CONTRIBUTIONS
TO A
History of the Richmond Howitzer Battalion.

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

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FALL OF FORT SUMTER.

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

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

"SUMTER HAS FALLEN."

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

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

*This diary was made day by day, as the events narrated occurred, or as soon thereafter as the writer could record them.
had been excessively Union, the crowd rushed furiously toward the Governor's mansion, and after repeated calls, Governor Letcher made his appearance, not a little discomposed by the clamor and confusion of this excited mob. He attempted to speak, but the maddened populace suspected "Honest John" was still unwilling to come out boldly for the Confederate cause, and consequently his remarks were unheard, save by those immediately around him.

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

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

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

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

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

Nightfall, instead of quieting the excitement, seemed if possible to add fresh fuel to the flame. The crowded streets and wild shouts of the people, together with the lurid glare of an hundred
tar-barrels, torches steeped in rosin, and rockets whirling high above the houses, presented a spectacle rarely witnessed by our somewhat apathetic people of Richmond.

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

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

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

VIRGINIA HAS SECEDED FROM THE UNION!

April 17th.—Yes, to-day the Convention passed the Ordinance of Secession, though some of our best men signed it under protest, and some did not sign it at all. The excitement has quietly died away; other and weightier matters than parading the streets and burning tar-barrels now occupy the Southern people. Stern preparations for meeting the impending struggle are seen on every hand. Recruits are rapidly filling up our volunteer organizations, and soon old Virginia will be in condition to enter the arena of war. To-day I re-connected myself with the Richmond Howitzers, commanded by Captain George W. Randolph, having resigned my membership in that command soon after the “John Brown raid.” Its Lieutenants are J. C. Shields, of the Richmond Whig, and John Thompson Brown, a prominent lawyer of this city. Captain Randolph bore an important part in the Convention, and always supported the Southern cause, though never an extremist in his views. Our numbers are rapidly increasing, and we expect soon to form a battalion with Captain Randolph as Major.
April 19th.—To-day we received the news of the Baltimore riot, and it has created great excitement. Lincoln's troops have met with a warm reception in Baltimore.

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

"THE PAWNEE WAR."

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

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

The Richmond Howitzers, a battery of six guns; the Fayette Artillery, six guns; the Richmond Grays; Company "F," and a host of amateur warriors took position on the Wilton Bluffs
and calmly awaited the war ship's approach, but no Pawnee came, and quietly we gathered our blankets around us, and, for the first time, "slept the warrior's sleep."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Being a member of the _Third_ Company, this "Diary" will, of course, refer more especially to that company and its members. We remained at the Baptist College for a few weeks under the command of Colonel J. Bankhead Magruder, then moved our
camp to Howard's Grove, on the Mechanicsville Turnpike, and finally moved to Chimborazo Hill, east end of the city, where we remained until we left Richmond for the field. About the middle of May our First Company, Captain J. C. Shields, was ordered to Manassas, much to our regret, whilst we were left in camp to become more perfect in the Battery Drill. We were under the instruction of a late U. S. Army officer, Lieutenant Smeed, and he evidently understood what he was about. Our officers and men, as yet, know but little about the "Battery Drill," but are rapidly improving.

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

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

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

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

Lives there a Virginian whose soul does not melt into tenderness when memory backward flows to childhood's happy days, and he remembers the ever venerated "mammy," whose name was perhaps the first ever articulated by his childish lips; whose snow-white kerchief and kindly heart will ever be in the memories of the happy past; whose ample lap was so often childhood's couch, when tiny feet were weariest roaming over the green
fields, and joyously wading through the limpid streamlets of the old homestead! And then at night-fall, when the candles were lighted, and the elder ones gathered around the fire-place, how gently, tenderly, that old black "mammy" raised him up in her great strong arms, carried him through the spacious hall, and up the wide winding stair-case; then placing him carefully in his low trundle-bed, first taught his infant lips the hallowed words of the Lord's Prayer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**MY FIRST FIGHT.**

June 8th.—My gun, Fourth Detachment, Third Company, was ordered off to meet a party of the Yankees who had been commit-
ting daily depredations upon the inhabitants of Elizabeth City county. We were supported by thirty First North Carolina Infantrymen and twenty cavalrymen, making in all some sixty-five men. After marching five or six miles we came upon them, and immediately opened with our twelve-pounder howitzer, but the Yankees concluded not to fight and fled precipitately. We captured one prisoner, and he was wounded by an old Peninsula scout, whose name was Ben Phillips, commonly known amongst our soldiers as "Uncle Ben."

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

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

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

Battle of Bethel Church, Monday, June 10th, 1861.

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

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

There was also a howitzer a few yards to the left of the main battery, its position was changed several times during the engagement.
There were in all seven guns engaged in the battle, four belonging to the Third Company and three to the Second Company.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Even the peril, so near at hand, could hardly suppress the smile that flitted athwart our countenances as a superannuated negro, driving lustily an aged mule attached to a dilapidated cart filled with promiscuous plunder, appeared upon the scene evidently making tracks for the rear.
Every man was at his post, but not a cheek blanched, nor did an arm falter, for we felt as if the entire South watched us that day, and we would pay their watching well.

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

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

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

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

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

'Twould be a vain endeavor to attempt to describe one's feelings in a battle, for I believe after the first shock is over they become somewhat blunted, and yet we all thought enough to fall flat whenever we saw a shell coming from the Yankee battery. But the musket and rifle balls could not be dodged and they whistled around us in a perfect storm. There seemed to be some unseen hand that warded them off from the men, but the horses and mules were not so fortunate. There was a very stubborn, thick-headed old mule belonging to the Second Company Howitzers, and just before the fight one of the boys hitched him to a cart and endeavored to make him work, but 'twas no use, Mr. Mule
asserted the popular theory of rebellion and declined to be pressed into service, whereupon the soldier gave him a “cussing,” and tied him to a tree, hoping at the same time that the first shot from the enemy “would knock his ‘dern’d’ head off.” Alas, for the poor mule!—the second shot fired by the enemy struck a tree just to the left of my gun, glanced and passed directly through the mule, who, in the agonies of death, doubtless deplored his untimely fate and refusal to work.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Major Winthrop, aid to General B. F. Butler, in command at Fortress Monroe, having come up with reinforcements wearing our badges, white band around the cap, made an ineffectual attempt to carry our works, and lost his life in the endeavor. After his fall the enemy fled in disorder, having also lost a valued artillery officer, Lieutenant Greble, who commanded his battery with great bravery. Badly crippled and much worse frightened, they now were in precipitate flight toward Hampton, hotly pur-
sued by a small squadron of Virginia cavalry, who reached the field just as the fight ended. If Magruder had have had a thousand cavalry we could have taken the whole force prisoners. Our loss has been comparatively small—one killed and ten wounded, three of the wounded belonging to the Second Howitzers—Lieutenant Hudnall and Privates John Worth and Henry Shook. The only one killed on our side was Private Henry L. Wyatt, of the North Carolina Infantry, who fell in endeavoring to burn a small wooden house in which the enemy were harbored. The Yankee loss was heavy, though we could not find out the exact number, as they carried off many of their dead and wounded in carts, wagons, carriages and buggies, which they took from the neighboring farmers. Their loss was between two and three hundred. They had boasted that they would, with cornstalks, drive off the mob of Virginians and North Carolinians hastily collected together to impede their would-be triumphal march.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

_A BIG SCAMPER._

_June 19th._—Reported by our videttes that the enemy, ten thousand strong, were moving rapidly on the Warwick road, and would attack us from the rear.
Magruder instantly ordered a retreat, and the troops made very quick time for men not frightened.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*June 24th.*—Twenty-one years of age to-day! Little did I
think this time last year that I would be here now, and in arms against the United States government.

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

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

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

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

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

June 28th.—Slept on the roadside all night, and just missed being run over by a wagon, whose driver did not see me. Our rations being short, I was sent out in the afternoon to procure something to eat for the boys. Being unsuccessful at the adjoining farm-houses, I rode some four miles, and at last succeeded in getting an old woman to promise to bake me some corn bread, but I could not get it until 10 o'clock, as she was very busy. When my bread was ready, it was raining in torrents, and I concluded to stay all night, though I well knew some hungry stomachs were yearning for my appearance at camp. Was given a very nice, comfortable bed, but being unaccustomed to such effeminate luxuries, I slept on the floor, lulled into forgetfulness of a soldier's life by the pattering of the rain-storm on the roof above me.
June 29th.—Arrived at camp early next morning, and found our entire force had moved in the direction of Hampton. The rain was still falling without intermission, and my cakes having long since become all dough, I threw them away. Followed the tracks of our troops until I was within a short distance of New Market Bridge, when I found they had turned off the main road and had taken the direction of Newport News; then I became completely bewildered, and wandered about in the woods for a long time, unable to find my way back, and fearing to go forward, as I was, knowing the distance I had ridden, not more than a half mile from the enemy's camp. Finally I got into the main road, and soon after came across one of our scouts, "Uncle" Ben. Phillips, and he put me on the right track. We captured a negro, dressed in a blue uniform, just as he was going into the enemy's camp at Newport News, and turned him over to General Magruder.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE "DREUX SKIRMISH," JULY 5TH.

It pains me no little to write the following account of this sad affair, but it was my intention when I first commenced this jour-
nal to give, as far as I was able, a just and truthful account of the scenes through which we passed during the war and if there seems to the general reader a small amount of egotism he must excuse it. Other and more elaborate histories of the war will be written by professed journalists but few of them will be real actors on the bloody stage.

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

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

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

The plan was this:

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

founded. One of our detachment, W. Gordon McCabe, seeing this yelled out to the Louisiana troops: "Our gun is gone, but our men are all here!"

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

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

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

August 22d.—Returned to Young's Mill.

August 23d.—Having but a limited supply of underclothing with me at this camp, I doffed my garments and turned washer-

man for the nonce, intending to seat myself on the sunny side of the mill pond and wait patiently until my clothes were sundried thoroughly. Only one shirt, one pair of drawers and one pair of socks. As a washist, I never have been a success, but clear water and a good will accomplishes much,—when all at once the drum beats to "fall in"—on went my wet clothes and away we marched to Yorktown, reaching that place thoroughly chilled through and through.

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

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

Hired a buggy in Williamsburg and went to "Bigler's Wharf," on the York River; there hired a boat and crossed over the river
to Cappahoosic Wharf. At this place I found a member of my company who lived some half a mile from the wharf.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Say dar, nigger, wha’ you take dem corns for? My bet. I win’d dat.”

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

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

“We must wait for orders, Bob.”

“I woood’n wate for no orders, I woood’n; I’d go now,” said Bob, as he tremulously slunk back into his house. But the De-
mon of Play had left Bob and grim Terror held high carnival within his woolly head.

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

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

And Robert ever afterward eschewed the alluring game.

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

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

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

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

My health has but little improved, but I had rather die in the army than live out.
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During the latter part of February we were ordered with the Fourteenth Virginia Infantry to fall back to the left flank of Mulberry Island, some four or five miles in rear of our former position.

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

OPENING SPRING CAMPAIGN—1862.

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

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

March 6th.—Camped on the sobby ground, and were awakened this morning to find sleet, ice and snow for our pleasant companions. Last night was one of the most miserable I ever spent, my limbs were nearly frozen, and to-day it is so very cold we have to keep wrapped up in our blankets all the time. The steamers are at the wharf and waiting for us to embark, but we are to remain here until we receive further orders.
March 8th.—Contrary to my expectations, we embarked at midnight on the steamer "William Allison," taking our guns and men, sending our horses by land route to Suffolk. We reached City Point about daybreak, and were as hungry as wolves. Not seeing any provision made for breaking our fast at City Point, I straggled out into the country and soon was making myself at home at a neighboring farm-house, where I succeeded in getting a comfortable meal. At 12 o'clock we left City Point for Petersburg, and as we passed the farm houses on the road side, we were continually greeted by loud cheers from the inhabitants.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

April 21st.—To-day I have been in the Confederate service for
one year, and the war seems scarcely begun. Those who entered the army thinking it was nothing more than a "Harper's Ferry" frolic, have been sadly disappointed, for the future is as dark as chaos, and none, save the Almighty, can see the end. My determination is fully made up to remain in the service as long as the war lasts.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Edgar F. Moseley, Captain.
Benjamin H. Smith, Senior First Lieutenant.
Henry C. Carter, Junior First Lieutenant.
James S. Utz, Second Lieutenant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

May 13th.—Passed through Southampton and camped near the Sussex line—nice bacon, and plenty of it at twenty cents per
pound—Confederate money. We are marching slowly, and will reach Petersburg to-morrow night.

