cross the river and deliver both a rear and frontal attack.

Who can doubt the result? These generals failed in the rôle assigned them and McClellan made good his retreat and occupied the strong position of Malvern Hill and awaited Lee's attack. McClellan displayed marked ability in providing another base and concealing the line of his retreat till he could move his immense stores, carried in 5,000 wagons, encumbered with 3,500 beeves and other supplies. He so handled his rearguard, supported by artillery, as to present a strong front to Lee's advance. His masterly retreat justified the high opinion of his

ability as a commander held by the South — the most skillful Federal general in the war. It was his consummate ability that saved his army from destruction.

Lee had effected the relief of Richmond, taken fifty pieces of artillery, many thousand stand of small arms, millions worth of stores and several thousand prisoners — and yet he was greatly disappointed. Hear him as he winds up his official report: “ Under ordinary circumstances the Federal army should have been destroyed. Its escape was due to the causes already stated. Prominent among these was the want of correct and timely information. This fact, attributable chiefly to the character of the country, enabled General McClellan skillfully to conceal his retreat and add much to the obstructions with which nature had beset the way of our pursuing columns. But regret that more was not accomplished gives way to gratitude to the Sovereign Ruler of the Universe for the results achieved.” Providence did not intend for Lee to destroy McClellan’s army. Balloons would have given the correct and timely information, but the poor Confederacy had no balloons.

Truth to tell, Lee’s inefficient lieutenants were responsible for the failure to annihilate McClellan’s whole army. His own genuine merit precluded him from laying the blame where it ought to rest.

We copy from “ American Campaigns,” by Robert Forny Steele:

“ At Beaver Dam creek A. P Hill suffered heavy and needless loss by attacking before Jackson arrived. And this premature attack was, in point of time, the second of the chief causes of Lee’s failure to destroy McClellan’s army. If Hill had awaited Jackson’s initiative, as Lee’s order directed, and in spite of Jackson’s unaccountable delay, Porter would not have withdrawn his troops from

Beaver Dam creek to the strong position at Gaines Mill by daybreak of the 27th of June; and Lee's project of turning the Union right with Jackson's corps on the 26th would have been effected on the 27th. The first chief cause of Lee's failure to destroy McClellan's army was Jackson's tardiness on the 26th of June. Whatever excuses may be made for Jackson the fact stands that he failed to reach the ground on that day that he had agreed to reach; that Lee counted upon his reaching. He failed to turn the Union line behind Beaver Dam creek and take it in reverse. He halted and bivouacked at 5 P. M. when, according to his own report, he was in hearing of the desperate battle A. P. Hill fought till dark. Jackson bivouacked only three miles from that battle. At Gaines Mill Jackson was late, and he withdrew D. H. Hill's division from the battle at the critical moment; at Savage Station Jackson did not arrive at all; and at White Oak Swamp creek, during the battle of Glendale, he made no apparent effort to force a passage and get into the action. At Malvern Hill he took no initiative and gave scant aid to the unfortunate assault. On the whole the Peninsula Campaign was, on the part of the Confederates, a campaign of good plans and bad execution. The chief blame rests on Stonewall Jackson. In all these operations the Jackson of the Chickahominy was a different man from the Jackson of the valley. Of all those that marvel at Jackson's brilliant work before and after the Seven Days' campaign there is none to offer a reasonable excuse for his utter failure in this campaign."

In reply to the above we say that Jackson's strength had been overtaxed. He had left his army on the march to Ashland, ridden all night with relay of horses to confer with Lee and receive instructions, then back to join

his army. He was utterly worn out and exhausted, and as we have said in a former chapter, he was sick; sick enough to be in bed, but did his utmost to keep going and not to fail his commander-in-chief. A slow fever was enervating his frame and the mind, the soul, partakes of the infirmities of the body. Rest at Gordonsville recuperated his health, which had been much impaired by malarial fever. The air, fresh from the Blue Ridge Mountains, brought back his wonted vigor, and he was again the Jackson of the valley.

The sagacious Lee, seeing he could not successfully attack McClellan in his intrenchments detached Jackson's division and sent it to Gordonsville, to be followed a little later by A. P. Hill's division, hoping thereby to force the Washington authorities to withdraw McClellan from his impregnable position threatening Richmond. These tactics were successful. McClellan was ordered to break camp and move his army to Pope's assistance, and thus was Richmond finally relieved.

CHAPTER XXIX

TURNING to our diary we read, "Our regiment has been commanded by Capt. W. A. Johnson of Company A, the senior captain, Colonel Roberts and Major Dixon having both died with the Chickahominy fever and Lieutenant-colonel Bennett being sick of the same disease in the Epps hospital in Richmond. Passing through White Oak swamp we slept in the mud and water (meaning we stayed in the mud and water). Passed by Willis's church. At Malvern Hill our brigade commander, General Anderson, was wounded and retired from the field. Colonel Tew of the Second North Carolina, took command of the brigade. In this battle many were killed, more wounded. The dead were buried and the wounded conveyed to Richmond as fast as conveyances could be obtained. On the morning of July 2 we found the enemy had withdrawn during the night. Our dead and wounded lay thick on the ground where they fell. Although the enemy had 300 guns massed on the crest of the hill our boys thought that if Jackson had supported our charge we would have pierced the center of the enemy's line and won a great victory.

"The Lord was not on our side in this fight, as every charge we made was repulsed. Among our dead was Thomas D. Simons — a son of Solomon Simons of the Jewish race. In the Southern army were many sons of this people and as far as our observation went they all and each made good soldiers and fought for the Southland just as truly and bravely as we who were to the manner born. Tom was a superior boy, liked by the com-

pany, and proved that he was a characteristic descendant of that war-like race — the chosen people of God.”

Franklin McLendon, a playmate and schoolmate of the writer, raised within a mile of each other, was instantly killed by a grape shot passing through his body. He never knew what killed him. In 1860 he left Ansonville and went to Texas. He came back to volunteer in the Anson Guards. He was a quiet, peaceable, genuine Christian, shown by his daily walk and conversation. Says T. J. Watkins, “I took a testament from his pocket and gave it to his father, who had come on to look after his first born. This was the only time I ever put my hand into the pocket of friend or foe during the war.”

“Daniel McKay was also instantly killed from the infantry volley fired at us when about fifty yards distant. He, too, was a nice, clever, good boy, liked by his comrades, and died a hero’s death.”

“J. B. Sibley, our color sergeant, fell only after receiving five wounds. Brave to his heart’s core, no truer man ever lived, and I was proud to call him my friend.”

“W. A. Smith, son of Col. Wm. G. Smith and Eliza Sydnor Nelme, was disabled for life, a hopeless cripple. Brave and gallant, he was stricken near the enemy’s line and left on the field for dead. His good qualities were inherited from his high-toned, honorable parents. He left his Alma Mater to volunteer. Was carried to Richmond to the private home of Captain Epps — sometimes known as the “Epps Hospital” and “the home of the Anson Guards.” The Chickahominy fever had filled the government hospitals. Then it was the kind hearts of Captain Epps and his noble wife opened their doors to the soldiers of Anson County, N. C., without reward or the hope of reward.”

The Anson Guards were especially favored. Colonel Bennett was promoted to the colonelcy of our regiment after the death of Colonel Roberts. He belonged to the Anson Guards and rose from the ranks to be colonel. He was nursed back to health in this home. So from the colonel down, the various grades of commissioned and non-commissioned officers to the humble and contrite private, all were welcomed and cared for by these great-hearted people, without money and without price.

Of these good people E. F. Fenton thus writes: "I was slightly wounded at Malvern Hill and detailed to take the wounded to Richmond, then report to Colonel Bennett, who was convalescing at Captain Epps' A private in the ranks, I was treated as an honored guest — the same hospitality was extended to me as to the officers who were fortunate to be quartered there. You, also, were there, Major Smith, suffering with wounds that have not healed to this day, and I believe it was mainly through the tender nursing of these people your life was preserved. Ever after this members of Company C, Fourteenth Regiment North Carolina Volunteers were subjects of their tender love and devotion. If you, dear Major, can convey to their children the gratitude an old friend feels for such favors at such times you will be doing the writer an act of kindness. May God's tender care be with those who live and may the turf over the graves of the departed be ever green."

Col. R. T. Bennett writes of them: "Nothing could exceed the delicate attention Captain Epps and family gave the citizen soldiery of Anson County in their wounds and casualties in 1862. The head of the family was a man of herculean strength, having then his second wife, as sweet and comforting as a wife could be. Their cook was



Yours cordially
W. L. Smith

an elderly darkey, with the most perfect stroke in turning a batter-cake. No such batter-cakes as they grew now adorns this mundane sphere. Under their roof Major Smith, our special guest, friend and helpmeet, resisted disease, while Dr. Tucker came to his hurts — probed them and made his hurts tolerable. I wish the people knew how much Major Smith suffered for the cause.”

“Major Smith has been the friend of the old Anson Guards, and indeed of all the old veterans since the close of the war. Only the other day these old boys manifested their appreciation and esteem by presenting him with a gold Cross of Honor suitably engraved. The presentation speech was made by Miss Owen Saylor, a member of the Frank Bennett Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy, as follows:

“Ladies and gentlemen: When nations desire to honor their heroes, it is customary to bestow upon them a cross of honor. France has her cross of the Legion of Honor, Germany the Iron Cross, and England her Victoria Cross. What more fitting, then, when our dearly loved veterans wish to show not only the honor in which they hold one of their members, but also the love they bear him, that they should give him that most precious emblem of courage and sacrifice, our own Southern Cross?”

Major Smith replied as follows:

“Comrades! You have chosen me your commander year after year. I have had your good-will continuously — your enduring devotion; and now comes this golden Cross of Honor. Your kindness to me is piled up — as Samson said, ‘heaps on heaps.’ Oh, for a draught of nectar from the vintage of the gods, that would give me fit words to express my high appreciation and pour forth my soul in ecstasy for this great honor received from your hands.

‘Rejoice in that day and leap for joy, for great is your reward.’ ‘Verily, verily I say unto you,’ I do rejoice at this manifestation of your approbation. I am glad with a gladness that makes me glad. I am proud with a proudness that makes me proud. Who would not be proud and glad of this evidence of your regard in which you have enfolded your love and best wishes? I feel all unworthy; I am sad with a sadness that makes me sad, because of my inability to measure up to that high standard of excellence the bestowal of this Cross of Honor betokens. It is more honorable than the Star and Garter, the Golden Fleece or any other decoration that can be conferred by king, prince or potentate, and I shall wear it with veneration and with pride because it is a token of esteem from those who love me and whom I love. God bless the Daughters of the Confederacy. To them we owe the privilege of wearing the Cross of Honor — a great distinction. They conceived the idea, had it made and when they pinned it on our breast, with their fair hands, they pinned their loving hearts with it to abide till the end.

The cross is a symbol of honor and was not born to die,
 We — the honored wearers will soon pass away and lie
 Beneath the sod; but the Cross of Honor is immortal —
 It is the theme of song, and of story the portal.

“ Comrades,

“ The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yes’treen;
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been;
 The mother may forget the bairn
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee,
 But I’ll remember thee Glencairn
 And a’ that thou hast done for me.”

CHAPTER XXX

THE pen cannot describe nor the painter's brush portray the horrors of the battlefield, and we will not dwell further on the killed and maimed and wounded, but as Tom Moore wrote:

“ Forget not the field where they perished,
The truest, the last of the brave;
All gone, and the last hopes they cherished
Gone with them and quenched in their graves.”

July 2 was employed in gathering and collecting the spoils of war left by the retreating Yankees. Among the stores were 300 barrels of whisky. It was current talk among our boys of the bravery displayed by the Yankee army in the last fights, when one of our boys said, “ Who would not fight with his bread-basket full of appetizing food? ”. “ They had plenty — hunger is unknown among them.” “ Yes, who would not fight on a full stomach, made reckless by whisky to brace up the cowardly poltroon? ”

This opinion of our foes was not held by all our boys and as the war progressed a high and higher regard for their obstinate courage was entertained. The main trouble with, and the only real defect of the Northern army, was it lacked a Lee. When the two armies were encamped on either side of the Rapidan, the pickets on the river bank often declared a truce which was strictly observed; one day a Yank came over and, chatting with a Johnny Reb,

said: "I'm tired of this war. I've a wife and baby at home and would like to be with them. I don't know what 'we-uns' is fighting 'you-uns' for no-how. Wish you would tell us how to end the war."

"Oh," said "Johnny Reb," "that's easy. Just swap generals, and this war would end in six weeks."

When Johnston was wounded at Seven Pines he was succeeded by even an abler commander. The battlefield of Second Manassas, the skillful maneuvers leading to the Maryland campaign and Chancellorsville, etc., showed the superiority and brilliancy of Lee as a leader.

The whisky captured at Malvern Hill was opened and the boys helped themselves, filling the inner man and in some instances their canteens. Sugar was also issued in rations. Some who did not use whisky exchanged their rations of whisky for sugar. With the sugar they made a delicious syrup which was enjoyed, to the chagrin of those who had whisky and no "lasses." The morning we marched to Richmond was very warm; nay, the sun was hot, the road dusty, water scarce and so wanted those who had whisky in their canteens suffered greatly and would have been glad to exchange it for water.

Many of the men wounded in battle and many sick with the exhausting Chickahominy fever died. We mourned the loss of these men and it seemed to us our best and bravest were taken. In the stirring time of war, and in the hardening process and experiences, men grow callous and do not long dwell on the memory of those who have passed out of sight. In many instances they were fatalists — that every event was predetermined and indeed inevitable. Consequently those who had fallen it was their destiny. To-morrow our turn may come — our candle snuffed. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow

we die." Our chaplain often attended morning roll call that we might begin the day with even a short prayer to Deity, and when other duties did not prevent, and occasion justified, he held regular divine service, which we are pleased to say was generally well attended and enjoyed.

Incidents of the camp, the march and the field were told with zest and the laughter hearty, loud and strong as ever. T. J. Watkins tells the following:

"Generals Lee and Jackson were sitting on the roadside under a widespreading oak, enjoying the shade and a meal of hard tack and molasses. A surgeon rode up who, evidently, was proud of his position and elated with gold braid. He curtly accosted General Lee: 'Old chap. I want this position for my field hospital.' General Lee very courteously replied: 'All right, but until they arrive there is room for us. One of Lee's staff rode up and addressed the 'Old Chap' as General Lee. The doctor, hearing him, was profuse in his apologies. Lee, courteous as always, put him at ease, attributing his rudeness to zeal in the service of the wounded, but added, 'I still think there is room for us.' It is needless to say the doctor located his field hospital elsewhere."

We thoroughly enjoyed the rest and plenty after the famishing and exertions of the preceding week. The man during those days who had found something to eat, ate it — the man who had not been so fortunate went hungry. He simply had to tighten up his belt to suit his rations. The ranks of our company were recruited by a goodly number of conscripts. I quote from the diary: "Conscripts were assigned to our company. One of the greatest mistakes the Confederacy has made was done when the government passed the Conscript law. Because, first, these men were needed at home to make supplies for those

in the field; second, they make poor soldiers. Their hearts are not in it and their wills opposed to the service.”

Grammarians tell us there is no rule without exceptions, and some of these conscripts made most excellent soldiers — good as ever fired a gun. They caught the spirit of the volunteers by contact and environment. But I must in all candor say the large majority of them were better left at home to make bread for those who would fight.

July 4 was the day appointed by McClellan to eat his Christmas dinner in Richmond. He did not, but quite a few of his army did, and they did not dine on turkey.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE Congress of the United States was not dismayed by the defeat of McClellan and his failure to take Richmond, and immediately passed an act empowering President Lincoln to call for 300,000 men and offering bounty that would be attractive inducement to enlist.

Mr. Lincoln called on the governors of the Northern States for their quota. The sentiment of the Northern people ratified the action of Congress. Enlistment was spontaneous; thousands came pouring into Washington from the great rich States of New England and the Middle West, increased by other thousands of Irish, German and other European nations. These men were promptly assigned to regiments, clothed and equipped with the latest improved guns, formed into an army styled "Army of Virginia" and committed to the leadership of Gen. John Pope. General Pope had been at Shiloh, had been successful and won at Blackwater, New Madrid and at Island No. 10 in the West and was deemed the most eligible officer to compete with the sagacious Lee.

All the gallant men of the South sprang to arms at the beginning of the war, believing it would be of short duration, and no more volunteers could be expected unless from the boys growing into budding men. The government of the Confederacy could not rely on this source of increasing the army, knowing well that many of these boys had not waited to become 18 years old, and were already in the ranks. Therefore to meet the enemy's 300,000 addi-

tional men then being marshaled in and around Washington, the Confederacy resorted to conscription. By the Conscription Act Lee's forces were raised to 60,000 men, possibly 65,000. Lee, with 60,000 at Richmond, was facing McClellan with 90,000 at Harrison's Landing. Pope, with 50,000 effective men, was on Virginia soil, approaching Richmond—the objective point of all the armies in the East—by way of Gordonsville and Charlottesville. These towns were important strategic points because of railroad facilities for the Northern and Southern armies. Gordonsville, lying nearest to the section occupied by the Federals under Pope, was a matter of special importance to Lee. Pause for a moment and take a calm survey of the situation and note the desperate condition of the South. McClellan, with 90,000 men, in easy striking distance of Richmond. Burnside, fetched by water from North Carolina, was at Fortress Monroe with 20,000 troops, ready to be forwarded. General King, near Fredericksburg, with 20,000, General Pope, with 50,000 at Manassas Junction and 15,000 in West Virginia, within a day's march to join Pope. Thus you will note that Lee had opposed to his 65,000, 195,000. These 195,000 men were as superior in equipment, in arms and material as they were superior in numbers. Lee saw the bristling bayonets of this mighty host hanging over him like the sword suspended over Damocles. He could not move from Richmond while McClellan was at Richmond's door and some of our political generals, securely bulwarked behind their official desks, called him "slow."

To this criticism listen to the intrepid, the gallant, the heroic Stonewall Jackson, who said: "General Lee is not slow. No one knows the weight upon his heart—his great responsibilities. He is commander-in-chief, and



GEN. THOMAS JONATHAN (STONEWALL) JACKSON

he knows that, if an army is lost, it cannot be replaced. No! there may be some persons whose good opinion of me will make them attach some weight to my views; and if you ever hear that said of General Lee, I beg you you will contradict it in my name. I have known General Lee for five-and-twenty years; he is cautious; he ought to be. But he is not slow. Lee is a phenomenon. He is the only man I would follow blindfold."

Lee — the wise, the shrewd, the sagacious strategist, evolved a plan of action, of finesse, to cause the authorities of Washington to be apprehensive for the safety of that city, withdraw the Army of the Potomac from the environs of Richmond and release him from the necessity of holding his army for its defense. With audacity amounting to recklessness in a smaller man, he boldly and openly detached Jackson, with his and Ewell's divisions, on July 13 from his little army for Gordonsville. Jackson had not yet recovered from his illness, and fever still distressed his iron frame. Rest and fresh mountain breezes soon restored his health and he sprang with alacrity to the task assigned him. A few days afterward Lee further reduced his small army by ordering A. P. Hill to follow and support Jackson. This raised Jackson's army to nearly 24,000 men with which to meet Pope's 50,000. 'Tis said that Jackson always carried three books in his saddle bags, the Bible, a dictionary and "Napoleon's Maxims." The Federals thought and were constrained to believe that Lee had received large reënforcements to his army around Richmond and they verily believed Lee's army far outnumbered McClellan's and by which he had been able to drive McClellan from his entrenchments and hurl his defeated army to his protected base on the James river.

Thus Lee's bold strategy accomplished his purposes and the authorities at Washington recalled the Army of the Potomac to the aid of Pope. In the desperate circumstances of the Confederacy, amid the crushing responsibilities of our great commander-in-chief, upon whose conduct lay the weal and fate of his country, how often must the lines of his favorite hymn have revived and manned him?

“Fear not I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed.
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.”

When Lee knew certainly that McClellan's army was being transferred by water North, he hastened by forced marches to Gordonsville with all his available forces, except D. H. Hill's division. This division, to which the Anson Guards belonged, was sent to face General King, the Federal commander operating in the vicinity of Fredericksburg. As a consequence we were not engaged in the battle of Second Manassas.

Before Lee's arrival Jackson, with his own division, Ewell's and A. P. Hill's had met and defeated Pope at Cedar Run. It is not in our province to dwell upon the Second Manassas. Simply to recall the strokes of Lee's strategic hands as shown in events just passed: viz., to move McClellan, Washington must be threatened; to threaten Washington he must make a show of forces largely in excess of his actual number. This was accomplished by detaching Jackson, Ewell and A. P. Hill to confront Pope. McClellan, greatly to his regret, was ordered to break camp and move his army to the Potomac. Lee arrived at Gordonsville Aug. 15, with Longstreet's

division and other troops, bringing the number of his forces to 50,000 or 55,000 men to meet the great combination of the Federals. With his usual promptness he planned to defeat Pope before he could effect an overwhelming preponderance of numbers. This he successfully did by the dangerous strategy of dividing his army in the face of the enemy and sent Jackson, his great flanking lieutenant, with half of his army — 24,000 men counting Stuart's cavalry — to make a wide detour and take Pope in the rear.

Jackson in the hills (like Marrion — the swamp fox — in the swamps of South Carolina), stealthily led his army, shielded by the woods, thickets and hills, marching along country roads, unfrequented paths, through the woods, through the fields, over wheat stubble, which was so trying on many of his barefoot men, and made fifty-four miles in thirty-six consecutive hours. This is the most wonderful feat in the annals of the world. Jackson's foot cavalry, animated by their confidence and devotion to him was equal to this. A friend dissents from this statement, saying: "In '64 the army marched from Williamsport to Luray, a distance of forty-one miles from 5 A. M. to 10 P. M., seventeen consecutive hours." This was on the Valley Pike, a fine road. Jackson's march was made on poor roads and no roads. Either feat, both feats, are amazingly unique. By his orders the men were to denude themselves of every superfluous article of clothing, take not even a blanket. At night take off their coats — jackets, rather, for they had no coats — lie down on the ground and use the jacket for covering: to carry nothing but a canteen and haversack. Jackson thus surprised Pope, attacked him in the rear and Lee in front — and the second battle of Manassas was over with a loss to the

enemy of 10,000 killed and wounded, 5,000 prisoners, thirty pieces of artillery and 20,000 small arms, material supplies and hospital stores — his brave men driven back reeling across the Potomac. Pope had been reënforced by upward of 30,000 seasoned troops and the victory was marvelous.

In June General Pope had been made commander-in-chief of the Federal armies, superseding The Little Napoleon. He had met a different army and different generals from those in the West, and at his own request was relieved of command, and the disorganized remnants of the Army of Virginia and the Army of the Potomac were given back to George B. McClellan. In great contrast was Pope's assumption of command. He issued an address in which he said boastingly, "My headquarters will be in the saddle."

When a copy of this order was shown General Lee he smiled, but said, "Perhaps his headquarters will be where his hindquarters ought to be."

In General Pope's order of July 14 are these words: "I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies. Dismiss from your minds certain phrases which, I am sorry to find, much in vogue among you. I hear constantly of taking strong positions, and holding them; of lines of retreat, bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas. Let us look before and not behind. Disaster and shame lurk in the rear."

Truly prophetic words, as he soon found out, to his disgrace and shame when "Flanking Jackson" struck him in the rear and Lee the Great in front. "Disaster and shame lurk in the rear." But we must say to his credit that he still kept his "headquarters in the saddle" till he arrived in Washington. The South had again met the

enemy in overwhelming numbers on the historic field of Manassas. By wise, skillful generalship and by the endurance and courage, first, last and all the time of the rank and file, and by the chivalry of the men on the firing line, the South had again won a noted and glorious victory.

Pope ordered his men to retreat. A Federal soldier several days afterward fully accoutred arrived at his home town.

Insistent question —“ How came you here? What you doing here? ”

He replied —“ In the army we are taught to obey orders — I was ordered to retreat — no one ordered me to halt, so continued to retreat and here I am in obedience to orders.”

CHAPTER XXXII

GENERAL LEE pressed upon the heels of the fleeing enemy and ordered Gen. D. H. Hill to unite his forces on the banks of the Potomac, as General King had been recalled to the defense of the city of Washington.

Although not engaged, the glorious victory so recently won at Manassas animated us, and we gladly heard the order to march. With springing step to the throbbing rhythm of the bass drum and the quivering rat-a-tat of the kettle drums we filed away toward the northwest — passing through the fields where the battles of First and Second Manassas were fought. We saw the fearful ravages made by the enemy during their occupation of the triangle formed by the Blue Ridge, the Rappahannock and the Rapid Anne rivers — the latter name is usually contracted into “Rapidan.” This reminds me of the Southern girl who said that she was 18 years old before she learned that “damn Yankee” was two words. This triangle had been in the possession of the Yankee’s several weeks and General Pope, his officers and men, made wanton depredations upon the property of the inhabitants to bring them to want; and these poor people could obtain neither compensation nor protection — a strong contrast to the Southern army in Maryland. Cribs were emptied of grain, barns of hay, smokehouses plundered and stripped, grist mills pillaged and destroyed, the noncombatants — the old men, the women and children — left to famish, the wheat in the fields destroyed, consequently “the earth fails to bring forth her increase,” for the blighting heel of

the Yankee had swept over that section. On the march the sun girded himself with fierce heat and poured it down upon hatless heads — most of the boys had only pieces of head covering — feet were swollen in stiff cowhide shoes or abraded and gashed without shoes.

A credible, reliable old veteran, Sergt. John G. Keelyn, told the writer that he was one of Jackson's foot cavalry and made the 54-mile march in 36 consecutive hours to the rear of Pope's army. In our march the dust was atrocious, stifling; canteens long since empty — no water, wells drained by those in front — we substituted a bullet or piece of lead, which causes saliva, and in some measure allays thirst. For once no talking, no joking, no chaffing, no song. It would not do to open the mouth and breathe the fiendish dust to corrode the throat. Our vocabulary is unequal to picturing the hardship, the endurance, the suffering, of the private soldier — blinded by dust, half fed, half clad, half shod.

We made a long ascent to the top of a hill. We could see the dust rising in clouds in front; behind came a long string of wagons, some loaded with ammunition, some with food for the hungry. Nothing to be had from the natives of the country — they, too, were hungry and famishing. Had they not been inside the Yankee lines for weeks, and everything nourishing been taken by these men who had no lack? They gave us spontaneous welcome. They would have gladly given us had they anything to give. Yea, rather we gave to them of our scant rations. Oh, how welcome the command, "Halt! Front! Face! Stack arms! Break ranks!"

An army camping at night in the woods and fields along the roadside is a pleasing, picturesque sight. Tired men bivouacking. Fires gleaming, here and there lighting

up the darkness. Some preparing the evening meal, some making so-called coffee from parched rye or wheat or potatoes. Some so worn by fatigue they fall exhausted in their tracks — asleep, dead to all temporary affairs, perhaps dreaming of peace, plenty, even luxuries and the lovely girl in the homespun dress.

“Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Camping to-night, camping to-night, camping on the old roadside.”

Often the commissary wagons were delayed and failed to come up; then we ate anything we could get. Roasting ears roasted in ashes are palatable and wholesome and at this season of the year was our principal diet, with apples and cherries, when we could get them. Vegetables, so necessary in preventing scurvy, were not to be had. Sometimes we could obtain from the fields wild onions! Do not think this is exaggeration; it is not, but a lamentable fact. Some of the boys even tried grass as a substitute for “garden truck.” The Yankees were supplied with all these to keep them in health and strength and in good fighting trim. Our poor Southern boys were brave and often fought on empty stomachs, going for days without food other than roasting ears and such fruit as we gathered along the roadside.

A reliable veteran, Sergeant Keelyn, told me he went five days without a morsel of bread passing his lips, living on fruits, parched corn and anything he could get. It is worthy of special notice that these Southern boys did not desert their colors and go over to the Yankees where was plenty and every inducement held out.

We were fighting for a principle and were loyal to our country and bore all hardships and sufferings with cheerful endurance. Say it again and keep on saying it. It's the only pay the poor privates get. We would complain and "cuss"; "cuss" out the commissary and quartermaster's department, but never the Confederate government, because in our hearts we believed "It was all our poor country could do." Then, too, we never attached blame to Marse Robert, as we familiarly termed him in colloquial conversation. "He could do no wrong." He was loved, respected and venerated, almost worshiped by his men; if possible in greater degree than the army of Napoleon loved their great emperor. On the eve of a battle when the men were marshaled in line, the very air tremulous with excitement and danger, and that feeling of uncertainty, want of confidence and desperation has sway; somewhere on the field General Lee is seen; word would be passed down the line, as it were, in electrical flashes, "General Lee is here." All is well, Marse Robert is on the job. Confidence is restored and assurance that victory depends on obedience to orders. "Marse Robert" expects us to do our duty to-day and we will do it for him if its costs life — our own life.

'Tis whispered that we are going into Maryland, carry the war into the enemy's country where there is plenty and to spare. Going to take Washington, lute the treasury. Peace with independence. We'll go home with our pockets full of gold. Our government is so poor its treasury would quake if a dollar were to drop in the till. Yes, the capture of Washington means the end of the war. We'll dictate terms of peace and independence from the Capitol, return to our loved ones — Liberty, Freedom, Independence painted on our battle flags.

CHAPTER XXXIII

ON the 4th, 5th and 6th of September, 1862, General Lee crossed his little army of 50,000 men into Maryland by fording the Potomac river. It was a wide, silvery looking sheet of water, its ripples flashing the sunlight into our eyes. About waist deep and a little cool. Our boys were in good spirits and as they crossed they sang:

‘Thou wilt not cower in the dust, Maryland, my Maryland;
Thy gleaming sword shall never rust, Maryland, my Maryland.’

Oh, what a different country. The untrodden green grass, horses in every lot; large, well kept; cattle fat and sleek; barns full to bursting; farms well tilled and set to grass and clover. They did not fear us, did not expect the Rebels to take, consume and devastate! The children going to school were unmolested. The farmers along the roadside unmolested, stood gazing at the ragged, foot-sore Johnnies clad in anything but uniforms, a motley of color, and fearlessly, without trepidation, they asked to see Generals Lee and Jackson. Did not seem to know or care for other generals. Lee issued orders to be deferential to noncombatants and respect private property.

On the 7th his army was concentrated at Frederick. The invasion of Maryland was a political move rather than a military movement — hoping the Marylanders would flock to his banner and help to drive “the despot’s heel” from off “her shore.” Disappointed! Not one enlisted in the Southern army. They were Union sym-

pathizers to the core. We had some Marylanders in our army, a brigade of gentlemen volunteers — good soldiers, loyal and true to their convictions — commanded by Gen. James T. Bradley, to whom the writer was indebted probably, for his life. As we marched the citizens would stand, look, engage in remarks — “They look hard; clothes in rags.” “Half of them are barefoot; have not even dirty uniforms.” “No uniforms at all.” “But just look at their guns; ain’t they bright and polished, and don’t they glisten in the sun?”

This was a thickly settled farming section of rich alluvial lands. Everything around betokened abundance, peace and happiness. General Lee knew, well knew, that his army of 55,000 men with which he left Richmond, now reduced by casualties of battle and the march to 45,000 effective men, was not in condition to invade Maryland. Hear what he wrote to President Davis: “The army is not properly equipped for an invasion of an enemy’s territory. It lacks much of the material of war, is feeble in transportation, the animals being much reduced and the men are poorly provided with clothes, and in thousands of instances are destitute of shoes.” The morale of his troops could not be better, having perfect confidence in their leaders and in themselves.

Our presence did not stimulate this people to take up arms in defense of States Rights. Lee knew, well knew, that his little army was unequal to the task of capturing Washington without reckoning the 90,000 men under McClellan occupying the country between him and that city. Lee knew that Washington was defended by a cordon of breastworks erected by skillful engineers and behind these fortifications were more men and guns than he had. Lee also knew that he must keep his little army on the offensive.

That, to sit down after Manassas and wait till the United States Government had organized another and larger army of invasion would be ruin. Invasion might arouse the Marylanders and animate them to enlisting with their Southern sister States, possibly might alarm the authorities for the safety of Washington and cause them to draw forces from all sections of the South and relieve it of military occupation; and he could subsist his army in a region of plenty, and that plenty in the enemy's country.

CHAPTER XXXIV

DURING the Seven Days' battles around Richmond Lt.-Col. R. T. Bennett languished with that terrible disease, the Chickahominy fever. He was fortunate in being confined in the hospitable Epps' home, where he was tenderly nursed back to health and strength. On recovering he promptly returned to his regiment and was promoted to the rank of colonel. His regiment greatly rejoiced at his promotion and was glad to have him back again. He was a fine specimen of young, vigorous manhood, with a stentorian but mellifluous voice, which could be heard in command even amidst the battle's roar.

Cordial in demeanor, approachable, "hail-fellow-well-met" with his regiment. He was never provident and trusted to chance for rations — often wandered around his camp when hungry to find and enjoy a meal with his men. This was highly appreciated by his officers and privates. He had a winning address, loved and respected, affable, though stern when occasion demanded.

Capt. J. C. Marshall, his adjutant, was a graduate of Chapel Hill, an all-round good fellow with a host of friends, and was a special friend of Colonel Bennett's. Captain Marshall obtained a leave of absence for twenty-four hours to visit kinsmen and friends in another regiment. He stayed forty-eight hours. While absent General Lee issued an order to the effect that all officers overstaying their furloughs would consider themselves under arrest. Captain Marshall, on his return, saluting Colonel

Bennett affably and familiarly, said, "I am twenty-four hours late."

"Yes," replied Colonel Bennett, with great dignity and hauteur, "General Lee has anticipated you."

"What do you mean?"

"Read that order lying on the table."

Captain Marshall read the order: "All officers remaining absent from duty beyond the limit of their furloughs will consider themselves under arrest."

It was the Fourteenth Regiment's time to go for a week on arduous and dangerous picket duty. Captain Marshall rather rejoiced, for being under arrest, he could perform no service and would not have to go on this trying picket duty. His countenance brightened and smiling a glad smile, said: "Being under arrest I will remain in camp."

"No," said Colonel Bennett, "I shall take you along. Your position will be at the tail end of the regiment, and you, being under arrest, will be an ornament to its tail."

Jackson said, "Lee is not slow. He is cautious, and he ought to be." When he invaded Maryland he was not cautious, but rash; rash to temerity. He had magnified his army in the eyes of his opponents. McClellan believed he had 120,000 seasoned, effective, fighting men. Lee was bold to rashness. He was in Barbara Frietchie's country (this is probably a myth, but Whittier has made her immortal), but Lee detached two-thirds of his little army, gave them to Jackson, with orders to recross the Potomac and capture Harpers Ferry.

Lee veiled his movements with such secrecy that McClellan was completely mystified and could not divine, could not even guess, whether Lee would strike Baltimore, Washington or Harrisburg. Lee's famous Special Orders No. 191, issued Sept. 9, directing the movement against

Harpers Ferry, and the movements of his other divisions fell into McClellan's hands on the morning of the 13th and gave the Federal commander the first accurate information of the location and objects of Lee's movements.