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

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

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

June 1st.—We cannot as yet procure the full particulars regarding the battle of "Seven Pines" fought yesterday and to-day. As well as I can learn the plan was this: the Yankees had crossed a large force on the south-side of the Chickahominy, and on the night of the 30th of May, we had a most terrific storm. Our Commander, General Jos. E. Johnston, concluding that the bridges were all washed away, and the river past fording, concluded to attack the Yankees on the south-side and crush them out before they could be reinforced. On account of the tardiness of General Huger the plan was not fully successful, though we surprised the enemy, capturing a large number of prisoners with several pieces of artillery. Our camp was on the main road leading to Seven Pines, but 'twas difficult to handle artillery and we received no orders to move. What a heart-rending scene it is to witness the wounded brought in from a terrible battle field. The people of Richmond turned out en masse to render aid to
our wounded soldiers. Many a wounded soldier-boy from the sunny South will never cease to remember the fair form of the "city belle" as she soothed his aching brow or bound up his wounded limb. Too often do we hear our Southern allies cursing the people of Richmond as a set of speculators thriving on our misfortunes, but now many of them have been convinced that "in the hour of pain and anguish," Richmond can and will do all within her power to aid those who are seeking to uphold our cause. 'Tis undoubtedly true that Richmond has changed greatly since the war began, for it has, I am sorry to say, become the headquarters of all of the "fancy men" of the South—gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion have made it their rendezvous to sell blockade goods, and countless numbers of Yankee spies, though outwardly swearing allegiance to our government, hold strong foothold in our city. Gambling hells, furnished with tinseled splendor are at every corner, to catch the unwary, and relieve them of their superabundant "Confederates."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shortly after 3 P. M. the welcome sound of Jackson's guns is
heard on our left, and our entire line advances in splendid style, our infantry moving across an open field, subjected to a terrific fire poured into them by the enemy, who were strongly entrenched in earthworks commandingly situated. My company took position on the east side of Dr. Gaines's house and immediately opened fire upon the enemy. Three of our guns, it will be remembered, were twelve-pound Dahlgren navy howitzers, fitted only for very close work, and I presume the chief good we did was to make a noise and draw the fire of the enemy. Our rifled Parrot gun, however, did good service, and was effectually manned during the remainder of the day.

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

Longstreet's division, on our left, charged across the open field in gallant style and up the hill they went as if they meant to stay. Three times were they driven back, but they rapidly reformed and finally drove the Yankees from their almost impregnable position, slaying them by thousands. The shot and shell from the Yankee batteries would strike in our battery and ricochet farther than our guns would carry. Our little howitzers now being unable to reach the enemy, Colonel John Thompson Brown, Longstreet's chief of artillery, ordered us into a ravine, where we were in a great measure protected. During the engagement our battery was subjected to an enfilading fire from the south side of the Chickahominy, and how we escaped without loss is a mystery to me. Finally darkness brought an end to the bloody scene; the enemy had been completely whipped out of their works. We captured a great number of prisoners, including the Eleventh Pennsylvania Reserve entire; also, some twenty-five or thirty pieces of artillery. We passed through many Yankee camps, and our men obtained a number of articles they were sadly in need of. The enemy, however, destroyed vast quantities of commissary stores and all their camp equipage. The people of Hanover were perfectly overjoyed to see us once more, and as many an old acquaintance and kinsman grasped me warmly by the hand I could but silently offer up my thanks to the Omnipotent for our success. The Yankees have been more lenient to this portion of Virginia than has been their custom, but the parlor walls of some of our Hanover houses bear ample testimony to
their obscenity and meanness. Their letters, which we find scattered all over the fields, are also filled with obscene thoughts and vituperations of us of the South. One thing especially I notice in the letters the Yankee soldiers receive from their homes, in nine cases out of ten: the people at home write piteous appeals for money and complain bitterly of the hard times, whilst our soldiers write home, invariably, for money. Many of the Yankee soldiers enter the army because it insures a comfortable support, and they can, if at all provident, put by something every month.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

_BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL_

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

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

_July 3d._—There was no fighting anywhere near us yesterday, though the occasional boom of a heavy gun reached us, and it is now pretty certain that the Yankees have, by extraordinary exertions, made their escape to the river.
July 4th.—To-day we have been ordered back to the old camp of the First Virginia Artillery, and a lovely spot it is. In front of us is an open field, whilst in our rear is a sloping hill covered with magnificent oaks; at the foot of this hill meanders through a grassy dale a silvery stream, and its soft ripple is music sweet to the ear so long wearied by the continued crash of cannon and the roll of musketry, mingled with the cries of the wounded and the dying.

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

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

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

August 6th.—Our Parrot gun was ordered to the south side of the James River about a week since, and we, as yet, have heard nothing from it. The Second Company Howitzers left at the same time, and placed in the Third Company’s charge their Rifled Howitzer. A few days since we exchanged one of our little brass boat-howitzers for another ten-pound Parrot gun, and our battery has been much strengthened by it. At 2 o’clock this morning we received orders to start by daylight for Malvern Hill, to which place the enemy have advanced in large force, driving
the few troops we had there before them. We are not attached to any brigade, and are held as a reserve. Many artillery companies attached to brigades are passing us on the road, and I suppose they are to have the first show. However, I shall not grumble at that, for we had our share in the fighting around Richmond, though I do not think our small guns accomplished much.

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

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

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

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

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

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

August 22d.—We returned to Richmond yesterday morning, but as I did not care to march twenty-five miles I "ran the blockade" and came over on the cars, for which act of insubordination
I will have the pleasure of "standing guard" six hours every other night for about a month. Petersburg always gets me into some scrape with my company officers. Since we left Richmond the last time one of my comrades, George K. Carlton, has been stricken down by the hand of death. He was a noble, generous soul, and possessed the happiest disposition I ever came in contact with; was greatly beloved by his fellow-soldiers. With the exception of Captain R. C. Stanard he is the only member of my company we have lost since the commencement of the war, nearly sixteen months ago. Certainly we have great reason to be thankful that our loss has been so small.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

September 1st.—Left Rapidan Station this morning for some point near Manassas. What a beautiful sight it is to see the long columns of troops fording the stream! Each man seems eager to push on until we reach the goal of our desires, and that is Washington! Nevertheless, I fear greatly that we will never be able to accomplish that, although it is within the range of possibility.
Another great battle has been fought at Manassas, and we have again been victorious. Our troops are rapidly pushing on after the enemy, and it is very probable that we will cross the Potomac into Maryland; then the Marylanders will have a chance to rid their soil of Yankee soldiery, if they desire it.

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

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

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

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

September 4th.—Reached Gainsville, Fauquier, about 1 o’clock and as it was a good place for our horses we halted for the night. This village being only some two and a half miles from the battle-field of Manassas, and as I had an abundance of time, I rode over to the battle-field. Oh, what a scene of horror it was! Hundreds and thousands of dead and dying Yankees strewn all over the field—the dead, putrefied and swollen even to bursting, made the air redolent with a smell so nauseous and disgusting that it seemed to thicken the very air. Although nearly a week had passed since the battle, the wounded were still lying on the field, and none were buried save our own men. This seems, at first glance, wholly unchristian, yet one must remember that we are contending against a powerful enemy and for our very existence; therefore, we cannot spare the time to bury the
enemy's dead, nor care for his wounded, when all medical stores have been declared "contraband of war" and we are destitute of them. Ten thousand Yankees lie unburied upon the field, and every moment of time is worth millions of money to us. The wounded, we have cared for as well as circumstances would permit, though we are much in want of proper stores for our own men.

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

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

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

September 6th.—Reached Leesburg, Loudon county, to-day
and camped near the village; presume we will remain here a few days, in order that our broken down horses may recuperate. We have had only one feed of corn for our horses since we left Rappidan station.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

federate ordnance train. They beat a hasty retreat, and we en-
tered Williamsport without opposition, crossing the Potomac and bringing our guns "into battery" once more upon Virginia soil. So far, our march into Maryland has resulted in but little good to our cause, and has lasted but a single week. There is no doubt of this fact (and 'tis useless to attempt to conceal it)—the people, or at least the larger portion of them, are against the South, and that, too, most bitterly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

herdstown on the way to Sharpsburg.

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

Our battery has just received orders to move, not to Sharps-
burg, as we supposed, but to Williamsport.
In order to relieve Lee at Sharpsburg, General J. E. B. Stuart is to recross the Potomac at Williamsport, and make a diversion. McClellan, not knowing Stuart's force and fearing a flank movement, will withdraw, possibly, a large force to watch or catch him.

Camped near Martinsburg.

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

SKIRMISH AT WILLIAMSPORT, MARYLAND, SEPTEMBER 19TH.

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

September 20th.—All quiet last night save an occasional picket skirmish. About 8 o'clock this morning my gun, of which I am the "gunner," was ordered about one mile farther up the Hagerstown Turnpike to reënforce our pickets, who had been driven in by the enemy. On gaining our position we found the enemy had quite a large force of cavalry, many of whom they had dismounted, and were shooting at us with long-range guns. A squad of the enemy coming in range, I fired a "case-shot" at
them, but the fuse being defective I did them no damage. I then gave them another, and it exploded just above them, scattering its deadly contents into their ranks. One of our pickets told us he was hid but a short distance from them, and that shot killed and wounded fifteen. We fired several more rounds at them and they wisely kept out of reach. My gun was then ordered back into Williamsport by Major Boggs. General Stuart, seeing this ordered us to retake our former position, and sent us another gun, belonging to Hupp's Salem Artillery. The Yankees would every now and then creep up upon us and send a Minie ball whizzing past us. How they whistled! They then brought up a rifled cannon and fired a few rounds at us, but without effect. About this time a heavy skirmish occurred on our right, and we could plainly hear the Yankee officers vainly endeavoring to rally their men, but they would not stand, and our batteries opening upon them soon sent them scampering across the field. A little later the Yankees came up in heavy force upon our right and endeavored to break our line, but our men fought too gallantly for that. A young girl came out from Williamsport and fired one of our cannon (Second Company's) at the enemy. My gun was then ordered to the right, some three miles down the road, and we started off at a brisk trot, leaving Hupp's gun in charge of a Corporal and four men. Just as my gun was about to take position it was ordered across the river by General Stuart, and he sent me back to bring Hupp's gun off the field. The fighting on the right had been quite heavy, and although we had driven the enemy back, yet we well knew that it was impossible for us to hold out much longer, the enemy now outnumbering us ten to one. It was time for Stuart to be getting on the south side of the Potomac. He had succeeded in his purpose; had drawn a full corps of the enemy from Sharpsburg, and had relieved Lee that much. Stuart had ordered Hampton to cut his way through the enemy's line and cross back into Virginia at another ford, but the Yankee force was too strong for that, and Hampton had to cross at Williamsport. I dashed off after Hupp's gun and the cannoniers were full glad to hear the order "Limber to the rear." When we had reached the river we found that we were the only Southern troops on the north side of the Potomac, for all the others had crossed over.

General Stuart had not ordered me to "cross the river," but I
had no notion of being captured, so I got over as speedily as possible. In the meantime, Dance's Powhatan artillery, which had been left on the south side of the Potomac, had opened a brisk fire upon the enemy, and a very pretty artillery duel was in progress as we were crossing over to the Virginia side.

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

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

*September 21st.*—Moved to Martinsburg.

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

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

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

Camped two miles from Martinsburg.

*September 25th.*—Returned to Martinsburg.

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

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

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

*October 16th.*—If I am not mistaken, this is the anniversary of
John Brown's celebrated crazy raid into Virginia, which cost the poor crazy fool his life. The writer of this being a member of the Richmond Howitzers at the time, participated in the scenes that followed that raid, and stood guard over his gallows the night before he was hung. Bob Ward and Lawyer W. F. Watson, he that sung the "Cruiskeen Lawn" so heartily, were his guard-mates on that memorable night; and I remember right well, as we saw the shooting stars darting athwart the mid-night heavens, we thought them beacon lights calling together the Abolition rescuers. In memory of that day, and to gratify public opinion, McClellan has made another advance; but he is a very cautious General, and has none of the Napoleonic dash of Jackson about him, though he certainly is a good officer, notwithstanding his government does not and never will give him a hearty support. We have received sad news to-day; our two rifled-guns (Parrots) have been stationed at Charlestown some two or three weeks, on picket duty, and a week ago the Federals made a slight demonstration in their neighborhood, but were easily driven back. Today they returned with a much stronger force, and although our boys fought gallantly, yet we were driven back with some loss. Our Captain, B. H. Smith, Jr., was severely wounded in the foot. Our first Lieutenant, Henry C. Carter, was slightly wounded in the shoulder; had his cravat untied and split in half by a cannon shot. Private James E. Cassiday was mortally wounded, and Private R. Burley Brown killed. Captain Smith and Cassiday were left in Charlestown, and Burley Brown was buried there. Private L. W. Redd was left with Captain Smith, to take charge of him. About sundown my section was ordered to "hitch up, strike tents, and prepare to move," as the enemy were reported to be advancing. Our horses remained harnessed all night; it rained very hard the first part of the night, but, after midnight, cleared off.

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

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

October 28th.—Broke camp at Bunker Hill and started on a march to some unknown point with Jackson's corps, to which we
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are now attached. Presume we will cross the Shenandoah and move towards Leesburg, as the main body of the Yankee army will very likely cross the Potomac near that place. It is evident that we will have to move somewhere nearer railroad communication, and we may possibly winter on the Rappahannock, though if the Yankees should move on Richmond either from the south side of the James or via the Peninsula, we will be compelled to fall back nearer our metropolis. Heaven forbid that another spring may find old Richmond so closely encompassed by her enemies as she was before the terrible battles of last June and July!

October 20th.—We halted last night within four miles of Berryville, the county-seat of Clarke county. Having to go ahead of my regiment on business and missing our camping-ground, it being very dark and impossible to find it, I made a small camp by myself, taking good care to get in a cornfield, so that my horse would not suffer. The owner of the field happening to come up with me just as I was pulling the fence down, vowed he would shoot me if I did not go out immediately. I didn't go. 'Twas bitterly cold, and as my saddle blankets were the only bed-clothes I had, why the cold mountain wind pinched me pretty sharply.