Taking advantage of this knowledge he set his corps in motion with orders to concentrate at Frederick, move across South Mountain at Turners Gap and strike Lee while his forces were divided. Lee divined from McClellan's activity that he had knowledge of his condition and immediately issued orders to take possession of Turners Gap in South Mountain and delay McClellan's movement. Stuart confirmed Lee's opinion of the cause of McClellan's activity and told Lee that Order 191 had been lost by the carelessness of some division adjutant-general, and had fallen into McClellan's hands. D. H. Hill's division and Stuart's cavalry were all the available forces and these he had already ordered to Turners Gap. By Hill's skillful maneuvering, in which our regiment took active part, in marching and countermarching, McClellan was made to believe our forces were largely in excess of the actuality.

The Federal attack was delayed for other troops and on their arrival the attack was made. The battle continued till 10 P. M., at which time the large preponderance of forces enabled the enemy to envelope both flanks, forcing Hill to draw off during the night, leaving his dead on the field. On the 15th Lee was informed that Harpers Ferry had fallen with 12,500 prisoners, 13,000 stands of small arms, with a vast quantity of military stores. Lee then hastened to collect his forces at Sharpsburg. Jackson was recalled. Leaving A. P. Hill with his division to complete the surrender, Jackson hastened to join his commander; after a hard night's march he arrived at Sharpsburg

in the early morning. He stationed his staff and other officers along the road to urge his men forward, which was most effectually done by saying to the men, "Jackson wants you; Jackson wants you." With a cheer at the mention of his name and knowing the urgency, for they could hear the boom of the cannon, they would close up their ranks and press forward. His name and known wishes were sufficient to call forth their enthusiasm and devotion.

The Federal army was posted on the high hills on the north side of Antietam creek, consisting of 90,000 men. Lee, with only 17,000, was at Sharpsburg, a mile to a mile and a half distant, open cultivated fields between. Lee had time to erect breastworks but had no tools and fought in the open. We are strongly inclined to describe in detail this bloodiest battle of the Civil War, but many historians have done so and to them we refer the reader. The compass of this work forbids, but it is our objective purpose, as best we may, to portray in brief the part taken by our company and regiment in this terrific battle.

We had had a hard march the night before and were weary and footsore, in poor condition to meet the enemy, barely rations sufficient to keep soul and body together.

On the morning of the 17th the battle opened by an attack on our left. Jackson, with a portion of his forces, had arrived and taken position on our left. We occupied a position across the Bloody Lane, which was immediately in our front, near the center of Lee's line. From this position we could see the magnificent successive charges made by the enemy on our left wing where Jackson was with his redoubtable braves. Failing to break his lines they turned their attention to Lee's center, near the Roulette house. The second and 12th corps in triple lines, one behind the other, a short distance apart, in

gallant style heroically charged Hill's division and were as gallantly repulsed.

Upon our right Richardson's division of the 12th corps obtained a position from which he could enfilade our position and the slaughter was awful. So great it was ever afterward known as the Bloody Lane and the name has gone down in history.

Heroically we stood our ground, fighting the enemy in our front. On our right was the Sixth Alabama, which was ordered to draw its right wing back. The colonel gave the command, "About face! Forward, march!" That command was fatal. The men fled to the rear, leaving the "Bloody Lane" in the possession of the Federals, who captured about 300. Holding this lane not a man in Company C escaped being wounded and several were killed. Before the enfilade fire we had repulsed every charge made during the day.

General Anderson, our brigade commander, was killed. He was succeeded by Colonel Tew of the Second North Carolina, and he, too, was killed. When he fell we, by order, fell back a short distance to the position we first occupied. In our ardor we had advanced a little in front of our line, and falling back we reestablished an unbroken line.

Among the captured were J. B. Waddill, A. S. Morrison, M. V. Tyson, E. F. Billingsby and B. K. Threadgill. These men were wounded in the Bloody Lane.

W. C. Watkins, of the Anson Guards, on the 15th was handed an honorable discharge. He said to the boys, "Marse Robert needs me and I'll stay to-day." 16th, he said the same and remained. 18th, knowing his beloved commander needed every available man and gun, he fell into ranks, fought with more than ordinary cour-

age till he was killed. Three Federals were attacking one of our boys. Watkins ran to his rescue and two of the foes bit the dust, but he lost his life with an honorable discharge from the service in his pocket. This is a unique instance of bravery and heroism.

The field was stubbornly held and as stubbornly contested. When the battle began in the morning Lee had only 17,000 men, reënforced during the day by 20,000, making all told 37,000 men. McClellan had the same morning 78,000 men and by 11 A. M. 12,000 more, totaling 90,000. On the heights of Antietam creek, overlooking Lee's position at Sharpsburg, were batteries of rifled artillery so superior, our guns were soon put out of commission. McClellan made four or five distinct assaults on our lines which were repulsed, and at nightfall we remained practically on the same ground we occupied in the morning. Had the "Little Napoleon" made at any time during the day a simultaneous assault on our lines he would have completely enveloped and wiped Lee's army off the theater of war.

The night after the battle Lee called a counsel of war of his division commanders. Every one of them advised a retreat across the Potomac. He declined to retreat and his army remained all the next day in line awaiting attack. The enemy had been so roughly repulsed they did not again advance, justifying Lee's opinion. With his soldiers rested, on the night of the 18th, for want of food and ammunition, he retired across the Potomac without the loss of a gun. Thus ended the Maryland Campaign.

CHAPTER XXXV

COLONEL BENNETT of the Fourteenth Regiment, succeeded Colonel Tew in command of the brigade. When the fatal mistake of the Sixth Alabama was made our line was thrown into confusion and most of the brigade retired and fled. Colonel Bennett at this critical moment rallied two or three hundred men and with their aid we held the right center of Lee's line against the jubilant Federals until a new line could be formed. General Hill in his report says: "Colonel Bennett, who had conducted himself most nobly throughout, won my especial admiration for the heroism he exhibited at the moment of receiving what he supposed to be a mortal wound."

In this battle our regiment lost 278 men in killed, wounded and missing out of a total of 523, which was over 50 per cent. In this engagement George Badger Little was killed while bravely bearing the flag of the regiment. The flag typified prestige, honor, victory — all that good soldiers hold most dear. His courage could not be excelled. In compliment he was nicknamed "Judge," because he was prudent, discriminating, impartial and judicious. He was a Christian peacemaker.

Thomas B. Crump was wounded, his arm shattered above the elbow, necessitating amputation. He recuperated and started home on a well-merited discharge. He was always in good spirits, humorous and the life of the company, especially when it was dead tired with fatigue. He was a genuine light-wood knot, tough and hard, no service too

severe for his iron frame or could depress his animal spirits. The journey home irritated the unhealed arm, and as the last resort his arm was again taken off close to the shoulderblade. He grew daily worse and his physicians told him there was no hope and his death imminent. Humorous in grim death, he said: "I don't want to die 'hongry.' Give me something to eat." He ate heartily a good, square meal and convalesced rapidly. Moved to Texas, married and lived to raise a family of five children.

E. D. Gaddy, another good soldier who never shirked a duty or a battle, was wounded in the leg — amputated — maimed for life. He was and is a high-toned Christian gentleman, respected and appreciated by his neighbors. The Lord has blessed him in basket and store.

At roll call so few responded it was thought the Anson Guards had ceased to be known as a company.

" Sing o'er in song and story,
The deeds of gallant braves;
Who peacefully now are sleeping,
In Hero graves.
Past is the din of battle,
And thro' the hill and plain;
Where fell in countless numbers
Hosts of the slain."

D. H. Hill's division spent the month of October in that beautiful section of the Shenandoah valley on the banks of the Opequan creek — resting and recuperating after the strenuous Maryland campaign. The days were bright, refreshing and invigorating. Only necessary camp duties. The boys, exhausted by the forced marches, who had been compelled to fall by the wayside, came in to swell our company. It was no fault of theirs they did not go

with us into Maryland. One-fifth of Lee's army were bare-footed, one-half in rags and the whole of them half famished. The marvel of it is that any of us were able.

Rations and the bracing breezes from the mountains brought back our health and with it our spirits. The old-time happy "come day, go day" sensation of rest, care-free sentiment, joined with the consciousness of having invaded the enemy's country — with only 37,000 men successfully resisted all day long the repeated assaults of their army of 87,164 men and slept on the ground on which the battle was fought. Offered battle all the next day, which was not accepted, and made good our retreat across the Potomac. All this came to us with full force and effect. Animated by these thoughts the boys engaged in fun and frolic as formerly. 'Tis true we missed with regret and grief the faces of those who had touched elbows with us and had gone into restful shades forever. They were gone, indeed forever. We could not, like Elisha, stretch our bodies over them and reanimate them.

The face of nature made gloriously beautiful by the tinting of the autumn sun, turning the leaves of the forest into yellow, red and gold, inspired us with deep sympathy for our fallen comrades. But as we recuperated our strength and our pulses bounded with health and joy we readily turned to the practical joke, the bon mots and witticisms which did much to keep up the morale of the army. It was good to hear the chaffing, the good-natured raillery and the cheery, hearty laugh. "Come out o' them boots," "Come out o' that hat; know you air thar; see your feet sticking out." "Whar you gwine?" "Hain't gwine nowhar; I's done been whar I's gwine," all of which brought forth the "risable of the inards," as one fellow expressed it, which yielded another peal of laugh-

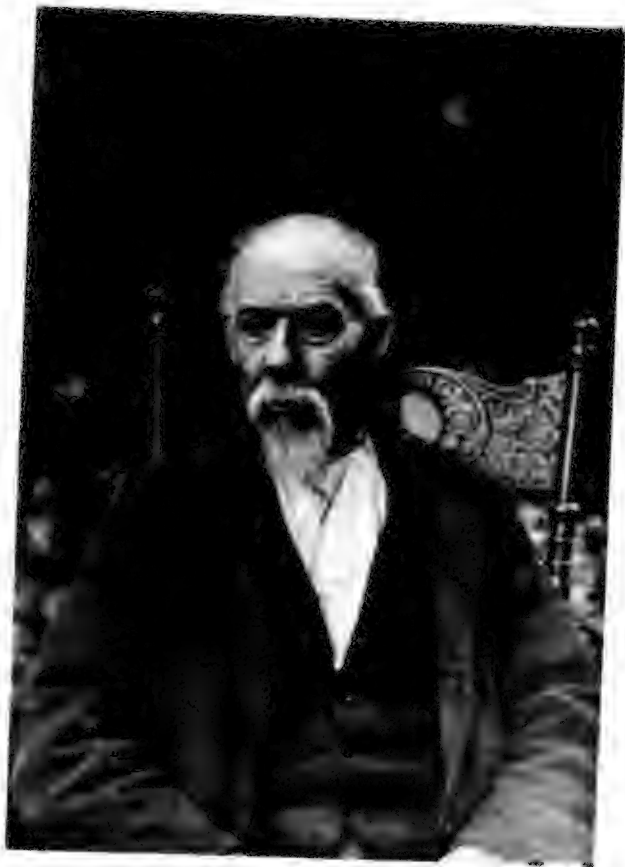
ter. The company was divided up into messes of five or more men for the convenience of drawing rations, etc. These messes were composed of boys of their own selection of affinity, friendship and preference. They took turns in duties alternate weeks. One would draw the commissary apportionment, one would gather up the wood, one would bring water and make fires, another would cook, etc., then a change would be made.

Boxes from home were always welcome and the good things to eat, placed therein by loving hands, were shared with the mess in common, and often by others, when we were able to make a great "lay-out." E. F. Fenton writes: "The only exception known in our company was one, Kiah C——. He received a box and concealed it. After taps and all were quietly sleeping, he made preparations for a solitary feast. James Smart and the writer were 'spooning' beautifully and sleeping the sleep of the just. Wakened by the noise made by breaking a stick of wood, Kiah was seen mending up the fire beneath a pot of cooking backbones and turnips. A savory aroma came to the nostrils of a hungry Reb. The odor from the boiling pot was appetizing. I roused Jim. He got a sniff and knew what was going on.

"'Jim, why in the devil don't you lie still? If you can't sleep get up and let me sleep.'

"Jim got up, went to the fire and proceeded to get busy. Kiah informed him there was but little in the pot — enough for one — not enough for two, and 'I don't want your help.'

"As Jim could not share the only thing was to make it unfit for this cur. Jim left the fire and took a seat. After a while he rose with a lump of lye soap in his hand, stood around the fire and unseen dropped it in the pot



JAMES A. SMART
Corporal Company "C" 14th Reg. N. C. V.

and retired to his pallet. We watched the dénouement. Soon the pot began to foam and boil over. Kiah stirred and stirred vigorously. All in vain. He set it off and prepared to eat. The first mouthful was sufficient, and the last. He recognized the trick and knew the hand that had ruined his feast, but did not dare do or say anything. He emptied the pot and slunk away to his pallet. Next morning Jim picked up the backbones, washed them and our mess relished the stew for breakfast and 'were filled.' It leaked out and Kiah C—— became a pariah. He was a most excellent soldier and soon restored to favor. The lesson was severe but lasting."

Dancing was a favorite pastime with our company. The cotillion and old Virginia reel were particularly liked. A handkerchief, if you had one, or a rag, of which there was no lack, tied around the left arm denoted the lady. We would trip the light fantastic toe on the greensward with as much zest as at home in the dance hall with the girls, but not with the same pleasure, affection and love, defined by one of the boys as "an inward impressibility and an outward all-over-ishness."

The cotillion was followed by the Highland fling, the fishers' hornpipe and other clog dances. E. F. Fenton would dexterously cut the pigeon wing, taking many quaint and curious steps in execution thereof. The dance usually programmed for the close was Chicken in the Breadtray. It is a favorite negro dance. By the movement of the feet, hands and head representation is made of a chicken picking the remnants of dough from a breadtray. The execution by our boys, like all imitations, was inferior to the darkies, who are expert dancers, but we looked on and engaged in the sport with great zest and enjoyment.

Taps, roll call, lights out and bed, such as we had. Oh!

those days. They bring to mind the joys and the sorrows. The lads known to song and story. The lads who fill far-away graves. The lads who had the courage of the firing line. The lads who made the fame of Lee and Flanking "Stonewall" Jackson.

The army was fed fairly well, the commissariat reorganized, clothes were apportioned, shoes for the barefoot, the old ones cobbled up, all that could be were patched and made to do. Our old clothes were patched, washed and cleaned by ourselves. Washing was a daily occupation. Some 20,000 men unable to follow the army into Maryland now came to us on the Opequan. Again the drilling and exercises of military tactics filled the day, preparatory to meeting the new and stronger army McClellan was gathering to again invade Virginia. Men who were too old last year and boys who were too young came to us as recruits. The government had changed the age limit at both ends. Oh, but we were glad to see our ranks filling up, for we knew the paucity of our numbers. The morale of the army was never better. Food and rest were restoring our strength. Confidence in Marse Robert and General Jackson grew apace. "Marse Robert and old Jack kin do anything." "No, the' cain't." "Yes, the' can." "The' can whip McClellan with all his men and guns and horses and a'til'ry." "We have done it and we sho' can do hit again." Then he broke out in song:

"When I was young I used to wait
At massa's table, 'n' hand de plate,
An' pass de bottle when he was dry,
An' brush away de blue-tailed fly.

Ol' massa's dead; oh, let him rest!
Dey say all things am for de best;
But I can't forget until I die
Ol' massa an' de blue-tailed fly."

CHAPTER XXXVI

WHILE the men were in camp resting, recuperating, care-free, the chaplains of the army, by conference, determined to do their whole duty. Services in the day when convenient and every night in the temple made without hands, earth and sky resounded with praise of song and prayer and exhortation. The men would gather around the improvised pulpit made of a box, the chaplain, with a torch — we had no candles — read from the Book of Books words of life, and hymns, sacred and hallowed, rose from a thousand throats — a sound like low thunder rising and swelling would lift the mind from earth and earthly things to the contemplation of the divine. Then our chaplain drove home to hearts attuned the divine message to the salvation of souls. A great revival of religion like a wave passed through the whole army and many souls were made happy in newness of life.

All this was soon to end, for McClellan, with largely increased forces, crossed the Potomac Oct. 26 to Nov. 2, and directed his march to Warrenton and Manassas.

On the 7th President Lincoln removed him, to the joy of the Confederacy, and on the 9th Gen. Ambrose Everett Burnside assumed the command of the Army of the Potomac. His plan was to make his base of supplies at Aquia creek — to move his army rapidly and secretly to Fredericksburg, cross the Rappahannock and march on Richmond before Lee could intercept him. It was well conceived but he reckoned with and without his host when pitted against the wary Lee.

Burnside's movement was not a surprise to Lee. He anticipated it, strengthened his forces at Fredericksburg and ordered the destruction of the railroad from that city to Aquia creek. By the 17th Burnside had 320 guns and 122,000 effective men at Fredericksburg, not counting his reserve corps of 20,000 under Sigel. In addition to these troops the enemy had within easy reach 5,000 men under General Morel, 12,000 along the Potomac and "46,000 under Heintzelman within the defenses of Washington, enough to have held the city indefinitely against Lee's whole army" (see "American Campaigns"), totaling 215,000 men.

Burnside posted his men on Stafford Heights, overlooking Maryes Heights, with his rifled artillery and big guns commanding the city and position of Lee's army on the right side of the river.

The city of Fredericksburg lay on the river bank in front of Maryes Heights. A wide ditch about 400 yards in front of the heights protected the city from the waste water. Our division, under D. H. Hill, was sent to Port Royal to prevent the enemy crossing the river at that point. General Hill succeeded in driving off the gunboats in the river and prevented Burnside flanking the right wing of Lee's army.

On the morning of the 11th of November, under cover of a dense fog, Burnside threw across the river two pontoon bridges. Attempting to place other pontoon bridges across, Barksdale's Mississippi brigade posted near the river, met the effort with such a deadly fire the bridge builders were driven off. The bullets of the Mississippians posted behind trees on the river banks like stinging hornets so enraged Burnside that he ordered the artillery and big guns

to shell the city, not Lee's army. Each gun fired fifty rounds, hurling hundreds of tons of iron upon the city and its inhabitants without notice or warning. They drove off Barksdale and projected three more pontoon bridges across. Over these bridges on the 11th and 12th the enemy in great force crossed to the southwest side of the river.

General Lee, admonished by Burnside's movements on the 10th, recalled our division. By marching all night we reached Fredericksburg in the early morning of the 13th and were placed in reserve as a supporting line to Jackson's corps on the right flank of the army. For the first time the Confederates fought behind breastworks. Alan, a Northern historian, says: "The Confederate line was strengthened by a few slight breastworks at some points but was nowhere strongly fortified."

These works proved a great protection if they were only "slight" and "at points" only. The result proves that if at Richmond the gray and the blue could have exchanged positions the Federals would not have driven us out of those works.

It was a grand sight, an epic sublime and vast, to see 80,000 to 100,000 men in glorious panoply of actual war, with the sunlight flashing from polished swords, guns and bayonets; glittering steel moving here and there to get in proper position to make a grand simultaneous assault on the Confederate lines. General Lee is quoted as saying, "It is well that war is so terrible. Were it not so we should grow too fond of it." Burnside, ensconced at headquarters in the Slaughter mansion on Stafford Heights, when his army was in proper position, set the ball in motion by issuing the order. The brave men in blue gallantly advanced to be repulsed with great loss. Six times

did these brave men make a chivalrous dash at our lines, and met death in triple heaps, to be driven back by the murderous fire of the boys in gray. They refused to make another assault.

The Fourteenth North Carolina Regiment lost four killed and twenty-one wounded by shells from the Federal batteries while we lay in reserve. At night we were moved to the front, expecting Burnside to renew the fight. This he was fully determined on doing but his corps commanders dissuaded him from sending his men into the "artillery hell and infantry inferno." All day they remained in line. That night Burnside withdrew his army across the river amid a fearful storm of wind and rain, the roar of which prevented us from hearing the noise they made retreating. The enemy lost in killed, wounded and missing, 12,653, and the Confederate loss was 5,315. For forty-eight hours the poor Union soldiers lay on the frozen field exposed to the bitter cold. The dead November grass twelve to twenty-four inches high took fire, ignited by their guns and swept over them, burning many of them to death amid agonizing screams that were heartrending. Burnside sent a flag of truce, asking of Lee permission to collect and bury his dead. The truce was on and trading began over the dead, swapping knives, coffee, tobacco and what not. This shows the heartlessness of the Yankees. Thus passed one of the great battles of the war.

The snow lay on the ground like a white sheet and the weather was freezing cold. The really first cold wave, which always pinches so dreadfully. Many old and feeble men, and many more women and children remained in the city after the Confederate authorities warned them of the impending fight. They had nowhere to go. Homes in the city were occupied by the sick and the good women

and girls were nursing and caring for them. Some were ill and could not go. The guns on Stafford Heights began to rain shot and shell upon the town. Lee issued imperative warnings but they were not needed; the exploding shells of the enemy's guns and solid shot crashing through the houses was a hellish warning to go at once. Go where? God only knows, but go you must! Men, women and children went out — destroyed homes behind, desolation and freezing winter before them. This bombardment was unfeeling, heartless, cruel, devilish. The men gave their only blanket and shared the contents of haversacks. We cannot tell the sufferings these people endured — the curtain never rises on scenes of this affecting character.

CHAPTER XXXVII

AFTER this great battle we went into winter quarters near Fredericksburg. In January Burnside made another attempt to cross the river some miles above, but the weather was unpropitious and he settled down for the winter. Picket duty on the river bank occupied the troops on both sides. The men in blue sentinelled one side, the men in gray ranged the other. It is difficult to understand the sentiments and feelings of the opposing rank and file of the armies. How they could fight, maim and kill, one the other, with most bitter hatred, and the day following be social and friendly. It can be accounted for only by the absence of individual hatred. Even in the hottest contested battle the moment surrender was made, that moment all feeling of hostility disappeared; aid was given the needy, the fallen raised, the wounds bound up. Even at the risk of life, we have known Confederates to carry water to the wounded Yank, jeopardizing life to relieve their enemy's suffering. Surgeons on either side gave attention to the sick and wounded without discriminating between friend and foe. This being so, a truce was speedily declared by Billy Yank and Johnny Reb on the picket line, friendly intercourse prevailed, trading in coffee, tobacco, sugar, etc., and even exchanging of newspapers were of daily occurrence. "The brave always respect the brave."

We received our monthly wage in new crisp Confederate promises to pay, and it was but a promise. In good faith we received it, knowing it was all the government could

do. The pay of the private was \$11 per month. At this date the depreciation was so great the \$11 was a mere pittance. Coffee, if to be had at all, brought any price exacted; tea, \$20 per pound; corn, \$15 per barrel; bacon, \$2 per pound; sugar, \$50 per loaf of ten pounds; chickens, \$10 each; turkeys, \$50. It would practically take our month's wage to buy one chicken. When our crackers were molded, our meat tainted and food skimpy we were justified in foraging.

Our foraging was done principally for our mess by a faithful servant of one of the mess. These darkey cooks could, at will, pass the lines and pickets without countersigns. A simple pass from the owner identified him as one of the faithful. He was so loyal to his master and his master's cause one rarely deserted to the Yankees, though every opportunity was given and inducement offered. As a rule they were always loyal and ready to the hand till the battle was imminent. By intuition they could scent the conflict from afar.

Recently the writer had a conversation with Thomas Richardson, one of these faithful old-time darkey cooks, who went to the war with his young master. True as bright damaskeening steel, silver and gold then, and today respected, honored and trusted — an aristocrat of the aristocrats — may his fame coequal his deserts. He said: "I was fearful to go while the fight was on. Them cannons smoked and barked too much for me. When the battle 'ceas-ed' I always went in to look for Marse John and our mess. When in Pennsylvania," he continued, "in the evening like, me and Pete Earnhart went out foraging. Soon we came to a house and hailed. No one answered. We went up to de house. De door stood about half open. We looked in and saw no one, so went in. The table was

set with a white cloth over it. We raised the cloth. It was loaded with some'ng to eat. We filled our haversacks with a fine ham and bread and our canteens with all the milk we wanted. Then eat ourselves and left for our camp. We suttently had a good time at that table." "Me and Ran, Captain Frank Bennett's boy, ran together, slept together and foraged together for our mess. Some days he'd go by hisse'f, 'n' sometime I'd go. But we's bofe fear'd o' dem guns." He smiled a thoughtful smile as he closed, and looking around, continued: "But, Major, didn't we have a good time las' September, when you white folks gin us dat good dinner down to Wadesbor', 'n' couldn't dem niggers sing 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot'? De old-time slaves sut'nly do pre'shate dat dinner and we'll nev'r forgit you."

Captain Bennett, writing of Ran: "He was one of the best servants I saw during the war. He stayed with me to the last and had every opportunity to get away. I told him he would have his freedom if he went to the Yankees. He replied 'It would not do me any good without you.' He was perfectly honest with me in every respect while in the war. He talked sensibly about freedom. Said he: 'I have all I want; good cloe's, plenty to eat, and if I git sick you takes care ob me. What I want to be free fer, and stay up here with dese Yanks? Dey wouldn't tek care ob me ef I was sick.'"

The winter proved to be, to those of us who lived in a milder clime, very cold and inclement and our boys suffered much. We were by no means so well prepared as at Fort Bee on the James river, where we spent the winter of 1861. A place of blessed memory, of comfort, even luxury. We could but contrast our present quarters with Fort Bee, "when we sat by the flesh pots, when we did

eat bread to the full." But as the joy of it grows upon us we lose sight of ourselves and our present condition. Yet as we purpose writing the history of the Anson Guards, it is right that we should portray in brief the condition of the high privates in winter quarters. The government could not furnish tents. Those we had captured from the Yankees were given to the officers first and the remaining few to the rank and file. The Yankees were well supplied with large tents and also with duck canvas about five feet square, with buttons and buttonholes or other fastenings which, when joined, would make a good tent. Many of these duck squares were now the possession of our boys and afforded them reasonably good coverings from the inclement elements. Some had no duck squares and they rigged up first a fly by using two blankets and closing the ends with any old thing they could get. We heard the "honk" of the wild geese in November as they passed in their flight, seeking a warmer clime, presaging the coming of cold weather; and now in January they have all passed and winter bares her icy sword and brings to mind those other rebels at Valley Forge in 1778, suffering for lack of proper food and clothes. They bore their hardships, as we were bearing ours, with patience and equanimity. They were fighting for freedom from British exactions — we were fighting for freedom from Northern invasion, hated military despotism and States Rights. In the main our health was fairly good. Our improvised quarters were so open we had the privilege of breathing God's pure, invigorating air. Now comes a box from home bringing good warm Jeans pants and jackets. The cotton warp and wool filling, spun, woven, cut and made by our dear mothers and sisters. Better, more lasting, warmer stuff was

never made, and oh, how gladly received. Here, too, is a box of home-knit socks, not for me alone were they, but for the other needy. Not a week since a lady told me her daily vocation, when a girl, was to knit a sock a day for the soldiers. Now we could discard our tattered garments and deck ourselves with "the fruit of the loom"; the labor and toil of the dear women of the South whose love and prayers accompanied every throw of the shuttle and every beat of the batten. Without their aid the Confederate army could not have been sustained in the field.

With brave hearts they bade us good-bye,
With never a quiver of the love-filled eye,
To hastily seek sweet privacy and cry
The tears their heroes must not descry.

They denied themselves comforts for our sakes and concealed their lack and sufferings. They were so brave in their tenderness.

At the instance of our loved and honored chaplain, saint and sinner joined in the work of constructing a chapel of logs and covering it with clapboards, to be used for the worship of the God of Battles. "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Rock of Ages," "Savior, Breathe an Evening Blessing," and many, many other beautiful hymns were sung with great joy and heartiness — a blessed feeling of peace and love stole o'er our spirits in solemn worship of our Great Commander. It was good to see these bronzed boys bow their heads in reverence, their cold, pinched faces bathed in tears and trembling with emotion under the influence of some touching appeal or beautiful sentiment of divine love falling from the consecrated lips of our loved chaplain, W. C. Power.

We encamped in the woods, thick with small pine and

oak. Day by day the trees were felled and used for necessary fires. Day by day we had to bear the logs and limbs for fires from a greater distance. Finally the distance became so great we were driven to the use of stumps dug out of the frozen ground. Carrying wood on the shoulder for a long distance and digging up stumps were hardships — piling Ossa upon Pelion as the giants did in their war with the gods.

Old Boreas driving fiercely, rain, snow, sleet and hail, with winter's icy winds, did not lessen our devotion or dampen our zeal, though one poor fellow in desperation did exclaim: "Liberty! Liberty! Oh, liberty, but at a cheaper price."

The arctic winter is in full blast,
The driving snow falls thick and fast;
The sheen of the sun on the white snow
Sent thrills of aching down to the toe.

Books, passed from hand to hand, were devoured with avidity. Chess, backgammon, checkers, games of chance with cards and dice, beguiled the inclement days and long nights. Roundtown, bullpen, leap-frog and other sports occupied the day. Snowballing begun in play and frolic was joined by others till whole companies, regiments and brigades, properly officered would become engaged in regular pitched battles.

Oh, it was grand fun, and the theme of many exaggerated deeds of prowess and derring do. Pranks and jokes were in order.

The welkin would ring with the joyous song:

"So let the wide world wag as it will,
We'll be gay and happy still."

Gloomy, somber men don't sing.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

GENERAL BURNSIDE, by an order, dismissed Hooker, one of his corps commanders, and three other generals, and relieved from command General Franklin, another corps commander, and four other generals. As this order transcended his power he carried it to Washington for the president's approval or to accept his resignation. President Lincoln promptly appointed Joseph Hooker in Burnside's place. He was known in the army as "Fighting Joe." Thus the sifting of Federal generals went tragically on, hoping to find one that could rival the great Lee. The all-powerful North, with the world to draw from, had during the winter again gathered a large army, in fact the largest, best organized and equipped army that had ever been assembled on the continent. Hooker spoke of it as "the finest army on the planet." Under his immediate command were 122,000 infantry and artillery, with over 400 cannon and 12,000 well-mounted cavalry.* Col. A. S. Pendleton, Lee's chief of staff, fixes Lee's forces, all told, at not exceeding 35,000, and the disinterested Englishman, Henderson, puts it at 30,000, "poorly equipped, wretchedly clad and living upon short rations."

Hooker, warned by Burnside's failure, did not attempt to force Lee from his position at Fredericksburg. He determined to go up, cross the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers, turn Lee's left flank and cut his communications with Richmond and the South. To confuse Lee he made

* See American Campaign.

feints of crossing the river below and above and under cover of these feints, leaving two corps he, with the main body of his army, sought to carry out his plan above outlined. Lee was a great general and a master in strategy. By a rapid march to the Wilderness he checked Hooker's advance, but found himself with 30,000 men between Sedgwick with 60,000, consisting of First and Sixth corps with Third corps in reserve * and Hooker with 60,000 (Henderson says 58,000), † either army far superior to Lee's forces, and according to all precedents Lee should have been defeated and his army destroyed.

Dividing an army in the face of a foe is exceedingly dangerous. Dividing a small force in the face of double and treble numbers was not only dangerous, it was desperate. But desperate circumstances require desperate chances, and sometimes such a course proves the salvation of the army in peril. Lee divided his little army and gave to Flanking Stonewall Jackson 22,000 men to make a wide detour and take Hooker in the flank and rear, while he held the front with only 11,000 to 13,000 men. Jackson's movement was observed by the enemy and Hooker thought Lee was retreating. General Lee supposedly outlined his plan to his flanking lieutenant:

“I will make disposition of the 12,000 left with me. I propose a certain display of artillery and line of battle to deceive — and to deceive greatly as to its strength. If necessary we will skirmish hotly throughout the day. I will create the impression that we are about to assault. It is imperative that they do not come between us and cut our army in two.”

As they parted these two congenial war gods saluted

* American Campaign.

† Henderson's Stonewall Jackson.

and then clasped hands. "God be with you, General Jackson."

"And with you, General Lee."

All day General Lee played a skillful, masterly game of war and kept Hooker's eyes from his real danger.

Instead of retreating General Jackson, Lee's great flanking lieutenant, marched around the right flank of the Federal host under General Howard. First appeared a few skirmishers, then a volley of musketry.

The Rebel yell—"Ya-ah! Ya-a-ah!! Ya-a-a-ah!!!" sent a thrill of terror into the surprised ranks of General Howard and paralyzed them. The division immediately in our front was cut to pieces and swept off like a tidal wave sweeps the coast. Men, horses, wagons, ambulances rolled up, one on the other in a confused jumble. Oh, for an hour or two to annihilate them. Darkness forced Jackson to halt and stop the carnage.

General Jackson, with his staff, was riding through the woods in the darkness, making observations preparatory to a night attack, having himself given orders to his men to fire upon anyone approaching from the front. Without knowing it he had ridden in front of, and was approaching, Lane's North Carolina brigade. They opened fire. Jackson was wounded in three places. Twice in his left arm, severing an artery, and one ball pierced his right hand. The volley which wounded Jackson aroused the enemy and they returned the fire. General Jackson was hastily assisted by his companions off his horse and borne into the thick woods, out of the direct range of the enemy's fire. A stretcher was soon obtained on which he was carried off the field. Private John A. Lisk of an adjoining county, assisted in bearing him from the field. The night before Jackson slept on the ground with his staff about

him. During the night he took his coat and spread it over a boy — one of his staff. The result of this act of thoughtful kindness was a deep cold which developed into pneumonia. The wound and pneumonia combined ended his earthly career on May 9, 1863. He thus passed off the stage of war in the fullness of glory and victory.

General Lee was near Dowdall's tavern when he was informed of Jackson's having been wounded. He fully appreciated the loss to the army of his trusted "Flanker" and immediately indited these words which are a high tribute to his flanking lieutenant.

General: I cannot express my regret. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to be disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy."

Sunday, May 10, one of his staff said to General Jackson: "I have a message from General Lee."

"Yes, yes. Give it."

"He sends you his love. He says that you must recover; that you have lost your left arm, but that he would lose his right arm. He says: 'Tell you that I prayed for you last night as I have never prayed for myself.' He repeats what he said in his note, that for the good of Virginia and the South he could wish he were lying here in your place."

Now here is Jackson's estimate of General Lee.

The soldier on the bed smiled in sweet recognition of the message of his commander, shook his head and said: "Better ten Jacksons should be here than one Lee."

No prouder tribute was ever paid by a commander-in-chief to a subordinate and no juster estimation ever given

by a great general to his commander. Both were deeply rooted in the firm belief of an overruling Providence guiding their footsteps amid the dangers of war and immense responsibilities laid upon their shoulders. A trustful, sincere, childlike faith in God and His providence permeated these great men, worthy of all honor and imitation. We know they have crossed over the river to "rest under the shade" of the Tree of Life.

CHAPTER XXXIX

SAMSON said, "I will go out as at other times and shake myself." But he had been shorn of his strength. Not so with the North. With the rallying cry of "The Union and Old Glory," with unlimited means, the North recruited army after army, each seemingly greater than its predecessor. They would not stay whipped. After every defeat they returned with more determination and with greater numbers. Besides the preponderance in numbers they were greatly assisted by the use of balloons. Mounting high up in the air they could locate their own forces and direct their movements; overlook our position, estimate our numbers, observe our movements, communicate this information to the commanding general, enabling him to train his long-range rifled guns upon us and so dispose of his troops as to meet Lee's combinations. One of the causes of failure to destroy McClellan's army before Richmond Lee attributed to the impossibility of getting information of McClellan's movements in the swamps of the Chickahominy, which balloons would have given him. We had no balloons and the enemy had great advantage of us in this respect as well as in all other ways.