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

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

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

November 1st.—Was on guard again last night at the same house. After supper we called up our singing crowd and amused the ladies an hour or so with our camp songs. We have a rara avis in our regiment—he has traveled nearly all over the world, speaks five or six different languages, is highly educated, of high
family, a gentleman of culture and refinement, sings everything that has been written, and would be a valuable addition to our crowd—but he is the dirtiest biped this side of the river Styx, and he \textit{scratches} so frequently and so vehemently that people give him a wide berth.

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

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

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

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

\textit{November 6th.}—First snow of the season. Snow commenced falling this morning and continued with but little intermission during the day. Many of our men are without shoes and there is no way to procure them.

\textit{November 8th.}—It has cleared off beautifully, and the snow will soon disappear.
November 9th.—Remained “in order to move” all day, but night found us “without farther orders.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Spread out beneath us lay the beautiful Valley, dotted with numerous farm houses and smiling villages, whilst far away to the west the lofty North Mountains reared their proud heads into the fleecy clouds of heaven.
We camped for the night on the east side of the mountain and soon we will be on our way across the Blue Ridge.

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

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

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

NIGHT!

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

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

But before we reached this beautiful spot another mountain scene has been presented to me—just before we reached the summit of the Blue Ridge I noticed a miserable log hovel near the road-side and, for curiosity, to see its inmates, if it were
possible that human beings lived in such a miserable pen, I walked in. Oh! what a picture of human misery met me upon my entrance—huddled together in the chimney corner were a half dozen flaxen haired children, perfectly begrimed with filth, some of whom were almost in the state of nudity. Great holes and crevices were in the walls of this miserable cabin, through which the chilly north wind whistled and roared with impurity. Not a thing to eat did they have, and the two old crones who, with the little children, dwelled therein, managed to pick up a precarious living as best they could—perhaps they subsisted on the sublimity of the mountain scenery. Judging from their conversation "they feared neither God, nor man," and their curses upon the soldiers for stealing an axe from them were both loud and deep.

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

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

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

She replied: "Sir, I deem it altogether impracticable to furnish you with a meal this evening; in fact, I make it a rule never to feed soldiers!"
Shade of Madison!—where be your State rights now?
Astounded at the high-flown language of this dirty negro woman, I made my most deferential bow and retired to seek my supper in more humble quarters.

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

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

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

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

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

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

December 4th.—Expecting to remain at Guiney’s some days, we prepared to make ourselves comfortable, selecting the best places for our messes, raising tarpaulins, etc. Scarcely had we gotten in proper trim before we received orders to report to Gen-
eral D. H. Hill, who was stationed on the Rappahannock, near Port Royal.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Returned to camp this evening.

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

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

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

This has been a day of more vexation to me than any other of the war. First of all, we commenced yesterday evening by receiving orders to "put up baggage" and "hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice." However, we were not disturbed until 4 o'clock this morning, when we were ordered to pack up and leave immediately. Hardly had we gotten into the road when we were ordered back, as our first orders were countermanded. After remaining in camp a few hours we were again ordered to move. Taking the River road towards Fredericksburg we marched five or six miles and again halted, pitched tarpaulins, and prepared to cook two days' rations. Just as we had gotten fully into the merits of roasting beef and baking suspicious looking bread we were again ordered to "take the road," so we
pitched our hot ovens into the wagons, rolled up our blankets, struck tents, and once more resumed our march. Brigade after brigade pushed rapidly by at a "double-quick," for Jackson must be at Fredericksburg early to-morrow morning or the day is lost, and when the old "blue light" says "he'll be there" you may look for him.

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

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

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

"Hurry up with the artillery!" Such are the orders now, and it means "business." The creaking of the ponderous wheels in our advance, and the shouts of the excited drivers as they lash their jaded horses into feats of powerful pulling, bespeak the earnestness of the midnight march. We marched all night long, going through mud-holes, up and down hills, through dark roads and over broken bridges; sometimes we would have to unhitch our horses and the men would willingly pull the guns "by hand." Jackson's men are tougher than mules! A little before daybreak we halted to feed our horses and cook something for ourselves, or else do without on the coming day. Well we knew 'twould be impossible to get anything to eat after the battle commenced.
BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Private Mathews, mortally wounded; George A. Smith, severely wounded in the arm and leg; George Nicholas, mortally wounded. Poor fellow! only a few moments since Nicholas' father came up to us to know what of his boy, but he was too late. Mathews was a V. M. I. cadet and had just joined our company. Private Samuel Wakeham was also severely wounded. Private Robert R. Roberts made a narrow escape: he had a bullet mould in his pocket and a Minie ball struck it with such a force that a portion of the lead was forced into the mould. Bob was badly shocked and possibly his feelings were a little hurt, but he is a good natured fellow and he will get over it in a day or so. This section lost a good many horses. Having procured more ammunition, and also more men, this section again returned to the
field and this time under the command of Lieutenant W. P. Payne, the only commissioned officer we have with us now. Night had by this time, in a great measure lulled the tempest of battle, but there were still some Yankee sharp-shooters on our right, who annoyed us greatly and these guns were sent out to drive them away. By permission, I left my gun (4th) and went out with this party under Lieutenant Payne. It was very dark and we could see nothing save the occasional flash of a gun; could hear nothing, save the hurtling of a shell, or the "whiz" of a Minie. Some infantry passing us, halted, and they told us that Jackson was preparing for a night attack on Burnside—indeed it was currently reported that old Stonewall intended making his men charge in their shirt tails! About nine o'clock this section under Lieutenant Payne returned and we then prepared to make ourselves comfortable for the night. All of our blankets and provisions had been left at last night's camp, but after a while our Commissary Sergeant sent us something to eat—little as it was, it proved a great help to us, and was quickly devoured by the men. Our loss in the regiment was unusually heavy. The "Rockbridge Artillery," four guns engaged, six men killed and fifteen wounded; the "Second Howitzers," three guns engaged, twelve men killed and wounded; Dance's "Powhatan Artillery," one gun engaged all day and two more for a short time, had only three wounded. Besides this some fifty regimental horses were disabled. Being in the "smooth bore" section the account of "What I saw" must necessarily be contracted, but this I know: Burnside did not drive Lee away from his impregnable position, and the bulk of Lee's army had not commenced to fight before Burnside was whipped. At the close of the day we held every inch of our ground and had slain thousands of the enemy, whilst our loss was comparatively nothing. Though we have captured no cannon, nor even a single wagon, we have taken many prisoners and the morale of Burnside's splendid army has gone, and it will be felt throughout the length and breadth of all Lincoln. The loss amongst our artillerists has been much greater than in any previous engagement, but that is easily explained, for it was managed by "Chiefs of Artillery" and not infantry brigadiers, as is usually the case, and for that reason it was the more effective. Heretofore a battery followed its brigade into a battle, and often was subjected to a terrible fire without
being able to return it. Some good brigadiers of infantry don't know the difference between the "reinforce" of a gun and a "priming-wire;" and I did hear of one who ordered his battery to open upon the enemy with "3-second solid shot!" To-day, as a battery was wanted, it was sent out by the chief of artillery, who selected such guns as were most useful at the point desired, and the effectiveness of this mode is apparent from our success on the right. Colonel Crutchfield was eminently fitted for this position, and his cool bravery tended greatly towards giving confidence to our men.

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

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

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

December 15th.—Soon this morning my company was ordered to take position on the front, and we expected this to be the grand day of the fight. Our rifle guns took their former position—on the right—whilst our little shell howitzers took position near the centre of Jackson's corps, supported by Doles's Georgia brigade. As my gun is one of the shell howitzers (and it can shoot about as far as a "Church-Hill" boy can sling a rock), I refer more especially to them. On getting near our position we halted under the brow of a hill, so as to be out of view. The plan was this: If the Yankees were to advance we would run our guns out to the edge of the woods and open upon their infantry, paying no attention to their artillery; and, as they had sixteen guns directly in front of us, that would be difficult to do. We were put there especially to fight infantry, for their long-range guns would soon get the better of us. What moments of terrible suspense were these! Here were two of the largest bodies of men ever collected together on this continent confronting each other, just a few hundred yards apart, awaiting the dread signal for the bloody work to begin. Even the skirmishers, al-
most near enough to touch each other, seemed to have come to a tacit understanding that they would not fight until the grand move was made. It would be folly for us to give up our splendid line of defence and fight the enemy on an open plain covered in every direction by their powerful artillery, and, to me, it seems impossible for Burnside to drive us away.

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

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

The Federals do not respect the "truce flag," or those on the Stafford side of the river are not advised of its import. Away off on their extreme left, across the Rappahannock, comes the sullen boom of heavy ordnance, and a shell comes whizzing over towards us; again, and again they fire, but without effect. With the aid of a glass I could plainly see the Yankees throwing up breast works, notwithstanding the flag of truce. Lee could not have been blamed if he had opened his entire artillery upon them, Night came on and we quietly dropped back into our trenches, to await the issues of to-morrow. We sent our horses back to the rear whilst our men and guns remained in front. As usual, we also sent back a man for our rations, and when they were
brought our hunger was not half appeased. One meal a day, and then not half enough, will not do to fight on. There never has been, since the creation of the world, an army like ours; even in the darkest hours of the Revolution our men suffered no more than now. Day after day do we toil on, fighting without food, without raiment, without rest, "hoping on, hoping ever."

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

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

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

CHRISTMAS DAY, DECEMBER 25TH, 1862.

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

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

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

December 20th.—We were taken off picket this morning and started on the march towards Bowling Green, Caroline county, near which place we expect to go into "winter quarters." Passed through the village and camped within a few miles of it.

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

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

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

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

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

January 23d.—Rain—rain—rain—nothing but rain from morning until night, and from night until morning. What a dull time a soldier has when he is compelled to keep in his little kennel, for his shelter is nothing more than a kennel. Nothing to read
and nothing to do; frequently nothing to eat. Then it is that he becomes so wearied of the war—his time hangs heavily on his hands, and he misses the happy hours of pleasures past. Many rumors are in circulation concerning peace, but the time has not come yet when the “North” will be willing to admit its inability to conquer what was deemed the weak and defenceless South. Certain it is that many in the North are becoming disgusted with this, to them, unprofitable war. Both sides have long since found out that it is no ninety-day affair, and it is a question now of which side can hold out the longer. I do not see how we can be conquered; nor do I hope to conquer the North, for money, men and material are hard to beat.

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

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

January 26th.—Our “rifled section” returned to Bowling Green to-day. All of Lee’s artillery has returned to “winter quarters” with the exception of one company from each battalion; the company detailed from our regiment is the “Rockbridge Artillery.” I confess I do not understand matters at present; the Yankees, from their late papers, claim to have crossed the
Rappahannock, and herald it as a "Grand Forward Movement." We are hurried up to meet them, when lo! all at once the excitement dies away, and once more we find ourselves in "winter quarters."

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

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

January 31st.—Having to attend to some business connected with my father's estate, and requiring the services of a magistrate, I mounted my old sorrel and set out to find the nearest Justice of the Peace, Mr. Tunstall, about two miles from camp. He not being at home, I was compelled to go to Mr. J. H. De Jarnette's, some four miles farther. As I rode up to the house I encountered two young ladies; one of them was quite pretty. They informed me that Mr. De Jarnette was in Richmond, but would return that evening, and upon an invitation to remain until he returned I entered the house and was shown into the drawing-room. The house was furnished with more than usual Virginia elegance, and the large mirror just in front of me made me fully aware that my unshaven face and unkempt hair presented an appearance far from prepossessing. However, I put on a bold face and determined to "face the music." Mrs. De J. soon entered the room, and by her easy manner and true Virginia style I was soon made to forget what a sorry spectacle of humanity I appeared. The young ladies reentered the parlor, and I was formally introduced by Mrs. De J., so by the time Mr. De J. arrived we were all well acquainted and in high glee. Miss De J., finding I was somewhat of a chess player, bantered me for a game. Thinking she was but a novice in that most scientific of
games, and never having met a lady who understood its intricacies, I played carelessly, and too late found out that my opponent was playing "a brilliant game," giving me more than an even chance for a "checkmate." The stand on which the chess-board was placed was rather out of order, and a slight touch of my foot (accidental, of course) sent the chess-board, men and all, whirling to the floor. Of course it was impossible to remember the relative position of the chessmen, and we had to commence a new game. As I played more cautiously this time I came off victor. After tea Mrs. De Jarnette insisted so strongly upon my remaining all night I concluded to do so and run the risk of a little "extra" guard duty for being absent from camp without leave. To-day was the time designated by sentence of court-martial for the execution of John Edwards, a deserter from our regiment. By order of President Davis he has been reprieved for twenty days. How gladdened must have been his heart when even this short respite was made known to him! But after all he must suffer the penalty, for it is due to our own preservation that all deserters must receive the severest punishment.