Our diary says: May 1st, were roused from sleep and marched in the direction of Chancellorsville. Our brigade in the lead, under Brig.-Gen. R. E. Rodes, whom we made a major-general on the field of Chancellorsville by the heroic conduct of our boys. Then the gallant Stephen D.

Ramseur became our brigade commander. Gen. R. E. Rodes was our division commander, Jackson's corps.

The march around Hooker's rear was a very trying one but we were amply repaid by surprising Howard's corps, crushing it and capturing several thousand prisoners. Those who escaped never stopped running till they crossed the river. Had we made an earlier start that morning and struck Howard even one hour earlier our victory would have been complete. Darkness intervened. Night gave Hooker opportunity to bring up more forces and re-adjust his lines. Jackson was wounded and Jeb Stuart placed in command of Jackson's corps. Events succeed each other rapidly on a battlefield.

The Yankees consumed the night in throwing up breastworks, felling trees and making abatis in front of these breastworks—the woods rang with the swing of the ax. The wilderness was almost impregnable by reason of the thick growth of small trees. The enemy believed in fighting under cover if they were the assailants, and made a double line of breastworks and abatis in our front. General Ramseur, supported by Pegram's artillery, then advanced and found Lane's men and the old Stonewall brigade lying in the works from which they had driven the Yankees. We charged over these men and made a dash for the second line of breastworks, which we carried in gallant style, killing and wounding the greater part of two lines, as they were in double lines of defense.

Our supply of ammunition became exhausted, then we used ammunition taken from the enemy on the field. The Fourteenth North Carolina Regiment, under Colonel Bennett, initiated the charge, by ordering us to fix bayonets. We captured many prisoners and reunited Lee's forces. Henry Napier was shot in both hands.

Jim L. Smith marched to this battlefield barefooted. He said to T. J. Watkins that he would get himself shoes from the first dead Yankee he saw. Here was his opportunity. The Yankee was lying on his back. Smith attempted to pull off his boots—a good pair. The Yankee opened his eyes and said, “Wait a minute, friend, and you can have them; I will not need them more.”

Jim dropped the Yankee’s foot and said, “I will go barefooted the rest of my life rather than wake another dead Yankee.” A few days later he received a pair from home.

Our regiment was commended for its courageous charge and capture of the enemy’s breastworks, witnessed by Generals Ramseur, Rodes and Stuart and congratulated by them. Colonel Bennett, in this charge, saw that the brigade was exposed to the cross-fire of the enemy. He halted his regiment, faced to the right, and drove the enemy away. General Ramseur in his report, says: “If Colonel Bennett had not stopped as he did the enemy would easily have turned my right. I cannot close without mentioning the conspicuous gallantry and great efficiency of my regimental commander. Colonel Bennett was conspicuous for his coolness under the hottest fire.”

General Rodes in his report, says: “It is impossible for me to mention all the officers who were distinguished by their meritorious conduct in this battle. It is my duty to call attention to the gallantry and efficiency in action of Col. R. T. Bennett of the Fourteenth North Carolina Regiment.”

And yet Colonel Bennett failed to be promoted!

Several men in the Anson Guards were killed in this engagement. Among them were F. A. Buchanan, Starling

Smith and Martin McCay. T. J. Watkins had the tip of his finger shot off, taking a part of the finger nail. The wound was very painful. "Indeed," he says, "I suffered more pain with this trifling scratch than I did when I had my front teeth shot out, and later with my shoulder broken."

A medal was awarded to Company C, Fourteenth Regiment North Carolina Volunteers by the Congress of the Confederate States. This medal, by vote of the boys, was conferred upon Henry B. Sanders for conspicuous bravery. There was no caste in the matter. Birth and position did not weigh. Henry was a poor boy, of humble parentage, with no "niggers" to fight for. The Yankees had taught the world that this war was waged by the South to retain the negro in slavery. A greater error could not well be imagined and sent broadcast over the world, and even to this date it is being taught in the schools of our own Southland. The little girl climbing the old man's knees threw her arms around his neck, after coming from school imbued with this false doctrine, and said: "I don't care, Grandpapa, if you did fight for your niggers, I love you." Only one volunteer in ninety-six, says Maj. J. M. Wall, owned a negro. The freedom of the negro was a momentous issue, but was not considered when our boys sprang to arms in defense of our rights and to stem the tide of invasion of our dear Southland.

Hooker ordered Sedgwick to drive Early from Fredericksburg and move on to Chancellorsville. In this order he stated, "We know that the enemy is fleeing, trying to save his trains." Sedgwick, with 58,000 men, promptly advanced and he made five assaults against Early's line, although it scarcely averaged a man to five feet of parapet. Every assault was repulsed with great

loss to the assailants. Sedgwick removed his wounded under a flag of truce and while doing so discovered the small number of the defenders. Taking advantage of this information he made another desperate charge all along Early's line and drove him out. By Sedgwick's victory the road to Chancellorsville was now open to join Hooker and take Lee in the rear. Just as Lee had collected his troops to complete his victory at Chancellorsville over Hooker the tidings of Early's disaster were brought him. Leaving Jackson's old corps in front of Hooker he turned upon Sedgwick. At 6 P. M. he made an assault upon Sedgwick, drove him back on Bank's Ford, but darkness fell before he could be cut off from the ford by the Confederates. Under the cover of night he sought safety by crossing the Rappahannock river, with a loss of 5,000 men. General Lee then turned his attention to Fighting Joe Hooker. He made his dispositions to assault General Hooker at daybreak of the 6th. The morning dawned, the skirmishers were deployed; advancing, found the Army of the Potomac, under its chief, had imitated General Sedgwick and ingloriously fled across the river, leaving his killed unburied and wounded to the tender mercies of the Confederates, fourteen guns and 20,000 stands of small arms. The Federals lost in these series of battles 17,287 and the Confederates 10,960.

If President Davis and his secretary of war had not taken, against General Lee's advice, Longstreet's corps and sent it away the result of this Chancellorsville battle would probably have been the destruction of the Army of the Potomac — Hooker's grand army of 132,000. Or if Early had not let Sedgwick discover the smallness of his forces (he only had 8,000) and had held Fredericksburg General Lee would have annihilated Hooker's divided

army. Regrets are useless, speculations vain. We should be satisfied with the generalship of Lee, the skill of his lieutenants, the extraordinary courage of the rank and file and the glory won by all in the great victory of Chancellorsville.

When General Hooker had succeeded in placing 72,000 men in Lee's rear and Sedgwick and Franklin in front with 60,000, he was warranted in writing his dispatch to General Halleck, saying: "Lee must ingloriously fly or be destroyed." Lee had only 42,000 men all told, wedged between 132,000. "The daring leader of the Confederates again did the unexpected" and boldly divided his little army, though without the aid of his great Flanker, he himself taking charge of the movement, and swept Sedgwick from the field and then turned, reunited his army to attack Hooker, to find that Fighting Joe was the one who had "ingloriously fled" under the cover of night on the 5th of May and in a severe storm.

The aftermath: The Federal and Confederate dead were gathered up, long trenches dug by the detail and the dead laid reverently side by side, foes no longer. Where one had fallen by himself a trench was scooped out and the body laid therein. This told the awful story of Chancellorsville. The two armies again took their old positions at Fredericksburg to rest and recuperate.

CHAPTER XL

GENERAL EARLY, desiring information of the movements of the Federals at Fredericksburg, went to the crest of an exposed hill. He took the precaution to go afoot, leaving his horse in the woods under the hill.

Whisky was the bane of some of his men and he had given strict orders in reference to and against its introduction into camp.

While taking observations General Early saw an Irishman staggering along. He ordered the man brought before him and knew him as a good soldier. Addressing one of his staff, said: "I don't blame these poor men as much as I do the rascals from whom they obtain the whisky, and if I could find out where he got his whisky I would release him."

Pat was pretty drunk, but not so drunk but that he caught the words of General Early. Straightening up as best he could, came to attention and saluting, said: "And did I hear yer honor say if I would tell ye where I got me whisky you would release me?"

"Yes, that is what I said."

"Faith, and yer honor would not be after fooling an old soldier?"

"No; if you will tell me I will be as good as my word and let you go to your regiment."

"Well, General, yer honor's self must know that as me and Tim Merony were bringing ammunition from the wagons just ferninst the hill, we saw a be-u-tiful 'hoss'

in the thicket, and while admiring the fine crather we spied the neck of a bottle sticking out of the saddlebags — the sight of which niver the son of my mither could withstand. Sure, the Ginerall will not begrudge a drap to a poor old soldier fighting for his country.”

He was promptly discharged.

Our division commander, Gen. Daniel Harvey Hill, was detached from the Army of Northern Virginia and sent to the defense of North Carolina. He was a brave man and a fine officer. A graduate of West Point in 1842. Saw service in Mexico and twice brevetted for meritorious service. He was called by his young companion officers “The bravest man in the army.” In 1859 he had the sagacity to anticipate the coming struggle and resigned as professor of mathematics in Davidson College to become the commandant of the Charlotte Military Institute, that he might train boys for the service. He volunteered at the beginning, was appointed colonel of the First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers known as the Bethel Regiment, and was sent to Virginia near Yorktown. He commanded the Confederates and fought the first battle of the war at Big Bethel, gaining a noted victory. The engagement was small but the importance tremendous and effect significant. Made a brigadier in September and sent to North Carolina. His skill was so efficient that, whenever there was a lull in the activities of the army in Virginia, North Carolina asked that he be sent back to her. March, 62. he was promoted to major-general and commanded a division at Williamsburg. Took an active part in the Seven Days’ fight with credit to himself and his division. Followed Lee into Maryland and displayed fine ability as commanding officer at South Mountain. By a show of force he deceived McClellan and delayed

his advance to Antietam till Jackson could return to Sharpsburg. He reëstablished his lines at Sharpsburg and saved the army from being cut in two, which would have been fatal to Lee's army. No officer was more concerned about the health and happiness and welfare of his men. Many of his men were barefoot. As a substitute for shoes he ordered them to use rawhides from beeves as moccasins. Scotch origin, he was deeply imbued with religion of the Presbyterian faith and firmly believed that God directed the course of every deadly missile. July, '63, General Hill was again promoted to lieutenant-general and sent out West and the army in Virginia knew no more of him. It is singular that his first battle occurred at Big Bethel church, where he was baptized in infancy, and where he worshiped till he was 16 years old. "This one thing can be said of him from his first fight at Bethel to his last at Bentonville, whatever may have been the result of the battle, the command of D. H. Hill was never found, when the firing ceased, in the rear of the position he occupied in the beginning." He was not in command of our division long enough for the boys to love him, but he certainly enjoyed their esteem and confidence.

An incident of the battle in the Wilderness: Amid the tumult, the noise, the burning shell, the lurid glare of the cannon, a man picked up a pheasant — wild, chary bird — too frightened to fly away. Frequently quails and rabbits were taken in the same way, and made a feast for our half-fed boys. The bursting shells set fire to the fallen leaves and trash, the flames swept through the woods, fanned by the wind that comes rushing in to feed them, raising a fearful heat, devouring everything in its course, not sparing the wounded, who gave forth blood-curdling shrieks as the fire enveloped them. The carnage and

wreck of battle is bad enough but that wrought by the flames is infinitely worse. One of the writers of this book, Sergt. E. F. Fenton, had his left arm shot off this May the 5th. A gallant lad, a boon companion, ever ready for frolic and fun, and just as ready for the serious duties of the camp, and more than ready for the fight. A brush with the enemy was his delight. It was he who often buoyed up the drooping spirits of the boys when so greatly fatigued they thought they could not drag one foot after the other, by his rollicking good humor, his songs and jokes. Born in Philadelphia, came to Wadesboro, N. C., a boy of 12 years. He volunteered in the beginning, did his full duty as a soldier, loved by his companions, respected and honored by his superior officers (superior in office only); in education, in habits, in birth, a gentleman, which is more, much more, than can be said for many who wore officers' uniforms.

Many privates in the Confederate ranks were superior in birth and education to the officers who owed their commissions to popularity or favoritism. This was baneful to our army.

CHAPTER XLI

THE Confederates, flushed with victory at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the whole South was elated and raised the cry: "Across the Potomac." "Invade the North." "Carry the war into Africa." This sentiment was created and fostered by every newspaper of prominence in the South and made public opinion unanimous for the invasion of Northern soil. If they knew, these papers did not state the paucity of the numbers of Lee's army which had wrested victory from the enemy. They did not state how poorly equipped the Army of Northern Virginia was to undertake the invasion of Pennsylvania. The paper upon which these sheets were printed showed poverty, indicative of the whole South.

General Lee may have been influenced by the public cry, but it is doubtful. Lee determined to invade the North. Political and military reasons combined to inaugurate this movement. First the Copperhead spirit, owing to the repeated defeat of the Army of the Potomac, had spread far and wide over the Northern States and it was thought invasion of Northern territory would aid that discontented feeling and increase the disaffection. Copperheadism was rank—Molly Maguire's rising—open rebellion threatened. The Copperhead movement had its origin in the heavy taxation to sustain the war and the military draft of men for the insatiable maw of the Northern army. The Unionists gave these people the name of Copperheads because they sympathized with the South and

struck the Union cause in their midst, in rear of the army — as the copperhead snake was fabled to strike with its horned tail.

Secondly: A victory on Northern soil, when on the offensive, would force the United States to recognize the independence of the seceding States and bring the war to a close.

Third: The supplying of the army in the field, even on half rations, was exhausting the Confederacy, and clothing and shoes were not to be had. Invasion would mean the obtaining of all supplies from the enemy's country.

Fourth: The Confederate finances were in a bad way. Depreciation of the only money we had, had rapidly gone on from bad to worse, and invasion would strengthen the credit of the Confederacy abroad among the financial nations of Europe. In the beginning of the war our government desired to effect a loan of \$15,000,000. It was informed a loan of \$500,000,000 could be obtained. Had our Confederate authorities been wise and obtained this \$500,000,000 loan the financiers would have never permitted the defeat of the Confederacy. "All's well that ends well." The Lord did not intend that the South should succeed.

The spirit and morale of the army was so fine that under "Marse Robert," we thought it equal to any undertaking and invasion would mean to us shoes, clothing, rations full and free, and all other supplies which the army so badly needed.

Fifth: The greatest reason in importance was the hope that the Washington authorities would recall troops from the West to defend the Capitol and in this way relieve the siege of Vicksburg. To effect this General Lee planned

to raise an army on paper, or in effigy, as that was all the poor Confederacy could do, under General Beauregard — magnify its numbers and keep Hooker in Virginia and leave him a free hand in Pennsylvania. This would force Mr. Lincoln to draw troops from the West. The Confederate authorities did not adopt Lee's plan of an army under Beauregard at Culpeper Courthouse. Consequently one of Lee's main objects for invasion was made void by the Army of the Potomac, which greatly exceeded the Army of Northern Virginia, being permitted to follow him, and being on the shorter line, interpose between him and Washington, which prevented the recall of troops from the West and the relief of Vicksburg.

Longstreet devised another plan for conducting the war. That was that Lee should leave Ewell and Hill's corps to confront Hooker, take Longstreet and his corps to Tennessee, unite with Bragg's army, assume the command, defeat Rosecrans and in this way relieve Vicksburg. This strategic movement promised great results but President Davis and his secretary of war would not consent for Lee to leave Richmond and go West. Lee was the one towering defender of Richmond and the Confederacy and could not be spared. Longstreet's plan was plausible and feasible and who can doubt the result of a campaign under the sagacious Lee pitted against Rosecrans! A movement similar to this was tried later, but it was under the command of John B. Hood and came to naught. "Not men, but a man, is what counts in war," said the great Napoleon. It was with grave misgivings that Lee began the invasion of Pennsylvania in June, '63. He knew that Hooker had still more than 100,000 effective men opposed to his army of 35,000, increased by Longstreet's corps to 55,000, and by some additions from conscription and by

exchanged prisoners. The relief of Vicksburg was of vast importance to the South and as Longstreet's plan had been rejected the only other alternative was the transferring the seat of war into the North across the Potomac.

Lee reorganized his army into three corps commanded respectively by Longstreet, Ewell and A. P. Hill. Company C belonged to the Fourteenth Regiment in Ramseur's brigade, Rodes' division, Ewell's corps.

We had additions to our company of exchanged prisoners and from their description of prison life among the Yankees we rejoiced that it had not been our lot to be a prisoner. S. H. Gaddy said that when captured he was treated kindly by the soldiers in blue and conducted to Baltimore. Among the captured was a lieutenant, so badly wounded he could not keep up without assistance. In Baltimore the guard said to the lieutenant: "Move up!" He could go no faster. I saw a big, strapping negro take up a piece of a board and give him three whacks across his head and shoulders and knock him sprawling on the ground with not a word of reproof from the guard. We helped him up and assisted him forward. Baltimore is a Southern town and the ladies were Southern sympathizers. When they saw us they brought provisions for us. We were hungry and tired and worn out but the guard would not let us have so much as a piece of bread. One young lady, when prohibited by the guard from giving us anything, had a small cheese. This she rolled into our midst and we got it. The lieutenant that had us in charge drew his sword and with the blade struck the young woman several whacks "and beat her like a dog." This is confirmed by Maj. James M. Wall, who saw it. After the oath of allegiance had been offered and declined at Fort McHenry, where we stayed only three days, we

were sent to Fort Delaware. This fort, or prison, as we called it, was in the Delaware Bay, two or more miles from either shore, on Pea Patch Island. We were told that the island was formed by a vessel having been sunk there loaded with peas, hence its name. Drifting sand had made an island of many acres, protected by dikes. The stockade contained about two acres and in it about 8,000 prisoners were penned up like hogs. The Yankees gave us rations twice a day—morning and evening. The ration consisted of soup thickened with meal or flour and very little, if any, beef or pork, and some kind of stuff made from beans or chickory which they called coffee. This coffee was good to us poor prisoners who were accustomed to Confederate coffee. For the evening meal they issued two hardtacks and a small slice of fat bacon, called by the prisoners "Cincinnati chicken," or a little black molasses, known among the boys as "nigger foot." The hardtack was made of peameal, salt and water, and was generally old and weevil eaten. These weevil were brushed or jarred off by hitting against some solid substance. Sometimes held over the fire till killed—then eaten with a relish. We were so hungry we could eat anything and be thankful. Were formed in line and marched to the soup houses and had to stand in the hot sun or in the freezing cold till exhausted. If you fell out of line you got nothing. One day a man who had friends in the North fell into line with good clothes on. Our prison guard were all negroes. A guard saw him and noticing his nice clothes ordered him to step out of ranks and, remarking, "I want to try my skill on you," fired and missed him, but killed another prisoner beyond. The heartless beast laughed and went unpunished. The man killed was only a rebel!

Saturday mornings they gave us rations for two days — Saturday and Sunday — consisting of a loaf of bread and a little meat. Hunger not satisfied although we ate it all at once and had to do without till Monday. We almost famished. Many grew weaker and more weak till they died from lack of sustenance. One pint of soup was all that was allowed to a meal, and it thickened with flies. Millions of flies were in evidence. These we fished out with our fingers. Our empty stomachs could assimilate the weevil but rebelled on the revolting flies. A slow starvation in the midst of plenty furnished by our rich Uncle Sam. “Oh,” said he, “Major, I cannot do this subject justice nor describe the insults, the sufferings, the inhuman wrongs practiced upon us and ‘the half can never be told.’”

We made rings of gutta percha buttons, pins, chains and many devices of ornaments, which we sold and eked out our scanty rations. Every old bone, old piece of horn, brass or copper, was carefully preserved and applied to ornamental purposes. Some of the boys exhibited great skill in fashioning these trinkets, which were sold at good prices to visitors and the garrison. All the prisons North were pretty much on equality. George B. Dunlap says: “At one prison the only water a prisoner was allowed to use was seep water, filthy and stagnant. In another prison water was taken from a well which was so impregnated with copperas a shirt washed therein would be dyed a brownish iron rust color. If one drank a full draught of this stuff he would vomit, and his rations were so scarce, dog like, he would want to eat them again.”

CHAPTER XLII

OUR diary reads: June 4 broke camp near Gracie's church for God knows where. (Our move turned out to be the beginning of the Gettysburg campaign.) Marched sixteen miles, camped near Spottsylvania Courthouse. (Seems strange to our boys that names should be so scarce one could not be found for a town.) Fifth marched twenty-one miles and camped near Vierdiersville. Rested 6th. Seventh waded the Rapidan at Summerville Ford, passed through the town of Culpeper Courthouse (town not worth a name) and camped four miles beyond, having made nineteen miles. Eighth remained in camp. Ninth went to Stuart's support at Brandy Station — arrived too late to aid him other than by our presence, as he soon drove the enemy from the field. This was the first cavalry fight we ever witnessed. In the midst of the battle Jeb Stuart would sing, "Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the Wilderness." He was never happier than when in engagement with the enemy and with his banjo around the camp fire. This was a great cavalry fight, said to have been the greatest in the war or in the world. Pleasanton on one side, Stuart on the other. Squadron dashed against squadron. Sabers flashing like lightning in a circle — the pistols cracked doom into man and beast — the men were mad, the horses equally mad — a wild mêlée as the lines crashed together as they charged and wheeled, wheeled and charged again. Horses went down, men went down with them — a shock that made the earth tremble —

the din obstreperous — the impact of the lines like a crushing thunderbolt, reminding one of Scott's description of the tournament at Ashby, at which one knight was killed on the field, four or five mortally, and twenty-five "desperately wounded, several more disabled for life, and those who escaped best carried the marks of the conflict to the grave with them. Hence it is always mentioned in the old records as the 'Gentle and Joyous Passage of arms of Ashby-de-la-zouche.'" Multiply this by a thousand and you will have a faint idea of the cavalry fight at Brandy Station. The presence of the infantry prevented General Pleasanton scoring a victory; as it was he drew off his forces in good order, having gained the information desired by Hooker in regard to Lee's movements.

On the 10th we marched ten miles and camped on Hazel Run, near Gourdvine church. (Funny name for a house of worship.) Eleventh fifteen miles to Flint Hill. Twelfth passed Little Washington and crossed the Blue Ridge at Manassas Gap, through Front Royal, waded the Shenandoah and halted near Cedarville. Wednesday we took the Millwood road and camped near Strawbridge, making seventeen miles. Early on the morning of 17th marched to Berryville, endeavoring to entrap the enemy at this point.

We took the left flank a half a mile this side of town and marched to Winchester Pike. Formed in line of battle, raised the Rebel yell and charged. On reaching their breastworks found the enemy had escaped. Their camp, with all their cooking utensils and other stores, fell into our hands. They were preparing a meal, not scant rations we were accustomed to but pots, plenty of pots, full of stewed beef, loaf bread piled in stacks, with other edibles,

condiments, etc. The fires were still burning under the pots. We ate all we could, to our entire satisfaction, filled our haversacks and marched on greatly refreshed. The enemy escaped in haste, leaving only 700 prisoners and all their stores. While our division marched on Berryville Ewell, with his other divisions, marched to Winchester, captured 4,443 of Milroy's men and all his commissary store, camp equipage, etc. Thirteenth camped at Summit's Point. Reached Martinsburg on the afternoon of 14th, engaged the enemy, drove them from the town and captured 200 prisoners, several pieces of artillery and large supplies, always needed by the Confederates. Since leaving Front Royal, our corps in the advance, have captured some 5,000 prisoners, twenty-eight pieces of artillery, 300 wagons and vast military supplies.

June 15 waded the Potomac at Williamsport and camped in Maryland. Seventeenth marched through Hagerstown and camped two miles beyond. Our brigade in front of the army during the entire march from Fredericksburg. Rested till 22d, to let the army under Marse Robert come up. Twenty-second marched fifteen miles to Greencastle. We are now in Pennsylvania — the Keystone State — the home of the Pennsylvania Bucktails. Here Ben, the negro cook of Lieutenant Liles, took French leave for the Yankees — never heard of him afterwards. This is the only instance of desertion in our company. Many of our boys have worn out our shoes and our feet in bad condition, bruised and bleeding, but they would keep up. We often wonder if the Yankees would bear these hardships. General Rodes said, "None but the best of soldiers would make such sacrifices." The love of Dixie, freedom and independence filled our hearts.

“ O Dixie, land of dreams so fair,
And skies of brightest blue;
O the land ever known for its soft, balmy air,
We offer our love to you.”

Some of our boys foraging found some whisky hid in the woods. Our chaplain had a prayer service that night.

Apparently some men are more susceptible to good influences when under the influence of “John and his corn,” as they had to crawl to the prayer service. It was ludicrous and to some, an amusing sight, to see with what eagerness they sought places in the congregation, crawling one over the other! Marse Robert issued orders not to take or disturb private property and for the love of him the order was strictly observed. Finally General Ramseur told us that it was improvident in us passing so many ripe, luscious cherries on the roadside for those behind us to devour and we helped ourselves. June 24 we passed through Chambersburg.

I. J. Watkins writes: “Bennett Russell was our color sergeant. A brave, good soldier — but plain, homely (well if you must have it), ‘ugly as home-made sin.’ A woman standing by the roadside, seeing our uniforms were worn, dirty and ragged, asked Bennett why we did not wear better clothes? Bennett replied, ‘We always put on our old clothes in which to kill hogs’ (Yankees). He told her she was the finest-looking and the puttiest ‘gal’ he ‘had ever saw’ and asked her for a kiss, which she indignantly refused. Bennett and this girl were two of the ugliest mortals the writer ever saw.”

We are in the Cumberland valley. The rich, fertile land is covered with fine growing wheat, the finest ever. Our camp was in a wheat field. What a pity for the wagons, the artillery, the horses and ourselves to destroy

it. It could not be avoided. We have met several Southern sympathizers. We also have met some of Howard's corps we fought at Chancellorsville. They told us they did not stop running till they crossed the Rappahannock,* and as their enlistment had expired they were now at home and were going to stay. They did not want to meet us again on the field of battle. One gentleman living here said he had three sons in the Confederate army. These people are very kind and give us plenty to eat, voluntarily offering bread and applebutter. It is fine and for once our appetites are appeased. Some of the merchants, to our surprise, take our worthless Confederate money for their wares. June 27 reached Carlisle. Quartered in the United States barracks. Rodes and Early's divisions are here. The boys called on Early for a speech. He said that his speaking days were over and excused himself. Then General Rodes was called out. He said, alluding to General Early's excuse, that he had never begun, "but if you'll whip the Yankees, when I get back to Old Virginia I will try to give you a speech." Sunday, 28th, Rev. B. T. Lacy preached at 11 A. M.

These people are amazed at Lee's audacity in invading Pennsylvania and, knowing the great inferiority of our numbers to the enemy's, the rank and file think so too; for all our Southern soldiers are accustomed to think and act for ourselves — individualistic — which is one of the reasons we fight so well. Thirtieth moved from Carlisle, taking the road leading to Baltimore, soon turned to the right, passed through Petersburg and camped at Heidlersburg, marching twenty-two miles. July 1, early, we resumed our march, wagons in front. Hearing cannons firing we passed our wagons and reached Gettysburg 1 P. M.

* See page 185.

Formed in line of battle and ordered to Iverson's support, who had been badly used up by the enemy. The Yankees were posted behind a rock fence and repulsed Iverson's charge. It is a conspicuous fact that the Yankees always managed to fight behind protections and we have to drive them out of their defensive works.

CHAPTER XLIII

GETTYSBURG lay in golden sunlight July 1, 1863. It gilded Seminary Ridge on the west, Cemetery Ridge, Little Round Top and Round Top on the south, Culp's Hill on the southeast. Spanglers Spring, bold running, cool, pure water pouring out of Culp's Hill lay amid the deep primeval forest on the east, affording its gracious waters to many thirsting soldiers. All were peaceful and quiet, pursuing the even tenor of their ways. Seminary Hill and Cemetery Hill tower above their respective ridges. East of the town flows Rock creek and on the west is Willoughby's run. The town was founded by one, James Gettys, in 1780. He never dreamed that fourscore years afterward the little town of 1,500 people would be the scene of a great battle, which will for all time be numbered with "the decisive battles of the world"; where the hosts of the North to the number of 115,256 * and the legions of the South, numbering a little less than 60,000, should meet in a death grapple. The veteran legions of the South having over one-third of their number placed hors de combat and the Federal hosts losing 23,049 killed, wounded and missing. This battle fixed the destiny of the great Republic. Stafford Heights in front of Fredericksburg, Va., was so strongly fortified Lee could not hope to drive Hooker, with 100,000 men, from his front, so he determined to mask his movement and invade Pennsylvania. By the battle of Brandy Station Pleasanton un-

* Meade's official report, June 30.

masked Lee's movement and Hooker followed him into Maryland. Being on the shorter line he interposed his army between Lee and the city of Washington. The authorities at Washington disapproved Hooker's plan of campaign, which in all probability would have been disastrous, and accepted his resignation. John Gordon Meade was appointed commander of the Army of the Potomac.

We contend that the hardest fighting at Gettysburg was done on the first day. 'Tis asserted and by many believed, that a shoe store in Gettysburg was responsible for the battle. The shoeless boys in Heth's division were moving leisurely toward this shoe store. General Buford, with 4,000 troopers, had encamped on the night of 30th of June on Willoughby's run. Where, oh, where, was Jeb Stuart and his 8,000 cavalry? Echo answers where. All we can say is he was absent. The cavalry are the eyes of an army, and J. E. B. Stuart was out of place at a critical moment. Of his own motion and without Lee's knowledge, he made a raid around the Federal army. A fatal mistake because Lee for days was left groping in the dark. July 1 came and Stuart still absent, and Lee did not know where the Federal corps were. Lee said "that he had been kept in the dark ever since crossing the Potomac." Stuart's disappearance had materially hampered his movement and disorganized the plan of campaign. In a work that I have consulted are these words: "Never did Lee need more the eyes of his army which was now wandering on some fool errand. Lee was groping in the dark in the enemy's country and could get no information from a hostile people. On the contrary, Meade knew where every corps of Lee's army was. The fruits of this useless raid were the capture of a wagon train of 300 wagons and a few hundred prisoners, but at the cost of a victory for

the Confederates at Gettysburg." Jenkins' cavalry brigade was at Carlisle with Ewell, Imbodens on the Potomac and Stuart raiding with his other brigades. Consequently Lee did not have a single trooper with his main army. We all make mistakes. It would be a funny world if we did not.

This great cavalry leader saw his mistake and never afterward left his commander without orders, except on the "Mine Run" campaign, as we shall note further on. At Yellow Tavern he gave his life to his country's cause. Imbue your minds with the fact that at Gettysburg the Federals on the first day till 2 P. M. fought behind rock walls, such as are used for fences in this country. After being driven from these walls, 2:30 to 3 P. M., they did not have this protection and fought in the open as we did. The second and third days beside holding commanding positions, these they had strengthened by earthworks in support of the rock walls.

First day's fight: General Buford threw his well-mounted cavalry across the Chambersburg Pike, having Willoughby's run in his front, occupying the McPherson woods with his left flank. He dismounted his cavalry and prepared to meet Heth on his way to the shoe store. Heth deployed his troops and gave battle. He found Buford strongly posted in the woods and the fight waged for some time, which gave Reynolds time to reach the field with the first and eleventh corps. Reynolds relieved Buford's men, engaged and enveloped the Confederate right, captured General Archer and a large part of his brigade and drove the rest back across Willoughby's run. The Iron brigade (Twenty-four Michigan, Nineteenth Indiana and Second Wisconsin) — Western regiments — so-called from determined fighting, drove Heth's right wing out of

the woods and recovered all the ground gained. Heth brought into action his other brigades, preceded by a lunch of canister and grape. Hot-foot came the superb Hancock, with other corps of the Yankees, and took command. Buford's cavalry brought information of the approach of Ewell's corps and kept the Federals informed. These divisions were promptly formed and projected into the fight. The Pennsylvania Bucktails holloed out, "We've come to stay." About 75 per cent. did stay and enriched their native soil. Seldom during this war, or any other war, occurred more desperate fighting than now took place. The afternoon of the first day's fighting has been unchronicled by the historians of the war because of their eagerness to tell of the great, disastrous charge of the last day.

Ramseur's brigade was ordered to the support of Iverson, who was fighting the enemy securely posted behind a rock wall, built for fences. Our orders were to drive the enemy from behind this rock wall which was situated on a ridge in the woods. Capt. James Crowder, an Anson County, N. C., man, of the sharpshooters, informed Ramseur of the desperate undertaking and directed him how to flank the enemy. Ramseur's official report says: "I sent in the Fourteenth and Thirtieth North Carolina to support General Iverson's Alabama brigade. I found three regiments of Iverson's almost annihilated and the Third Alabama coming out. I requested the colonel (Bennett) to join me, which he did, and with the Third Alabama, Fourteenth and Thirtieth North Carolina I turned the enemy's strong position and drove him back. He left the field in confusion, leaving his killed and wounded and 800 prisoners in our hands. To Colonel Bennett my thanks are

due for skill and gallantry displayed in this day's fight, and regret to report that Colonel Bennett was wounded." One wing of the enemy gave way when overlapped by our Fourteenth North Carolina Regiment and the tide of battle then turned and their whole line fell back. Not in a panic of defeat, but in one heroic stand after another till we drove them back a mile and a half to the town of Gettysburg. It took grit and courage on the part of the rank and file of the Confederates to drive the stubborn Federals into the town where we captured 4,000 to 5,000 prisoners, and in confusion they retreated over the heights beyond. General Lee arrived on the field near sundown and his strategic eye immediately grasped the situation and he sent orders to Ewell to press the enemy and take the heights on Cemetery Ridge. Ewell thought his victory complete and rested his men till morning. This delay again lost to the Confederates a victory. It was fatal. Had he carried out Lee's order, Cemetery Heights could have been easily taken while the enemy was in the confusion of defeat, and only two or three hundred yards beyond was parked all the ammunition of the Yankees which would have fallen into our hands. With Cemetery Ridge in our possession Meade's position would have been untenable. The morning of the 2d of July showed these heights occupied by the host of the enemy, bristling with guns and protected by breastworks impregnable to assault in front. Without his great flanking lieutenant Lee did not dare to divide his little army in the face of the powerful foe and flank his position.

General Lee was very reticent during and after the war, but commenting on the battle of Gettysburg not long before his death, said: "If I had had Stonewall Jack-

son at Gettysburg I should have won a great victory, and a decided victory there would have established the independence of the Confederacy.”

It has been well said by another and is true to facts, “That the Confederacy was within a stone’s throw of independence at Gettysburg.”

As our company and regiment was not engaged the second and third days, will not follow the progress of the battle further.

CHAPTER XLIV

T J. WATKINS was slightly wounded by a piece of a shell, on the ankle. It was only a contusion but quite painful. Colonel Bennett received a gunshot wound from sharpshooters, indeed more than one, and they were severe.

Our diary says the Battle of Gettysburg had been fought and we lost it, and in our opinion decides the fate of the Confederacy. Prophecy fulfilled. This battle ended by action between Confederate infantry and Federal cavalry, which is a strange incidence. Ammunition nearly exhausted, provisions not to be had, there was nothing for Lee but to retreat across the Potomac to his base of supplies. On the 4th he started his ambulances and empty wagons with his wounded by the Chambersburg Pike, escorted by Imboden's cavalry. He sent his other trains by the Hagerstown road, guarded by Hill's corps; Longstreet followed Hill and Ewell's corps brought up the rear. A terrific downpour of rain fell which so hindered the movement that the rearguard did not start before early morning of the 5th. All day of the 4th Lee lay on the field inviting Meade's attack. On the morning of the 5th his last troops left the field for the Potomac river in retreat. Nothing ever perturbed our Lee. In victory or defeat his great soul soared above the common. "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city." Judged thus he was great beyond measure. "The men have done nobly." "It is all my fault." Again he

said, "This is all my fault. I have lost this battle and you must help me out of it the best way you can." We now know it was not his fault, but in the plenitude of his influence, greatness and magnanimity he assumed it. "You must help me out of it." These words inspired the boys and they were willing to dare and do anything for Marse Robert, their beloved commander. We now know that want of dispatch in executing orders, and cheerful, prompt obedience to the will of the commander was the cause of his failure. Ewell, as we have seen, was slow on the evening of the first day, and failed to take Cemetery Heights, which would have given victory to the Confederates. Longstreet opposed the movement from its inception. His tardiness in making the attack on the second day was disastrous. His assault should have been made in the morning, and it was made at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. On the third day he was to support Pickett and Pettigrew's charge with his whole corps. He did not approve of this assault on the third day and did not support it at all, clearly showing a lack of willing obedience and was probably the cause of Lee's failure. We now see the Hand of Providence in this battle to preserve the Union of the States of this great Republic of ours. A masterly retreat masterly effected. With less than 40,000 men Lee brought out of Pennsylvania 5,000 prisoners, all his wounded, all his ordnance stores, in a train of wagons and ambulances stretching out for fifteen miles. The rank and file of the army still reposed the utmost confidence in "Marse Robert"—though retreating their confidence and morale was unbroken. At any moment, day or night, ready to about face and oppose a steady front to the pursuing enemy, whose force still numbered

85,000 men flushed with victory.* For ten days Meade had the opportunity of assailing Lee on the north side of the Potomac. He was too good a soldier to risk going by the wounded bull. As our boys talked of the battle and mourned the loss of comrades, in the flash of a moment a wag would bring a smile, even laughter, by some witty observation. Making light of hardships, God knows how terrible, soaking wet day and night, tramping through the mud, hungry and forlorn. "Hey, boys, I want a lick of salt to get a relish for water." No food or rest for long-drawn-out hours. "I don't mind marching through the mud, 'tis soft; I don't mind being hungry, I can draw my belt tighter; but I do mind lack of sleep. I sleep walking — falling down in the mud and slush wakes me." What a God-send is the power of song to revive and animate. "Maxwelton's Braes are Bonnie," "There's Life in the Old Land Yet," "The Prisoner's Dream," "Way Down South in the Land of Dixie," and

"Yankee Doodle had a mind
To whip the Southern traitors,
Because they didn't choose to live
On codfish and potatoes."

"Boys, don't you wish we could break into another Yankee camp as at Berryville?" We have little to cook, even when we get chance to cook that little. Our haversacks may contain a rasher of bacon and a little stale bread. Water added makes a savory cush, cush, cush, wholesome and good, and "We did eat and drink and went in the strength of that meat" till we could get more. "Marse Robert" says, "Don't burn the fences."

* See note at end of chapter.

In the fields, no wood! We are soaking wet. What must we do? Our brigade commander gives us privilege of taking only the top rail, and rides on. The entire fence disappears and yet we have kept the strict letter of the law and used only the top rail. The rail left was always the top rail.

One of the saddest things of this sad war occurred on the battlefield of Gettysburg. The Union and Confederate dead lay side by side in the hot July weather, under the burning sun till the fourth day; and what is more mournful and sorrowful, many of the wounded lay with the dead without attention or even a drop of water. Yet "every cloud has a silver lining." Colonel Morrow of the Twenty-fourth Michigan Regiment of the Iron brigade, was wounded on the morning of the first day's fight and fell into the hands of the Confederates. To conceal his rank he tore the stripes from his shoulders. A Confederate officer allowed him to remain in a private house in town, instead of faring roughly with the other prisoners. After the magnificent charge of the third day had failed, word came to him that his wounded men were still lying on the field. He bound a surgeon's scarf on his arm and went to their aid. He found himself face to face with General Gordon. Without hesitation he informed Gordon he was a prisoner, who he was, and why he was there. Gordon instantly dispatched a staff officer to bring ambulances to "Doctor Morrow"; whose rank Gordon knew but did not disclose. Colonel Morrow collected his wounded, whose lips were so swollen and cracked they could not speak, and with Gordon's assistance, had them cared for. This is one of the many instances during this war of man's humanity to man making countless thousands rejoice.

The men who did the fighting did not cherish individual animosity. One brave man always respects another. They do not always agree. They may differ ever so widely, but they never cease to esteem and have consideration one for the other.

The ten long years of Reconstruction, more cruel and bitter, created more antipathy, ill-will and hatred in the breast of the South toward the North, far more than the war itself; was not the animus of the Northern soldier. But it was

The work of those who stayed behind
And dared not face the firing line.

It was the work of those who said :

“Of course we cannot go to war,
The ties of business girt;
Some like us must stay behind
To wave the bloody shirt.”

NOTE.—General Meade had been re-enforced with 20,000 veteran troops after the Gettysburg battle and had also more than 20,000 untrained in supporting distance. These 40,000 fresh troops were in addition to his army that fought at Gettysburg and yet he did not attack Lee with his decimated ranks encumbered with his wounded and wagon trains.

See the President's letter in Hapgood's "Abraham Lincoln."

CHAPTER XLV

At Falling Waters General Lee publicly complimented Rodes' division for their gallant conduct in the Gettysburg campaign. It was in front, the place of honor, most of the time going, and in rear, returning — the post of danger. Commendation from "Marse Robert" was a very great honor. Whenever we saw him our veneration and admiration was so great we would greet him with a yell. And this, regardless of our condition. Might be thoroughly wet and cold — dead tired, plodding through the mud — still we'd cheer him. We knew he was doing the best he could for us and no one could do better; and besides, he shared and buffeted with us the same inclement weather. The heat and the cold beat alike on Marse Robert and we poor privates. He often slept in the fence corner just as we had to do, and sent to the sick palatable delicacies some good woman had sent him. We could not help loving the man. General Lee leisurely retreated up the valley. The day we reached Front Royal we marched thirty miles, which was an exception. Crossed the Blue Ridge at Thornton's Gap and thence to Madison Courthouse. Went into camp near Orange Courthouse. Here we spent August and September recuperating. Our division commander said to us, that the true heroes of the war were those who, day by day, sacrificed self on the altar of freedom, those barefooted boys who had kept up with their marching regiments over turnpike roads, the worst ever, on the barefoot. They who followed a battle-

torn flag to victory and defeat without faltering — that spirit and that conduct which raises soldiers nearest to the divine. The boys again became light-hearted, their courage unabated, their cheerfulness contagious. Jokes, laughter and songs again became universal.

“ Live and die for Dixie and by the ’leven stars,
Down with the Yankees and up with the bars;
Old Lincoln with his hirelings can never whip the South,
Shout, shout the joyous note of freedom.”

“ Old Susanna don’t you weep for me,
I’m guine to Alabama with my banjo on my knee.”

“ Old Eve, she did that apple eat,
Smacked her lips and said ’twas sweet;
Do you belong to Gideon’s band?
Here’s my heart and here’s my hand.”

From Lee’s already small army was detached Longstreet, with two divisions, to Bragg in Tennessee, and Pickett, with his division, to Petersburg, to prevent raiding parties of the enemy taking that city and to secure provisions for the army. Thereupon Meade advanced and Lee retired to the south side of the Rapidan.

The Washington authorities were using their great power to increase their army of invasion for General Grant and their opulence supplied bounties of \$600 for an enlistment. This bounty brought thousands of foreigners but did not fill up their ranks and a more rigid draft was resorted to. The disloyalty and hostility to the draft was so great a large detachment of troops from Meade’s army was dispatched to New York to enforce the draft. Hooker, with two corps, was sent to Rosecrans in Tennessee. A large detachment was also sent to South Carolina. These reductions from Meade’s

forces made Lee's disparity only about 60 per cent. and Lee determined to take the offensive, turn Meade's right flank, and get between him and Washington and force Meade to fight with his face toward that city on ground of Lee's choosing.

Taken from our diary: Oct. 10 marched twenty-seven miles to Madison Courthouse; 11th camped near Culpeper Courthouse, overtook Meade at Warrenton Springs, sharpshooters sent to the front, and our line of battle was formed under fire of the enemy's artillery, when they drew off. We waded the Rappahannock and camped at 9 P. M.; 12th marched to Warrenton Courthouse, formed line of battle. The enemy continued to retreat. On 14th went to Stuart's assistance. Just before day we surprised them in their tents. Seizing their guns they ran for their horses, formed and charged us three times, hoping to recover their tents and clothes. We called out to them, "Come over like white men and ask for your clothes." We captured many horses and all their camp outfit. The enemy brought forward batteries and began to shell us. Ordered to lie down. T. J. Watkins was sitting up eating some captured crackers. Nevil J. Bennett, seeing a shell coming, said to Watkins, "Lie down quick." This saved his life as the shell would have cut his body in twain. The enemy withdrew and we again took up our march to Bristow Station. Had a sharp engagement here. The Yanks had double lines. One beyond the railroad in full view and one in front concealed in the railroad cut. Hill failed to throw out skirmishers, formed his line and advanced. About thirty steps from the railroad the Yankees rose and poured into Hill a murderous fire and killed many of his men when those who could, retreated. Hill asked Lee "What he must do?"

Lee said, "Bury your unfortunate dead."

Charlie Cox was severely wounded here. Bravery dwelt in this boy's heart; cheerful himself, always rendered cheerful, willing obedience to orders. We will miss him.

We followed the Yankees to Manassas Junction. Ordered to destroy the railroad by tearing up the rails, piling them on a heap made of cross-ties, set the cross-ties on fire. The burning cross-ties would heat the iron rails, which would bend of their own weight; if not, we would bend them and make them unfit for use. This would be a serious loss for the Confederacy, but the rich and powerful North could replace the rails and have the road repaired. From this point we marched across the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford and went into winter quarters.

Lee failed in this campaign of strategic maneuvers owing to Stuart and his cavalry. Stuart was boyish in his disposition, frolicsome, sportive and mirthful. He was again led off from his commander by the hope of capturing a wagon train of commissary stores and got his command in a trap. Lee had to send Ewell's corps to save Stuart from capture. This delayed Lee and enabled Meade to cross Broad run at Bristow Station, where Lee intended to intercept him. "The best-laid plans of men and mice aft gang agley." Lee loved Stuart and had in him a great cavalry officer and never a censure fell from his lips, that we heard of, for frustrating this well-conceived movement by which he planned to destroy Meade's army.

Stuart was the flower of cavaliers and adored by his command. General Sedgwick, one of the ablest officers in the Federal army said, "Stuart is the best cavalry soldier ever born in America," and many military experts,

after studying his campaigns, have the same opinion; others yield the palm to the "Wizard of the Saddle."

Unblemished, unsullied in his character, Stuart rose above temptations that would soil. Temperate in his habits, did not drink wine, did not even defile himself with the use of that filthy weed — tobacco. More than this, like Lee, Jackson and many other of his brother officers, he was an humble, earnest Christian.

As Lee retired, Meade followed; each watched the other from opposite banks of the Rappahannock. Later Meade got active and made a flank movement which caused Lee to retire to the south bank of the Rapidan. Meade camped on the north bank. Here the two armies spent the winter of '63-'64.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE recent campaign, called "Mine Run," was one of hard marching day after day and preparations for battles that did not materialize. In following the enemy we found the road strewn with feathers taken by the Yanks from the residents, and other household stuff broken and left in the road. This reminded us of Sherman's raid through our own dear old Anson County. After driving off or killing all the stock of horses and cattle, turkeys, geese and other fowls, the raiders went into residences, broke up the furniture; with an ax hacked the pianos into pieces, broke into trunks, took whatever they fancied, tore the remainder into shreds, used the bed blankets for horse blankets; cut up the feather ticks, scattered the feathers on the floor, got molasses and poured it on the feathers and stirred and mixed them together with any old filth their devilish meanness could devise; loaded handsome carriages with greasy bacon; and what they could not take away they set fire to and destroyed, burning all the corn and other grain, the bales of cotton, the gin houses, the corn cribs, the wheat barns and their contents, and in many instances the residences, leaving the women and children to starve, absolutely without anything to keep soul and body together, with only the raiment they had on. In one instance taking life, doing to death James Bennett, Esq., seventy-two years old, while sitting on the steps of his house — shot to death — murdered. His faithful old slaves made a coffin, reverently committed

his body to the dust and were the only members of his family present to weep over his foul taking off. Hear, hear the report of General Sherman: "I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia and its military resources at \$100,000,000; at least \$20,000,000 of which inured to our advantage, and remainder is simply waste and destruction." In other words, \$20,000,000 was used for his army and \$80,000,000 ruthlessly, fiendishly destroyed. Hear! Hear! as the English say when a public speaker makes some important statement. This was in the State of Georgia. How about the damages in South Carolina and North Carolina? The farther he marched the more ruthless, merciless and wanton the destruction, where the charred soil and lonely chimneys sentineled the wide line of his destructive, ruinous march. "War is hell." Sherman, seeing daily the wreckage done by his men, said: "War is hell." He made a hell on earth and laid it on "war." His inhuman treatment crazed a good woman in Anson County, who spent the remainder of her life in the insane asylum. To search a room thoroughly for treasure these brutes murdered a sick lady by moving her from a bed. God may forgive. The women in the wake of Sherman's march are not gods nor goddesses. They will never forget nor forgive the indignities to which they were subjected by Sherman's brutes. They tied up by the thumbs gray-haired Thomas Robinson, one of the most respected citizens of our county. Space would fail me to enumerate all the cruelties inflicted upon our people.

But we must not place all the blame on Sherman. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, his superior in command, in a letter of instructions to Sherman said, "* * * you to get into the interior of the enemy's country as far as you can, in-

flicting all the damage you can against their war resources."

Corn cribs, granaries, gin houses, smoke houses, horses, cattle and supplies of all kinds, are embraced in the words "war resources" and was a warrant for Sherman's devastations.

Our fathers, our mothers and our sisters, God bless them, were left to starve, for they had denied themselves the surplus commodities of life to supply the boys fighting the invaders of their country. Sherman destroyed the necessities. Among other things scattered along the road were packs of playing cards.

Captain Frank Bennett of Anson County, seeing one of his men take a pack of cards from his breast pocket, intending to throw them away, said: "Better keep them, Tom, they may protect your heart from a Yankee bullet." A prayer book in Captain Bennett's pocket probably saved his life.

Our diary reads: Nov. 7 the Second and Thirtieth Regiments were on picket duty at Kelly's Ford. In the afternoon the enemy appeared suddenly, surprised them and killed five men, wounded fifty-nine and captured 290 men of these two regiments. We drove them back and reestablished our line.

On the morning of that day George Stanback received a large box from home. At 11 A. M. we heard Rev. Dr. Rosser preach. After the sermon we returned to our shacks. We boys improvised a table and spread the contents of George's box thereon — consisting of a large turkey, baked and dressed with the skill of our Southern darkey cooks; a fine ham of bacon, balls of yellow butter, loaf bread, biscuits, cakes, etc. We stood around, reverently bowed our heads while Dr. Rosser said grace.

Sharp, rapid firing intermingled with the doctor's thanks. Officers' quick, short command, "Fall in, men, with your guns and accouterments only." Leaving knapsacks, blankets, everything but cartridge boxes, we double-quickened to the ford — formed in line of battle, recovered the ground and awaited the charge of the Yankees till nightfall and then were withdrawn to the south bank of the Rapidan. We never saw our knapsacks and blankets any more and that great feast-spread was enjoyed by the Yankees. Such is war! The feelings of hungry boys who lost that "lay-out" will never be written. On the Rapidan we went into our old quarters and wintered. It is cold and our rations short, and our soup very thin. Cush is our principal diet. Spies are very bold and the more daring they are the less likely to be detected. One day a stranger having a gray overcoat on passed through our camp unmolested and unquestioned. The next day Meade crossed the river and we met him in line of battle. That evening Lee made a flank movement to discover that Meade had given up his attack and recrossed the river to his former intrenched position. This plainly was the result of the stranger spy. The Mine Run campaign cost the Confederacy 745 in killed, wounded and missing and the Federals 1,653. The hard marching, fighting and short rations caused many to desert and return home. We are pleased to say not one of them belonged to the Anson Guards. What we lacked in numbers we made up in quality. After this the two armies remained quiet in winter quarters during the winter of '63-'64. Picket duty along the banks of the river was frequently lax because of truces entered into by the pickets. "Hello, Johnny, how is 'sasafact' tea?" "Plenty of it, Billy, but sugar is 'skase.'" "How's tobacco, Yank?" "Mighty short." A fair exchange of

sugar and tobacco would be made. The Yankees had genuine coffee, ground and sweetened with sugar, and when possible coffee was always included in the exchange. This took us back to primitive times when commodities were the means of exchange. Confederate money was no good to the Yankee and greenbacks not a medium of exchange values in the South. One day, while a truce was on, a few sheep were grazing on the north side of the river. The Yankee picket shot one and started to dress it. Johnny Reb took in the situation and hallooted to Billy Yank that the truce was off. Billy halted. "How's that? Oh, I see. Well, come over and we'll divide." This was entirely satisfactory to the hungry Johnny, and the mutton was shared.

We had accessions to the army. Among these was a young backwoodsman who was assigned to a post on picket duty. Not being well instructed he left his gun leaning up a tree and nonchalantly sitting at his ease some distance away. General Rodes, our division commander, was inspecting the picket posts. He took in the situation at a glance and asked the young boy if he knew he was liable to be court-martialed and shot for leaving his post. The boy said, "No, I did not."

"When did you enlist?"

"Last week."

"When were you assigned on picket duty?"

"This morning."

"Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"I am General Rodes."

Up the boy jumped, ran to the general, stretched out his hand for a shake and said, "Glad to know you, General Rodes; I'm Dick Maness. How's your folks."

Tom, a cook in our regiment, had gotten hold of a large opossum, rather on the lean order, and had it in a box to fatten. Tom's master was very happy in the thought of having the savory 'possum for a feast, to which he should invite his colonel and captain. Tom and Jim, another darkey cook, engaged in a game of cards. Tom was the loser. Finally Tom staked his 'possum against Jim's winnings and lost.

"Tom, ain't that 'possum fat yet?"

"No, sir, but he's gitting long fine, sir."

Tom was sparring for time. His master invited his friends to a "'possum spread" for next Sunday and ordered Tom to prepare it with extra skill. Tom was in great dilemma; he was loath to tell he had gambled it away. He goes to Jim and states the case, but Jim would neither give nor sell it, for his master had also invited guests to a 'possum dinner for next Sunday. Tom proposed another game of Seven-Up. Jim could not resist. The cards turned and Jim's former good luck deserted him and Tom went off the happy possessor of the 'possum, and Jim's only alternative was to "'fess up" and have his master call off the feast. No, there was one alternative, and Jim's conscientious scruples did not bar it. He went for that 'possum when Tom was asleep and Jim's mouth stretched from ear to ear in a broad grin at Tom's discomfiture and what Tom would do and say on finding his 'possum gone.

Some weeks afterward Tom had been out foraging and returned with some chickens in his sack and said to Jim: "Ef you'll guess how many chickens I'se got in dis here bag I'll gin you both of 'em."

"Two."

"Dar now, somebody done tole yer!"

CHAPTER XLVII

By work and many expedients we succeeded in making our shacks tolerable, though the weather was rough and inclement, and very tough on the thinly-clad boys living on scant rations. Our chaplain, Dr. Power, put in good work and many souls were converted from darkness to light by reason of his labors. The boys held a nightly prayer meeting, which was well attended. Our chaplain the leader one night and some soldier the next. Many, many eloquent extempore petitions to the great Commander went up from fervent hearts, which created a strong sentiment of religious fervor that swept over the camp and prevailed among the officers and the rank and file. One night our chaplain conducted a love feast, the bread being handed around on a tray. B. K. Threadgill and E. F. Billingsby sat side by side. During the service B. K. dropped to sleep. Around came the bread. Billingsby said, "B. K.! Rations!" He reached out and filled both hands. Awake — discovered what he had done and replaced all the bread and went in quest of Billingsby. He did not find him as he had fled from his righteous wrath. We had provided winter quarters any old way we could. Four boys had dug into the side of the hill, over the excavation stretched the fly of an old tent and at the hill end built a chimney, with a flour barrel at the top. They were enjoying a game of cards. Billingsby, to appease "B. K.," sought him and said, "Come with me and we'll have some fun." B. K. was always ready

for fun, as well as all the other boys, for it was *that* which made our privations tolerable, kept us from freezing and starvation. Ed led B. K. and showed these boys interested and absorbed in the game of cards. He climbed the hill and threw a blanket over the vent of the chimney. Soon the chimney filled with smoke, soon the tent filled, and the boys became stifled. Out they poured to ascertain the cause. The blanket had been removed, and everything was all right. Back they went and again engaged in the all-absorbing game. Billingsby placed the blanket again and the rabbits were smoked out of the hollow, to the joy of B. K., who forgot his grievance at the love feast. The next thing was to stretch a rope across the path and trip the pedestrians. The snow was about fifteen inches deep and made a soft bed to fall on. It afforded great fun to these boys to see others trip and come sprawling on the snow.

Detailed to operate a saw mill, felling trees and sawing them into boards with which to repair the Orange and Fredericksburg plankroad. The planks were not used and we never knew what became of them. It was hard labor but good for us — stagnating in camp. Some of the boys would not work because of laziness. One day we bucked and gagged a lazy rascal of Company I named Gallinger. Laid him in the snow some fifteen feet from the fire. He swore he'd freeze before he'd work. Half hour of misery and cold "fotched" him. He worked well afterward. In January, 1864, we enlisted for the war, determined to fight the Yankees to a finish. Strange to us now that we could not see the futility of contending with the world and the resources of the world, all bottled up as we were by the blockading of our seaports. We had confidence in General Lee and ourselves that we would

force the Yankees to concede our independence. The truth burst upon us at Appomattox and strong men and boys commingled their tears in grief.

Again the paymaster came around and gave us bright, beautiful notes just issued from the Confederate printing office and worth possibly the paper and no more.

“ But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well discerned :
And these little checks represented the pay
That our suffering volunteers earned.

“ We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it —
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.”

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE year 1863 had proven a most strenuous one to the Army of Northern Virginia. To its credit stood more miles traveled, more hard marching, both through heat and cold, more battles fought, more men killed and wounded, more suffering for lack of proper clothes and shoes, and all cheerfully done on scant rations and thin soup. Many of our best soldiers trained in the art of war, inured to its hardships, belonging to the bullet department, had met death in heroic action, and as spring approached, the season of active hostilities, we were ill-prepared to meet the large, well-appointed Army of the Potomac with all the proper appliances of war.

Music is sweeter when it comes stealing over the slumbering senses at night, especially "in that hour o'er night's dark arch the keystone." One cannot fail to recall the surpassing harmony of the serenaders' fiddle and flute when awakened from sleep in the wee small hours of the night by "the concord of sweet sounds."

"Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

We were often moved by the "concord of sweet sounds" emanating from the Yankee band, usually complimentary of the South, when late in the night the two armies had retired to repose they would play "Dixie," which could be plainly heard on our side of the river. Our bands returned the compliment by playing "Yankee Doodle," to

be followed alternately by "Annie Laurie," "Lorena," "The Wild Ash Deer," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "When this Cruel War is Over," etc., always leaving the best for the last—"Home, Sweet Home" would come floating through the atmosphere, filling every nook, corner and crevice, finally nestling down into the hearts of the soldiers on both sides as they passed into dreamland:

"One thought of mother at home alone, feeble and old and gray,
One of his sweetheart he left in town, happy and young and gay,
One kissed a ringlet of thin gray hair, one kissed a lock of brown,
Bidding farewell to the stars and bars, just as the chords died
down."

On the eve of God's day sacred hymns were in order, the bands playing alternately, "Jesus, Savior of My Soul," "How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Savior, Breathe an Evening's Blessing," and other soul-refreshing refrains, to wind up with the tune all patriots can sing:

"My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, to thee we sing."

Our wintering days were over. February 29, the United States Congress revived the grade of lieutenant-general, which was borne by Gen. George Washington in 1779. The 9th of March President Lincoln handed to General Grant his commission of lieutenant-general, making him the commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. Mr. Lincoln assured General Grant that he should be untrammelled in his conduct and movements of the entire field of operations. General Grant planned the campaign for the spring of '64, believing the end would come before the summer.

General Sherman was in the West with 98,797 effective men, 254 guns of rifled cannon, and 11,326 cavalry—

totaling 110,123.* Opposed to him was General Johnston, with only 38,856 men. Sherman was to advance to Atlanta, there to be reënforced by General Banks from Mobile, with 30,000, thence to Savannah and cut the Confederacy in two, north and south, like the taking of the Mississippi river in '63 divided the Confederacy the east from the west. Grant reserved the larger force, the Army of the Potomac, for himself. Took command in person and matched himself with Lee the Great in the strategic art of war. Possibly he supposed that the Army of Virginia, like the Western armies, would retreat before him and his prepondering numbers. In his letter to General Sherman, he stated his object: "Give Lee battle wherever found," implying he would be hard to find. Grant proposed to have General Butler, of New Orleans fame, with his 33,000 troops, to leave Norfolk and assist him in capturing Richmond, the capital and key to the Confederacy.

General Grant reorganized the Army of the Potomac into four corps, styled Second, Fifth, Sixth and Ninth, commanded respectively by Generals Hancock, Warren, Sedgwick and Burnside. These four corps were under the immediate command of General Meade. The Army of the Potomac numbered 120,000 men, with a full complement of heavy guns and field artillery of rifled cannon, and 12,424 well-mounted and thoroughly equipped cavalry under General Sheridan.

The Army of Northern Virginia had the same old organization, First, Second and Third corps, under Generals Longstreet, Ewell and A. P. Hill. With accessions of volunteers and conscripts, robbing both the cradle and the grave, Lee had 46,722.

* Hughes Life of General Johnston.

Compare 132,424 with 54,000, counting in Stuart's cavalry.

The Federals raised army after army, each seemingly as great as the one preceding. Our boys would fume and cuss because, after every defeat, the Yankees would raise another army. One got off the following:

“Stop cussing the Yankee army, boys; don't you know it's just like a river, the bigger it gets the more you dam it?”

The great War Governor of the South, Zebulon Baird Vance of North Carolina, established blockade runners, carrying cotton out and bringing in supplies of strips of wire cloth, with which to clothe hand-made cards; the wooden backs were made here. These strips of wire cloth by the hundred thousands were put into the hands of the women and girls and they carded, spun, dyed and wove cotton into beautiful cloth, with which the army and themselves were clothed as best they could.

In addition to the 46,722 infantry and artillery were between 6,000 and 7,000 cavalry under the famous J. E. B. Stuart. Unfortunately all the horses — cavalry, artillery and wagon — were thin and weak because of short rations. Indeed and in fact, the resources of the South were nearly exhausted.

Beauregard below Richmond with 10,000, held at bay Butler with 33,000 at Norfolk. Joe Johnston, in the West with 38,000, battling against Sherman with about 110,000, nearly three to one. We have to do only with the armies of Lee and Grant. Note the numbers, 132,000 against 54,000. Besides this great host of the Federals, Grant was promised all the reinforcements he wanted. Grant's idea was, by concealment and celerity, to cross the Rapidan before Lee could interfere. He cut down his bag-

gage to the smallest limit, made feints of crossing above. By the fords and three pontoon bridges he crossed below and turned Lee's right flank.

Lee anticipated the movement of Grant. He had not been deceived by the feints made on his left. Lee let Grant cross and then launched his legions upon him in the Wilderness. Longstreet, to join Lee, marched from 4 P. M. of the 4th to 7 P. M. of the 5th, twenty-seven consecutive hours — the distance of thirty-six miles. A remarkable feat. Grant thought the crossing of the Rapidan a great success and in a dispatch, said: "Crossing the river in the face of an active, large, well-appointed and ably commanded army." The only truth he uttered was "active" and "ably commanded." We are grateful for that moiety. All spring had been occupied in thoroughly equipping the Union army with military stores, providing transportation. Thousands of wagons to carry these supplies — each wagon marked with its corps badge, the division color and brigade number, with its load designated to move with the army as it moved, and camp with the brigade; ever ready to minister to the wants and comfort of the men in blue. His wagon train, if on one road, would have extended a distance of seventy miles. Never was the appointment of an army so complete in every particular. The contrast of Grant's army, and its full equipment of well-manned artillery, with Lee's force, and its poverty of service, was so great, it was well the Johnnies of the bullet department did not have knowledge of the disparity of the forces they were to do battle against, and meet in the death struggle. The less the soldier knows the better. The time was when the rank and file sat in judgment upon their superior officers in command, but that time had passed. There's a time to think, but not now. He can't afford to think,

the less he thinks the better. General Lee does the thinking and planning; it is for the soldier to go forward simply and execute. The Confederate ranks had been greatly reduced by desertion, its numbers small, its supplies scarce. This we could not help from knowing. But the valiant spirit of those who abided by our colors and animated the Southern boys at the beginning had not waned — rather increased, enhanced by the victories of Manassas, the Seven Days' battle, Harpers Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and the drawn battle of Gettysburg, that ought to have been a victory; yea, this valiant spirit was still a force to be reckoned with: — then there was that perfect confidence in Marse Robert, that genius of war, that incarnation of sagacity that had no equal; that father of his men whose love was mutual; whose confidence and devotion, one to the other was mutual; whose determination to keep the heel of the invader from desecrating the sacred precincts of Richmond was mutual; and whose love of Dixie was mutual. General Lee was a devoted Christian, member of the Episcopal church, and gave his influence and his prayers to the revival of religion, well knowing that a soldier of the Confederacy converted would make a good soldier of Christ, and a soldier of Christ would make a better soldier of the Confederacy. In case of death he could sing, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

The Wilderness, the Wilderness! Oh, the Wilderness, in which the battle of Chancellorsville was fought the first week in May last year and again to be the field of contest. Imagine a great, dismal forest containing 120 square miles — the worst kind of a thicket of second-growth trees (for a hundred years the forest had been denuded of timber for the blast furnaces of the iron mines); so thick

with small pines and scrub oak, cedar, dogwood and other growth common to the country, with little ravines and hollows between the little hills. Wide stretched "The Wilderness," with its tangled vines, where one could see barely ten paces.

Lee knew that in such a place a small force could best assail a large one. Hence he allowed Grant to cross the Rapidan without opposition and hastened to attack him while his overwhelming army was entangled in these woods. There were a few small clearings and roads to these clearings. Through the Wilderness ran the Turnpike road, the Orange Plank road, the Ely's Ford, the U. S. Ford, the Old Mine Run and other roads that gave access and egress to and from the Wilderness. When Grant got in the Wilderness he was surprised to find Ewell's corps there. The engagement on the 5th waxed hot, but Lee did not desire a general engagement till Longstreet could join him, the night of the 5th. The 6th, Longstreet made a flanking movement on Hancock's left. Mahone came into action, first striking Hancock, and drove his line in confusion across the Plank road where General Wadsworth was killed. Longstreet followed up Mahone's attack with fresh troops and, riding with Jenkins and Kershaw at the head of Jenkins' brigade, met the fire of Mahone's men, who thought them Yankees, which killed Jenkins and desperately wounded Longstreet. This was fatal to the intended assault and saved Grant's army. Here was another coincident of this war. Last year a great general, Lee's right arm, received his death-wound in this Wilderness by a volley from his own men, and now another, not so great, but next in command to Lee himself, was felled to earth by the hands of his own soldiers. In the thick undergrowth men could not distinguish friend from foe. Prov-

idence again interfered to save the Federal army. The loss of the Federals, notwithstanding Longstreet was^v prevented from giving his last crushing blow, was 2,246 killed, 12,087 wounded and 3,385 captured.* Confederate loss, 7,750.† It is not in the scope of this work to further portray this battle, and we turn to our diary. "Our regiment was not actively engaged the 5th and 6th. On the 7th we double-quickened to the right to repel a Yankee column endeavoring to flank our division. We drove the enemy about a half mile, taking several prisoners, lot of provisions and the tents belonging to a Federal regiment. Lay in line of battle all night. Those fortunate to have anything in their haversacks ate it, those who had not went without. We fought a regiment of Indians. As we drove them back one Indian took refuge behind a tree. We saw him and supposed he would surrender. As we moved on he shot our color bearer. Many turned and fired, riddling him with bullets. The Indians fought bravely in the wood. When driven into the open they^v did not again fire on us, but ran like deer. We captured not one of them.

"He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

T. J. Watkins picked up a satchel with beautiful figured work thereon, made with various colored beads. It was sent home and prized. Sherman's raiders and bummers took it, and every other valuable possession, from his house in January, 1865.

On the night of the 5th, while encamped in the Wilderness in close proximity to the Yankees, there was many

* B. & L.

† Alexander.

a prayer service and singing of hymns. The religious fervor of the Rapidan revival had taken deep hold on our boys and these services brought to mind Cromwell's Ironsides praying and fighting. The cavaliers called them "canting hypocrites" and the Yankees may have had a similar feeling and called us "rebel hypocrites" and yet, we dare say, they had too much respect for the "fighting Johnnies" to use this epithet. Had General Early * permitted Gordon and aided him in making the flank attack on Grant's right in the morning or at noon, such a victory as seldom comes to combatants would have resulted and Grant would have been glad to escape with the remnant of his defeated hosts beyond the Rappahannock river. The God of battles sided with the Great Western Republic and we are now content.

Just before night the situation was explained to Lee, who immediately ordered the attack, which crushed Grant's right wing and darkness alone saved his army from destruction and utter annihilation.

* Gordon's Reminiscences.

CHAPTER XLIX

GRANT, the Butcher, with his great preponderance of force, counted his loss of 17,000 men as a mere trifle. He remained in his entrenchments during the 7th of May and, seeing the impossibility of defeating Lee in the Wilderness, again attempted to march by Lee's flank and place his army between Lee and Richmond. Again Grant found his road blocked by his wily and tenacious antagonist. Lee divined Grant's movement, ordered General Anderson to take the road to Spottsylvania Courthouse the night of the 7th. He met Warren's corps two and a half miles north of Spottsylvania, checked his forward movement and immediately Warren fell back to a favorable position and intrenched.

Grant said it was accident. The world says it was one of Lee's master moves. It was later revealed that Lee had a year before anticipated that Spottsylvania would be a battlefield. Wherever the Yankees placed their lines there they fortified. They were provided with axes, picks, spades and shovels. The Confederates had also learned the value of protection, and made breastworks, though greatly inferior to the Federal's because, having no tools, they used the bayonet for picks; the naked hand, tin cups and tin pans for shovels and spades. In every appointment the Confederates were outclassed by the Federals. In contemplation, the mind is again brought to the question, How, how in the world did we continue the struggle four long years? Both sides fortified and awaited Grant's order to begin the work of mangling and death.