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

February 4th.—Two of our men having been absent "without leave" since January 31st, I was ordered to take a man with me and bring them back to camp, we having heard that they were at a house some eight miles distant. I had no difficulty in bringing our two men back, but found they had gotten mixed up with a pretty hard party of Marylanders and had been severely handled. It seems these Marylanders had also run off from camp and had been committing many depredations upon the inhabitants of Caroline county. They had taken five or six gallons of liquor from an old countryman and, of course got furiously intoxicated; then they amused themselves by beating every one they came across, insulted ladies, and several times shot at unoffending citi-
zens. I could not find out to what command these bloodthirsty marauders belonged, else I should have made it hot for them. It is a burning shame that some of our men are so lost to all decency and good order as to act in such a manner, and in many cases I am sorry to say the offenders come from "My Maryland."

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

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

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

February 9th.—Last night my horse broke loose and strayed off. I began to think Edward's chance for a pardon was considerably lessened, but I found my horse after a short search and soon resumed my journey, going by General Lee's headquarters where I had my papers countersigned. My information was
that the prisoner's wife lived at Todd's Tavern, about six miles from Massaponax Church and between Lee's headquarters and Spotsylvania Courthouse. Instead of six miles from the Church it was sixteen miles, and seven miles to the right of the Courthouse. I rode up to the hotel at the Courthouse, dismounted, and commenced conversation with two or three gentlemen who were lounging about the place; upon mentioning my business I found that one of them, a Mr. Dabney, clerk of the County Court, knew Edwards very well and was disposed to give him a first rate character. This being the very thing I wanted, I proposed to him to ride over with me to the nearest magistrate and make a deposition to that effect, to which he most readily consented. Before starting I told the landlord to retain a room for me and a stall for my horse; he informed me that he could not give me a room to myself but he thought he could give me a bed on the floor and would charge a dollar for that; he could give me but a poor supper and would charge a dollar for that; he could give me but a little better breakfast and would charge a dollar and a half for that; he could give my horse only a little wheat straw and would charge a dollar for that! Upon Mr. Dabney's offer to take charge of me, if I could not get accommodation at the Justice's, I respectfully declined the landlord's liberal offer. After a ride of three or four hours we came to Mr. William W. Jones's, the Justice to whom I referred, where I soon transacted my business and also secured willing accommodations for myself and jaded horse. Soon we sat down to a gloriously good supper, and as I had eaten nothing since yesterday you may be sure I did justice to it. I have read and heard of some pretty muddy roads in my life time, but the road from Lee's headquarters to Spotsylvania Courthouse rather "takes the dilapidated linen off the shrubbery" (excuse the vulgarism.) My old nag has, like myself, completely broken down, and I scarcely know how or when we will get through this journey. As I transmit my thoughts to paper I eye with certain feelings of delight a noble looking feather bed that is patiently waiting to embrace me in its warm and friendly bosom, and I can no longer turn a deaf ear to its entreaties, but will soon be wrapped in slumber sweet, to dream of loved ones far away.

February 10th.—Left my kind friend Jones early this morning and pushed on to Todd's Tavern. I began to think that
Todd's Tavern was a myth, an airy nothing, a place unknown to and never found by the weary traveller, who, although he might ride on mile after mile, would find the place but the farther off; however, I reached it by taking exactly the opposite road from the directions I had received. Here I found Edward's wife, a very weak and ignorant woman, and she had done nothing towards getting her husband off, though she could have assisted me greatly. Edward's children, two pretty little prattling babes, are running around me and amusing themselves with their childish sports, happy in their innocent glee. Sport on then, little ones, for you know not that in ten days, perhaps, you will be fatherless. I wanted to see Mrs. Edward's father and get him to go with me to several of the neighbor's houses, but he was absent and I concluded to send him back to Massaponax Church, where he could find two very important witnesses. I wrote the directions off in such a manner that it would be impossible for him to make a mistake and gave them to his daughter, telling her to send him off directly he came. I then started for the houses of Mr. William A. Stephens, and Mr. Joseph W. Trigg. They lived only three miles from Todd's Tavern, but the roads forked and branched in so many different ways that I, as a matter of course, took the wrong road and went several miles out of my way. I finally reached Mr. Trigg's and was most hospitably entertained, having my horse well fed and getting a good dinner myself. Mr. Trigg promised to meet me the next morning and bring Mr. Stephens with him. I then road over to Mr. Dobyn's, the nearest Justice of the Peace. After getting him to promise to meet me the next morning at Todd's Tavern, which he seemed to do very reluctantly, I road over to Mrs. Rowe's and spent the night. This Mrs. Rowe was the mother of a very dear friend of mine in Richmond, and I was certain of a hearty welcome there. Mrs. Rowe was the only person I was acquainted with in the whole county and when night overtook me I was at her gate—never was a gate more gladly opened, and well pleased was I to meet some one I had seen before. Although I have not ridden very far to-day, yet it seems to me as if there were a thousand roads from this place to where I stayed last night.

In order that the reader may understandingly read what I have written, I will say that this John E. Edwards was charged with "desertion in face of the enemy" in front of our lines during the
Seven Day’s fight around Richmond; he had been condemned to be shot, and through the intervention of Captain Hupp, of the Salem Artillery, a respite of twenty days was allowed him. He was poor, ignorant, and friendless; crime enough to be shot for in these dark and stormy days. This much I knew: he was a substitute and had received a sum of money for said substitution; a portion of that money had been stolen from him in camp and he determined to carry the balance to his friendless family, rejoining his company at the first opportunity. I was following upon his track and getting affidavits from the several parties named in this narrative that he did endeavor to join the command to which he had been assigned (Coke’s Williamsburg Artillery) when, all at once, that company was disbanded and he was told that that fact virtually discharged him from service. He then returned home to Todd’s Tavern, where, in due process of time he was arrested. I had heard that he was a good soldier during the Mexican war, and though he was too old and worthless to be of much service to us, I thought President Davis would remember him for past services faithfully done.

February 11th.—All three of the gentlemen met me, as promised, this morning at Todd’s Tavern, and in an hour we finished our business, proving conclusively that Edwards did endeavor to find his company during Lee’s march of the first Maryland campaign. Mrs. Edwards’s father had not gone off as I had directed, but had put it off until he could see me. I confess I was greatly exasperated, but I could do no more than to hurry him off immediately, trusting to the reception of the affidavits by mail.

I then started for Germanna Ford, intending to cross over into Culpeper and see a Mr. Willis, who lived about two miles from the ford. Upon reaching the ford I found the Rapidan much swollen by the recent rains and very dangerous to cross; the rain, mingled with snow and hail, was still falling rapidly, and I could not be more thoroughly saturated than I was, so I plunged boldly into the stream and after great difficulty succeeded in gaining the opposite shore. Old “Mac” (my noble courser) was so thin I believe the water ran through him; therefore he did not offer much resistance to the current. In a short time I reached Mr. Willis’s, where I remained all night.

February 12th.—Mr. Willis, being a witness in Edward’s favor, asked me to ride over to Colonel Humphrey’s, J. P., and take
his deposition; which I did. I then started for Rapidan Station, crossing the Rapidan River at Somerville's Ford into Orange county, and made an arrangement with another Mr. Willis, who lived two miles from the station, to take charge of my horse whilst I was in Richmond.

A good supper soon put me in better spirits, and after a social chat with the "old folks" I soon found myself in the parlor singing a very heavy bass with a very light lady. The piano was in good tune (something extremely unusual in good old Confederate times), and the young lady very pretty and agreeable. 'Tis a stormy, blustering night without, and as the bleak wind whistles and roars through the quivering, bending trees, I sit over my comfortable bed-room fire and think of the shivering "guard" as lonely he walks his midnight post. He too, perhaps, is thinking of his comfortable home, far away in the sunny South, and wonders, as he paces to and fro, when the time will come when he shall bid adieu to the horrors of war; when the—

"On to the field of glory where bravely the battle rages,"

shall have ceased to be the theme, and peace, as in the halcyon days of yore, shall be his well-merited reward!

One more pipefull of pure Virginia weed and then to dream of the light young lady with golden locks, and eyes so darkly-deeply blue, and teeth so pearly white.

**February 13th.**—Left this morning for Richmond, and reached the city at nightfall. Meeting a comrade belonging to the First Howitzers, Mr. Yancey, we went to the house of Mr. W. S. Donnan, where we were most bountifully entertained.

**February 14th.**—Secured a valuable paper to-day in favor of Edwards from Major W. S. Barton, General G. W. Smith's staff. The two most important witnesses, whom I expected to meet here, are out of the city, and I will have to proceed without them. This afternoon I walked out on the Capitol Square and met many friends. Crowds of ladies thronged the beautifully gravelled walks, and listen to the splendid music discoursed by the Battalion Band. The pretty ladies promenade up and down the walk with a sort of brave determination to see and be seen, whilst the ugly ones quietly stand off one side and look so sad—most of them stand aside.

**February 15th.**—Was writing most of the day, getting my
papers in proper order to proceed to the President to-morrow. This afternoon I received another deposition by mail—it was from L. W. Bouldin.

*February 16th.*—Presented my papers to President Davis to-day for his final decision. Being confined to his bed 'twas impossible for me to see him, but his *aid-de-camp*, Colonel Wm. Preston Johnston, one of the most elegant gentlemen I ever met,rendered me much assistance, treating me with as much courtesy as if I had been "Mass Bob" himself.

*February 17th.*—Called on President Davis, by appointment, at 10 A. M., but will have to wait for his decision until 7 P. M. Edwards's chance is pretty good. In my argument I had stated that Coke's "Williamsburg Artillery" (to which Edwards was attached) had been disbanded by order of General Lee. Colonel Johnston very kindly informed me that Mr. Davis did not doubt the fact, but wanted General Lee's order to show that the company *was* disbanded by authority from him. General Lee was many a mile distant, and the thought struck me that I might find the order at the "War Office," to which place I immediately repaired. After a long search, I found the order *written in lead pencil, and on the back of an old envelope*.

Took the order up to Colonel Johnston, who informed me that President Davis was not altogether satisfied about the old fellow's leaving "in the face of the enemy," but his remark was:

"If I err, let me err on the side of mercy!"

Fit words for a *great* man to say. Mr. Davis has many, too many, enemies, but purity of purpose no one can deny to him.

*February 18th.*—Received the pardon to-day, from the Adjutant-General, and to-morrow I will carry it to the prisoner.

*February 19th.*—Carried Edwards's pardon up this morning, and delivered it to the Colonel of our regiment. My regiment is about five miles from Milford Station, and I had to walk the distance.

Edwards seemed very glad to get his pardon, but the very first thing he told me was, "The paymaster won't pay me for the time I've been in jail, and I hope you will *make* him pay me."

Only remained in camp a short time, when I returned to Richmond, on the down train. None of my officers knew what sort of papers I received from General Jackson, and I took good care that they should n't know.
February 20th.—To-day Edwards would have been shot, but by Executive clemency his life has been spared and full pardon given him.

For the services I have rendered him, I ask no other compensa-
tion than the consolation of knowing that I have saved the life of
a fellow man. This evening I took a jaunt over to Petersburg,
but will return to-morrow.

February 21st.—Wandered all over the city in search of a fair
damsel from Gloucester county, but was so unsuccessful as not to
find her. Returned to Richmond in the afternoon, and went to
Mr. James T. Williams's, of Messrs. Tardy & Williams, where I
was most royally entertained. And right here, I would do that
noble-hearted pair the justice to say that, although they did not
enter the army themselves, no man wearing the Confederate grey
ever left their doors hungry; no Confederate soldier ever ap-
pealed to them for aid and was refused. The writer of this jour-
nal was living with that concern when the war broke out, and,
like most of our city boys who lived in "society," his account was
on the wrong side of the ledger. How well does he remember
the remarks of the senior:

"Well, my boy, you have n't anything to your credit on the
books, but here's a blank check; equip yourself fully; remember
there is always a spare room up at the house, and the concern of
Tardy & Williams will always look after you." (They did it.)

February 22d.—Last night there was a heavy fall of snow, and
that will necessarily make my horseback ride from Rapidan to
Bowling Green a very unpleasant trip.

February 23d.—Left Richmond this morning on the six o'clock
train, for Rapidan Station, and as the snow retarded our move-
ments greatly, we did not reach the latter place until nearly sun-
down. I reached Mr. Willis's about suppertime, having had to
walk several miles in the snow.

February 24th.—My old sorrel seeming in good spirits, we
started for Bowling Green directly after breakfast, hoping to get
to Mrs. Rowe's that night. Alas, how sadly was I disappointed.
The snow and mud, sometimes two feet deep, and the ice all the
while lacerating my horse's feet in such a manner that he could
have been tracked for miles by the blood oozing from his feet
and dripping on the snow. Three times did he roll over in the
snow with me, but fortunately I managed to keep from under
him, and was not hurt. At night, I stopped at the house of a Mr. Roach, and was most hospitably entertained.

February 25th.—Left Mr. Roach's this morning for Mrs. Rowe's; the direction was totally unknown to me, and after riding an hour or so I found myself in a dense wood and not the sign of a road to be seen. I was in the Wilderness of Spotsylvania county, and everything in the shape of a path covered with snow two feet deep! However, I kept pushing on through bushes, bogs, creeks and snow-drifts, until at last I found myself at the place of my destination, where a good fire and a hearty welcome awaited me.

February 26th.—Left Mrs. Rowe's this morning in company with Mr. C. M. Harris, whom I met last evening. The rain was pouring in a constant sluice and the mud and snow made the roads almost impassable. Passed by Todd's Tavern and saw Edwards's wife; she had heard nothing concerning the fate of her husband, and didn't know whether he was shot or not. Upon having some conversation with her and speaking of Edwards's gallantry in the Mexican war, I was somewhat surprised to hear her say:

"Law, sir, he never want in no Mexican war; he wouldn't hurt a flea, he wouldn't. 'Twas his first cousin, John Edwards, what was in the Mexican war!"

I was then convinced that Major W. S. Barton (of whom mention has been made before) in making out a deposition in favor of Edwards had entirely mistaken the man, there being two John Edwards, and to this fact my John Edwards owed his life!

The rain was still pouring and I concluded to accept an invitation from Mr. Harris to spend the night with him, two and a half miles from Spotsylvania Courthouse.

February 27th.—Left Harris's this morning, going by Guiney's Depot, and at 3 P. M. was once more in camp, having been absent twenty days.

February 28th.—'Tis very hard to come down to the "short rations" of camp life when one has for three weeks been living on the "fat of the land," but we must "grin and endure it."

And then, one misses so much the society of the ladies, dear creatures, which when taken in homeopathic doses tends greatly to calm life's rough billows. Like all other blessings, a surfeit, however, should be avoided, or else it becomes commonplace and
we are wearied by the frivolities of Miss J—, the vanity of Miss L—, the platitudes of Miss S—, and the arrogant superciliousness of Miss M. De B—.

March 1st.—This month has opened with great severity; rain, hail, snow, and blustering winds seem to be the order.

March 11th.—Concluded to try my hand at "running the blockade" and get to Richmond, if possible. 'Tis a dangerous business, for a blockader is struck out of the streets of Richmond with lightning celerity into Castle Thunder—i. e., if he is caught. We work it thus: We get a two days' permit from our company officers in order to "forage"—that is, to go out in the neighborhood to purchase butter, eggs, chickens, etc. This excuses us from "roll-call," and we then fix up fancy papers,

By order of

R. E. Lee,

and away we go, depending upon fooling the guards stationed upon each train and at the corners of all the principal streets in Richmond. Procured some "fancy" papers and landed safely in the city.

March 13th.—Attended, last evening, a lecture before the Young Mens' Christian Association, delivered by the Hon. Hugh W. Sheffey. His subject was "The Women of the South," and to those that know him 'tis needless to say that he handled it with masterly skill. Methinks if he had noticed certain Richmond young ladies sitting to his left he would necessarily have changed his opinion, in a measure, for their behaviour was simply disgraceful. Surrounded by a few butterfly officers, one of whom ran like a clever fellow at Sharpsburg, they passed away the time occupied by Mr. Sheffey in delivering his lecture, in writing foolish notes and tittering to such an extent that the Rev. Dr. M——e was compelled to look them down.

March 14th.—Returned to camp this morning but will not "report for duty" for some ten or twelve days, Colonel Brown wanting me for that length of time.

March 18th.—This morning I was aroused about three o'clock by some one in the "battery" calling out my name in a lusty manner. I hastily ran out and found an orderly from General Jackson bringing me orders from Colonel Brown to report
immediately to Colonel Stapleton Crutchfield, seven miles distant, and a terrible road to travel. Quickly throwing my saddle on "old Mac" we started off at a sweeping gallop, though the darkness could be felt. On reaching Colonel Crutchfield’s quarters, I found he was absent and as Colonel Brown was the next in command I had to hurry back to him, bringing this order from Jackson:

"Let all the artillery of the Second Corps move *immediately* to ‘Hamilton’s Crossing’—the enemy has crossed a heavy force of cavalry at Kelly’s Ford and may get upon your flank."

When old "Jack" says *immediately* he don’t want you to wait for "lunch."

I reached Colonel Brown’s headquarters at daybreak and our regiment was moving in "three shakes."

Couriers were sent out to the different commandants of artillery to move their commands without delay. Hastily swallowing a very light breakfast I again started off for Crutchfield’s quarters and upon arriving there I found an order had been issued to some of the batteries countermanding the move. Just then the courier arrived from Jackson with orders to "prepare to resist any attack," for the Yankee cavalry could play the mischief with our unprotected artillery. Guns were placed at the different roads commanding the approach to Bowling Green and very soon everything quieted down. Slipped off to my tent and took a good nap.

March 24th.—Reported for duty to my company.

March 28th.—Rain, rain, rain,—so long as this weather continues there is no chance for active operations and 'tis fair to suppose we will remain *in statu quo* for some time to come. The opening of the spring campaign cannot be very far distant, and then the great struggle will commence with redoubled fury.

April 6th.—The Richmond papers are teeming with an account of a "Bread Riot" that took place there a few days since. From all accounts it was a most disgraceful affair, and President Davis himself could not disperse the crowd of howling, hooting, drunken women. Fortunately some one thought of the *fire engines* and the crowd was dispersed in short order. When women so far forget themselves as to act like demons they should be dealt with as such. It will undoubtedly have an injurious effect upon our cause abroad and will give new impetus to our enemies.

April 9th.—Charleston, S. C., has been heavily attacked but
makes a gallant resistance, and the "bonnie blue flag" yet waves triumphantly over Sumter.

OPENING SPRING CAMPAIGN, 1863.

Bowling Green, Caroline County, Va., April 29th.—At length the campaign has opened. Day after day we have been expecting orders to "move to the front," and early this morning the heavy boom of cannon in the direction of Fredericksburg betokened some forward movement on the part of the enemy.

Orders coming, in a few moments our knapsacks were hastily packed and we bade adieu to tents, for transportation is too limited for such luxuries now; then we rolled up our blankets and soon we were on the road for Hamilton's Crossing, at which place we must report to-night, for "Fighting Joe Hooker," as our friends across Mason and Dixon's line call the present commander of the "Army of the Potomac," has crossed the Rappahannock, and a great battle is imminent. The roads are in the usual Virginia spring condition, but we have this consolation: it will be as bad for Hooker as for Lee. In the afternoon rain fell heavily. Our artillery has been reorganized to great advantage, and now bids fair to be of great efficiency. Horses, however, are becoming very scarce, and that makes the condition of the men much worse—we are only allowed one wagon to an entire company of artillery, and that must haul our tent-flies, our officers' and drivers' baggage, company books, papers, etc., and commissary stores, together with our cooking utensils of every description. Our boys, hoping to the last that their knapsacks would be hauled, had not curtailed their baggage as they should have done, and their countenances assumed quite an elongated aspect when the order was issued for each man to carry his own plunder. Here I found myself in a "fix"—heretofore I always had a horse, but having broken down "Old Mac" on the "Edwards' trip" several weeks since, I turned him over (and it didn't take much to turn him over anywhere) to the quarter-master. I parted with "Old Mac" with many fond regrets; long since I had taught him to "forage" for himself by tying him loose at night, and he could smell a biscuit from Malvern Hill to Gettysburg—he would get it, too. Everybody in the Army of Northern Virginia borrowed him, and nobody in particular fed him—
his friends literally rode his tail off. Up to this time I had been utterly unable to procure another horse, and as I gazed upon my enormous knapsack (it never seemed enormous before); my leather haversack, formerly a "gunner's bag"; blankets, of which I had several very large ones; canteen, overcoat, etc., my heart failed me. To carry all this plunder was impossible, and yet I could not afford to throw anything away. I also had a "camp bed," but had determined to throw that away, though I brought it from Suffolk in April, 1862, and had lugged it and smuggled it along ever since. With a tear and a sigh for happy nights gone by I bade my old bed farewell. Fortunately, I procured another horse just as we were starting and loaded him with my "loot"—the variety of articles and numerous modes of attaching them to him reminded me much of a picture in Smith's Geography of a Hottentot moving his family. Having received a fresh supply of horses a few days since our batteries moved off in splendid style, though we were often mired, owing to the bad condition of the roads. Nightfall found us some six miles from Hamilton's Crossing and the worst portion of the road yet to go over; as usual, delay after delay detained us, and 'twas near midnight when we reached our destination. Rain again commenced to fall, and our prospects for the night were indeed cheerless; our provision wagon was many miles in the rear and cut off by a seemingly endless artillery train; we had had nothing to eat since morning, and we knew we had to take our position in front of the enemy at daybreak. Wet, weary and hungry, we lay ourselves down to rest, but sleep was a stranger to our eyelids and slowly the hours of night passed away.

April 30th.—With stiffened limbs and chilly bodies did we arise this morning at dawn of day; many of us had not closed our eyes, and now we are to go upon the field in such a condition! Fighting is not pleasant work at best, and a soldier ought not to fight upon an empty stomach. We immediately "hitched up" and moved forward to our position about a mile to the right of Hamilton's Crossing. This time the guns of my company were not separated, but were "brought into battery" in a large field to the right of Hamilton's Crossing and for the first time since the Battle of Bethel we awaited attack behind breastworks. We were supported by Dole's brigade, D. H. Hill's division, which division was commanded by Brigadier-General Rodes. Our po-
position was a good one, though in an open field, for our guns had full sweep at the enemy for over a mile. The trenches were, in many places, half filled with water, and the cold rain continued to pelt us with but little intermission.

The gnawing of a soldier's appetite bade us remember we had been without food or rest for twenty-four hours. Rest! Alas! there is but little rest to the soldier in the marching and the countermarching previous to a great battle. I can scarcely believe Hooker to be so foolhardy as to attempt to drive us from our present position by a direct attack upon our front, for we hold lines similar to those held by us at Fredericksburg. He may attempt a flank movement. He will have this advantage over Burnside: then, Lee's whole army was present; now, Longstreet is away and with him nearly one-third of our army; but our men are eager for the battle and we are confident of success. Our artillery is heavily massed on the "right," as it was at Fredericksburg, and woe betide the enemy if his attack is there. After a long time our rations came—a small piece of bread and no meat was carefully served out to each man. That bread was so exceedingly tough and heavy some of us thought it was baked to order, for we must, so long as we kept our front to the enemy, be perfectly invulnerable, and 'twould be useless to attempt to fly with such a load.

In the afternoon it cleared off, but we could see only a few of the enemy's skirmishers in our front, as Hooker has only crossed a small portion of his army at and below Fredericksburg. Our artillery opened upon the enemy who were on the north side of the Rappahannock, and for a short time quite an exciting artillery duel took place. These duels never accomplish anything, and this was not of long duration. This afternoon my company was thrown into a pretty high state of excitement by an order coming for us to turn over our little howitzer guns to the ordnance officer at Guiney's Depot. We would have thought nothing of it had the order been to turn only the guns over, for we have been endeavoring for a long time to exchange them for other guns more effective, but the orders were imperative that the horses should be given up with the guns. The Second Howitzers having two guns of like calibre, received the same orders. We determined to do the best we could under existing circumstances,
so we selected the worst horses we had and sent them off with our two twelve-pound howitzers.

Soon a report started among our boys that our company was to be broken up and consolidated with the Second Howitzers. Such a storm of indignation arose from the mere supposition of such injustice that really I feared some of that company would overhear our by no means complimentary remarks as to our union with them and a collision might be the consequence. The reasons why we so strenuously oppose any such consolidations are these: First, the Captain of that company (Watson) being the senior officer, will assuredly be our Captain, and we object to him and will do so to the end. Although in every respect a good and faithful officer, whose courage is beyond doubt or question, yet there is a seeming coldness and inapproachableness about him that would make any such association unpleasant.

Secondly, we had more guns, far better horses, and took better care of them; we were better equipped and had more men.

Thirdly, we did not want to lose our company organization, for when this war ends, as end it must some day, we want to say that we served during the entire war in the Third Company Richmond Howitzers. How many of us will say it?

My gun being one of those sent back, and not having any particular business "in front," about sundown I went back to the rear, say, a mile and a half; there finding my blankets I prepared myself for a good night's rest. Our horses and drivers are here also, but our remaining guns have been left on the lines. My good night's rest was soon broken, for at 2 o'clock we were aroused and ordered to prepare for moving immediately, as the enemy was crossing the Rapidan above Fredericksburg—just what we were expecting.

May 1st.—After issuing rations and fixing up our baggage we started off with the horses and endeavored to find our guns, but it was so very dark that we became perfectly bewildered, and it was fully daylight before we were prepared to move. Our regiment then started towards Fredericksburg, but, having no gun, I was soon ordered back to Grace Church, to make some disposition of our baggage that had been thrown out of our wagons in that neighborhood. Having succeeded in accomplishing this, about dark I started for my command; not being able to find it, I succeeded in getting good quarters for
myself and horse at the house of Mr. Henry Jones, some five or six miles beyond Fredericksburg. Mr. Jones having several charming daughters, I, willingly for the nonce, discarded war's alarms and played the gallant to the best of my ability.

How changed is society from what it was a few years since, and how used to the sound of the cannon and the tramp of soldiery have even our gentle maidens become. Only a few miles from us is the great bulk of the Yankee army in battle array, and these joyous maidens think no more of it than if they were thousands of miles away, and we know that to-morrow will be a day of carnage. Hooker is evidently trying to divide Lee's army, and having a greatly superior force, he hopes to whip it in detail.