The Confederate line was in the shape of the letter A with the top flattened, and the cross in the A a second line. The left was held by Longstreet's, now Anderson's corps. In his front was Hancock's corps. The apex and center was occupied by Ewell's corps and in front of Ewell were Sedgwick and Warren's corps. Early, in command of Hill's corps, on the right, was opposed by Burnside. You will notice Ewell had opposed to him two corps, either one of which exceeded his own in number. The 9th was spent by the Butcher in placing fieldpieces and increasing the strength of the Yankee breastworks. While engaged in locating his guns General Sedgwick was instantly killed by a sharpshooter. The first attack was made by Warren and was repulsed with heavy loss. The next effort was made by Colonel Upton's brigade and four other regiments, about 8,000 men. These he formed in four double lines or eight lines of muskets, in the cover of woods 200 yards distant. His attack was on Doles' brigade of 1,500. Upton passed the parapet, overwhelmed Doles, captured many of his men and rushed on till met by Gordon's reserve, when his advance was checked and forced back. Upton was made a brigadier-general by Grant on the field for this successful assault. On the 11th there was little firing. That night Lee received information that the Butcher was again moving on his right flank and ordered his heavy guns withdrawn preparatory to meeting Grant. Later he was aware Grant was not moving, and he ordered the guns replaced. For some reason this was not done. On the 12th Grant made assault on Anderson's front, from which the guns had been moved. Hancock formed in ten double ranks, twenty lines of muskets, under cover of a dense fog, at 4:30 A. M., caught Anderson unprepared as to artillery; and Tom Watkins,

who was present, says: "Their muskets were left leaning against the breastworks, muzzle up — the rain had wet the powder and could not be fired. The Yankees rushed over the entrenchments, captured Generals Anderson and Stuart, 4,000 prisoners and twenty guns. This was a terrible disaster, all caused by negligence. Lee hastily sent other troops, withdrawn from his left, and drove Hancock back. To relieve Hancock, Sedgwick's corps made an assault on the west angle. The fighting lasted the entire day and till midnight, and was one of the bloodiest of the war. The memory of this fierce assault and brave defense is commemorated by the name of Bloody Angle. Twenty brigades, 40,000 Yankees, took part in this assault of the Bloody Angle, in lines twenty to forty deep, just outside the parapet. These were brave Federal soldiers who stood our fire and were shot down in heaps and mangled beyond recognition. Yet the Yankees delivered such a terrific fire that their bullets bit in twain a red oak twenty-two inches in diameter. The stump of this tree is now in the Museum in Washington. The tree top falling brushed only a few yards away from the Anson Guards. The living and the dead laid side by side.

Grant took a breathing spell. Contemplating the terrible butchery of his men he hardened his heart and wrote to Halleck: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." He may have been a great general, the South don't so estimate him. He was simply a butcher. What concern to him the loss of thousands of his men? The government was daily sending him reënforcements. Lee was drawing from Grant venous blood — Grant was drawing from Lee arterial blood. Grant could replace the man slain with ten. Lee could not replace the man slain by another. It was arterial blood that ebbed from the

heart of Lee's veterans. In continuous fighting consisted Grant's greatness.

When Doles' Georgians gave way Lee saw the necessity of reestablishing his line and intended to lead the charge. The men would not consent for their beloved commander to expose himself and holloed, "Lee to the rear!" "Lee to the rear!" "We'll drive the Yankees back." "We won't go unless you go back." As he did not go a boy stepped from the ranks, taking hold of Traveler by the bridle, led Lee's horse to the rear. His ears were greeted with the words that they would do all that mortal men could do, without unnecessary exposure of his person. This occurrence is attributed to Gordon's troops by most historians. Gordon was commanding a division. We know it is true and it occurred in Ramseur's brigade by the Fourteenth Regiment North Carolina Volunteers. T. J. Watkins writes: "General Lee rode up to our line, evidently intending to lead our brigade in the charge. Ramseur said to General Lee, 'If mortal men can retake the works I can and will.' I never saw Lee more enthused. He looked every inch the superb soldier that he was. One of the boys took hold of the bridle of Lee's horse, turned it round, and led him to the rear. This was inspiring. General Ramseur formed us in line, gave the command to fix bayonets and charge. This we did with alacrity. Raised the Rebel Yell, made a dash and drove them back after a stubborn resistance. At the trenches we helped them over with our bayonets. When they got over the breastworks they laid down in front of them for protection and we took them captives. I captured five from Delaware. They expected to be shot, as they heard the command to fix bayonets and thought that equal to raising the black flag. They offered me the contents of their

knapsacks, which I declined, as I had never taken anything from a Yankee, dead or alive. Burkhead Taylor said if they had anything to give he'd take it. They filled his knapsack and just as he strapped it on a bullet struck him in the forehead and killed him. He fell on his back and I cut the strap off his knapsack and turned him on his side that he might die more comfortably. When I raised up a bullet extracted my front teeth. I informed Colonel Bennett our ammunition was short and to order up more. He saw I had lost my teeth and remarked, 'I know your tongue will be glad as it will get a long-needed rest.' The prisoner boys started to the rear and as they cleared the rifle pit they were instantly shot by their own men. I tell you the bullets came thick and fast. Next morning, seeing Colonel Bennett's lips swollen by the contusion of a ball, he said that it was a judgment for his flippant remark to me."

Some engineer made a sad mistake in locating our line at this angle. The mistake cost us many valuable men. We fell back to the inner line or line of the cross in the letter A. Against this line the enemy made repeated assaults in great numbers and with heroic bravery, but they never drove us from our position. We certainly slaughtered them in the ten distinct assaults. We made good use of the many guns which were thrown down by General Anderson's men when captured, by loading them in the intermissions and firing without stopping to load. In this way we multiplied our effectiveness. The wounded Yankees called piteously for water. A boy asked Captain Freeman if he might carry them water. The bullets were whistling. Permission was given. With canteen in hand he leaped the breastworks and gave to the wounded soldiers. When the enemy saw this kindly act of humanity

performed at the imminent risk of his life they ceased firing and a yell of approbation went up from both sides. E. F. Billingsby, after this heroic act, leisurely walked back, mounted the breastworks, turned and bowed to the enemy, who greeted him with a prolonged cheer. He gave his life this day in devotion to his State. His name will be linked to this daring deed of humanity for coming ages.

The Anson Guards lost M. V. Tyson, E. F. Billingsby, W. D. McPherson and James Brigman killed outright; G. A. Morton, W. H. Sanders, E. J. Smith, J. L. Smith, W. L. Stanback, T. J. Watkins, W. C. Threadgill, Miles Threadgill, A. B. Morton, S. H. Gaddy, J. H. Alford and our Colonel Bennett, were wounded. Our first colonel, Junius Daniels, promoted brigadier-general, was killed. He was a fine officer and had the welfare of his men in daily consideration. On the 18th the enemy again assaulted our lines and were repulsed; 19th engaged the enemy, driving them from their position. In this battle John W. McGregor was wounded; 21st we marched in the direction of Hanover Junction.

General Grant proposed to "give Lee battle wherever found" * but he lost sight of his objective and slid off to one side.

* Page 230.

CHAPTER L

GRANT, finding he could not successfully attack Lee intrenched, slid off to his left. He had received large reënforcements and again sought to cut Lee off from Richmond, by the sliding process, and get into a more open country where his enormous preponderance in numbers could be maneuvered to advantage.

When Grant reached Hanover Junction to his surprise he found Lee had anticipated his movement and was drawn up in line of battle on the south side of the North Anna river ready to receive him. His hope of catching Lee napping was vain.

Warren's corps and part of Wright's crossed at fords above and Hancock's corps crossed the North Anna river below on the Chesterfield bridge. Thus Grant's army was divided in three separate parts. His two wings on the south side and his center on the north side of said river. Lee, with Napoleonic tactics, thrust his army between these separated wings, with the intention of destroying one wing and then turn upon the other, engaging each of these wings with their backs to the river. Grant could reënforce one wing only by crossing the river, and one wing could come to the assistance of the other wing only by crossing the river twice. Lee ordered Hill to attack Warren, which he did in piecemeal — division by division. He should have hurled his whole corps in one grand assault and accomplished Lee's purpose. Thus Grant's army was again saved. Grant, perceiving his perilous situation,

on the night of the 24th withdrew both wings back to the north side of the river, and again slid off to Totopotamoy creek. He failed to "give Lee battle wherever found."

Grant decided the Confederate position was too strong to successfully assault and again moved to Lee's right. He was afraid he might find another "Bloody Angle" or "Hell Hole," as some of his men called it. On the night of the 26th Grant made one more attempt to interpose his army between Lee and Richmond. He had received large reënforcements and his army was more numerous than when he crossed the Rapidan river. With this large army it was no trouble for him to sidle around his antagonist, whom he could not drive. These sidling movements were the same tactics employed by Sherman in front of Joe Johnston. Overwhelming forces gave them every advantage of flank movements, and in this way they could penetrate the interior of the South, when they could not do so by direct blows.

Our diary says: May 21 moved in the direction of Hanover Junction, arrived on 22d and confronted the enemy; 23d, 24th, 25th and 26th had daily skirmishes with them; 27th our brigade commander was promoted to major-general and took command of General Early's division. Col. W. R. Cox promoted brigadier-general and was placed in command of our (Ramseur's) brigade. On that day we marched towards Richmond and took position on the Totopotomoy, near Pale Green church. Colonel Bennett in command of the brigade. Found the enemy in force near the church, engaged him and drove him some distance. In this engagement Captain Freeman and George L. Stanback were killed; J. D. Tillman, J. M. Watkins and Miles Threadgill wounded. J. M. Watkins fell into the hands of the Yankees. W. H. Kirby was also

captured; 31st our brigade was deployed as skirmishers, the enemy moving to our right. June 1 heavy fighting under General Hoke, the enemy driven back with heavy loss; 2d again we pushed the enemy back from our front. W. C. Little was killed. We captured several prisoners. We intrenched as best we could with the material at hand. June the 3d a terrific assault on our lines to be repulsed with frightful loss to the enemy, who lay thick in front of our works. June 4 and 5 held our position without being interrupted; 6th we moved around in the rear of the enemy's right flank, but for lack of coöperation by our supporting column, had to fall back to our former position; 7th made another move on the enemy's flank. Shelled their line but without results; 8th remained quiet. Dr. Ramseur was appointed surgeon of our regiment. We are under orders to move to-morrow, where, we do not know; 9th we marched to Gaines Mill, the scene of a great battle in '62. This country is familiar to us. We welcome it as an old friend in which we fought our way into fame and glory and into the esteem of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." General Grant is reported to have said the siege of Richmond has begun. All quiet on the firing line. Daily inspection; 10th throwing up breastworks; 11th no move to-day; 12th our adjutant, Lieut. J. C. Marshall, arrived from home. We rejoiced in the privilege of a quiet Sunday of worship. Rev. Mr. Brown preached in the morning and Mr. Anderson in the afternoon; 13th General Early had been made lieutenant-general and took command of our corps, what was left of it. We kept up our formation of regiments and brigades, but reduced to mere skeletons. This day ordered to move. The rank and file are not informed of the movements or the objects thereof.

**“Ours not to make reply.
Ours not to reason why;
Ours but to do and die.”**

Our dear, illustrious Colonel Bennett said: “I say it with my hand over my face, but it seems to me if Gen. Robert E. Lee, General Jackson, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston had descended now and then to the level of the ordinary soldier in our armies and had personal contact with them, it would have imparted to them more of their heroic spirit and a higher emulation of their conduct and example.”

We soon learned that our way lead toward Lynchburg and the famous Valley of Virginia. Before following Early's movements further let's return and fetch up in a general way the movements of Lee's army, which will require another chapter.

CHAPTER LI

THE 12th of May is a memorable day of the Fourteenth N. C. Regiment in the annals of our war. Early in the morning the Yankees penetrated our line. General Lee saw the necessity of restoring his line and rode up to Ramseur's brigade to lead it. The peril of the situation was manifest to all. The fire of the enemy had driven the gunners off from the battery of the Richmond Howitzers. Captain Jones and another stood by the guns. Colonel Bennett, Captain Freeman, Lieutenant Murray, Private McPherson and a few others assisted to fire these guns. Soon the order came for the Fourteenth to wheel to the left and the Thirtieth to the extreme right of the brigade and charge the enemy. We drove them and recovered the first line of our works, paused a moment and made a dash for the next and stronger line. The enemy was in great force and received us with determination of a death struggle. The Thirtieth Regiment on the right was in desperate peril. Colonel Bennett sought General Ramseur's leave to move to its assistance. The peril of this movement was momentous. Changing from the left to the right in the face of a galling fire, a hazardous, tremendous risk. Colonel Bennett took his regiment into his confidence and explained to them the odds and risk. With the Rebel Yell we rushed down the line in column, "drove into the traverses by a front of fours." We expelled the enemy, "giving him cold steel and other reforms." The enemy again and again hurled their phalanxes against

us but we held against them all. In the afternoon word came from Mississippi, "Send us ammunition or we must surrender." Volunteers were called for. Instantly out stepped John W. McGregor and Charlie Cox of Anson, Ingram of Wake, and Dixon of Cleveland, fastened boxes of cartridges to a rail and shouldered them to General Harrison at the very summit of the horseshoe. The regiment this day was inspired by its leader, Colonel Bennett, and bore themselves like heroes, as they were — every inch of heroic mold: — and yet our gallant colonel, every way fitted for high command, failed to receive merited promotion from Richmond (Davis and Seddon had favorites is the only explanation). Certainly he did receive the high praise and commendation of his superiors in the field of action and the devotion of the brave men of his regiment, who recognized in him a leader "without his reward."

From the 12th to the 18th varied movements of the Union army and corresponding adjustments of the Confederate lines to meet these changes were made. Finally, on the 19th, a last effort to break our lines failed with a loss of 2,000 and "the Butcher" gave over the attempt to crush Lee's little legions and slid off to Hanover Junction. Hancock led the advance to North Anna river. On arrival found Lee had anticipated him and was posted on the opposite bank ready to contest his passage. A show of resistance only was made and Hancock was fooled, as it was but another example of Lee's favorite rule to let his antagonist make his attack with a river at his back. Lee could have defended the crossing at the Chesterfield bridge and failure to do it was a strategy to lead Grant into a military dilemma. Lee handled his legions with consummate skill, and made one count for three. Grant

crossed the river at different points and Lee seized the opportunity and made one of his brilliant strokes by putting his little army between them, fortified his position by intrenching. The attempt to aid Hancock and Warren thus divided by Burnside met with disaster. One could but wish that Lee had had an army commensurate with "the Butcher's." "However — anyhow," Grant was checkmated by Lee on the banks of the North Anna — his position too strong to assault. Though the object set forth by Grant himself was to "give Lee battle wherever found" (?) Sideling off to Lee's right flank at night was his next move, but the lion was again found in his path at Totopotomoy, a small branch of the Pamunkey, effectually blocking his way. After reconnoitering with a view to battle Grant concluded to try some other place and struck out for Cold Harbor.

But Lee had not lost his cunning and confronted "the Butcher" at Cold Harbor. Having full possession of railroads and waterways and all the craft needed, Grant changed his base of supplies from the Orange and Alexander railroad to Aquia creek, then to Port Royal on the Rappahannock, then to the White House on the Pamunkey, then to the James river.

It is hard to estimate the advantage to the Federals in controlling the seas and navigable streams. Without it they certainly never could have overcome the South. At this present moment it enabled the Butcher to recoup his losses at the Wilderness and Spottsylvania by bringing a large part of the Tenth and Eighteenth corps of the Army of the James to his assistance, and these were in addition to the 10,000 troops received about the 20th or 21st of May. At Cold Harbor Grant brought up and posted his entire force, infantry, artillery and

cavalry, heavily intrenched, and planted his artillery with great care. Ordered an assault early in the morning of the 3d. While Grant was making these preparations Lee was not idle. We had our bayonets, which we used for picks and tin cups for spades. With any material we could get, by working with a will and continued endurance, we intrenched ourselves behind formidable works all along our line. Rain fell the night of the 2d, refreshed our men and softened the earth for digging with bayonets. Grant's last chance to whip Lee and capture Richmond had come. With his preparations complete, very early in the morning, just as the sun, rising, tinged the East with golden clouds and shading off to deep azure in the mid heaven, the men in blue, well fed, well shod and clothed — in all the panoply of magnificent war, stepped in front of their intrenchments, in solid formation and advanced to the assault. We were expecting, awaiting and prepared. The silence was broken by the roar of our cannon, the shrieking of shells, the sputtering of grape and canister and the continuous popping of our small arms, pouring tons of steel and lead into the vanguard of human bodies, striking them with a thud, killing and mangling them beyond description. This magnificently grand assault by the entire Army of the Potomac against Lee's inferior numbers cost the Butcher 10,000 men in the space of twenty minutes.* These brave men staggered back behind their intrenchments. Desultory firing continued till noon. The "Butcher" ordered another charge. They refused the ordeal of the "Fiery Furnace." From their intrenchments they could see 10,000 of their comrades lying on the field, after the determined assault of the early morning, which was so futile and so disastrous. This place

* The Civil War Through the Camera.

was afterward known as the "Fiery Furnace." Grant sent his staff to corps commanders for another assault; these sent the order to the commanders of divisions and brigades. The men did not move. A second time the order came. A show of men aligning kept us on the qui vive. A third time came the order to advance and drive Lee's reduced legions out of their protecting works, overwhelm them and the road to Richmond would be open and its capture certain. "The 'On to Richmond' which has been sounded in your ears for years will then be accomplished and a grateful nation will acknowledge its debt to you." This had been Grant's one dream and now his last chance to achieve it. Not one stepped out. They would not go again into that "Fiery Furnace." The "Butcher" now knew he was beaten but was so chagrined at his failure he would not propose a truce to look after his wounded and bury his dead till the 7th, three days after the battle. Then they found every wounded man had died except two. What a holocaust to the god of war rendered by his stubbornness! Grant had earned the pseudonym of the "Butcher." The Federal loss at Cold Harbor and the fights immediately preceding was over 17,000. The last fight was brief and dire — briefest and direst in the history of the world. The scythe of death had a harvest unknown in this war of great battles. Like autumn leaves lay the blue in front of our lines!

The official report of Grant's army on the 2d of May gave 113,875 men present for duty. The report does not cover those slightly and temporarily ill. May 4 Grant entered upon his Virginia campaign and virtually closed it on the 3d of June — only thirty days. In this brief space, according to the lowest estimate of Northern historians, he had butchered 54,929 men. According to Gen-

eral Long he lost in round numbers 60,000. The Butcher fought it out on this line but it did not take him all summer to hammer out of service more men than Lee had.

Eighth, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th the two armies lay quiet. On the last day, in the night, Grant sidled away to Wilcox's Landing, crossed the James and set his face towards Petersburg, twenty miles south of the Capital. The greatest strategist of the Federal army in '62, without appreciable loss, placed his army on the Chickahominy, within five miles of Richmond. Grant, after butchering 55,000 men, was not so near the city. At every move he had met the lion in his path. One will look in vain for a single brilliant stroke of strategy or tactics in this campaign. His whole reliance had been numbers. His campaign clearly demonstrates he was not a general of the first class. On the 10th Grant sent Gilmore, with infantry and cavalry, to surprise and occupy Petersburg. Failing in this he sent Second corps in haste, by forced marches, hoping to take that city before Lee could send reënforcements. His wily antagonist again foiled him and he began the siege of Richmond and Petersburg by regular approaches of sapping and mining. The men belonging to the bullet department of the Federal army were brave and steady soldiers, executing the commands of their general officers with promptness and determination. These officers could remain under protection and say "Go" and they went. This is evidenced by the fact that, so far as we can learn, they lost no officer of high rank in battle, and only one colonel. 'Tis true, General Sedgwick was killed, but by a sharpshooter before the battle began. The officers in the Confederate armies accompanied their men into battle and were killed more in proportion to numbers than were the rank and file.

CHAPTER LII

OUR gallant captain, Eli Freeman, fell May 30, at Bethesda church. He was a native of Ohio and came to Wadesboro, N. C., in the early sixties. Like Tubalcain, he was a forger in brass and iron, probably the finest artificer in metals ever in our county. He fashioned with his skillful hands the beautiful and symmetrical chandelier now pendant from the ceiling of the Masonic Temple in Wadesboro. He was a gentleman of attainments in education and composition. Six feet tall, well proportioned, a model of manly beauty. Fair complexion, piercing eye. He wore long, black, wavy whiskers and his hair, black as the raven's wing, fell in curly ringlets down on his shoulders. A gentleman of deep learning, yet schooled in the use of tools, which he handled with dexterity. Gracious in speech, courtly in bearing, he was beloved by every man in his company. He revered the women of Dixieland and married Henrietta McPherson, a reigning belle of the county. A short time only intervened before he was grieving over the death of his fair bride. Although not to the manner born he became a true son of the South. Responding promptly to the call of Governor Ellis for volunteers to defend the State from invasion, he enlisted in the Anson Guards. Elected a sergeant, then second lieutenant, then captain by unanimous vote. He was remarkably free from sickness and led his company in all the battles. He seemed to bear a charmed life, never receiving a serious wound till the day

of his death. No stone marks his resting place but the gifted pen of his beloved colonel, his compatriot in arms, has sung his praises in more enduring form in Clark's "North Carolina Regiments." Hear him: "As soon as the interest of the living permitted, I went to do the last duty to the dead captain. He lay upon the battlefield and some kindly hand had drawn his hat over his face, leaving the same jaunty look which distinguished him in life now in death. It was a beautiful day, laden with the breath of spring; as the wind came from the deserted chambers of the South, it ran its fingers through his beautiful locks and they vibrated as if instinct with life."

Before the battle he was sitting in the early morning reading the Testament. One of the boys chaffed him. He replied, "This is my last battle; I shall be killed to-day!" A prescience of impending fate.

He remained true to his first love and never married again, but was so popular and esteemed, the ladies sang this toast:

"Here's to Company C, drink it down;
Here's to Company C and the gallant Captain Free,
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down."

In the South all business was conducted on the credit system during the year, payment being expected on or before January 1. Often debts were not paid and Freeman frequently in distress. The following is a sample of his humorous duns, published in the form of an advertisement in *The Argus* edited by Fenton and Darley, both Northern gentlemen:

"A man in debt is as good as damned,
Dismal experience has taught that unless
Your pocketbook is heavily crammed

All other qualities ain't worth a cuss:
So gentlemen whose purses are éncientē,
Will please travel to my shop and pay;
And help me on my weary way.
By duns, deputies and casas I'm awfully jammed:
If I don't warrant somebody I'll be damned.
Hush! don't print this, 'tis a wicked thing
And I like to be religious when I sing."

During the great revival in the winter quarters of the Army of Virginia, '63-'64, Captain Freeman was soundly converted and lived the life of a consistent Christian. We mourned his loss! First Lieut. Wm. A. Liles was promoted captain.

George L. Stanback was another member of our company who failed to answer roll call the night of the 30th. He was the son of Presly Nelme Stanback and Elizabeth Little, his wife. Born and raised on the banks of the Great Pee Dee river, on the Richmond County side. His ardent spirit could not brook delay — could not wait for the formation of a company from his own county, but came and enlisted in the Anson Guards. He made a most capital soldier, a good messmate, and all-round good fellow. Ever ready, cheerfully willing for duty and was esteemed by his comrades. When he left for the seat of war he left behind a dog, to which he was tenderly attached, and the dog returned his love with compound interest. When killed his faithful servant and valet, by some means (and it must have been with great difficulty), procured a coffin and took his body home. The servants of our Southern boys took great pride in providing for their masters, whom they served with the devotion of foster brothers, and after a battle roamed the field over till they were found and their wants attended. George's brother Frank relates that on the day of the 30th the dog

howled and continued to howl during the night. Next day he was more quiet, but had a drooping manner and a sad countenance; that four or five days afterward the dog accompanied me to the field where I went to superintend the workers. While sitting beneath the shade of a tree near the roadside with the dog's head lying in my lap I was surprised at the approach of Jim, George's servant, whom I supposed was in Virginia. Jim said: "Marse Frank, Marse George is dead and I brung his body home. It's out yonder in the big road now." Then it was I felt a quiver pass through the body of the dog, and lo, he was dead! The relator of this sad incident still survives and he speaks the words of truth and soberness.



GEORGE L. STANBACK
CHARLES H. COX

WILLIAM L. STANBACK
PRESLEY N. STANBACK

CHAPTER LIII

IN the trenches at Cold Harbor, though the water was scarce and bad, full of wiggletails, in fact; though amid the hot sunshine during the day without protection and the biting, stinging, singing mosquitoes at night, we were in fine spirits, waiting for the next order from Marse Robert to repulse General Grant. Our confidence in our ability was supreme. We told over with zest the ordeals of the march and the battles of the last month. Cracked jokes, chaffed the orderlies and staff officers, related incidents of courage and prowess in the battles, praised Marse Robert for foiling Grant's every move and vowed to follow him till we drove Grant back across the Potomac and gained our independence; then we sang "The Song o' Sixpence" and every other song that came to memory.

"Live and die for Dixie and by the 'leven stars,
Down with the Yankees and up with the bars:
Old Lincoln with his hirelings can never whip the South
Shout, shout the joyous notes of freedom."

It appears strange now that it never occurred to us but what Marse Robert would triumph against all odds and all numbers. We did not stop to consider or reason; simply had faith in God that he would defend the right and we verily believed we were "the right." Like the old lady, when some doubter expressed his opinion that Grant, with his numbers, would finally wear us out, she said: "Never, never. They may captivate all the men,

they may arrogate all the women, they may fisticate all the land, but they can never congregate the South. Never! never!! never!!!”

“In the Evening by the Twi-light” songs so dear to the rank and file — to those who can be moved by tender words sung by melodious voices, rich with tender sentiment, brought many a heart-throb of sweet memories and thrill of delight. Cares and dangers and privations would flee when some boy would chant a familiar childhood verse, to be heartily joined by others in the chorus.

Should old acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind? A plaintive note arises in “John Anderson, My Jo;” and to these words:

“Now heaven above us bless all that love us,
All whom we love in thy tenderness keep:
While down the river we'll float on forever
Speak not, Oh! speak not, there's peace on the deep.”

Songs, sweet and sad, would bring tears to the hard lines of the weather-beaten faces, who were trying to drown their sufferings in recitals and tales, in jokes and plays, frolic and fun. Often patriotic songs would cheer the heart and stir the blood till the feelings would respond with animation; joy come to sore hearts till they would dare to meet the foe with any odds. There is no music equal to the sweet sounds of the human voice as it recites, in clear, silvery words, in violin tones, some favorite tune and the quartette of soprano, alto, tenor and bass in the chorus is enchanting. It was a favorite pastime to break into the sublime with the ridiculous as when, “Though the Day of My Destiny is Over,” “I Have Heard the Mavis Singing His Love Song to the Morn,” or “And Oh!



MAJ. GEN. STEPHEN DODSON RAMSEUR

You'll Not Forget Me, Mother, if I'm Numbered with the Slain," is followed by

"It rains and it snows and its cold stormy weather,
In comes the tanner with his side of leather."

"Little brown jug I love thee
Ha, ha, ha, for you and me."

"I'm sitting to-day in the old playground,
Where you and I have sat so oft together
I'm thinking of the joys when you and I were boys
Of those merry days now gone, John, forever."

Fun and games engrossed us. Many games were invented to fill the otherwise weary hours that hung so heavily on our hands. They acted on our frames and minds like the safety valve on the steam engine, to drown our memories of "home, sweet home" and its dear ones. They relieved the depressing effect of army life, its hardships, its sufferings, its woes and its griefs.

A drummer got this off on the town of Wadesboro: He saw only two men doing anything: "One was winding a Waterbury watch and the other had the itch."

During the three last years of the war, when the poverty of the Confederacy was so great the government could not furnish its soldiers with a change of raiment, to the itch this ambassador of commerce could have added those insects which were always hungry and never satisfied, which had no respect for persons and had enlisted for the war.

When General Ramseur was promoted major-general he was assigned to the command of General Early's old division and went with Early to the valley. We had served

under Stephen D. Ramseur from October, '62, as our brigade commander in the Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville battles, the Gettysburg campaign and the Grant "On to Richmond" campaign. He had the martial qualities that make a brave, capable officer and won the esteem of his men. We regretted to lose him, as under him we had won renown and commendation. By our bravery, steadiness and determined courage we made him a major-general and the distinction to be called the "Chevalier Bayard" of the Confederate army. An Englishman correspondent of the *London Herald*, writing of the battle of Spottsylvania May 12, said: "An important salient in the Confederate line had been captured." Lee, seeing the importance of restoring his lines rode up where Ramseur was forming on Hay's right. "Being ordered to charge were received by the enemy with stubborn resistance. The desperate character of the struggle along that brigade front was told terribly in the hoarseness and rapidity of its musketry. So close was the fighting there, for a time, that the fire of friend and foe rose up rattling in one common roar. Ramseur's North Carolinians dropped in the ranks thick and fast, but still he continued, with glorious constancy, to gain ground foot by foot. Pressing under a fierce fire, resolutely on, on, on, the struggle was about to become one of hand to hand, when the Federalists shrank from the bloody trial. Driven back, they were not defeated. The earthworks being at the moment in their immediate rear, they bounded on the other side; and having thus placed them in their front, they renewed the conflict. A rush of an instant brought Ramseur's men to the side of the defenses; and though they crouched close to the slopes, under enfilade from the enemy's guns of the salient, their musketry rattled in deep and deadly fire

on the enemy that stood in overwhelming numbers but a few yards from their front. These brave North Carolinians had thus, in one of the hottest conflicts of the day, succeeded in driving the enemy from the works that had been occupied during the previous night by a brigade which, until the 12th of May, had never yet yielded to a foe—the Stonewall.” Ramseur was sent for by General Lee that he might receive in person the thanks of that noble commander. In this battle he was shot through his already disabled arm, and had three horses killed under him, but led on his brigade to the gathering of fresh laurels for himself and forces. We never went into a battle without adding to our high reputation. Our lines were formed under fire as in brigade drill, to make this charge when others had refused to advance. We ran over portions of a recusant command, just as we did at Chancellorsville on the morning of the 6th of May after Jackson was wounded — ran over these same troops which had been urged to advance by their officers.*

In front, over and inside the salient the contest waxed hottest. When we could no longer fire because of the proximity of the enemy we used the bayonet, pistols were fired by the officers or they whacked with swords — sometimes guns were used as clubs. The rage of man against man here found its vent. In all the war the bayonet was rarely used. This was the only time our brigade came to quarters so close its use was permitted. The gleam of cold, glittering steel always gave a faint, and one side or the other shrank from its contact. Over the salient poured the mass of the blue to be hurled back by the thin line of the gray — the Stars and Stripes would alternate with the Stars and Bars on the coveted parapet. Finally the

* Watkins.

blue won with his dead in heaps over the gray with its dead scattered over the field and thick in the slippery trenches. Those left of the gray fell back to the cross in the letter A, where the line should have been fixed in the beginning. This error cost the lives of many brave—heroic—souls from the South. The dead of the gray was very great and now Dixie could not afford any loss. There was no one to take the dead man's place. This salient brought out the love, the veneration, the hero worship, the men felt for their great commander. Twice in the course of the war his intrepid spirit proposed being on the firing line, but his men would not have it so and yelled, "Lee to the rear! Lee to the rear!" and twice was Traveler taken by the bridle and led beyond imminent danger. The life of their beloved "Marse Robert" was too precious to be risked when performing the duty of an ordinary general officer.

CHAPTER LIV

GEN. JAMES E. B. STUART placed his 3,000 cavalry across Sheridan's path to Richmond, only six miles away, at Yellow Tavern. Sheridan had 10,000 men, well-mounted men, and batteries of light horse artillery. Stuart was mortally wounded in this severe combat and his command driven back. Sheridan went on to the outer defenses of Richmond, where he was checked by a small force gathered while Stuart was battling at Yellow Tavern. This delay to Sheridan saved the city from capture and destruction. Judging from Sheridan's conduct in the valley we are sure he would have burned it. Stuart's death was a great loss to the waning Confederacy. "Passing Over the River" before the fatal end prevented his knightly heart many a pang. He died, with his spurs on, battling for his beloved South. God rest his brave, courteous, knightly, chivalric soul.

The light of the sun fades, the gloaming follows and darkness comes apace; first covering the thickest copse then the entire waste of the Chickahominy swamps. Brooding, one feels keenly the death and desolation of these swampy marshes, and we smell the dank, unhealthy odors and poisonous vapors arising from the stagnant waters. Indeed we were glad when the order came to march.

Joyfully we now take our leave of the Chickahominy swamps, with its foul-smelling odors and biting mosquitoes, regular gallinippers like those we found on Burwells Bay in '61. We now became Old Jube's foot cavalry.

Hunter was moving up the valley and making for Lynchburg and we making haste to beat him there. General Early had been promoted to lieutenant-general and given charge of Ewell's corps, who was sick and asked to be relieved. Quoting our diary: At 2 in the morning of the 13th began to move; passed through Mechanicsville, crossed the Chickahominy at Meadow bridge, took the Brock Turnpike and camped near Squirrel church, twenty-four miles from Richmond; 14th sunrise were moving toward Louisa Courthouse, made twenty miles; 15th the sun rose on the moving column; passed through Louisa and bivouacked nine miles beyond. Weather very warm, roads dusty and hot to our naked feet. Passing through Charlottesville we found a beautiful town, but no time to enjoy its beauty; 18th took train to Lynchburg. Oh, but this is better than toiling over long stretches of road even though through a beautiful country! Arrived at Lynchburg 5 P. M. Pushed through this town of high, mountainous hills just in time to save the city. Bivouacked at the fair grounds. Awoke to find General Hunter had used the night in which to fly toward the mountains. Hunter burned, harried, harassed and destroyed the sections through which he passed. With 18,000 troops, many of them foreigners who could not speak English, the very element with which to accomplish his fiendish destruction without compunction. Near Lynchburg, Breckenridge and some cavalry held the road. Hunter deployed, brought up his artillery, shelled Breckenridge till dark. We know not General Hunter's given name. He deserves the name of Burner Hunter. Evidences of charred soil and smoke-blackened chimneys were "finger marks plainly read and known of all men." Residents in the wake of his raid attempted to hide valuables, silverware and jewelry. Generally in

vain, as these adepts, by practice, succeeded in finding. They would thrust their bayonets into the soil, in the yard, in the garden, overturn every rock and even exhume the bodies of the recent dead in search of hidden treasure. Search the house and "lift" everything they fanted allowed you to save nothing and then set fire and burn. A Confederate soldier went to a house that had escaped the torch. As he walked up he saw a little white girl of ten summers and colored girl, her companion and servant of twelve years, playing near the doorsteps. No living thing left but these two little girls. He asked for something to eat. "Haven't anything," said the white child; "the Yankees took it all."

"What did you have for breakfast?"

The little girl hung her head and said plaintively, "Blackberries."

"What did you have for dinner?"

She dug her little bare toes in the ground and said, "Blackberries."

"What you going to eat for supper?"

"Blackberries, if we can find them!"

She raised her face to him and he saw her pinched features, beautiful still in famine, as she pitifully said, "Blackberries, if we can find them."

We followed on the Liberty Turnpike hoping — praying — to overtake this "Burner Hunter" and his foreign raiders. Picked up a few stragglers. Made twenty-five miles over very rough roads; 20th continued in pursuit to Liberty, and on to Beefords Gap; 21st passed Big Lick, thence to Hanging Rock. "Burner Hunter's" fears and his conscience gave him wings and he made good his escape to the mountains of West Virginia, after a brush with General Ramsom's cavalry, who captured two pieces

of artillery. Tired and footsore with our hasty march from Richmond to Lynchburg and then in pursuit of Hunter, we needed rest, having marched through a rough country seventy-one miles in three days trying to overtake the "Burner." The boys

With magic song and lay
Would beguile the weary way.