*FIGHT AT CATHERINE FURNACE, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1863.*

A day of gauntlet running. Colonel John Thompson Brown commands our regiment, but during the last few days Major R. A. Hardaway, an Alabamian, and also an accomplished artillerist, has been assigned to duty with our regiment. Indeed, this has been a day of narrow escapes, and it seems as if nothing save special Providence, saved our regiment from capture. We are, evidently, on a flank movement, and our regiment is bringing up Jackson's rear. In a flank movement, Jackson pays no attention to the rear, but on a retreat he would fight for a pinch of snuff. I joined my regiment near Zoan Church, eight miles from Fredericksburg, and found our boys just moving out in the road preparatory to a move against the enemy's flank. Of course none of us know Jackson's plans, but we seem to be swinging around a circle, and Hooker will hear from us to-day somewhere.

The whole position of affairs has completely changed. The enemy, crossing the river *above* Fredericksburg, at United States, Ely's, and Germanna Fords, massed his forces on our left, and now we are compelled to make rapid distribution of our troops in order to counteract this flank movement of Hooker.

Hooker left a force under Sedgwick on the right of Fredericksburg, and we left enough troops under Early, in their front, to keep a sharp lookout on their movements. The greater part of our army has moved above Fredericksburg, and the two armies are now confronting each other, each waiting for the other to make a mistake. Jackson won't wait for his opponent, but will
strike first. Bloody work is ahead, and to-day will decide whether Lee or Hooker is the better General. My regiment, with the exception of a few pieces under the command of Captain Willis J. Dance, is ordered on the left with Jackson, and from the direction we moved, I saw immediately that he was on one of his grand flank movements. Hooker divides his command in order to whip Lee in detail, and Lee, with an army greatly inferior in strength, makes the very same movement.

Major Hardaway has been given a detached command of some fifteen or twenty rifled pieces, and will remain on the right, so we hear. General Jackson, with the infantry, had started several hours ahead of us, and we were to bring up the rear of his column. To get to our position, we had to march several hundred yards in full view of the enemy, in our front, and they shelled the road at a terrific rate, but they thought we were retreating to Richmond, and did not find out their mistake until Jackson, like a thunderbolt, swooped down upon their right flank and swept everything before him. When we reached that point, they were shelling so furiously we passed it at a sweeping trot, and we suffered no loss, though they had the range most accurately.

'Tis a matter of impossibility to give the reader any idea of our movements, without the aid of an accurate county map, as this county of Spotsylvania, in this neighborhood, is one vast wilderness, and so most appropriately named.

The right of Hooker's line extended some mile or so beyond the little post village of Chancellorsville, twelve miles from Fredericksburg, whilst his left ran some two or three miles below Fredericksburg; he had made the mistake of dividing his forces, and Jackson, with his eagle eye and rapid movements, was the man to take advantage of it. There was a gap of several miles in the centre, and his game evidently was to drive our men from the Heights at Fredericksburg, and with his left move up and join the main body of his forces massed in the neighborhood of Chancellorsville. Jackson was moving in a semi-circle, so as to reach the enemy's right flank beyond Chancellorsville, and overwhelm him ere he could receive assistance.

When passing this exposed position, spoken of before, we were marching on a high ridge parallel with the enemy's line, and lo! all of a sudden we commenced the descent of the hill perpendicular to his line. Soon we were in the deep gorge at Catherine
Furnace, when a cavalry officer rode up to us in great haste and reported the enemy to be advancing in force, and the whistling Minies convinced us that he was not premature in his information. This was somewhat of a close place for an unprotected battalion of artillery to be placed in, but we were not the boys to surrender without a struggle. Colonel Brown immediately ordered our rear company, Captain Brooke's, to place a Napoleon gun in position on a hill just above the Furnace and hold the enemy in check as long as possible—the two rifled guns of my company, under the command of Lieutenant Henry C. Carter, a brave and gallant officer, to be placed in a flat near the Furnace and also near a railroad cut; the rifled gun of Dance's company on the left; two Napoleon guns, one belonging to Captain Brooke's company and one to Captain Hupps's, were placed to the right and rear of my company; the Second Howitzers were placed on a high hill to our left and three or four hundred yards to our rear. We have no time to select the best position or the fittest guns—the enemy are upon us in unknown numbers, and we are almost without infantry support!

A small battalion of infantry (I think 'twas the "Irish") advanced to our front, but it was too weak to accomplish anything.

A regiment of infantry advanced to our support, but both Colonel and men seemed utterly bewildered, and the greater portion of that regiment, to its shame be it said, surrendered without firing a gun. It was the Twenty-third Georgia Infantry, and some of our boys declare that this regiment tried to get the artillery to surrender also.

As soon as possible all of our guns were moved back to the hill occupied by the Second Howitzers, and then the enemy's artillery was driven off after quite a spirited combat. The Yankees could be seen very distinctly on the hill opposite us, and they manned their guns with bravery, though their shots were pretty wild as soon as we concentrated our fire upon them. Just to the right of our batteries was a very neat-looking house in which were several ladies, and of course they were much alarmed; we showed them all the attention we could, and got them out of the way as speedily as possible. The place belonged to a Mr. Wellford.

Our loss has been comparatively small—in Brooke's company, five men wounded and one caisson captured by the enemy; in
my company, Sergeant John K. Wakeham mortally wounded. At one time we had five Wakehams in my company—all from Fluvanna county, and all good men, if any difference John K. being the best and brightest of them all. As soon as the firing ceased we “limbered up” and started to rejoin Jackson, who was now far ahead of us, and whose guns could be faintly heard in the distance.

Scarcely had we moved off before the Yankees flanked our infantry left at the Furnace and took 560 of them prisoners. General Lee, hearing the firing at the Furnace, sent Major Hardaway with one piece of artillery to our support.

His account of this surrender is this:

On moving down the hill towards the Furnace I was somewhat surprised at seeing a body of Confederate soldiers clad in the Butternut uniform, advancing without arms, and with loud cheers upon a line of Federals; they passed that line and disappeared into the woods!

We continued our march until late at night, when we caught up with our infantry on the Orange Courthouse plank-road, near where the Stephensburg plank-road branches off to Germanna Ford. Having only two guns attached to my company—guns No. 1 and 3—we will be able to “relieve” our cannoniers much oftener than is usual during the battle. Although two days’ rations were issued to us yesterday, we are now completely without food—nearly all of us ate our two days’ rations in a few hours after we received them, and there is no chance of our commissary wagons finding us to-night. I found a few onion tops in a horse’s track, and enjoyed the succulent repast as much as ever I enjoyed one of Tom Griffin’s famous terrapin stews in the peace days gone by. I have been appointed “gunner” of Detachment No. 3, in consequence of Sergeant Wakeham’s loss, and to-morrow I will have an opportunity of trying a rifled gun, a thing I have long desired. This is only temporary—for this battle.

We gather our blankets around us and lie down to dream of the morrow—they carry a wounded officer by us—some say it is Jackson, but we don’t know. Our boys are much worried by carrying their baggage and many of them threw away everything—the whole country from Fredericksburg to this place is strewn with our baggage and blankets. Jackson has fallen upon
A Diary of the War.

the enemy unawares and driven them headlong in the direction of Chancellorsville—alas, the fate of War!—he fell in the hour of his triumph, and a nation's heart is sore.

BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE, SUNDAY, MAY 3, 1863.

Early this morning my regiment advanced to the front and soon we saw indications of hard fighting, our wounded passing us, going towards Orange Courthouse. My company halted at Parson Chancellor's house, about two miles from Chancellorsville, and took position as reserve in case our lines should be driven back. We had a Whitworth gun immediately on our left. Captain Watson, of the Second Howitzers, commands our regiment, whilst our Colonel, John Thompson Brown, commands the artillery of our corps. The Second Howitzers advance down the plank road towards the Chancellorsville House, but are severely handled before they fire a shot. Jackson has been mortally wounded, and General A. P. Hill, the next in command, slightly wounded. This all happened late last night just about the time we arrived upon the field. General J. E. B. Stuart, the next ranking officer, was far away on our left, in rear of Hooker's right wing, and had to be found in order to take command of our corps. He is now leading our men. Stuart advances and the action becomes general—our artillery opens and pours into the enemy's ranks a withering storm of shot and shell; our infantry presses on and the roll of musketry reverberates over the hills like distant thunder; the Yankees fall back and are slain by the thousand—they make another desperate stand—my company is ordered in—rapidly we move down the road towards Chancellorsville—on every side the horrors of war are seen. Guns and caissons, dismounted and disabled by the enemy's fire, block up the road, and the wounded and the dying are all around us. The Yankee position is seemingly impregnable, and nothing but fighting can drive them away; their batteries occupy the brow of a hill in front of the Chancellorsville House, and from its crescent-like form issues a steady storm of shot and shell that would drive away any troops but Lee's veterans; our infantry flank their batteries and drive them from their position, taking some of their artillery: on, on we go towards Chancellorsville, and finally we take the house, which is already in flames from our shot and shell. It is
a large, roomy, old-fashion Virginia Tavern, and makes a mighty blaze. Near the house my company is brought into position by Stuart himself, in the road leading towards United States Ford—high woods are on either side of the road and it is almost impossible for either party to make a poor shot. The Yankee batteries are only eight hundred yards from us—the order is given by General Stuart to "commence firing" and my gun fires the first shot—the enemy immediately reply with twenty pieces of artillery, and cannister, grape, case-shot, shell, and solid-shot is rained upon us with a fury such as I never before witnessed—each side reinforces the artillery until no less than a hundred guns are belching forth their deadly contents. The Chancellorsville Tavern had been used for a hospital by the enemy and their wounded had been hastily taken out as the house caught fire, but we had pressed them so closely that they were left in the road only a few yards from our battery—their shot and shell, fired at us, would sweep through their own wounded, crushing and mangle them but the more, and the sparks from the burning house would drop amongst them and add additional pain to their horrible sufferings.

The artillery on both sides ceases for a while, wornout, and Colston advances his division in column to the front and along the very road we were firing on. Fifty pieces of Federal artillery bear upon that road and the famous Old Guard of Napoleon could not march down it, those terrible eight hundred yards. In a state of breathless suspense did we await the result of the next few minutes, for well we knew the Yankee batteries had not been driven off, and these men were unconsciously marching into the jaws of death. We warn the General of the position of these batteries, but reckless alike of life and danger he marches his men into the cannon's mouth.

The head of the column slowly advances down the road, which the enemy once more sweep with grape and cannister; like affrighted birds, the men awake to a consciousness of their danger, and the column breaks in disorder, the men scattering to the right and left of the road, but neither running nor leaving the field. They reform and advance through the woods, but we see them no more. We have driven the enemy from his position, on the Plank road, towards the river, and we now occupy this road as a natural line of breastworks.
Holding this position as long as was deemed necessary, we withdrew our artillery back into a field in front of the Chancellorsville House, from which place, having gotten the range, the Yankees drove us by a fierce shelling.

Colonel Crutchfield, Jackson's Chief of Artillery, being severely wounded in yesterday's fight, Colonel Brown has taken his place. Our infantry commenced throwing up breastworks on the north side of the Plank road, and all of our guns were placed in position along this road. We strengthened our position as best we could, and all night long awaited any demonstration the enemy might make, but Hooker's men, like ours, thought 'twas time to be careful, and worked like beavers to fortify themselves.

Our boys have had no rations for several days, but this evening we captured the knapsacks and baggage of Sickle's Corps, which came in most opportuneiy, and we revelled in sugar, coffee, ham, crackers, etc.

The bloody work of the day is over, but we, upon the lines, know but little of the grand results; we know this, that we have been driving the enemy all day long, and we are weary, foot sore, and jaded. Beautiful as the night is, sleep is impossible. In front of us our pickets keep up a continuous fire, and thus, during the entire night, we are compelled to be on the alert. Once I laid down by the side of a dead Yankee Corporal, and endeavored to sleep, but that was impossible, for no matter how tightly I closed my eyes, the horrid appearance of his death-distorted face and out-stretched, stiffened arms were as plain as mid-day.

Some of the incidents of a battle-field are amusing, and soldiers generally make a joke of any and everything. A merry, lively little fellow, belonging to my company, after the fight was over, amused himself by prowling around in quest of plunder.

Seeing a Federal officer lying full length on the field, with his face covered by a splendid felt hat, and supposing him to be dead, little Charlie F—— walked up to him, and, Rebel like, was about to transfer the hat to his own head, the officer, slowly opening his eyes, murmurs:

"Not yet, sir, not yet."

Charlie, touching his cap in the most approved style, replies:

"Beg your pardon, sir; I thought you were dead; can I do anything for you?"

Another amusing incident is told of the same little fellow, who,
by the bye, is as gallant and brave as he is thoughtless. Late at night, being very cold, he concluded he would get in between two fellows who were apparently sleeping very quietly, regard-
less of the many picket skirmishes in our front; moreover, they possessed a splendid blanket, and Charlie crawled in between them, soon forgetting the horrors of the day, but every night sent giving one or the other of his silent bed-fellows a friendly kick for taking up too much room. What was his horror the next morning when he awoke, to find his bed fellows of the previous night to be Yankees, and **dead as a door nail?**

*May 4th.*—To-day all is quiet in our front, save the continued skirmishing of pickets and an occasional shell thrown across our lines by the enemy. Yesterday the fighting on our right, in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg, resulted in some loss to our troops, as Sedgwick’s corps advanced upon our thin line at Marye’s Heights, and drove our troops, under Early, from their position. We sent heavy reinforcement from our left to our right, and gave Sedgwick a pretty rough time of it, easily driving him back. Now is the time for Hooker to advance, for the bulk of his army fronts our left wing, which has been considerably weak-
ened in reënforcing Early. Yet we feel perfectly able to maintain our position, for we have not only a strong natural line of de-
fence, but have materially strengthened it last night and to-day. Our infantry have gathered up a great number of extra muskets and seem determined to maintain the ground won at all hazards. General Lee has issued an order to us deploping the loss of his “right arm,” “Stonewall Jackson,” but bidding us keep the ground we have so nobly won, and we will not disappoint his expecta-
tions.