Twenty-second remained in camp to rest and had religious service and preaching by our chaplain, W C Power. The more we saw of Brother Power the better he was liked; indeed both because of his zeal for souls and his feelings for our infirmities of the flesh, we not only liked — we loved the good man. Often would he alight from his horse and assist some sorely fatigued private to mount. Then, too, he would sing some sweet song. "Just as I am, Without One Plea," "O For a Closer Walk With God," and many another sacred and touching hymn that would revive our fagging steps and we would press on with renewed vigor.

To return to our diary: Twenty-third marched twenty-one miles toward Staunton. The enemy burned stacks of wheat in front that we needed so badly and the poor residents more. The raw wheat would have been a feast and help to sustain life and strength. Two days without rations except the little we could flank. The movement of Old Jube's foot cavalry has been so rapid our wagons with food and our cooking utensils could not keep up; 24th overtook the rearguard of the enemy. Had a sharp encounter. John B. Waddle wounded. Thus we lose from our ranks another good boy. To this date he has been lucky and escaped. Trust his wound will soon heal and he can join us. We will miss his genial countenance. Our num-

bers are so small, about 8,000 all told, that we cannot afford the loss of one. Eight thousand against 18,000 is rather a disastrous showing, but that is the best we can do. On through Brownsburg and Newport, and bivouacked eleven miles from Staunton; 27th rested. Mail distributed. Letters from loved ones rejoiced the wearied boys; 28th, leaving all baggage, moved down the Pike. "Howdy, Pike; glad to be with you again, but don't be too hard on our naked feet"; 29th crossed North river at 4:30 P. M., through Mt. Sydney and Cross Keys; 30th returned to Winchester Pike near New Market and struck the Yankees' wagon train. Captured a large portion, all that the Yankees did not burn. They don't mind burning the good things to eat, even their own — they can get more, neither do they mind burning dwellings or other houses for us. We cannot get others. See? July 1 to Woodstock, suffered for water. Water is scarce and sun very hot; 2d marched forward; 3d resumed march at 4:30 A. M., made twenty-four miles. A very trying day. Passed through Winchester, Smithfield, Charleston, Harpers Ferry. Out of the city we drove a small body of Yankees to Boliver Heights on the Maryland side of the Potomac. They did not abide an engagement, thinking "discretion the better part of valor." They fired a few shells at us from a safe distance. Our hungry boys had a good time here eating the sutler's stores, drinking their champagne, wines and other liquors. These hungry Johnnies once more had a full haversack. This very rarely occurs these latter days. When in the valley before, Commissary Banks was more thoughtful and liberal. "Say, Tom, don't the dam' Yankees live well?" "Yes, Dick, and they can run well, too; they can almost fly. We tried to catch that damn 'Burner,' General Hunter, but he kept ahead of

us." "Dick, don't you know a man with a full stomach can beat a man weak from hunger?" "Yes, and good shoes can stand the Pike far better than the bare foot!" Sixth of July crossed the Potomac near Shepherdstown and marched towards Sharpsburg, crossed the Antietam on the stone bridge. (Howdy, Antietam! We remember 17th September and the Bloody Lane!) Sharpshooters advanced and the enemy retreated; 7th proceeded to Rober'sville, toward Crampton's Gap, had a skirmish with the rearguard of the enemy; 8th left Pleasant Valley at 4 A. M., passed through Crampton's Gap, through Bucksville, bivouacked near Jefferson; our regiment on picket duty; 9th reached Frederick City and found the enemy posted on the Monocacy river. Skirmished with them during the day. (General Early levied \$200,000 on the city.) General Gordon, by defeating General Lew Wallace, of Ben Hur fame, won in an engagement and captured 700 prisoners. Our division joined in pursuit as they ran to Washington; 10th marched twenty miles and bivouacked four miles from Rockville. At Silver Spring Valley we found warm friends of the Confederacy.

The day dazzling hot, dry and dusty. The march distressingly exhausting because of the intense heat — suffocating from soil ground into a powder finer than the constituents of the atmosphere by rolling wheels and tramping feet of man and beast.

The sun circles upward; the boys as they plod
Are pounding to powder the hot burning sod:
And it seems as the dust makes you dizzy and sick
That we'll never reach noon and the cool shady creek.

The sun pours down intense heat on the open road —
throats parched — thirsty for water — famished for food.

You may think these words mere recitation, and so they are, and will never carry conviction to the mind of the reader the endurance of the rank and file; but every old soldier will recognize the truth thereof and will recall vividly the terrible sufferings of those agonizing days, now long passed, never to return, we trust. Several cases of sunstroke and many falling by the way from exhaustion. Every one counts one less in our small number.

About 11 A. M. Washington's Capitol loomed in sight, the great dome unfinished. Met the enemy, formed in line of battle and drove them within their fortifications. This day they received reënforcements. Our regiment passed through the yard of Postmaster-general Blair — our company at his house. Did not rob and burn it, as we had opportunity, and the example set by the Yankees. Remained in line of battle that night; 12th in line of battle all day and drove back a reconnoitering force.

CHAPTER LV

AN officer in the Federal army, in a report on the fortifications around Washington, said: "Every prominent point at intervals of 800 to 1,000 yards was occupied by an enclosed field, and every approach or depression of ground unseen from the front was swept by artillery and field guns; and the whole connected by rifle trenches, which were in fact lines of infantry parapets furnishing emplacement for two lines of men and affording covered protection" etc. Twenty thousand (20,000) troops were behind these fortifications manned by heavy guns full shotted and primed. In addition to these 20,000, Wright, Emory and Ricketts came this day with 30,000 more, totaling 50,000 men behind impregnable ramparts. What could Old Jube do with his petty 8,000 but beat a hasty retreat across the Potomac, pursued by three or four times his number. As he retreated he gathered up his exhausted men on the route to Leesburg. They did not want to be left behind and we could not afford to leave them. We crossed the Potomac at White's Ford without being molested.

As we crossed going North we sang, "Maryland, My Maryland." But not with the same vigor and confidence as in '62. As we returned we sang, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" and "Way Down Upon the Swanee River."

General Grant sent Wright's corps of 20,000 and a large

portion of Sheridan's cavalry, under the command of Sheridan, to Washington City on the 10th of July to protect Washington from Early's raid. Sheridan, with his troops, arrived on 11th and 12th. Early beat a hasty retreat across the Potomac into the valley, followed by Wright's corps and other forces under Sheridan, whom Grant had selected, with orders "To expel Early from the valley and lay waste this fair portion of Virginia." By the occupation of the valley alternately by the Federals and Confederates (mostly the Federals), by the forcible sustaining the armies of occupation, by the burnings and stealings of Hunter and his hordes, it would appear there was little left for Sheridan to do in the way of ravishing and harrowing the valley. After reciting, in his report to General Grant, the number of grist mills burned, the barns destroyed and other devastations (he does not mention the number of residences burned), he swept this fair land with a besom of destruction and so thoroughly devastated it, that "A crow," to use Sheridan's exact words, "A crow would have to carry its rations if it flew across the valley."

Grant and the authorities were looking for "the man of the hour." Grant brought him from the West, trained under his own eye, and sent him to the valley to drive the Confederates out of the valley "once for all." That no one could longer live there: "A crow would have to carry its rations if it flew across the valley." The heathen king Attila come to life in the person of Philip Henry Sheridan in the year of our Lord, 1864. Attila was called "the scourge of God." Then the inhabitants of the Shenandoah valley called Sheridan "the Scourge of the Valley." His name will go down the annals of time as Attila's successor. General McCausland, in reprisal of Hunter's burnings, set

fire to Chambersburg, but without effect, as the burning in the Valley of Virginia and the "lifting" continued.

The autumn of '64 came without its harvest. The winter came and in this fruitful region was seen the drawn, famished faces of women and the cry of hungry children heard. The enemy waged war against the women and children. "Love your enemy pray for them which despitefully use you." Why did the Union have such generals as Sherman, Butler, Sheridan, Hunter and Grant? The latter is included because, while too honorable to burn, kill, lay waste and persecute, these underlings were acting under his instructions and therefore he is responsible. He never once reproved or rebuked them. Was it because the South could not be subdued without making our women homeless, reducing them to want and drive the steel into their hearts by the cry of their children for bread? We must give Grant credit of discernment. The way to conquer the South was to subdue the spirit of the women. The way to subdue their spirit was to deprive them of sustenance for their children. All honor to the women of the South! The world has been electrified by the loyalty displayed by her women in the cause of Southern independence. One has heard and read of the fortitude of the Spartan mothers. The firm, persistent courage displayed by the Southern women — the gentle bred, undergoing privations, sufferings and even physical dangers surpassing the world's records, is the heritage of the South. Lost though was their cause, safe is the spirit entailed upon their children, to be cherished and emulated forever. There is no question but that they sustained the war. Gave comforts and blankets and quilts to the boys and used for themselves pieces of old carpets; scraped tablecloths into lint for the wounded and ate on the bare board;

tore the bedsheet into bandages and went without — carding, spinning, weaving, cutting, sewing, knitting, for the boys at the front, till their fair, soft hands became hard and horny with toil and their backs bent and ached with fatigue. Willingly, most willingly, and cheerfully, and gladly, they gave themselves to the cause. The sacrifices made by our mothers and their daughters can never be told, but we will cherish them in our heart of hearts till “time shall be no more.”

Hunter's, “Burner Hunter” and Sheridan's names will be handed down to posterity by the fair-minded historian of the War Between the States as cruel, inhuman devastators. Among hundreds of residences burned by Hunter a few of the most prominent were the home of “Governor Lecher, Hon. Andrew Hunter, Charles Faulkner, Edmund Lee, Alexander Boteler, with their contents, and only time enough given the women and children to escape with their lives.” Oh, how we did want to overtake Hunter and his hordes of incendiaries. They would have fared badly at the hands of our infuriated boys. “Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.” So much for the “Burner.” Let Sheridan speak for himself. In his official report we read: “Destroyed over 2,000 barns filled with wheat and hay and farming implements, seventy mills filled with flour and wheat the destruction embraces Luray Valley, Little Fort Valley as well as the main Valley,” meaning the Shenandoah Valley. Sheridan did not intentionally burn residences, though many of these were burned by proximity to barns and granaries that he set on fire, but homes without means of support are no longer homes. Farming implements, barns, granaries, mills, provender and crops destroyed. Cattle, sheep and hogs, turkeys, chickens, aye, every animal and every fowl that furnished

food to the helpless inmates of these homes carried off — these homes were no longer homes — simply forlorn abodes of starvation and measureless woes without hope, but not “without God in the world.” The perpetrators of these barbarous outrages remind us of the infamous Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, whose name has been handed down with imprecations and curses to succeeding generations. We record this with sorrow and deprecation, but the truth should be known.

CHAPTER LVI

EARLY gathered up his exhausted men, crossed the Potomac and camped around and in Winchester, where other accessions of convalescents and stragglers increased his forces to near 10,000. Early said he had only 8,500 effective men. Sheridan's official report, made Sept. 10, was 45,487 effective men. In the Federal numbers were between 8,000 and 9,000 well-mounted and well-equipped cavalry under General Custer. Colonel Bennett of the Fourteenth North Carolina, estimates Early's forces at 8,000 and Sheridan's 40,000. The actual numbers engaged gives about the same proportion and shows the accuracy of Colonel Bennett's estimate. Sheridan had all his forces in hand when he made an attack on Early at Winchester. In the forenoon the battle was with us, and we drove the enemy back; later, by preponderance of numbers, they were able to attack us on both flanks with infantry and in rear by Custer's cavalry. Disaster was the result. We fell back first in stubborn order, then with haste, which became a rout. Our division commander, General Rodes, was killed; Colonel Bennett and his adjutant, Lt. James C. Marshall, and others, were captured.

Colonel Bennett was seriously wounded at Gettysburg, who, having on heavy osnaburg underwear, broke the force of the ball. Pulling out the wad of clothes impacted by the ball, it fell in his boot. His mother kept it so long as she lived. On the retreat Col. F. M. Parker of the Thirtieth North Carolina Regiment, who was desperately

wounded, lay doubled up in the foot of a buggy and Colonel Bennett, though badly wounded, drove. A buggy was the only conveyance to be had. They reached Martinsburg. In the private home of Mr. Anderson for five weeks they were cared for and nursed by his excellent family. George Horton remained with Colonel Bennett as friend, companion and nurse. Thence to a hospital in Richmond, thence to his home in Wadesboro. Still limping from his wound, Aug. 26 he was happily married to Miss E. Kate Shepherd. Two weeks afterward he returned to his regiment. In the fall of '63, sick with chills and fever, he came home on furlough. Quinine and other medicines the Yankees declared contraband of war and our people, from one end of Dixie to the other, suffered and died from the want of medicine. Likewise did the Yankees in our Southern prisons die for lack of remedies and the South was blamed (?) for what they could not avoid. Searching through the stock of an old drug store, Colonel Bennett found a patent medicine which cured him. His ardent spirit craved to return to his regiment and active duty. He set out on his return in very cold weather and crossed the Pee Dee river in a canoe, warding off the dangerous floating blocks of ice with poles. On the 2d of June, 1864, he received a large flesh wound in the shoulder by a piece of a shell. In the Epps' home was again nursed back to a healthy healing but too soon attempted to travel home. The trip aggravated his wound and on arrival at home it was in fearful condition. Application of Worley's Historic Salve extracted all the decayed flesh and exposed a hole larger than a turkey's egg. His life was probably saved by wearing a Yankee captain's fatigue jacket. The shoulder epaulets were metal and deflected the missile. These epaulets are still preserved and show

the dent where it struck. Against the advice of his physician he again returned to the post of duty and honor, with his wound so tender he could not bear a coat. His regiment was with Early in the Valley. Travel irritated and reopened his wound and it was weeks before he could take command of his regiment. At the battle of Winchester he was captured and taken to Point Lookout and removed to Fort Delaware. For weeks his family bore the agonizing suspense of life and death, which was finally removed by a letter from a friend in the North, disclosing the fact of his imprisonment in Fort Delaware. While in prison Captain Marshall tells this incident:

“The food given us was barely sufficient to keep soul and body together and of very poor quality. Late one night Colonel Bennett came in, having in some way secured a pie. He roused me up and I can see him now as he tore it in two, gave me one part and ate the other. In his hunger he could have probably eaten a half dozen of them; I know I could. His generous soul was too unselfish to eat it, hungry as he was, by himself, and roused me from sleep to share it with his friend.”

“I give it upon my conscience,” said a writer, “that the food given the prisoners was equivalent to a slow starvation and thousands perished from lack of sustenance.” *

The Federal authorities have a fearful responsibility to answer at the last day. The treatment accorded their prisoners was both cruel and inhuman, attested by Colonel Bennett, Lieutenant Marshall, Major Wall and others.

Risden Tyler Bennett left Anson County in April, 1861, third corporal of the Anson Guards. Promoted commissary, with the rank of captain at Fort Bee. At the re-

* Clarke's Regimental Histories.

organization, April, '62, he was elected captain of Company C and the same day was elected lieutenant-colonel, and on the death of Colonel Roberts he succeeded to the colonelcy of the regiment. Made a splendid officer, loved by his men, complimented on the field three times by his superiors, recommended for promotion, which was his due but never came. W. R. Cox, general commanding the brigade, writes of Colonel Bennett as follows: "R. T. Bennett of the Fourteenth Regiment, was of imposing presence, strong individuality, and an able commander. His voice was clear and sonorous and there was no mistaking or disobeying his command. When I was placed in command of the brigade he was suffering from an unhealed wound, yet he promptly returned to duty. In the battle of Winchester, after having two horses shot under him, he, on foot, pressed so far to the front when the brigade was changing its position to one of more effectiveness, and the movement was so rapidly executed that he, with a few others on the right, were taken prisoners."

Captured at Winchester, released or exchanged the first week in April, reached home after Appomattox. This, in brief, is the war record of our esteemed friend and colonel. His civil history is luminant. As counselor at law, as member of the Convention of North Carolina, as congressman at large, as judge of the Superior Court, and his acts in these high and honorable positions; "are they not written" in the Legislative halls of North Carolina, in the Congressional Records of the United States and in the records of the Superior Courts of North Carolina? July 20, 1913, at the ripe old age of three-score and ten and three years full of honors and good deeds he slept with his fathers and is buried in the city of his fathers.

General Rodes was from Alabama and succeeded Gen.

D. H. Hill in command of our division. Astute, capable, brave, conscientious — he made a fine commander, respected and honored, unselfish and devoted. In his death the Confederacy lost a trusted major-general. He died in the Christian faith with his armor on, on the field of battle fighting against quintuple odds.

'Tis sweet to die for one's country. A man of mighty deeds,

“ But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.”

At Winchester we fought troops from Ohio and placed many of them hors de combat, for they were brave and stood like men. When their first line gave way we pressed on and their supporting line, about 100 yards to the rear, broke and ran without waiting to receive our fire. We gained the heights, and 'twas said we were ordered to stop. We did not hear the order and our regiment advanced about 300 yards into a wood.

We uncovered the enemy behind a rock fence and a battery opened on us with grape and canister. Our division general, Rodes, was killed by the discharge. He was a fine officer, who had led us for years, had obtained our confidence, admiration and love. His death was a calamity and the tide of battle turned. The enemy sent out a flanking column on our right. T. J. Watkins writing, says that “ A gallant Federal officer, about sixty yards in our front, was endeavoring to get his line to advance to aid the flanking movement by front attack. I took a shot at him and he fell from his horse. We afterward learned that he was Brigadier-general Russell of Massachusetts. Their flanking movement caused us to retreat, aye, run to escape capture. Colonel Bennett, Lieutenant Marshall

were taken right here. Major Lambeth, myself and others made a break for freedom. As we neared the top of a ridge I was shot down and only a few steps further Major Lambeth received a shot in his leg. We fell into the enemy's hands. Our chaplain, W. C. Power, being informed of my condition rode to the place, dismounted and assisted me into the saddle and carried me to the field hospital. Our surgeon, Dr. Logan, dressed my wound; my clothes were saturated with the profuse bleeding. By ambulance taken to a large warehouse in the city, used as a hospital. There were about 200 wounded in the warehouse."

Continuing Watkins says: "Soon the Federals occupied the town. A little Dutchman from Pennsylvania asked me if I did not want a drink of water, stating that he had just filled his canteen at the big spring. Gratefully I took the water. A lieutenant from the Two Hundred and Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania remarked: 'He needs something stronger than water,' and taking his canteen from his neck, handed it to me. It proved to be old Kentucky Bourbon. With thanks I handed it back. He declined to take it, saying: 'You will need it and I can get more.' I divided the contents of both canteens with Major Lambeth and the boys."

"But let us return to the battle. In the morning after driving the enemy to the Opequan I thought the victory won. Everything going our way. When General Rodes fell all became chaotic. No commander. I know not what General Early was doing. Some said he was in his 'tee's.' Be that as it may, something was sadly wrong. After the death of General Rodes we lost in the afternoon all we had gained in the morning and more. Our victory was turned into defeat. The Anson Guards lost one killed —

William L. Standback, and several wounded. Among the latter was Captain Liles, Joseph Wheeler, John Turner, J. J. McLendon, George A. Morton, W. C. Threadgill, John B. Waddill and others. Somebody was responsible for our defeat and it was not the rank and file.

“The Yankee surgeons and nurses and our own surgeons and nurses did all they could for the wounded. Chaplains, surgeons and nurses were not held as prisoners. The Yankees had medicine and appliances for the wounded that we did not have and we fared better in their hands than in our own hospitals, having everything in the way of food and delicacies for the sick. Their kindness makes me forgive General Sheridan for his wanton destruction and cruelty. Place the blame where it belongs. Sheridan had orders from General Grant, and a soldier must not be censured for obeying the orders of his superiors. The South curses Sheridan, and we had cause; and yet he had the milk of human kindness in his heart, as the following incident proves:

“General Rodes and Sheridan were in the same class at West Point and became good friends. He had General Rodes' body conveyed to his headquarters, sent to Baltimore for a casket at his expense, gave Mrs. Rodes, who was in the city, every attention, and manifested earnest sympathy for her. By way of Baltimore he forwarded the body to Savannah, Ga., under an escort of honor and buried with military honors. ‘Give the devil his due.’

“The Confederate prisoners found the surgeon in charge a kindly, good man. On 22d of September the hospital was visited by Mesdames Clarke, Miller and Swartzwider and by Misses Fauntleroy, Clarissa and Araminta Boss. These ladies asked me to go home with them. I was a prisoner and could not accept their gracious invitation.

Said: 'I, with the surgeon's permission, will gladly go.' They applied to the surgeon. He told them I was badly wounded and needed good attention and that he could not furnish a nurse in a private family for one. If they could accommodate six he would send a nurse with them. Mrs. Clarke put beds in her husband's law office for us. I selected Major Lambeth, Lieutenant Hearn, Charlie Lines of the Fourteenth North Carolina, and Captain Hewlette and Lieutenant Parks of the Fifth Alabama. We were guests of these noble Southern ladies. It did not appear that we were prisoners for never one could fare better.

"A few days afterward Colonel Vincent of Philadelphia, accompanied by three privates, rode by while I was sitting on the porch. I saluted him. He halted, returned the salute and asked if I had any of the recent issue of Confederate money. I handed him and each of his three privates a five-dollar bill. After examination they tendered the bills back, when I requested them to keep them. With thanks Colonel Vincent neatly folded his bill and placed it in his purse. He took therefrom a five-dollar bill of greenbacks and gave it to me. The men said they did not have the money but would remember me. Returning from the business section of the town Colonel Vincent presented me with a portfolio, with lock and key, filled with beautiful stationery, pen and ink, also a book to read.

"Next morning the three privates returned, each bringing a bottle of Old Kentucky Bourbon, three pounds of coffee and five pounds of sugar. Surely I was in luck and our worthless 'promises to pay' were proving very valuable. Every few days these men would return with supplies which aided our hostesses materially. Colonel Vincent rarely missed a day coming to see me, bearing fruits, reading matter or other needed refreshments.

“ Finally he invited me home with him. I told him: ‘ However much I would like to go, I would see the Yankee nation to perdition before I would take the oath of allegiance to the United States.’ He replied: ‘ I will carry you to my home as a gentleman. If you would take the oath I would not want you in my house.’ *He* was a gentleman and showed me many kindnesses. Ordered to the front he bade me adieu, pressed a roll of greenbacks in my hand, gave me the address of his wife, 350 Dillwin Street, Philadelphia, and told me to write to her for anything I might need and not to hesitate in writing, she would be pleased to serve me.

“ I never saw him again. After the war I wrote but received no reply. Later learned that he had moved West.

“ Our hostesses were unfailing in their kindnesses and attentions.

“ Major Lambeth is still living, as I pen these lines, and shared my good fortune in Winchester.

“ Day after day some of Moseby’s men would be in town and would be pointed out by the young ladies. They would manage to give them our letters and they would post them for us. Dressed in the blue uniform they walked the streets freely and kept General Moseby informed of the movements and condition of the Yankee army.

“ One night Moseby took out of Winchester 250 Confederate prisoners and they joined their commands.

“ To prevent further escapes and accessions to the Confederate army, the very next day the Federals paroled all their prisoners.

“ Later I was carried to a hospital in Baltimore, thence to Savannah, Ga., and thence home. Here endeth my prisoner episode.”

Early, again at Fishers Hill Sept. 22, 1864, was flanked

by overwhelming odds and defeated. In these battles Early's little army was reduced to about 4,000 men. Lee again weakened his forces in front of Grant and sent to the Valley Kershaw's division, Cutshaw's battalion and Rosser's cavalry. Early's army now amounted to about 7,000 and he daringly took the offensive. At Cedar creek he found Sheridan's troops behind intrenchments — breastworks and every device of defensive war; but John B. Gordon discovered a way to flank his works and gained a glorious victory. It was not followed up and completed.* In the evening a counter-attack was made, caught our forces scattered and disorganized, eating and drinking to satisfaction of the abundance found in the Federal camp, for we had captured their tents, their supplies of commissary store, and impedimenta of every description furnished by a rich government which was expending daily \$4,000,000 for the support of an army to force its laws on an unwilling people. Our great victory was turned into as great defeat. Night, blessed night, and darkness stopped the pursuit. Thus ended a day, the anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, which began with one of the most brilliant victories of the war to be converted into one of the worst routs. The day was unique in the annals of war. To sum up the Valley campaign, Early gained successes at Charlestown, Monocacy and Cedar creek, to be defeated at Winchester, Fishers Hill and Cedar creek. Overwhelming forces account for the defeats at Winchester and Fishers Hill, and laxity for Cedar creek. The admirable quality of the Southern boys in defeat is shown by the rapidity with which they recovered their spirits. They made a joke of privations and defeats. "Give us a chance and we'll 'comb' Sheridan, an' get more commissary supplies than

* Gordon's Reminiscences.

our old mules can haul." "He wouldn't have routed us at Cedar creek but we were all drunk from 'Old Jube' down to us privates in the rear rank." "We just couldn't resist all them good things we captured." Thus they commented. One by one a few recruits came to us from the growing youth; T. W. Morrison, sixteen years old, rather small of his age, and we chaffed him for a baby and adopted him as our mascot. "Rock-a-bye, Baby, on the Tree Top." "Where you gwine, Tommy boy, Tommy boy, Tommy boy?" "However — anyhow," we were glad to see these volunteers joining our ranks, while regretting their tender age.

Sergt. John G. Keelyn gives the writer this incident of the battle of the Wilderness. A young boy came to our company. Badinage as usual came thick and fast from the boy veterans. The young volunteer was a small, tall-faced youth from the malarial district, just turned sixteen years. The chaffing roused his spirit and he replied to their raillery: "I've come to stay, an' I'll be here when you fellows run." That day he was first wounded in the arm. It was dressed in the field hospital. He returned to the firing line and was again wounded in the head by a minie ball cutting the scalp, which bled profusely. The wound was dressed, his head bandaged and again he returned to the contest and was dangerously shot in the leg. Borne to the rear he, like one of Napoleon's old soldiers, heroically bore amputation without anaesthetics. This shows the stuff of which the Southern army was composed and held in check the Federal superior numbers and equipment these four years.

As usual, and now more so in the Valley, rations were lacking. Our darkey cooks, by foraging miles away, could find something to eke out the slim rations of their masters,

but now there was no foraging, nothing left to forage for. The Valley campaign was virtually closed at Cedar creek. 'Tis true Early moved out and again offered battle to Sheridan lying securely behind his intrenchments, but Sheridan did not accept the gage of battle and Early again retired.

CHAPTER LVII

PERSIMMON trees afforded fun as well as food. A boy was up one eating. "Hello, Sam! What you doing?" "Ain't them 'simmons green?" "Yes, da is, but da pucker up my mouf and I reckon da'll pucker up my belly ter fit my rations." Poor fellow! He deserves our sympathy and our admiration for his continued loyalty. The Confederate government no longer issued to these faithful boys their dues in promises to pay as heretofore. It was worthless and we simply served just the same without pay. The householder took his money to market in a basket and brought his purchase of supplies back in his pocket. Milk sold for \$4 a quart. Flour \$300 per barrel. Captain Hotchkiss, chief of General Early's staff, Nov. 16 made this entry in his notebook of the Valley campaign: "We had marched 1,670 miles, and had seventy-five battles and skirmishes." In December our corps, or rather what was left of it, was transferred to Petersburg on the extreme right of Lee's army. The Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia were intrenched in redoubts, redans, forts and various other salients, and protected with rifle pits all along the lines, which were drawn out a distance of thirty-five miles. Grant, with 10,000 artillery, 15,000 cavalry and 137,000 men, total 162,000 — official count; and Lee 33,000. From the Appomattox river on the west of Petersburg around that city and on to Richmond and around Richmond north to the James river was thirty-five to forty miles to be guarded and defended, giv-

ing 943 men to the mile. These were opposed by 4,636 men to the mile. Lee had one man and Grant had five men. All summer and fall and winter, nine long months, Grant had fought it out on this line as he proposed in the beginning of his campaign. He is certainly entitled to the credit of persistency, losing first and last as estimated by different historians, 90,000 to 100,000 men. The winter was fearfully cold and brought great suffering to the half-clad, half-fed soldiers of Lee. But they bore every hardship with cheerfulness and stout hearts, still believing in the justness of their righteous cause. By the influence of the faithful chaplains they constructed chapels along the lines in which they worshiped. Many were brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ our Lord, and songs of praise would resound during the still hours of the night. Grant's lines were made strong and impregnable against a frontal attack. He could leave in his intrenchments twice the force of Lee and have a hundred thousand men with which to attack him on the flank and in the rear.

Grant made continued efforts on Lee's right flank and threatened Richmond on the north, but Lee's watchful eye detected these movements and defeated every one of them till his army was reduced by the casualties of war and sickness to only 25,000 men, weak from lack of proper food, fatigued by incessant watching and worn by constant battles and skirmishes, his lines attenuated till one man had to defend ten feet, a mere skirmish line — as General Lee expressed it, "I had to stretch my lines till they broke." Then, and then only, did Grant force him to abandon the defense of Richmond and Petersburg, and he made the attempt to reach the upper waters of the James. He probably would have succeeded had his supply trains been stopped at Amelia Courthouse, according

to his orders. Lee and his food supply did not "hit." Two old ladies of high character were dining with a friend. One was educated, the other had few advantages. During the repast this conversation occurred:

"Betsy, have you ary teeth?"

"No, Mary, not one. Have you any?"

"Yes, Betsy, I have three, but nary one hits."

Yes, Lee had arranged to have his trains of food for his army meet him at Amelia Courthouse. By blunder, on the part of someone, they were not stopped there, and went on toward Richmond. Nearly the entire day was spent in procuring rations from the country. This delay was fatal as it gave Grant time to flank him on the left and to cut the railroad. Lee, knowing the devotion of his men to the cause and to his person, determined to take them to Lynchburg. Then began a fight by the hour and the minute as he continued his advance toward Lynchburg. Grant's columns were on his flank in large force, behind him in larger force, with Sheridan's 15,000 cavalry and light horse artillery in front. A running fight was kept up for days with Lee's remnant and Grant's immense numbers. At Sailors creek the rearguard were attacked in front on both flanks and in rear, and that magnificent old corps commander, dear old bald-headed Dick Ewell, our old corps commander, was forced to surrender with a third of the army, some 6,000 men. This was a great disaster. In this running fight of days Lee inflicted much loss on the enemy, capturing more prisoners than we could care for. These were paroled, as we could neither guard them nor feed them.

At Farmville, on the 8th, we were attacked by the second corps and repulsed them with a loss to the Yankees of 600. Among the captured was General Gregg. The

loss of one man, a thousand or ten thousand men had no appreciable effect for they had many more to take their places. Any loss to our fragment of an army was serious for their places could not be supplied. The next day the drama closed. In the next chapter we will take up in order and succinctly relate the closing scenes, beginning with the last days in the trenches around Petersburg. Our regiment and company was not near the crater and took no part therein; therefore from other histories you will get full information of this terrible disaster that befell the Federals subsequent to the explosion.

CHAPTER LVIII

IN December we were recalled from the Valley to assist General Lee in the siege of Petersburg and took position on the right wing near Hatchers run. During the winter of '64-'65 the incessant watch in the trenches, day in and night through, taxed our strength to the exhaustion point.

By gathering up unexploded shells, solid shot and lead balls hurled at us by the enemy and selling them to the ordnance official we eked out our rations. We have related more than once before that our rations were scant, and a flapjack, when we could get one, was a delectable satisfier; and cush, oh, cush, was our stand-by. But listen to an authority that cannot be questioned and you will no longer have to pin your faith simply on the words of these narrators of every-day facts of army life as we saw and participated therein. That authority is no less than Robert Edward Lee the "Great" who, early in February, wrote Mr. Seddon, secretary of war: "All the disposable force of the right wing of the army has been operating against the enemy beyond Hatchers run since Sunday. Yesterday, the most inclement day of the winter, the men had to be retained in line of battle, having been in the same condition the two previous days and nights. I regret to be obliged to state that under these circumstances, heightened by the assaults and fire of the enemy, some of the men had been without meat for three days, and all were suffering from reduced rations and scant clothing, exposed to battle, cold, hail and sleet. The physical

strength of the men, if their courage survives, must fail under this treatment. Our cavalry had to be dispersed for want of forage. Fitz Lee's and Lomax's divisions are scattered because supplies cannot be transported where their services are required. I had to bring W. H. F. Lee's division forty miles Sunday night to bring him into position. Taking these facts in consideration, with the paucity of our numbers, you must not be surprised if calamity befalls us."

This evidence is convincing. Three days and nights in line of battle in the cold, hail and sleet, "with reduced rations and no meat." Our numbers were so few we could not be relieved. Sheridan and his troops from the Valley reënforced Grant in December adding, say 40,000 to 45,000 men. March 31 Grant made assault on Lee's lines, now drawn out to a mere skirmish line, but was repulsed. Sheridan was sent to Lee's rear to cut the Southside railroad at Burksville and the bulk of his forces sought to envelope Lee's right. Lee, detecting this movement, hurried all the forces he could spare to A. P. Hill. This most excellent lieutenant-general, as was usual with him, did not wait attack, but moved out of his trenches and attacked the Federal left flank, rolled up Warren's corps, but so great a number came to Warren's assistance Hill was forced back into his entrenchments. The same day Pickett's infantry and Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry drove Sheridan back to Dinwiddie Courthouse. Pickett fell back to Five Forks, halted and intrenched, which was a great mistake. He should have returned to the main army, for he invited destruction, in his isolation, from the Federal numbers, which was accomplished the next day, April 1. April 2 Grant renewed his attack on Lee's right, having massed his forces and succeeded in driving the Confederates back

on Petersburg. The Federals were arrested at Fort Gregg, where Longstreet met them, being hastily called from the north bank of the James. Lee abandoned his intrenchments that night and advanced westward on the north side of the Appomattox river and Grant on the south side.

In the engagement of the 2d of April A. P. Hill was killed. Born in 1825, he was just forty years old. As commander of the Third corps of the Army of Northern Virginia he bore a conspicuous part in every important battle in '62, '63 and '64 except Spottsylvania; then he was sick. Ambrose P. Hill had won the esteem of the privates in his corps. Like children, the privates were good judges of character. A gallant, capable young officer, high in command, went to his death in the person of the distinguished commander of the Third corps.

The country roads were in terrible condition because of the winter's rains and much travel. Lee had arranged to ration his army at Amelia, and therefore took no impedimenta except ambulances and ammunition wagons. The soldier boys were detailed to prize up and assist the poor, weak, half-fed horses straining through the mud. Willingly they put their shoulders to the muddy wheels to aid ammunition wagons and the artillery forward. No one can estimate the cheerful sacrifice and immolation these boys gave to Dixie.

"There is a word of magic power
That lingers on the tongue;
That word is the name of a land so dear —
Dixie — where I was born."