About 11 o’clock at night our pickets commenced firing at a rapid rate, and for a time we thought Hooker was attempting a night attack. In a few moments our whole line was in commo-
tion and everything ready for a terrible struggle, but the enemy came not and soon everything was quiet.

*May 5th.*—Still the Federals deem it most prudent to keep within their breastworks, and we expect to do so until we are re-
enforced by our troops returning from the right; then we will give Mr. Hooker another taste. This afternoon the rain fell in torrents and soon our trenches were filled with water. Having no tents we were entirely unprotected, and the cold rain perfectly be-
numbed us. At length night came on and we endeavored to sleep, but our garments were so completely saturated with water that we had to keep moving about or freeze. We have moved all of our wounded, but thousands of the enemy are still lying on the field, and many of them, especially those between the lines, will perish for want of proper attention. The Federal wounded have suffered terribly. In the first place, many were burned up, the undergrowth of this thickly-wooded Wilderness catching fire from the bursting shells. Then many were perishing from cold, hunger, and want of water; crawling to the numerous little creeks to slake their burning thirst, they were unable to get away when the heavy rain of this afternoon changed those little streams in a few moments into roaring torrents, and they were drowned!

May 6th.—Early this morning it became apparent that Hooker, fearing an advance of Lee, and unwilling to risk another engagement, had “changed his base” and retrograded across the Rapidan. We pushed after him and captured many prisoners, but he succeeded in gaining the north bank of the Rapidan without serious loss. We will scarcely follow him to the other side of the river, for our army is much inferior in strength, not over one-third as large, and the configuration of the surrounding country gives him the advantage of position; then the terrible mud of these Virginia roads make it almost impossible to move artillery and wagon trains. We have certainly given him a most terrible thrashing and shown the North that not even “Fighting Joe” can afford to divide his army to attack Robert Edward Lee. This has been the most brilliant battle of the war, and while its results may not have been all that we could have wished, yet we have done our work well, and the discouraged, defeated and dismayed Army of the Potomac is no nearer Richmond now than when Burnside butted his brains out before the heights of Marye on those terrible flats of Fredericksburg.

Hooker also will most likely “go up,” for the Yankees have no love for a defeated General; with them nothing succeeds like success. My company has been ordered back towards Fredericksburg, and I, being completely worn out with fatigue, received permission to remain at a friend’s house a few days to recruit. After a ride of five or six miles I found myself at the hospitable house of Mrs. Rowe, and soon was enjoying the comforts of a
good supper and a feather-bed. My "Edwards trip" has made me familiar with every cross-road in this part of the country.

May 7th.—Getting no better fast, I concluded to remain until to-morrow and then rejoin my company. How great a treat it is, after the battle's noise and confusion is over and the bloody death scenes have passed away, to have friendship's kindly hand soothe the aching brow—to rest the weary limbs that but a few short hours since were toiling on after a mighty foeman and now find rest 'neath the roof of kindred Southern hearts!

May 8th.—Returned to my company to-day. Previous to the battle I had left my knapsack and blankets at the house of a friend near Fredericksburg, not expecting a fight in that neighborhood. When I heard of so much fighting on our "right" I concluded they had "gone up"; however, I was agreeably disappointed to-day at recovering them all, though the parties with whom I had left my plunder had deserted their home, and no little fighting had been done all around them—their very house had been used by both sides as a hospital. As I went into the house the first thing that met my eyes was my old knapsack, lying in the very corner where I put it several days ago.

My company is camped about two miles east of Hamilton's Crossing on the road leading towards Grace Church. Here grass for our horses is abundant, and we are using every effort to keep them in good order.

My old gray nag held out pretty well until we reached camp; on trotting down a slight knoll the old fellow espied a blade of grass somewhat taller than the rest and, horse-like, attempted to get it; alas! he wasn't quite quick enough, and his head getting mixed up with his heels he executed a fancy somerset and sent me whirling over his head, to the no small amusement of the lookers on.

May 9th.—Sergeant John K. Wakeham was removed to Richmond a few days since, and now his brave name is added to the sad list of the gallant dead belonging to the Third Company Richmond Howitzers.

Who will be next?

May 20th.—Everything continues quiet, and possibly we may remain here some months without another battle, as the enemy will scarcely cross the Rappahannock under Hooker. There are many reasons for our not crossing to attack them at this time—
our transportation is extremely limited and the country north of the Rappahannock entirely devastated. During the entire war it has been occupied alternately by one party or the other, and the inhabitants now have not enough provisions to subsist upon themselves. Every night we can see large fires in the direction of the enemy, but cannot find out what they are burning. Our pickets have gotten to be almost friendly with the enemy, and frequently exchange papers, tobacco, etc. Picket fighting has long since been abolished by both armies; that is very proper, as it accomplishes nothing, but conversation should not be allowed. Our horses have improved greatly since the fight, and our rations have been somewhat increased.

May 22d.—Troops are daily arriving from North Carolina and Suffolk, Virginia (Longstreet’s men). Stuart is also gathering a large body of cavalry, and appearances indicate an early forward movement. Perhaps Stuart may only be preparing for a raid as an offset to one of Stoneman’s. Generally speaking, our horses are much inferior to those of the enemy, and are not half so well fed.

Our camp is very hot and disagreeable, but near us is a fine country residence, “St. Julien,” owned by a Mr. Brooke. The house, being unoccupied, most of our boys stroll over directly after breakfast and remain there all day. The yard is one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw—shaded by the aspen, the fir, the linden, the spruce-pine, and the magnolia; whilst the spring roses, just blossoming into fragrance, and the climbing vines of the sweet-scented honeysuckle all combine to make this a fairy spot.

May 26th.—We have obtained a rifled gun instead of our little howitzers; it is called the Burton-Archer gun, and its peculiar propensity is to do more harm to friend than foe. It has already been dubbed the Bustin-Archer gun. However, we concluded it was better than no gun, and concluded to keep it; it will make a show.

May 30th.—We returned the Burton-Archer rifle and procured two twelve-pound howitzers; these howitzers are heavily mounted for field service, much heavier than the light navy howitzers we formerly had.

Our Captain, Benjamin H. Smith, Jr., returned to camp to-day and assumed command of the company.

June 4th.—We have been expecting orders to move in the
direction of Culpeper Courthouse for the last few days, and today the First and Second Corps moved in that direction. Not expecting to move to-day, I strolled off to “St. Julien,” and selecting a shady nook, was soon deeply engaged in the mysteries of Lever’s “Sir Jasper Carew,” fanned by a soft breeze, drowsiness overcame me, and noting not the rumbling of artillery wheels, nor the tramp of the foot soldiers, nor the Napoleonic commands of ubiquitous quartermasters, I slept long and soundly.

About my usual dinner-time I awoke, returned to camp, and found, to my vexation, that 'twas deserted. Hastily following the line of march, I caught up, after a tramp of several miles, and had the satisfaction to learn that my rations had been left at camp. One of the boys had my horse and plunder, so I concluded to go back for my provisions; two or three days with nothing to eat, don’t pay.

Returning to camp proved of no avail, for the camp searchers had already proved equal to the occasion, and had swept off everything left behind. I must fain make myself content with a brace of leathery puffs secured from a toothless old crone at an enormous price. I remained at our old camp all night, intending to start early next morning, as I knew very well I could catch up by the time our regiment reached Spotsylvania Courthouse.

June 5th.—Managed to procure a pretty fair breakfast with a friend in McIntosh’s battalion, and then started for Massaponax Church, six miles from Spotsylvania Courthouse; reaching the former place about 10 o’clock in the morning, ahead of the regiment, though it was to have camped here last night. Some great move is on hand, and we will have bloody work to do before many days. Here comes the regiment, and I must move along until I can snatch a few more stray moments to pen the desultory thought.

We marched on until sundown; passing through Spotsylvania Courthouse, we moved on some two and a half miles farther, and camped for the night on the river Po, or, as we called it, the poor river. This is a small, sluggish stream, tributary to the Mattaponi. Twenty miles below Richmond it joins the Pamunkey, and forms the beautiful York. As soon as the batteries were “parked,” Lieutenant Henry Carter (of my company) and I started out on a supper-hunting expedition, and after a short ride we found ourselves
at Captain W. W. Jones's, with whom I became acquainted on the Edwards trip. He received us very kindly and a bountiful supper amply repaid us for our ride. Being unusually hungry, I quickly disposed of nine biscuits, nine glasses of milk, and nine or ten lesser articles of edible properties. I have always had a penchant for the figure nine, having, as some kind gossips say, no less than nine dearly loved sweethearts in the good old city of Richmond. Now I hope my fastidious friends will excuse me for displaying such wonderful powers of storing away, but they must remember how seldom a soldier has a chance to devote his shining blade to

"Grease, lovely Grease, the land of scholars, etc."

After supper we played the gallant to our host's beautiful and accomplished daughter, of whose many charms we had long been cognizant. Indeed, I have seldom met with a young lady who pleased me so greatly and 'twas with many a regret that we were compelled to tear ourselves away, but I knew that I was "Corporal of the guard" from mid-night until morning. Captain Brooke's Fauquier Artillery was, to-day, taken from our regiment and placed in another battalion, Graham's Rockbridge Artillery returning to us.

Captain Willis J. Dance, of the Powhatan Artillery, is in command of the regiment, as our Major, R. A. Hardaway, is absent on sick furlough—our Colonel, John Thompson Brown, still commands the artillery of our corps.

Our army is divided into three corps; the first, commanded by Longstreet; the second, by Ewell; the third, by A. P. Hill,—the last two being commanded by newly appointed Lieutenant-Generals. Ewell's corps is composed of three divisions, commanded by Major-Generals Early, Johnson, and Rodes, and this corps has five battalions of artillery attached to it: namely, Carter's, Andrew's, Jones's, Nelson's, and Brown's (First Virginia). The last two battalions are reserve artillery; the first three are attached to divisions.

June 6th.—Left camp early this morning and continued our march—after marching some three and a half miles we halted and remained "in column" all day, owing to some movement of the enemy in front of Fredericksburg. Towards evening we were greeted with quite a refreshing shower, which was very ac-
Richmond Howitzer Battalion.

acceptable, as the roads were becoming exceedingly dusty and disagreeable. Camped about four miles from the river Po.

June 7th.—Moved on this morning to Raccoon Ford, but, for some unexplained reason, continued our march higher up the river, and camped for the night near Somerville Ford.

June 8th.—Crossed the Rapidan River at Somerville Ford and marched through Culpeper Courthouse, camping some half a mile from the latter place on the Fauquier road. 'Tis thought we will remain here several days.

June 9th.—This morning all is quiet, save the active preparations for our advance movement, and that movement is supposed to be into Maryland and possibly into Pennsylvania. Later in the day heavy firing was heard in the direction of the Rappahannock River, and report flew thick and fast as to its meaning. The enemy, crossing a heavy force simultaneously at different fords on the Rappahannock, evidently surprised General Stuart and, for a time, our men were thrown into confusion, but quickly rallying under that gallant officer they fought with their accustomed bravery, driving the enemy back, capturing several hundred prisoners and a number of cannon. About noon we were ordered to "hitch up" and so we remained all day, but did not move. We are expecting to move in the direction of Thoroughfare Gap, or Front Royal.

June 10th.—To-day is the second anniversary of the first pitched battle between the Confederate and United States forces, the battle of Bethel—then we were but novices in the art of war, but ah! the intervening years have accustomed us to many horrible sights and we have learned to breast the storm of death; to witness, without emotion, scenes of the most appalling horror. Sickening are the horrid details of war, and the gilded bubble, glory, is a costly phantom; but man's heart becomes callous and the bosom friend of to-day, falling upon the field of battle, is replaced by the new found friend of to-morrow. Gentle woman, whose chief charm is her tenderness, loses her sympathetic pity for the wounded and the dying, by familiarity with bloody deeds, and the hearts of all are hardened.

The next few days will give us another opportunity to gain a great victory. God grant it may be complete and result in the total overthrow of Hooker's army. Yet it seems to me that Gen-
erel Lee is attempting a dangerous move: undoubtedly a bold one.

The plan of operations seems this: Lee has left one corps of his army near Fredericksburg and is marching with the other two corps against Hooker's right and rear, thus forcing him to fight at a disadvantage or retreat towards Washington. Now, if Hooker were to suddenly come down on that one corps and were to "gobble it up," he would be nearer Richmond than Lee would be.

Lee's army has the greatest confidence in him, and if we are defeated it will be at a terrible cost to the enemy.