"Close up! Close up, men!" On, on, we pressed, fighting from hilltop to hilltop as we advanced. The insistent Yanks, flushed with the hope of complete victory

pressing us, we about faced, chastised them and again pushed forward day and night. Hunger is bad; lack of sleep is worse. We had neither food nor sleep — hollow-eyed, sunken-cheeked, famished, dead for sleep — and yet our spirit did not fail. “The spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak.” After defeating the enemy at Farmville with a loss to them of 600, we fell on the ground, with our guns by our sides, from sheer exhaustion, having for four days toiled along the muddy road, fought back the enemy on a little parched corn, and slept the sleep of the weary and exhausted. Early on the morning of the 9th of April we awoke, refreshed by “nature’s sweet restorer,” to do and die so long as Marse Robert gave the order. The night of the 8th General Lee called his last council of war, which was attended by General Pendleton, his chief of artillery; Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, of the cavalry; Generals Longstreet and Gordon, of the infantry; the last two corps commanders in name only, for Lee’s forces on the morning of the 10th, as officially reported by the ordnance officer, was less than 8,000; to be exact, only 7,892 infantry with guns in their hands. The wounded, the sick, the exhausted, the dead, had been left behind. We were utterly unable to transport them. The fatigue extreme, the tire extreme, the weakness extreme — these, to keep from falling into the Yankees’ hands, to be sent to prison and perish with slow starvation in the midst of plenty — these had thrown away their guns and cartridge boxes, divested themselves of blankets and coats, lightened of every weight that would impede their progress; these men had dragged their wearied frames along and were with their comrades faithful to the end.

This council met at Lee’s headquarters in the woods on the northeast bank of the Appomattox river, which would scarce average thirty feet wide. Lee was standing around

a small bivouac fire. He had no tent, no camp stools, nothing but blankets, saddles and roots of trees to sit on. Only by the light of the bivouac fire could be seen the anguished faces as they looked upon the calm, resolute countenance of their great commander. His masterful character showed to advantage, a steady light in his eyes, imperturbable in dire distress. He was fully sensible of the condition of his men, and saw plainly the end in sight; yet, with breaking heart, he calmly discussed present conditions and future developments. The present engaged his supreme attention. The enemy, in overwhelming force, was in his rear, on both flanks, and Sheridan in his front, supported by General Ord's division of infantry.

Another Sedan, entirely surrounded by great numbers. But one move possible, to cut his way through in front and push on to Lynchburg. He gave order to Gordon at daylight with his remnant of infantry and Fitzhugh Lee's remnant of cavalry to make attack in front, and Longstreet to support the attack. Every order, every movement of his was consummate generalship. Gordon advanced accordingly, found the enemy, notwithstanding all their numbers, had thrown up breastworks during the night; and, as in former times, the resolute Johnnies drove them out, Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry turning Ord's left flank. General Roberts of North Carolina (by the way, the youngest officer in the Confederate service bearing a general's commission), captured two pieces of artillery. Our brigade, commanded by Major Scales, and our regiment commanded by the third lieutenant of the Anson Guards, John W McGregor, was triumphantly driving the Yankees in our front when the command came, "Cease firing!" and cause assigned, "Lee has surrendered."

The last forlorn hope had been tried and failed. "We

cannot understand," "We don't believe it," "There must be a mistake! Lee surrendered? Never, never!" "He'll never do that as long as one brave heart is left to strike for the South, and we'll follow him to the last." "Ar'n't we driving them from our front as fast as we can advance, and we'll cut our way through them to the mountains." "Surely Lee hasn't surrendered."

"Cease firing! Cease firing!" was dinned into our ears. Lee has surrendered! Longstreet was attacked and could not support Gordon. Colonel Venable of General Lee's staff, came to Gordon for information of his attack. Gordon said: "Tell General Lee I have fought my corps to a frazzle and I fear I can do nothing unless I am heavily supported by Longstreet's corps."

Colonel Venable delivered to his chief Gordon's message, and Lee, knowing Longstreet was engaged and the utter impossibility of supporting Gordon, said to Colonel Venable: "There is nothing left for me to do but go and see General Grant, and I had rather die a thousand deaths."

Sandy Morrison of the Anson Guards, had resigned as orderly sergeant to become a private and sharpshooter on the dangerous skirmish line. He and John J. McLendon of the Guards, were engaged on the skirmish line this morning and did not know of the order to cease firing, and McLendon asserts that he fired the last shot at Appomattox that was fired by the Confederates. Sandy Morrison told the writer this was true and substantiated McLendon's claim. Better soldiers, of the same avoirdupois, were not to be found in the heroic Army of Northern Virginia, and their conversation partook of the words of truth. McLendon's shot practically ended the resistance to the invading Federal hosts. It had taken nearly 3,000,000 men four years to overwhelm 600,000 boys from Dixie. They

had command of the seas, inexhaustible supplies of money and means and the world to aid them. We had nothing but indomitable courage and determination.

The Anson Guards was the first company in the State to offer its services to Governor Ellis, served in Virginia the whole four years and fired the last shot at Appomattox. Glory enough for each one to have his share and we are proud. Lieutenant McGregor was wounded in the morning's fight and Ivey Richie of the Stanly Marksmen, was killed and is numbered with the forty thousand (40,000) and more who went out from North Carolina and never came back. A glorious record of the old Tar Heel State. Lee said, " God bless old North Carolina ! "

CHAPTER LIX

“ATTENTION!” “Fall in, fall in, men, with your guns and accouterments.” “Fix bayonets!” “Right dress.” “Left face, forward march.” “Halt! Front! Stack arms! Unslung cartridge boxes. Hang them on the stacked arms. Lean the flags on the guns.” Yes, we were now ordered to furl our shot-torn flags forever and lay them at the feet of these men we had so often defeated in battle. Aye, that very morning we had expelled them from their breastworks and captured two guns, two pieces of artillery — were forcing them back, step by step, when the command, “Cease firing!” was dinned into our ears. It was so hard to make us stop.

“Furl that banner, for 'tis weary.”

At the last command tears streamed from our sad eyes and ran down our begrimed, famished-sunken cheeks.

Anticipating this act, John B. Waddill of the Anson Guards, tore the bunting from the flag-staff, concealed it in his bosom, and brought it home, to be cherished forever. Here follows a list of Anson Guards who surrendered at Appomattox:

Q. M. Serg't, Thomas Smith.	1st Corp'l, Alexander B. Morton.
2nd Serg't, John W. Turner.	
3d Serg't, James A. Smart.	2d Corp'l, John B. Waddill.
4th Serg't, Peter F. Morton.	3d Corp'l, John C. Dumas.

Privates.

Hiram Baldwin.
John J. Billingsby.

John Bowman.
William H. Brower.

Hezekiah B. Carpenter.
John J. Dunlap.
Hampton B. Hammond.
Neal Lammond.
William P. Leak.
Charles M. Liles.
Edward A. McCaskell.
James A. McCaskell.
John J. McLendon.

Benjamin F. Medley.
Alexander S. Morrison.
Thomas W. Morrison.
George A. Morton.
William H. Saunders.
James L. Smith.
Caswell Stallings.
William H. Watkins.
Seth A. Williams.

RECORD MADE BY NORTH CAROLINA

“First at Bethel, farthest at Gettysburg and Chickamauga, last at Appomattox.” We laid down our arms, from pure exhaustion, to our great regret, but the white rose of innocence has no thorns.

The blue and gray were brave enough and no one at this date doubted the courage of the blue or the gray.

Certainly the brave blue respected the feelings of the gray in their hour of humiliation, repressed all signs of exultation, and, grasping the hands of their brave opponents, opened their haversacks and gave them food; uncorked their canteens and gave them drink. ALL honor to General Grant in that he permitted no salvos of artillery to celebrate our surrender. This consideration was in marked contrast to our idea of this stern, grim warrior who had sacrificed a hundred thousand men since he took command of the Army of the Potomac. Our appreciation rose, too, when we learned the liberal terms granted to General Lee, and his order to issue rations to 25,000 Confederates, which included not only those who had arms in their hands, but the thousands of equally brave Confederates who had dragged their exhausted bodies along. The rations for 25,000 insured plenty and to spare for those who were to be fed. The parched corn fare for four days and muddy branch water found us famished and in condi-

tion to appreciate good rations of meat, loaf bread, coffee — pure coffee — and granulated sugar and other choice delicacies gladly supplied by the men in blue from their haversacks. Confederate coffee consisted of parched potatoes, rye and peas (and seldom did we have this luxury), sweetened with sorghum molasses, commonly called “long sweetening” in contradistinction to sugar, which was known and alluded to as “short sweetening.”

The men in blue, in their joy at this closing of the war, which had been so bloody and disastrous to them during the last nine months, actually offered us money to help us on our journey home — with which to buy food as we trudged along for days and weeks. This is characteristic of the thrifty Yankee, who lives on what he can't sell and gives away nothing. He is taught not to expect anything without compensation. They did not know the hospitality of Dixie. That wherever we went on our long road, “weary and worn and sad,” that food would be freely given and the last crust parted with to assist a veteran of Lee's army. This same spirit abides with us still. The old, aged veteran must not lack the comforts of life. There were now no songs — our hearts were too sad and sore :

“I cannot sing the old songs I sang four years ago,
For heart and voice would fail me, and foolish tears would flow.
For bygone hours come o'er my heart, with each familiar strain;
I cannot sing the old songs, or dream those dreams again.”

But with our spirit unconquered we can sing a new song :

“Three hundred thousand Yankees lie stiff in Southern dust
We got three hundred thousand before they conquered us;
They died of Southern fever, of Southern steel and shot:
I wish it was three million instead of what we got.”

The evening of the 9th we rested and recalled with vivid memory the rain, snow and sleet that we endured in the shelterless trenches around Petersburg, with but little wood and feeble fires. Our garments were worn, thin and scanty — indeed, they were mostly rags and tatters, a safe harbor for those pestiferous insects — our constant companions. Hungry, hungry, all the time hungry. Rations allowed by the department for a mess of five was a quart of meal and a pound of meat. Frequently this was reduced one-fifth because the poor, old, worn-out rails and cars would break. Consequently the food supplies for the army were scattered by the roadside in the South, and we needing it. In the trenches we were engaged day and night — watching the enemy, fighting the enemy, dodging the large mortar shells by running into holes and bombproofs. In reference to these mortar shells, from second volume “Land We Love,” I copy as follows: “Capt. T. J. Adams, Company K Forty-ninth North Carolina Regiment, says: ‘Private William Guffey of my company, while rubbing up his field-piece, as he was pleased to call his rifle, had the misfortune to have it smashed by a mortar shell. Seeing the shell, with the fuse burning rapidly and almost ready to explode, he cried out, “Why, there is the darned old thing, frying now,” and grabbing it up threw it over the breast-works.’” There were six instances of this special act of heroism and every one of these were from North Carolina. We take pleasure in recording their names and regiments:

William Guffey, Co. K, 49 N. C.	John Alvin Parker, Co. D, 56
William James Ausbon, Co. H,	N. C.
17 N. C.	Thomas L. Graves, Co. A, 61
Frank Campbell, Co. F, 42 N. C.	N. C.
	J. P. Pierce, Co. C, 13 N. C.

We rejoiced that we had stuck to our bush, endured the hardships to the end, even if the end was humiliation and despair for our country. Glad that we had done all mortals could do, even braving death in behalf of "government by the consent of the governed." Our Robert E. Lee the Great spoke of the war as "Our great struggle for constitutional freedom." We could but rejoice that we had been loyal and true to Marse Robert, whom we loved with a devotion that amounted to idolatry.

We had followed him with a confidence begotten by three years of terrible war and terrific battles successfully fought against two, three and four times our numbers, under his sagacious leadership and the knowledge that if we failed to accomplish his plans the fault belonged and must be accredited to his subordinate officers. On his part wise plans and bad execution on theirs. As our idolized hero and commander rode Traveler after the surrender we crowded around him so his horse could not move and grabbed his hands and his feet, took hold of Traveler's bridle, fondly laid our hands on the noble animal which had borne his master and ours, counting it a great privilege to touch anything that was his, while the tears would trickle as we turned away to conceal our grief and not add poignancy to his breaking heart. This scene was full of human interest but was purely personal to Marse Robert and his men. On the morning of the 10th we were in formation and heard Lee's farewell address and leave-taking.

"HEADQUARTERS OF ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

"April 10, '65.

"After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern

Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I consented to this result from no distrust of them; but feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there till exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

“ R. E. LEE, General.”

Every word of this address rings true. We treasure in our hearts the last sentence, “constancy and devotion” to our country and our “consideration” for him. On almost every page of this work you will find our opinion of Gen. Robert Edward Lee the Great.

Born at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Va.— which was also the birthplace of Washington — on the 19th day of January, 1807. Our estimate cannot add to his fame. Other and far abler pens have vividly portrayed his refusal of the tempting offers of the Union authorities to take command of its army, his abandonment and relinquishing of his magnificent home, Arlington, to cast his lot with the poverty of the South. Back to his mother

State he came and offered his sword to Virginia and the Confederacy.

“Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright, forth flashed the sword of Lee;
Far in the front of the deadly fight, high o'er the brave in the cause of the right,
Stainless its sheen, like a beacon light, led us to victory.”

In 1869, General Lee, in conversation with a friend, said: “I could have pursued no other course without dishonor, and if it were all to go over again I should act in precisely the same way.” Chiefly characteristic of Lee was devotion to duty, devotion to the Southland, devotion to his wife and children, accentuated by devotion to God and his Christ in spotless Christian humility. We close our paean of praise by quoting the “Ben Hill’s” tribute to the spotless Lee, our loved commander:

“He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without oppression and a victim without murmuring; he was a public officer without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy and a man without guile. He was a leader without ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness and Washington without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant and royal in authority as a king. He was gentle as a woman in life, modest and pure as a virgin in thought; watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates and grand in battle as Achilles.”

The consensus of opinion South gives to the Confederate army 600,000 men,—the highest estimate 650,000. The Federal army had 2,865,028 men. Furnished as follows:

By and from the Southern States	350,062
Negro troops	186,000
From foreign countries	494,000
By and from the Northern States	1,834,966
	<hr/>
Total	2,865,028 *

Of foreigners, Germany furnished 186,424 † as they said,
 “to fight mit Sigel and run mit Schurz.”

As Lee rode back from his conference with Grant surely the words of his favorite hymn was the source of that calm demeanor, that self-poise, that nobility of a godlike soul that beamed from his countenance.

“Fear not, I am with thee; oh be not dismayed.
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.”

Our Marse Robert has vaulted into history the Tallest,
 Whitest Chieftain of them all.

* Records U. S. War Department.

† German Ambassador, 1912.

CHAPTER LX

WE left the famous field of Appomattox, which sounded the death knell to our hopes of independence of which we had dreamed.

“ I had a dream, a happy dream, I dreamed that peace was made;
Hearts were all filled with joy, to bask in freedom’s shade:
Our independence we had won, on blood stained battle fields,
We had fought and bled in our country’s cause, we had fought for
liberty.

“ And this was in our sunny South, the noble and the brave,
Had freely offered up their lives, our country dear to save:
From vandal hosts that did infest, our country now was free:
And the Southern banner of the brave did wave o’er land and sea.

“ Morning dawned and I awoke to find it but a dream,
And as I gazed from my prison cell I heard the sea gull scream;
The heaving billows majestic rise as they roll o’er and o’er:
It was then that I sighed for my Sunny South as patriots did of
yore.”

But we must not be cast down. Were we not still Lee’s veterans, and had he not prayed that God would extend His blessing and protection? Human virtue should equal human calamity; and we rose to the occasion.

We left in squads of tens, twenties and fifties with two days’ rations in our haversacks, thanks to Grant’s thoughtfulness. On the third day these squads were broken into halves and quarters and less, that we might obtain something to eat. A citizen could cheerfully provide food for

one, two or five, but could not accommodate fifty. The hobo well understands this, and were we not veteran foragers? The hospitable citizen fed us without money and without price and counted themselves well paid with a chat about the war, the siege and the surrender; and most of all, they were glad to hear of "General Lee the Great."

When the shadows of the evening lengthened and night came on their hospitality extended to supper and a bed. The latter was always declined; first, because we were not accustomed to beds; and second, we had too much respect for ourselves to infest their homes with those companions which had enlisted for the war — sometimes called "gray-backs." The porch-floor, the ground or haystack, would suit — the latter much preferred. We would stop at the running creek, wash our garments, hang them on a bush or lay them on the grass to dry, but nothing would kill these infernal pests but boiling water. We did not ask for a pot in which to boil them — we were ashamed to let them know why a pot was desired — ashamed to let these good people know why we could not accept a bed so kindly offered. Day after day we pushed forward, longing to see father, mother, wife and child and the dear "girl I left behind." The nearer we drew to our homes, or where our homes had been, the more nostalgia took possession; and that longing, which amounted to sickness, came to us. In some fashion, only slight as it was, the knowledge was imbibed of the terrible sickness of longing, expecting, anguish of waiting, that the poor women of our dear Southland had borne for four long years in uncomplaining sacrifice, that they might sustain the spirits of their loved ones at the front. The true heroism of Southern womanhood will never be told. As we wended our weary way, came to

the forks of the road — the parting of the ways — sad, sad parting, for those who had had all things common for four long years: common marches, hardships and dangers; common bivouac, rest and sleep; common thirst, hunger, heat and cold; common duties, fatigue and suffering; common fun, frolic, games and jokes; common plays, dances and songs; common cush, flapjacks and mess table; common blankets, graybacks and laundry; common advance, assault and victory; common defense, defeat and retreat; common long roll and lack of sleep; common touch of elbows, that gave strength and confidence when the war god had turned loose all his furies; common constancy, common consecration, common comradeship and religion; common love and veneration of Marse Robert; common sad hearts after the battle's toll; common surrender; common Appomattox; common Lost Cause — these, all and singular, have soldered together as nothing else could, hearts filled with esteem, and love, and friendship, that will last with time. When the last final order to march comes from the Great Commander, we will clasp hands on the other shore, and talk of Lee the Great and his flanking lieutenant, Jackson; Ewell and Rodes; the Johnstons, the Hills; Gordon, Early and Ramseur; and our own dear Colonel Bennett, Captains Hall, Smith, Freeman and Liles, and, and — ourselves.

Our footsore journey will soon be over, for we have come to Rocky river or to the Great Pee Dee river, on the banks of which the writer was born. Crossing, we will once more touch, fall down and kiss the soil of our native county, which some of us have not seen since enlistment, unwilling to be absent on furlough because of the paucity of our numbers and the continued need of every man. We desired to be present when needed and we were always

needed. Marse Robert could not take a furlough. He was our exemplar and we tried to emulate him.

The homes of some of the boys lay in the track of Sherman's army—"the Army of the Tennessee." Approaching the scene swept by this besom of destruction, Lee's lion-hearted veterans possessed the manhood to prove that human virtue did equal human calamity. Sherman's Army had no respect for the feeble, the helpless, nor the gray-haired, ruthlessly they walked iron-shod over the defenseless—they painted the midnight skies with the lurid glow of pillaged dwellings—they waxed fat on the spoils of peaceful homes and left desolation, misery and famine in their path. We found our loved ones occupying a negro cabin. Sherman's bummers had carried off, and what they could not carry away, had wantonly destroyed all the supplies of food for white and black. The darkeys came to their owners and sought at the hands of those, who had always supplied their wants, food and sustenance to be told they had none for them. "As the Lord thy God liveth I have not a cake."

Henry Bennett fed his master's family with the over-plus food abandoned by the Yankees. He never left the farm and was faithful in his affectionate service. Delithy said: "Oh, my mistress, how am I to feed my children?" The darkeys, forced by hunger, left their cabins and followed in the wake of Sherman's army that they might obtain a precarious living picking up the food discarded by Sherman's bummers. We have never read in Ancient or Modern history anything to equal the waste and destruction of Sherman's army. After taking all they could away they set fire and cleaned up the remainder. Not satisfied with burning the gin house and cotton, they set fire to the crib of corn, the granary and the smokehouse,

then robbed the dwelling and burned it, giving the inmates barely opportunity to escape with their lives. Oh! the inhuman brutes masquerading in men's clothing! Sherman's mode of conducting the war, laying waste the country, reducing the women and children to want and famine, and homeless, was contrary to the laws of civilized warfare — contrary to humanity, inconsistent to enlightened Christian nations. His name is fixed with infamy. "So let it be. Amen."

Our aged father and mother and sisters found a shelter under the roof of a darkey's cabin, depending for food to sustain life received from relatives and friends beyond the track of Sherman's march. The entire South was impoverished, shorn of its abundance, to support the army in defense of the Rights of the States, in support of the Constitution of our fathers, and in maintenance of the sacred principles of freedom and independence. The unfortunate help the unfortunate. The poor are generous to the poor. It was pitiful and distressing; but as "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," likewise poverty developed the energy and chivalric manhood of the chevalier of the Southern Anglo-Saxon, enhanced the love and the patriotism of the women for their dear Southland and intensified their detest and hatred of the whole Yankee nation, which will abide with them forever. "They were as wax to receive and marble to retain those memories." The good women in the wake of Sherman's march, the women of our affection and veneration, will never be reconstructed! We were glad the lives of our immediate family had been spared, and rejoiced that our sister, by courage and mastery of fear, had protected her honor at the point of the pistol thrust into the faces of these brutes. We know

that whereof we speak and stand ready to affirm and maintain that we do know.

“ Home again, home again from a warring shore
And, Oh! it fills our hearts with joy,
To meet our friends once more.”

Desponding, but not utterly cast down, we took up the burden of life and the support of the loved. We built up again, by splitting rails, the fences burned. By hook and crook, we repaired our old plows, and by the kindness of others we obtained food to sustain soul and body together. As the Yankees took our fine horses, they abandoned to die, their spavined, sore-backed, poor ones. We took these frames, by some called “Hat-racks,” because one might hang his hat on their protruding bones. The land had been seeded to small grain in the fall. It seemed at Appomattox that God had forsaken us and when we came home and found the devastation wrought by Sherman, our faith in Him, be it said to our shame, became infinitesimal. But no. He was still our kind Heavenly Father, had sent us propitious seasons and blessed us with a fine promising small grain crop. Grazing these poor horses on the abundant small grain crop and by giving their wounds faithful attention they were soon able to do a little work. With that little we planted largely of okra or gumbo. This esculent plant soon came to bearing. Boiling the pods and adding salt to the taste made a good soup on which we lived. The oats ripened and our poor horses grew fat and strong on them. The wheat beaten in a mortar or ground in a coffee-mill made delicious porridge upon which we feasted. Fresh milk, cream and butter made from a cow, the gift of a kinsman,

was a source of supply greatly appreciated. Roasting ears, on which we lived, and marched and fought in Virginia, came in good time — September. October and November corn harvest was on, and as an old lady, when viewing her dinner, said: “It is good enough, what there is of it,” but we could not truthfully finish her ejaculation, “Plenty of it, such as it is.”

“’Tis sweet to hear the honest watchdog’s bark,
Bay deep mouthed welcome as we draw near home,
’Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming and look the brighter when we come.”

The child did not know its father in his travel-stained rags, but the dear wife recognized the manly form, and with a glad cry, sprang into the outstretched arms of her soldier. The mother, “feeble, and old, and gray,” by anxiety, toil and grief, clasped to her bosom her heroic boy who had heeded the call of his country to arms, and who had returned with a chaplet of honor wreathing his brow. True, it may have been woven by her fond imagination in her lonely hours, but she saw it there all the same, and in her joy ordered the fatted calf killed. To all, the home-coming was both glad and sad. To those whose homes lay outside Sherman’s raid they found the dwelling was there, the outhouses were there, the old crib, the barn, the stock, the fences there, very dilapidated ’tis true, but there; “and e’en the rude bucket that hung in the well.” “How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood.”

The veterans put their hands to the plow and did not look back. “They who would thrive must either plow or drive.” The veterans changed this old adage to “He who would thrive must plow *and* drive.”

We were intelligently aided by the advice of the aged father and feeble mother, by the skillful work of our faithful helpmeets; and — and by the sweet girls of dear old Dixie land — the fairest, the best, the most beautiful of God's creatures — dowered with energy and determination. The debt to the Southern soldier boys will never be paid. They repaired the dilapidations, built up the waste places and soon made the South blossom as the rose and flourish like the green bay tree.

Human virtue is equal to human calamity!

CHAPTER LXI

THIS last chapter of our work of love embraces a brief history, addenda so to speak, of the individual members of the Anson Guards. Some of them are not mentioned because lack of knowledge to do them justice. Wanderlust possessed others and they have passed beyond our ken. Lack of information, to our great regret, prevents that mention each one so worthily deserves and is entitled to receive.

We have done the best we may with the limited knowledge obtained from first hands and trust your approval.

ROBERT T. HALL

First captain of the Anson Guards. Went out with the company in April, 1861. When encamped at Garysburg, before his company was attached to a regiment, he resigned. Returning home he organized another company of 139 enlisted men, which afterward became Company I of the Forty-third Regiment. He again resigned and returned to his home. He survived the war, married and had his children about his knees. Very kind and hospitable. Made it a custom of inviting the Anson Guards, which was an organized company before the war, to a Christmas dinner, usually graced with a ham and turkey and other delicious viands—the punch bowl and wines freely circulated. His generosity and high living was the theme of his friends.

DUNCAN E. MC NAIR

First sergeant. Came to the Anson Guards from Robeson County. In the fall of '61 he was elected first lieutenant of Company H Third Regiment North Carolina. Was promoted captain of the company, 1862. At the battle of Sharpsburg Captain McNair was badly wounded in the leg. He refused to leave the field, although urged to do so by the colonel of the regiment. Soon afterward, on the same day, he gave his life's blood on his country's altar. High-toned gentleman, gallant in action; we sadly missed him.

FRED A. BUCHANAN

Second sergeant. Was to the manner born. A most excellent man and a capital good soldier. Liked by his company. In all the engagements up to Chancellorsville — here the blood of a North Carolinian made sacred the soil of old Virginia. He left a wife and two children. Given a soldier's burial on the field, he sleeps with other heroic dead, in the famous Wilderness.

WILLIAM A. LILES

As third lieutenant went out with the Guards and remained with them till the end. He was promoted to first lieutenant and at Captain Freeman's death, at Bethesda church in '64, was promoted captain of the company. He was a pleasant companion and made a good officer. Did his duty faithfully in camp and in battle. He was kind to the writer and aided in carrying him to a carriage and from the carriage to the cars on his journey home after a wound received six months previous. Captain Liles survived the war. Married first, Miss Mary J. Huntly. His second wife was Miss Elizabeth McLendon.

He was wounded in several battles, but fortunately these wounds were all slight. By his fellow countymen he was elected to the House of Representatives of North Carolina and served his constituents faithfully. He died in Ansonville and was buried with military honors.

J. A. JONES

Fourth sergeant of our company. A fine drill master. Oh! how he was cussed by our lazy boys who, in the early summer of '61, did mortally hate to be exercised, drilling in the hot sun. They could not understand the necessity of being trained by an officer in the manual of arms and being drilled into a machine. They could "whip the Yankees anyhow, without all this damn foolishness!" All they asked was to find — and up and at them. Sergeant Jones was promoted adjutant of the Fourth Regiment North Carolina Volunteers with the title of lieutenant. This brave boy was killed at the battle of Seven Pines, storming the redoubt on Union road to the White House.

JOSEPH H. WHEELER

First corporal. Joined our company at the first call of the governor for volunteers to defend the State from invasion. He was a native of the State of Vermont — the Green Mountain State — and seemed to detest the Yankees more than the native-born Southerner. Possibly because he knew them better. He was a fine officer. In all the important engagements and never shirked a battle. Charlie Wheeler is an enthusiastic Southerner, worthy son to a brave father and to the manner born.

JOHN W. TURNER

Second corporal. Was another good soldier of Marse Robert's, though Marse Robert did not know him. Like

old Uncle Jacky Smith, who was riding along the road one cold wintry morning, met a young barefooted darkey. Said to darkey: "Go home and tell your master to give you a pair of shoes." "You — you — you are my master." "Is that so? What is your name? How came you absent when shoes were given out? I'll look into it." Wounded at Winchester Sept. 19, '64. Good blood ran in his veins.

JAMES A. SMART

Fourth corporal. Was a genial companion, a bunk-mate of Sergt. E. F. Fenton's. Fenton writing, says: "Bedclothes, like wearing apparel, was not too plentiful and in the cold nights the nearer together we could sleep the warmer. Jim could spoon beautifully and the way that boy could hug you was a sight. His body was like a warm stove." He was desperately wounded at Spottsylvania and was left on the field for dead. The third day, when we recovered the ground, there was Jim, still living. His face white like cotton from loss of blood. The minie ball made an opening in his breast through which he could breathe. He asked for something to eat. The boys' bunched haversacks were opened, which furnished a square meal for him. Strengthened by this food, he was taken to the surgeon. He pulled through (you can't kill some folks), and he is still surviving the war this 28th day of February, 1914, and long may he wave.

J. A. ALFORD

Brave enough to face the cannon's mouth, was faring fine in all the battles till he came to Spottsylvania, and in this fight he arrested a Yankee bullet, which did him considerable damage.

RISDEN TYLER BENNETT

The most noted man in the Anson Guards. Heretofore we have spoken of him in these pages, but he will come to the fore as we recall the scenes and episodes of that momentous conflict — the War Between the States.

The morning of the first day's battle at Gettysburg our chaplain was riding abreast with Colonel Bennett as we were approaching that sanguinary battlefield. At a pause in the conversation between these gentlemen Dr. Power noticed "A shadow resting upon his features, which was something so unusual under like circumstances that my anxiety was aroused." Dr. Power, detailing the circumstance, continues: "On making inquiry as to the cause of his serious mood, he stated that he was going to be wounded during the pending engagement. I at once felt the spirit of sadness coming over my sensibilities, which his sensitive eye instantly perceived, and as if to relieve my anxiety he, with a smile, remarked, 'Oh, it isn't going to be a very serious matter, but sufficient to get me a little furlough.' And it turned out literally that way."

In February of '64 our great War Governor, formerly captain of the Rough and Ready Guards from Buncomb County in our regiment and afterwards the colonel of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina — Zebulon Baird Vance, visited the Army of Northern Virginia and made addresses to the several divisions of the army. He aroused the enthusiasm of the troops to the highest pitch. The different regiments vied, one with the other, for the honor of entertaining the governor. It fell to the lot of the Fourteenth Regiment, in which regiment he first marched into Virginia. Colonel Bennett thus details the incident: "The chaplain, who was a good provider, fetched his cook

and provisions and joined his kettles and pans to the limited supply at headquarters, and by this fortunate union we laid covers for the company. The lack of seats and apprehension as to the supply made it necessary for some of the headquarters to stand off and await developments."

Colonel Bennett, instead of presiding, waited on and served the table; and in his inimitable description adds, "The fried tarts did the work and saved the remnant for the rear rank."

Colonel Bennett had a retentive memory and wonderful command of language. His writings were concise, succinct, epitomized, didactic, epigrammatic and more. Here is a sample: "These bloody accompaniments adminiculate the truthfulness of the apophthegm of Burke that liberty, in its last analysis, is the blood of the brave." A friend of Colonel Bennett's repeated this sentence to Senator Vance. He turned his chair, leaned forward his body, and presenting his other ear to the speaker said: "Repeat that into this ear; I want it to go in and lodge." We get the foregoing incident from Capt. J. C. Marshall.

WILLIAM CARR POWER, D.D.

In 1860, and for years afterward, several counties in the State of North Carolina were attached to the South Carolina Conference of the M. E. Church, South. That year (1860) Mr. Power was appointed by the South Carolina Conference financial agent for Carolina Female College, in Anson County, N. C., the second college for girls established in the South. He made a success as agent. When the Anson Guards left for the seat of war Mr. Power accompanied them as chaplain, by permission of his presiding elder. The Confederate Government allowed one chaplain to a regiment of ten companies. At the for-

mation of the Fourteenth Regiment, N. B. Cobb was appointed by the State authorities chaplain. This gave the Anson Guards a chaplain of its own and Mr. Power remained with the company and was supported by it. The date of enlistment, twelve months, expired in April, '62. At the reorganization the entire regiment enlisted for the war, and Mr. Power was elected chaplain of the regiment and abided with us till Appomattox. He was born in Abbeville District, S. C., March 2, 1831. Son to John Hopkins Power and Jane Daniel Montague, from Virginia. His mother's father was a revolutionary soldier of honorable mention, carrying scars on his arm and forehead received from the saber of a British soldier, while defending General Washington. This warlike spirit was inherited and Chaplain Power fired the first gun, shot at the Yankees, by a member of our company.

He entered the ministry of the M. E. Church, South, in 1857. The minutes of the South Carolina Conference for 1910 carries this record of our dear chaplain: "Ten years on circuits, ten years on stations, four years chaplain in the Confederate army, twenty-one years presiding elder." He superannuated at the age of seventy-nine, after active service of fifty-three years. He still abides with us and preaches with affecting vigor to the comfort and edification of his people. "Always abounding in the work of the Lord," and further, like St. Paul, "In labors more abundant." Colonel Bennett writing, said: "The regiment had cultivated every moral virtue, led by their capable and good chaplain, Rev. W. C. Power, who is still in the service of our Gracious Master — most of them had joined the church." In the winter of '63-'64 our chaplain, assisted by the voluntary labors of the men, completed a chapel built of slabs. It was dedicated one Sunday and

consecrated to the service of God. Two weeks thereafter our regiment was removed to another point and this chapel was removed, piece by piece, and served as a comfortable house of worship the remainder of the winter. With regret we left this modest little chapel, in which words of deep significance fell from the lips of our chaplain into fruitful soil and brought forth "thirty, sixty and a hundredfold." Two great revivals of religion swept through the Army of Northern Virginia. The chaplains joining together in services, and none more zealous than W. C. Power and his dear friend, Rev. A. D. Betts, chaplain of the Thirtieth Regiment in our brigade. To influence the brave one must needs be brave. His bravery endeared Dr. Power to the men of his regiment — often seen on the firing line, aiding the wounded and comforting the dying. Often in the hospital administering to the bodily and spiritual needs of the men. "The bravest are the tenderest," was fully exemplified in Dr. Power's kindly feeling for the suffering, who daily experienced a drink of fresh water from his canteen, a morsel of bread from his haversack; and the exhausted lifted into his saddle. His farewell words at Appomattox were comforting as we received his fatherly blessing. We wish this notice and testimony of our Anson Guards' chaplain could be more appreciative and just and extended, but space forbids. Our dear chaplain is mentioned in foregoing pages.

D. M. BALDWIN

From Montgomery County and Hiram Baldwin from Richmond County were conscripts. The latter made equally as brave soldier as the volunteer but he was an exception. He was in all the battles and did his duty manfully.

M. T. BALLARD

Was discharged, returned to his home and survived the war.

DAVID NEVIL BENNETT

Son of Rev. A. E. Bennett. Was a gallant soldier. One of the sharpshooters, regarded as the most dangerous post in the army and consequently the most honorable. Wounded at Charlestown, came home on furlough. Married Miss Agnes Craighead Dunlap. Moved to Stanly County. Represented his county several terms in the House and his district in the Senate. He is still numbered with the Old Veterans of Lee's army.

NEVIL J. BENNETT

Brother of Colonel Bennett. Made a capital soldier. Survived the war; a gentleman of good, hard, horse-sense, justice of the peace, a good liver, generous and hospitable and died with the esteem of his neighbors resting upon him.

EDWARD F. BILLINGSBY

Son of David Billingsby. Ah! here was a big-hearted boy. He knew not fear. A good forager and provider. Robust—he could carry rations and other supplies that would make him comfortable when others would suffer for lack of them. He was liked by his comrades. The company was made sad by his death at Spottsylvania, which occurred at the Bloody Angle. The breastworks, made of logs, had cracks between the logs which would have been filled with earth if we had had spades and shovels. With only tin cups and tin pans these logs got but little earth. Ed was looking through the crack when smitten by a

minie ball. He fell down and expired May 12, '64. Among his comrades he bore the name of Beauregard from a fancied resemblance to that knightly gentleman.

JOHN J. BILLINGSBY

Brother to Edward. Was another neat soldier. Took part in the battles of Spottsylvania Courthouse, the Gettysburg campaign, the Wilderness, Bethesda church, Cold Harbor, Early's Valley campaign and all the engagements therein. Survived the war and died, 1913, on his farm, near where he was born. He joined the church while in the army and died in the odor of sanctity.

H. BLUM

Fought a good fight and was killed at Sharpsburg.

JOHN BALLARD

Declined to take the oath, refused to leave the State and left us at Garysburg. He volunteered in another company, which was mustered in as Company I Forty-third Regiment. Elected second lieutenant, and proved a worthy officer.

CORNELIUS C. BOWMAN

Joined the company July 23, '64, in the Valley. Boy, inexperienced boy as he was, he fought like a veteran at Winchester, Fishers Hill and Cedar creek.

JOHN BOWMAN

Elder brother to Cornelius. Went out with us in April, 1861. Was a good soldier in the beginning, in the middle, all the way through to the end and surrendered at Appomattox. Came home, made a success of life, mar-

ried a Miss Carroll of Georgia, and raised a large family of children.

JAMES BRIGMAN

Came to us from Robeson County and joined the Anson Guards. Faithful in the performance of all duty, quiet, sober fellow. Took the war seriously and laid down his life on the altar of his country in the battle of Spottsylvania.

JOHN BROWER

Was one of the original Anson Guards' men. Born and raised in the town of Wadesboro, he caught the spirit of the stirring days, 1861, volunteered and went out in the beginning. At Cold Harbor in June, '62, he was killed by a misdirected fire from our own forces. The first boy to die in defense of liberty from our county.

W. H. BROWER

Brother to John. A mere kid, came to us, December, '64, in sixteenth year. A baby, and doubtless the song, "Rock-a-bye, Baby, on the Tree Top," rings to this day in his ears, as the boys sang those words to him in '64, and he still abides on top of this mundane sphere. He endured with a veteran's nonchalance the trenches of Petersburg, the daily watching and fighting there, the famous running fight to Appomattox, stacked his gun and came home a paroled prisoner.

B. L. BOYD

An all-round soldier, willing and cheerful. Captured at Kelly Ford.

HEZEKIAH B. CARPENTER

Son to David Carpenter of Cedar Hill. The zeal and courage of youth was his. Obedient to authority. Bore

himself manfully in battle — never missed a fight, wounded at Cedar creek, recovered, returned to help Marse Robert to Appomattox, and in obedience to his orders surrendered his gun and accouterments. Afterwards made his home in the Lone Star State.

E. MC NAIR CAMERON

A hot-blooded youth from Robeson County, slender and fragile-looking but, like fine-drawn steel wire, strong and supple. In constant service till captured. Confinement and poor rations took the boy out of the inhuman treatment received in the Yankee prison.

J. C. COIR

Was a conscript from Montgomery County. True blue, with sand in his craw, he courageously met the enemy and gained both the respect and commendation of the volunteers.

A. E. COVINGTON

Having an inclination for medicine was drafted as a hospital steward and made a good record. After the war equipped himself for the practice of medicine by taking a regular course in a medical college. Followed his profession to the satisfaction of a large patronage. Made a large fortune, was liberal in support of his church and large contributor to worthy charities. Long may he abide with us.

C. H. COX

We called him "Charlie" for short because he was so jolly and good. A better soldier never trod shoe soles. When without shoes he kept up to the mark, "however — anyhow." Never shirked duty, bore the fatigue of the

march in good spirit, made light of short rations, stole apples and fruits in season, lived and fought on roasting ears without complaining. A brigade sharpshooter. August 21, '64, was mortally wounded at Charlestown and died two days after. His colonel speaks of him, "He was brave, eager and true." He was mourned by his comrades in arms and by his parents at home.

FRANK DARLEY

Of Alexandria, Va. Wandered South and fixed his abode in Wadesboro, Anson County, N C. A gentleman of education and refinement, he became the assistant editor of *The Wadesboro Argus*. Well do I remember, as a boy, seeing displayed in a conspicuous place on the first page of every number of this county paper these headlines,

"This Argus o'er the people's rights
Doth an eternal vigil keep."

He volunteered into the ranks of the Anson Guards to defend the State from threatened invasion. After twelve months' service he was honorably discharged, returned to Wadesboro and resumed the publication of *The Argus* and did faithful "vigil keep" "o'er the rights" of the people.

JOHN C. DUMAS

Made so excellent a soldier he was promoted second corporal and was numbered with those who laid down their arms at Appomattox.

J. P. DUMAS

At the reorganization in '62 was honorably discharged because he was under age.

GEORGE B. DUNLAP

Was by the captain-quartermaster appointed commissary-sergeant at Fort Bee in '62, which position he held when captured at Snickers Gap. He remained in prison till the war ended and gives a terrible account of prison fare, of sickness and death from starvation. He had, and has, fine mechanical ingenuity. By fashioning trinkets, ornaments, and by making wares in wood, which he converted into shinplasters, he purchased sufficient sutler's stores to keep him living. Wish he would commit to writing the indignities heaped upon the prisoners by the negro guards, the cruelties imposed by the officials of the prison for slight offenses and the torturing punishments inflicted for imaginary offenses. He could tell you of the Rite of the Spread Eagle Degree. One prisoner said to another:—"Our rations are very short." A Yankee soldier overheard him, and said, "that's a damn lie." Instantly the hot southern blood propelled his fist violently and forcibly forward. The soldier was knocked prostrate. No Southern gentleman can take the "damn lie." The poor prisoner was punished by administering to him "The Rite of the Spread Eagle Degree" as the Yankees called it. His arms were extended and lashed with cords to the rim of a cannon wheel. Likewise his legs were stretched and lashed to the spokes of the wheel. The entire weight of the body was borne by the cords. Thus he was crucified, cords cutting into the flesh taking the place of nails. In the hot broiling sun bareheaded for one hour he was suspended and tortured for resenting the insult of the "damn lie." When untied he collapsed on the ground. It required hours to revive him. The resultant effects hastened him to his grave.

JOHN J. DUNLAP

Became a teamster, driving a wagon. Has no war record as he was not with the bullet department on the firing line. Was faithful to his job to the last and numbered with those who surrendered at Appomattox. He married Miss Virginia Little, daughter of Geo. W Little, Esq.

SIMON J. EDWARDS

Whose father accompanied us to Cheraw when the company left for the seat of war, was a brave, conscientious boy. In the discharge of his duties and in obedience to orders he killed a citizen at Suffolk, in Virginia. He was justified and a court of investigation pronounced him exempt of all blame and commended his faithful performance of duty. This act, however, preyed on his mind. He was ordered home, hoping the change would prove beneficial. He returned to the army little improved and was made postmaster of the brigade. After the war he migrated to Texas. The good fellow did not survive many years.

D. J. EWING

Of the Montgomery County Ewings. Made a first-class soldier. Seriously wounded at Kelly's Ford, disabled from further duty and was honorably discharged on 30th day of April, '64.

EDMUND F. FENTON

Son to C. W and M. R. Fenton. Was born in Philadelphia, Pa., the Keystone State — the State in which the great battle of Gettysburg was fought, by historians generally regarded as the decisive battle of the war. "High tide with the Confederacy." This brave lad was born

March 11, 1842. At the age of thirteen he came with his parents to Wadesboro, N. C. He was engaged in *The Argus* office. Employment in a newspaper establishment is an education within itself. This, we take it, enabled him in after life to express his thoughts so clearly and to the point. He became an expert typesetter, which was quite an acquisition before the invention of typesetting machines. As a printer he became conversant with the best thought, clothed in selected words and phrases. This kept him abreast of the times and made him familiar with the progressive thought of the day. The encroachment made by the Northern people upon the South, the Dred Scott decision, the underground railroad, and tirades of the Abolitionists made a genuine States Rights boy of him. When Abraham Lincoln called for troops to invade the South, he sprang to arms and volunteered into the ranks among the foremost in defense of North Carolina, his adopted State. Oh! it makes me tired to hear people say we boys and the South fought to maintain the institution of slavery. Ed Fenton had no slaves to fight for and yet no truer, nobler and more unselfish boy ever gave his blood and his arm to the cause. Maj. J. M. Wall says: "Only one soldier in eighty-nine owned a slave." Ed deserves far more credit and recognition than has been awarded him. Without reward, or the hope of reward, heroically he stood side by side of those to the manner born, touching elbows with the bravest and best and numbered with them. He was the life of the camp, the bivouac and the fatiguing march, and ever ready to trip the light, fantastic toe. For his bravery he was made a sergeant in the company and bore his honors with sangfroid that made him a great favorite. Calm and cool in battle, he deliberately loaded and discharged his musket with

telling effect —“ none faltered, all did well, some outdid themselves.” Ed was on the line of the sharpshooters the 5th of May, 1863, when he gave the blood of his left arm — nearest to his heart — for the cause of States Rights and Southern independence. His colonel wrote as follows: “ I remembered Edmund Fenton coming in from these lines with his arm shattered by a ball and blood spurting from his wound at every step. I tied a gallows string around his arm and he walked to the surgeon’s knife with unruffled patience.” He loved his comrades and returned to comfort them, with boxes of good things sent by the home folk, to the boys at the front. After the war he found a helpmeet indeed in the fair daughter of John D. Smith. He was honored by his fellow citizens with the responsible office of coroner for the county for twelve long years. No veteran has done more for his old comrades or has more in mind to aid and comfort them in their declining years. At the last meeting of the Anson Camp he was voted a ten-dollar gold piece in recognition of his services and as a slight testimonial of their high esteem. He said to the writer: “ I shall keep this as a souvenir, have it suitably engraved and leave it with my Cross of Honor as an heirloom when I go hence.”

STEPHEN H. GADDY

Sixteen years old, came to the Anson Guards Oct. 1, '63, just in time to take part in the strenuous campaign of Mine Run — a campaign of hard marching on scant rations, but little fighting. It was a rough experience on “ the tenderfoot ” but hardy boy. He never fagged and never complained. He was captured with many others at Winchester by being surrounded and cut off by overwhelming numbers. The narrative of his prison experiences

gives the true story of Yankee inhumanity to the Southerners — slow starvation — freezing to death. Captured with thin summer clothes and forced to endure the rigorous climate of the cold Northern regions and fierce winds blowing across water, chilling the marrow till the teeth chattered and the flesh quivered. Often forced to march out barefooted and stand in the cold and snow for the delectation of visitors. Only one blanket was allowed. To prevent freezing to death a bunk, built for one, was occupied by three — the heads of two pointing one way and the head of the third pointing the other — just like hogs sleep. In this way they had one blanket to lie on and two to cover with — the internal heat of the body was something to the good, but not much, because the rations were so scant, mostly thin soup, seasoned with a little salt pork. The digestion created so little combustion the heat of the body was infinitesimal. Surviving the war he has made a good citizen, helped to build up the country and redeem the county from the rule of the Carpetbagger, the Scalawag and the Free Negro. A justice of the peace, genial servitor of important public trusts and conservator of peace in his neighborhood. Long may he abide with us.

GEORGE D. GIBSON

Discharged at the reorganization in April, '62, on the Peninsula, because he was over age.

BROOKS HAILY

Has been often mentioned in these pages and many more lines would be required to do him justice, but this work would become too extended.

WILLIAM M. HAMMOND

Son of Hampton B. Hammond and Rosa May Hammond. Born Aug. 25, 1837. Died March 3, 1908. Attended the high school of Prof. C. D. McIver at Wadesboro and graduated at the University of North Carolina. Chose the profession of the law, and was a youthful attorney when he heard the tocsin of war calling for volunteers to repel the invasion of his mother State. Pugnacious blood was inherited especially from his mother's side of the family, handed down through generations from the Indian wars and the War of the Revolution — a family zealous to defend encroachments upon their rights. This same spirit animated the breast of W. M. Hammond when he volunteered into the ranks of the Anson Guards. He was elected second lieutenant. The enlistment was for twelve months, and for a year and a day he was esteemed the watchful guardian of the company. He was a favorite of our colonel, Junius Daniel, who at once recognized his manly equipment for the making of a fine soldier. In the spring of '62 Colonel Daniel was made colonel of the Forty-fifth Regiment North Carolina Volunteers. At his request Lieutenant Hammond went with him as adjutant of the regiment. That same spring Colonel Daniel was promoted brigadier-general and Lieutenant Hammond was advanced to assistant adjutant-general and chief of staff of the brigade with the title of captain. Both his ability and training made him a capable officer and his imperial manner commanded the respect of the colonels and other regimental officers in the brigade. A gentleman and fellow officer writing of him, said: "A splendid officer he made, attentive to duty and always to the front when there was any fighting going on."

Staunch in purpose, sublime of soul, lion-hearted, he valiantly strove onward when others quailed. After the war he made his home in Thomasville, Ga., and hung out his shingle as a practicing attorney. He filled his mind with language from the literati of the world and never lacked words to express his thoughts. "He liked those literary cooks Who skim the cream of others' books." Thoroughly grounded in the principles of the law, well posted in statutory law and a fluent speaker, he became a famous criminal lawyer.

HAMPTON B. HAMMOND

A clever, whole-souled boy. Liked by his comrades and never failed them in times of trouble. He was one of the provost guard, looked after the camp and always favored a member of the Anson Guards. Bore the hardship of the entire war and was numbered with those who stacked arms at Appomattox. He went West to build his nest and passed out of our ken.

J. A. HENRY

Detailed for hospital duty in the early part of the war at Richmond. Later he rejoined his company and was engaged in the fight at Mine Run and Spottsylvania. Slightly wounded in the latter battle. Absent without leave after this.

J. C. HILL

Enlisted April 20, '61. His record was good but his career ended at Sharpsburg. His life's blood enriching the soil of "Maryland, My Maryland,"

Trying to avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,

and now he slumbers with the dust of "Maryland, My Maryland."

REUBEN BLOOMFIELD HORTON

Son to R. B. Horton, the first dentist to reside in the city of Wadesboro. Allen Carpenter paid a visit to a dentist to see for himself what kind or manner of man he was. Returning, he told his neighbors, "Nothing but a d—d tooth carpenter." Reuben, returning from an entertainment of young people late one night, with a lovely girl hanging on to his jug handle, companions in the rear heard her say: "Reuben, Reuben, lovest thou me?" "Yea, Laura, thou knowest I do." Reuben was slightly wounded at Bethesda church, survived the war, married the beautiful Miss Laura Tindall and moved West.

JAMES D. HOOKER

Few men gave themselves more freely to the Confederacy. Staid in his ways, slow of speech — weighing his words. Severely wounded at Sharpsburg at the Bloody Lane — honorably discharged. A glorious record.

WILLIAM C. HUTCHINSON

From an old family in Anson County, with musical gifts. Detailed into the drum corps of the regiment. As fifer he could make his instrument talk in sweet and various strains. He could make the calm night vibrate with a quaint sweet air, a solacing sweet air, which had somehow gone murmuring through my dreaming spirit — annihilate distance and I would hold sweet communion with loved ones at home. He would play for us at our dances. Good-natured and accommodating. His music was not mechanical. It welled from his soul, consequently it took possession of your soul, lifting it to the sublime. One could understand the pure fountain from which it

sprang and fancy could float on its Æolian breath. At night when the camp was stilled for repose and "Toodler," as the boys called him, would make the air vibrant with the sweet strains of old, familiar tunes, our hearts would soar on wings to meet the Deity in prayer. He, too, survived the war and sought a home in the West. The writer now possesses a fine sweet-toned flute purchased from this Jubal of music, a flute of velvet notes in the hands of a musician.

B. C. HUTCHINSON

Shared the soldiers' life with the Anson Guards. Slow but sure. On the fatiguing march he might fall by the wayside but some time during the night he would find us. At Bethesda church he gained the plaudits of the company by bearing himself heroically.

CARY JOHNSON

From Montgomery County. Came to us in '62 and bore a credible name. Where the fire was hot there you found Cary. The whistling minies did not deter him in the line of duty. He was in all the principal battles of Lee's army.

B. D. KENDALL

Son of Amos Kendall. Was first a teamster and promoted to wagon master. He was a jovial companion, respected by the teamsters, loved by the faithful animals under his care. He returned to the firing line. Seriously wounded at Sharpsburg and was honorably discharged. Survived the war—made his home at Shelby and died in the midst of his grieving family.

HENRY E. KENDALL

Also a son of Amos Kendall. This boy manifested his patriotism by enlisting in August, '61, coming to us in

Virginia. He bore the duties of the camp, of the drill and the guard with equanimity. Was an example of cheerfulness. In that terrific battle at Sharpsburg, rather than give up his position when flanked on our right, he laid down his life. Thus perished this heroic boy.

WM. H. KIRBY

Was captured in the fight at Spottsylvania, taken to Elmira. He, with thousands of other brave soldiers, perished in this miserable stockade.

WM. P. LEAK

A gallant boy. Enlisted with us July 1, 1864. Participated in the Valley campaign under General Early. Endured the hardships of Petersburg and the advance to Appomattox, daily fighting without rations, and laid down his arms with regret.

A. D. LILLY

Volunteered from the county of Stanly into the Anson Guards, to our surprise, as there was a company in the regiment from that county. We were glad to have him as he made a good soldier, agreeable and kindly. He was captured at Spottsylvania and never returned to the company.

ROBERT LILLY

A native of Cumberland County. Volunteered at the beginning and shared the fortunes of the Guards. He was a beautiful penman and made out the pay rolls. Colonel Daniel promoted him to commissary of the regiment with title of Captain.

GEORGE BADGER LITTLE

Our diary says: "No better soldier." He has been already mentioned in these pages and we pass on to his brother.

"What matters the tread of the world, she said,
One footstep comes not back, she said;
And one will never come."

WILLIAM CALVIN LITTLE

Enlisted Aug. 1, '62. George Badger Little was a great favorite and his younger brother Calvin shared in the esteem. These brothers were sons of Thomas and Ann Spencer Little, of good blood — and blood will tell. Calvin "went out and came in" before the company for more than two years — enjoyed the esteem of his comrades and sacrificed his life on the altar of his country at Cold Harbor, June 2, '64.

GEORGE T. LITTLE

Cousin german to the above was honorably discharged because of infirmity and made no battle record. He was a sober, steady boy and the Guards regretted to have him go and the necessity therefore.

CHARLES M. LILES

Surrendered at Appomattox. The morning of the surrender his regiment was driving the enemy in their front when ordered to "cease firing" to the surprise of our company. The State of North Carolina has erected a monument on the spot where Cox's brigade stood — rested — victorious the morning of the 9th of April, 1865, when ordered to cease firing.

J. D. MASK

Did his duty through and through and was captured at Cedar creek, and that was the last service he could give the Confederacy except to bear testimony by unwavering loyalty to the justness of his cause.

GEORGE W. MC AULAY

Was a capital soldier from Montgomery County. Touched elbows with his comrades in the trying episodes of life, when furious shot and shell went hurtling through the air on their mission of death. Wounded at Fishers Hill.

MC CALLUM

From Montgomery County. Made a good soldier. Was severely wounded at Cedar creek and fell into the hands of the enemy.

E. A. AND J. A. MC CASKILL

Were both conscripts from Montgomery County. The least said about their war record the better. We know, however, that they surrendered at Appomattox, and their names are recorded.

JOHN W. MC GREGOR

Native of Anson County. Enlisted at the beginning in April, '61. His record A No. 1. Promoted to first sergeant Jan. 15, '64. He was brave — recklessly brave. April 30 he was again promoted to third lieutenant. He commanded the entire Fourteenth Regiment on 9th of April, 1865, Appomattox — the last battle. He led it into the charge that morning with his usual gallantry and was wounded. He was severely wounded at Spottsylvania. I

copy from the roster of the company: "J. W. McGregor acted very gallantly on all occasions; a good soldier." Four years he served the county in the responsible office of high sheriff. Married Miss Frances Smith, daughter of Col. Wm. C. Smith, and amassed a competency and educated his children.

MALCOLM MC GREGOR

Tried and not found wanting in the days that tested men's courage. His record shows that he was in all the important battles.

D. C. MC KAY

Was among the number who died at Malvern Hill in that desperate charge. A mechanical genius — with his pocket-knife whittling saw mills that would saw wood into plank. Had his fortune been a Yankee prison he could have converted his ingenuity into profit and sustenance.

MARTIN MC KAY

True to his convictions. Mortally wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, '63, and died a few days afterward. All the war he was noted as a fine soldier. Oh! but our company was oft bereaved.

JOHN J. MC LENDON

One of the brigade sharpshooters. His brother Franklin was killed at Malvern Hill. This in no way deterred this brave younger brother from showing himself most forward in the strife of battle. Reliable and trusted. Others might go hungry, but not so John, if anything was to be had by foraging. He never missed a battle and my impression is he was never wounded. A singular fact and

must have been in direct answer to prayer. Belonging to the corps of sharpshooters he was engaged all the time in the advance or retreat, then fell back to the line of battle and shared the contest of the regular line. The last musket fired by Lee's army was discharged by this brave companion of the writer. Attended the Baptist Theological Seminary and put the course of four years into three. Raised a family of fine children, all of whom are a credit to him and themselves and his good wife. This brave boy and man passed to his reward, 1913, and walks in Paradise.

W. D. MCPHERSON

Our diary says was a brave man and made a good soldier. Was killed at Spottsylvania defending the Bloody Angle.

WILLIAM GASTON MEACHAM

Volunteered into the ranks of the Anson Guards Aug. 6, '61. His Christian manhood made an impression on the company. He was promoted to second lieutenant and the boys made no mistake in electing him to that important office. For good and sufficient reasons he resigned April 30, '64. Liked by the men, esteemed by his superiors — tender-hearted and true.

B. FRANK MEDLEY

Son to Joseph Medley and Elizabeth Johnson, his wife. Prominent family before and after the war. Frank chose to drive a team, a very necessary part of the service, but there is no war record following that arm of the service.

RALPH MITCHEL

Came to the Guards from Robeson County and was the only member of whom the diary speaks as "quitting

his tree" and deserting to the Yankees. The roll of the company confirms the diary.

ALEXANDER S. MORRISON

Pursuing with zeal his convictions as to the urgency of Governor Ellis' call for volunteers in defense of the State, he left his native county and enlisted with the Anson Guards. He was so well esteemed the boys elected him orderly sergeant, September, '61. In '64 he resigned to attach himself as a private in the sharpshooters' corps. Our diary says, "No better or braver man ever shouldered a musket." After the war he made his home with his comrades in arms, settling in Anson County. Married the daughter of Daniel McLain. He laid down his gun at Appomattox with spirit unconquered and zeal unabated. He lived as he fought — well and truly and died the death of the Christian soldier.

A. B. MORTON

A gallant son of old Anson. Was engaged in the battles of Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, in the Valley campaign, dangerously wounded at Charlestown Aug. 21, '64.

GEORGE A. MORTON

Sanely sound, bore himself manfully throughout the war. A sharpshooter — wounded at Winchester, and surrendered at Appomattox. A war record to be proud of, and a fine inheritance for his children.

GEORGE D. MORTON

Being over age was given an honorable discharge at the reorganization in April, 1862. After the war he made

his home in Mississippi. The Anson Guards claim the ascendancy in many ways. Among these in productivity. His wife bore him a quartet. There were dancing sunbeams in that home on the banks of the Father of Waters.

PETER F. MORTON

Another most excellent soldier, capable and true. A favorite little boy whose zeal knew no flagging. Wounded at Spottsylvania. In the Valley campaign was promoted sergeant for gallantry. Survived the war. Followed the trade of blacksmithing and proved a satisfactory artificer in iron and wood. His flag still waves and long may it wave.

WILLIAM H. MORTON

Was wounded at Malvern Hill, lost his arm and honorably discharged. All these Mortons were agreeable, good boys. They believed in the righteousness of the war and fought it to a conclusion.

THOMAS W. MORRISON

Another blue-blooded Scotch Presbyterian. Some of us may be descended from monkeys and probably are, but not so with Tom Morrison. It took a God to make such as he. Volunteering at the youthful age of seventeen, bearing like a veteran the terrors of the trenches at Petersburg and the running, daily fight to Appomattox. He still survives, a pillar of his church.

HENRY J. NAPIER

An excellent mason by trade and a soldier of honor. Wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, 1862; again very severely wounded Dec. 15, following, and was honorably discharged from the service.

R. R. PINKSTON

Was placed as guard at the Confederate White House, had an easy time, satisfying rations, comfortable quarters and knew nothing of the hardships and dangers of the camp and field. He never felt the exhilarating delight of the battlefield.

HENRY W. ROBINSON

Born of Thomas Robinson and Elizabeth Aulds, his wife. No better record as a soldier of the Confederacy and of Christ was possessed by any member of the Anson Guards. Brave and humane. Owing to ill-health he was honorably discharged. Practiced the profession of dentistry. Married Miss Kate, the daughter of Col. Wm. G. Smith.

G. L. RODGERS

Contracted the Chickahominy fever and died in June, '62, of that usually fatal disease. Another life laid on the altar of his country.

THOMAS C. RODGERS

The diary says was honorably discharged in the fall of '63, with no comment. If honorably discharged he must have been a good soldier.

HENRY B. SANDERS

One of the decidedly brave men of the Anson Guards. Always ready for duty in all kinds of weather and forward in all the engagements of the war. The diary says, briefly, "A most excellent man. Wounded at Cedar creek."

His Colonel said of him, "Henry Sanders was very forward in the fight."

J. H. D. SANDERS

A close fellow-mate in the war to Henry. His record is bright. He was also wounded at Cedar Creek and suffered, with the others, that terrible defeat from the incompetence of the officers.

WILLIAM H. SANDERS

Another brave Sanders boy who survived four years of conflict. Though he stood with his comrades in the forefront of the firing line he escaped the deadly missiles of the enemy. He built his nest in Tennessee and often clasps the hands of his comrades in fond embrace at the reunions of the U. C. V. At one of them the writer said: "Where is your Appomattox parole? You look so young and boylike it will be required as proof that you served with the Army of Virginia under Marse Robert." Having plenty of this world's goods and a sweet, comforting companion, the mother of his children, whom the writer delights to greet. He passes the evening of his days in enjoyment of the Christian's hope. Here's my hand and heart, Bill Sanders!

E. J. SMITH

Has a record of an excellent boy and a good soldier. Severely wounded at Spottsylvania in the "Bloody Angle." Honorably discharged. He was another boy to enlist with the Anson Guards from Stanly County. It was in line to belong to the company in the regiment from that county. It was a good company of fine men and bore itself with honor throughout the war. We esteemed it an honor to have good men from other counties to enlist with the Anson Guards.

JAMES L. SMITH

To the manner born. Full of humor and wit — always ready for fun and frolic. In the various engagements with credit. Slightly wounded at Spottsylvania and laid down his arms at that sorrowful Appomattox. Made his home at Mexia, Texas.

JAMES M. SMITH

A brave, gallant lad, who did not swerve a hair's breadth from his convictions of duty to God and his country. First one of the Anson Guards whose blood consecrated the soil of Virginia in the battle of Williamsburg, May 5, 1862.

WILLIAM A. SMITH

Tramped the fields of Virginia and lets this volume tell the humorous acts and heroic deeds of his comrades, the humanities of the rank and file.

STARLING L. SMITH

Fairly good soldier. Dreaded camp duties and avoided them when possible. Manly and brave in battle. Mortally wounded at Chancellorsville and answered to the last roll call from the Great Orderly Sergeant two days afterward.

THOMAS SMITH

Was appointed quartermaster-sergeant in '62 and as such surrendered at Appomattox. Man of sterling qualities, successful career. His domicile, Houston, Texas.

CASWELL STALLINGS

Robeson County man. A volunteer. Wiry, effective and hardy. Never absent without cause. In all the cam-

paings and a force in the company. His influence was good.

GEORGE L. STANBACK

Mentioned in former pages to which the reader is referred.

PRESLEY NELME STANBACK, JR.

With spotless reputation, was killed at Bethesda church.

WILLIAM L. STANBACK, JR.

Was killed at Winchester, Sept. 19, '64. Three noble brothers. Good men, good soldiers, all destined to die the death of the hero in battle. All now basking in the sunlight of Paradise.

“ Forget not the fields where they perished,
The truest, the last of the brave;
All gone, and the last hopes they cherished
Gone with them and quenched in the grave.”

BURKHEAD TAYLOR

See reference to this soldier — calm and cool in battle — in former page.

A. C. TEAL

On provost guard duty. A post of honor. A good boy, trusted and worthy of confidence. He still survives, an honorable member of society. A good man and true. It is a pleasure to grasp the hand of this high-minded citizen.

W. A. THREADGILL

When the Anson Guards enlisted for the war and the company reorganized this excellent man was elected second

lieutenant. Was with the company in the various campaigns of the army in Virginia. Wounded at Spottsylvania and at Winchester. Resigned after Winchester and returned to his native county.

B. K. THREADGILL

Born and raised near the writer. Was a most admirable boy and soldier. Never shirked duty, always ready for fun and merriment, but confined himself to innocent pranks. Ever ready for meeting the enemy. He survived the late unpleasantness and enjoyed the confidence and good will of his neighbors.

JOHN THREADGILL

Volunteered into the Anson Guards while the company was in the Valley, Sept. 19, '64, the day of the disastrous battle of Winchester, at the youthful age of sixteen. A capital good boy and one of the company's babies. After the war he studied medicine. Moved first to the Lone Star State. A successful practitioner. Fortunate in investments, accumulated much of the filthy lucre, in legitimate transactions. Changed his residence to Oklahoma, where he met with continued success in amassing a large fortune. Won the respect and esteem of the people and his comrades in arms. Was chosen brigade commander of United Confederate Veterans, with the honorable title of brigadier-general. A gentleman of agreeable manners and hearty friendships.

MILES THREADGILL

Also kept the faith and fought a good fight and was wounded at Spottsylvania — only slightly, as he was engaged in the battle at Bethesda church a few days afterward.

W. C. THREADGILL

Volunteered at the beginning. Went through the entire war — slightly wounded at Winchester. He was one of the fortunate boys who escaped serious wounds and death. Cheerfully bore all the hardships of these trying days. Was a deputy sheriff of the county for many years. The last three boys were all brothers and it was not out of the ordinary for a true Southern man to give all his boys to the service of his country.

D. C. TILLMAN

Fared through the war without serious inconvenience, though engaged in the great battles in Virginia. Came home, married and lived to raise a family of good children.

J. D. TILLMAN

War record is of the best. Wounded at Bethesda church, May 30, '64. After Appomattox he moved his household gods to Mississippi and thrived, worldly and spiritually, and still abides to bless his family and country.

A. A. WADDELL

Hale, hearty when he could get something to eat, a splendid companion and soldier. When he stepped over the line of Virginians at the battle of Seven Pines he told the writer that he put his foot on one of the dudes' backs and did his utmost to mash him into the ground. Afterwards they were known as "Sore Backs." In all the battles. He escaped till the fight at Spottsylvania. Fortunately it was not serious and he is again found on the firing line at Winchester and Cedar creek. The diary

reads: "Dolph is the only man in the army that can take off his shirt without removing his vest and coat. This he could do, besides other stunts, that would amuse us boys." Familiarly known and liked as Dolph. The following incident is related by a friend of his. Dolph was badly afflicted in '64 with scurvy and the itch, both caused from the lack of vegetable diet. We resorted to wild onions — commonly termed by the boys, "shoestrings." The leaves or tops of this bulb are about as easily digested as a shoestring, hence its name. Dolph was a mass of sores. Pol-lard, in the *Richmond Enquirer* published a remedy, namely, a strong decoction of poke root applied locally. Dolph made a strong decoction according to the instructions, and his cousin, B. K. Threadgill, applied it by using a tin cup and a wash rag. Rubbing and pouring. It required time for the stuff to get in its work, but when it did — Good Lord! what a howl of pain and demoniacal yell astounded the camp. He said everything but the Lord's prayer. Writhing frantically with a "hop, skip and a jump" he sprang for the creek, which was fortunately near, plunged in and there remained till relieved. Did it cure him? Yes. Try it. He removed to Texas, set up as a practitioner of medicine and made a success without a medical education.

JOHN B. WADDELL

The life of the camp, the lightener of the weary march, the cheerer of the company when hungry, the prognosticator of good things to come. Such boys always maintained their endurance and their courage. Wounded at Spottsylvania, wounded at Winchester, and knocked out for remainder of the service. Moved to Texas and lived the life of an upright citizen as he did the life of soldier.

The upbuilding of the South was effected mainly by the veterans and its wonderful strides commercially must be conceded to their initiative.

C. R. WATKINS

Enlisted with the Anson Guards from Stanly County. A fine marksman and trained to the use of firearms. Many of the enemy must have felt the thud of his bullet. In battle few know the effect of their personal shot. He represented his district in the Senate of North Carolina. Afterward made his home in the more genial clime of Florida.

WILLIAM H. WATKINS

Sergeant from Stanly County and elder brother to Pep. A special friend of the writer and a splendid fellow. Followed the Stars and Bars the whole four years with a record for bravery second to none and surrendered at Appomattox. His financial success as a cotton mill president has been beyond measure. Here's to you, Sergeant Watkins, and your big heart.

J. M. WATKINS

Another son of Culpepper Watkins, from Stanly. Like his brothers, he went through the war and endured the harrowing service in the Confederate army, manfully taking his share of its duties and its dangers. Belonged to the Sharpshooters and kept an eye on the enemy in sunlight, in shadow and in the dark. He was captured, May 30, '64, taken to Elmira. He could not stand the rigors of that exposed and bleak prison, with scant clothing and scant rations and scant fires. The curse of the South rests on the prison authorities for their inhumanity and cruelty.

ROBERT D. WATKINS

Volunteering at the age of fourteen was discharged at the reorganization, as has been noted in former page.

THOMAS J. WATKINS

Elder brother to Robert. Was only eighteen years old when he volunteered in April, '61. The trials of this great war failed to smother or stifle the ardent war spirit inherited from his French ancestors. A diary of daily occurrences made by this beardless youth has alone made it possible to preserve many facts as herein set down all through this history. Without shadow of turning he kept to the straight lines of a good soldier and a good Christian. Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the "Bloody Angle" and Winchester, each and all, attest with his blood the gallantry of this brave lad. At the first of these battles he received the commendation of the company and was publicly thanked by the Colonel of the regiment. On furlough he married Miss Susan Henry, a lady of beauty and accomplishment in mind and person, who bore him eight children. Elected Representative to the Legislature he served with distinction. He yields the facile pen of the "ready writer" and his frequent articles attract the attention of his fellow citizens. The hospitality of this gentleman's home extends both to his friends and to strangers. His interest in and regard for his old comrades in arms is far-reaching and ever present. May his shadow never grow less.

S. A. WILLIAMS

Was a conscript from Montgomery County and made a capital good all-round soldier. His record compares well

with the best and he deserves all the more credit for imbibing patriotism during the hardships of the trying and death-dealing days of the sixties. Faithful to the very end he laid down his musket at the command of Marse Robert and walked sorrowfully away from that spot consecrated to the close of the existence of the Army of Northern Virginia — an army than which a more heroic never went to battle.

JAMES TILLMAN SMITH

Who went out at the beginning was in some way omitted from the rolls of the company. This we know not how to account for as he certainly participated in the principal engagements in Virginia. He survived the conflict of war. Married Miss Ellen Pegues and moved his penates to Texas. Studied law and won distinction and success in his chosen profession.

THE END

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