June 11th.—At length we are on the move; Johnson's and Early's divisions of Ewell's corps moved on towards Front Royal, on the Sperryville Turnpike, and Rodes's division, of the same corps, moved towards the same place, but by a different route. As yet Longstreet has no orders to move, but he will be with us in a few days. My regiment moved on the Sperryville pike, crossing the Hazel River and passing through the six-house village of Woodville. We reached Sperryville in the afternoon (twenty miles from Culpeper Courthouse) and camped near the village. We were not "camped" a very long time when orders came for us to push on to Little Washington, the county-seat of Rappahannock, six or eight miles farther on. Leaving Sperryville to our left we marched at a right angle due north to Little Washington, and camped for the night at that place. We have seen more pretty ladies in this county than in any other, either in Virginia, North Carolina, or Maryland. At every cross-road and little village the "dear creatures," God bless them! congregate in great numbers and greet us with pleasant smiles and happy faces; yet some of them wear rueful countenances, for methinks there is not a young man in this county—no, not in all Rappahannock. Ah! were the men of the South half so patriotic and earnest as the women there would be no doubt as to the issue of this mighty struggle. Just before reaching Little Washington I noticed two very pretty ladies standing in front of a beautiful residence, and as soon as we halted I concluded to go back and get supper; as a cook I am not a success. They received me gladly, fed me bountifully, raised my spirits considerably, and I went on my way rejoicing.

June 12th.—Continued our march towards Winchester, cross-
ing the north and south branches of the Shenandoah near where they form a junction. My company forms the rear guard of Ewell's corps, and I do not think it will be able to reach Winchester in time for the fight; my impression is that we will have an easy job in cleaning out Milroy's forces. When within about fourteen miles of Winchester all of our quartermaster, commissary and ordnance wagons were halted, and it was intended that we should remain with them as a guard; but having no orders to that effect, and wishing to be "in at the killing," we hurried on towards Winchester at a rapid rate. We were soon ordered to return and protect those trains, in the event of Milroy making a flank movement. Now we can have time to get something to eat, even if we don't share in the glory of capturing Winchester. Our boys don't like the idea of guarding "wagon trains," but we can't help it. Rodes's division is moving so as to get between the enemy and Martinsburg. Johnston will attack them from the front and Early on their right and rear.

CAPTURE OF WINCHESTER, VA.

June 14th.—This morning we started off with the wagon trains towards Winchester, and after being on the road about an hour my company was ordered to report to our regiment, it then being "in position" in the rear, or rather west, of Winchester. Milroy has scarcely found out yet that Ewell means "business," and doubtless he thinks this movement only a "cavalry dash." The trains moved on the main road towards Winchester and we turned off to the left at a little place called Ninevah; taking a country road we struck the main Valley pike at the village of Newtown, seven miles from Winchester. We marched very rapidly—passed through Kernstown and soon after turned off to the left, taking the Romney road; only marched a short distance on that, when we commenced moving through farms and along private roads, so as to get in rear of the enemy. Finally we reached our regiment, and our two rifled guns were immediately ordered into position; as usual, our howitzers were left in the rear. That was most mortifying to me, for I dislike seeing one "section" of the company always "ordered in," whilst the other does nothing but "bring up the rear."

I think it would be as well for us to apply for a transfer to the
Richmond "City Battalion"; we have already held high places in *Granny Pendleton's Reserve*, and that, together with guarding wagon trains miles in the rear, and keeping howitzers instead of rifled guns, has caused many taunts to be thrown at us. Our artillery having been placed in position before we reached the field, a furious fire was opened upon the bewildered and astonished enemy just as we came up; the enemy replied with some feeble show of spirit, but fired "wild," as they always do when "crowded." 'Twas a grand sight to be out of danger (as I was) and view the contending forces. The enemy were protected by splendid fortifications, but our artillerists were well posted, and so effective a fire did they pour upon the enemy that the Federal guns were, in many instances, not worked at all. Hays' Louisiana brigade, in front of us, made a splendid charge, capturing a line of fortifications and eight rifled guns. At length we drove the enemy from every position save one—that he may possibly hold for some time, it being a strongly built star-shaped fort, and it would cost heavily to take it by assault. We can make that position too hot for them to remain in it, and they will be compelled to surrender or cut their way out. Night brought a cessation of the artillery firing, and we are now completely around the enemy—there is scarcely a doubt of the capture of Milroy's entire force. So far only one man in my regiment has been wounded—Lieutenant Lorraine Jones, of the Second Howitzers—and he very slightly. My company has not fired a single shot, but, like the little boy in the rock-battle, *we holler'd!* and I suppose that will count.

A short time since the Rockbridge Artillery exchanged their two 10-pounder Parrot guns for two 18-pounder Blakeley (English) guns, and used them to-day for the first time. One of them was disabled early in the action by "choking"—that is, the ammunition being badly "fixed" caused the shell to hang about half way in the gun, and it was impossible to *send it home* or withdraw it. A little after dark our two howitzers moved nearer to the regiment and we had to march a short distance through the darkest road I ever saw. Stumbling about in the dark I picked up a well-filled knapsack and lugged it along, though I was so tired I could scarcely walk. When we reached our position we unhitched, watered our horses, and prepared ourselves for a good night's rest. All the smooth-bore guns in our regiment are back
here with us. Just as we were getting in a fair way for sleeping
orders came from Captain Dance (commanding regiment) for the
Powhatan Artillery and the Third Howitzers to turn over to some
Colonel—I don't remember his name—our four shell-howitzers—
two belonging to the former company and two to the latter—with
their caissons, retaining the limber-chests to each gun, and then
report to him at the front to bring off some guns captured from
the enemy during the day. The order said nothing about the
cannoniers accompanying the guns, and it seems to me common
sense would have told our company officers better than to send
our men tramping through the woods at that time of night when
we had been marching all day and many of us on guard last night.

We were unable to find that Colonel, so we unlimbered our
guns and caissons, leaving them on the field, taking only the
“limbers” to the front, as was ordered. Dance's battery secured
two three-inch rifled guns, but my company was unable to pro-
cure any; yet we were made to haul off a gun for the use of
another company. That was a pretty piece of business, march-
ing all day and all night, and then working to accommodate
some one else. We returned to our former camp in no pleasant
mood, just as day was breaking:

So we had once more to take back the howitzers; after getting
everything all right, we threw ourselves upon the ground to
snatch a few moments' sleep.

June 15th.—Our slumber was of short duration, for early in
the morning we were ordered towards Winchester. The enemy,
during the night, had made a partially effective effort to escape,
leaving in Winchester all their artillery, wagons and a great
quantity of commissary, ordnance and quartermaster stores.
Many of the Federal officers had to leave their families, and they
seemed in great dread of the hated “Rebels.” It seems that
Milroy, concluding he would certainly be captured and hung if
he attempted to hold Winchester any longer, determined to take
advantage of the darkness and escape, if possible. Taking the
main pike towards Martinsburg, but leaving it after a march of
three or four miles, he then took the Berryville road, where he
came in contact with Major-General Edward Johnson, of our
corps, and a short, but decisive struggle resulted in the capture
of the main body of the enemy, though Milroy himself ran the
gauntlet and escaped. It is said that General Johnson was sur-
prised; our men were marching "in column," and the enemy advancing in "line of battle," made a desperate charge, which threw our men into some little confusion, at first. Johnson quickly formed his men, and placing himself at their head, advanced upon the enemy; they, being dispirited, fought but a short time, and the old "Stonewall Division" soon drove them back with great loss, capturing them by the thousand. So far our success, rapidity of movement, gallantry in action, etc., has equalled any movement made during the war, and has placed another feather in the already many plumed cap of gallant "Dick" Ewell.

We have captured in Winchester seventeen three inch rifled cannon, the best field gun now in use; four twenty-pound Parrot guns, and two brass field guns, making in all twenty-three guns. Also prisoners to the amount of four or five thousand, and two hundred wagons, loaded with everything that one could imagine, consisting of clothing, corn, flour, bacon, boots, shoes, hats, caps, sugar, coffee, tea, raisins, almonds, Malaga grapes, maple sugar, and many other articles too numerous to mention. It would fill an entire volume were I to enumerate the many articles captured from the enemy, so I will simply pass on by remarking that Milroy lost everything, save what the few escaping carried on their backs, and as they were in such a great hurry, it is not to be supposed they encumbered themselves with any great amount of luggage. Rodes has captured Martinsburg, and with it a large amount of valuable stores. My regiment moved on some six miles north of Winchester, camping on the Martinsburg turnpike. My horse being somewhat played out, yesterday morning I sent him to the rear, and I have been on foot ever since. Being weary and footsore, I concluded to do the "plum straggle," as we boys call it, so I let the First Virginia move on to camp whilst I struck Milroy's wagon train right plump in the centre. Aladdin, in the famous cavern, was never so embarrassed with riches as I; I didn't know what to take first. I ate something of everything that I could eat, until I became as "full as a tick," and then I sought something more lasting to make me remember these, our Yankee friends, who had skipped away so nimbly, leaving all their worldly effects behind them. Countless hundreds of knapsacks were lying all around me, and for a long time I could not find one to exactly suit my fancy; finally I concluded to take one
by chance—that is, without looking inside of it—so I selected a fat-looking one that must have weighed fifty pounds, strapped it on my back and marched away, feeling as rich as CRÆSUS. The road was dusty almost to suffocation, and the scorching rays of a summer's sun fell powerfully upon my head, whilst my feet ached with a burning pain. My knapsack felt as if it weighed a thousand pounds, and the worst of the joke is this:

Just as I was entering camp one of the boys sang out:

"Halloo, White! What are you doing with old Mitchell's knapsack? He has been looking for it ever since last night."

Sure enough in a Yankee wagon train I had found a knapsack belonging to a driver of my company, and he, being the company's tailor, had an extra heavy one. I had selected it amongst all the others and had lugged it along all day—I, that wouldn't even carry my own rations!

Query: How did it get there?

'Twas certainly his, and of course I returned it to him, but the pleasure of relieving a comrade in arms didn't relieve the pain in my back.

About dark an order came from Colonel Brown to my company to take our two howitzers to Winchester and in their places procure two three-inch steel rifled guns, known as the "Dahlgren gun." Now there was a certainty of getting rid of these abominable howitzers, and yet we could hardly realize it, for we have so often been fooled and made so many futile attempts to exchange them that we thought it almost useless to make another. However, we determined to try again, and I concluded to go also, though very much in want of rest. We succeeded beyond our expectations, and now we have the desired guns. I have for a long time desired to be "gunner" of a rifled gun, for our little howitzers were only "pop-gun affairs"—would do well enough in a street fight in a city, but are no field guns, especially in offensive warfare. We were unable to procure ammunition for our guns, so we returned to camp. Later in the afternoon we succeeded in getting it from our ordnance officer. We are evidently preparing for some "big move," and Winchester is the precursor of—what?

June 16th.—Our two three-inch guns returned to Winchester this morning after ammunition, and as we were delayed so long we amused ourselves by searching for plunder. I walked over to the main redoubt to take a look at the Yankee prisoners confined
Dance's three they, later Virginians streets therein. Many of the Winchester ladies had assembled at the fort, some for curiosity, a weak point with most of the fair sex, and a good many to offer consolation to the captured foemen. Generally Winchester has been more than true to the Southern cause, but of course some Union people are to be found amongst its inmates; they, however, are of the lower class. The population of Winchester has materially changed since the commencement of the war, and we see many "strange women" on her streets—mothers, but not wearing the marriage ring; camp followers of Milroy and his now dissipated army. We were unable to get the desired ammunition, so we returned to camp; later in the afternoon we succeeded in getting it.

_June 17th._—We exchanged our two Parrot guns with the Second Company Howitzers for two three-inch steel rifle guns, and now my company has four of the latter calibre. Our battalion is now one of the best equipped in the Confederate service. The Rockbridge Artillery have also exchanged their English Blakely guns for two twenty-pound Parrots; they now have four twenty-pound Parrot guns, heavy to handle but very effective at long range. Hupp's "Salem Artillery" has two three-inch steel rifle guns and two twelve-pound Napoleons; the Second Howitzers have four ten-pound Parrots; Dance's "Powhatan Artillery" three three-inch rifles and one ten-pound Anderson Parrot; and the Third Howitzers four three-inch steel rifled guns—making a sum total of eighteen rifled guns of the most approved pattern, and two splendid Napoleons. My company has a rifled gun captured from "Company D," First Virginia Artillery (Yankee), and we are "Company D," First Virginia Artillery. We are Virginians and they are God knows what!—mostly born in Hesse-Cassel or Hesse-Darmstadt—Hessians any way, such as Stark cleaned out at Bennington. But times have changed, and the "Blue Mountain Boys" hire them now! The Germans are a liberty-loving people and fight well when they are in a good cause, but frequently they get on the wrong side of the fence, and then they get most soundly drubbed. The funny part is, money will put them on either side. However, we have many good Germans on our side, than whom no better soldiers can be found.

This morning we received orders to move on towards Martinsburg—passing through Bunker Hill and the little village of Darksville, we reached the vicinity of Martinsburg about dark,
and went into camp two miles south of the town. Our boys had just prepared their sleeping quarters when orders came for us to move on through Martinsburg and take our old camp of last fall, as we had no support near us. Wearily we marched on, and it was near midnight when we once more sought our rest.

June 18th.—Major General Rodes has moved across the Potomac and is now in Maryland—Early is still near Winchester, and Johnson is about five miles north of Martinsburg. This morning my regiment moved on towards Williamsport, but our orders were countermanded and we marched back to Darksville, six miles south of Martinsburg. So our march of last night and this morning has resulted in nothing save the excessive fatigue of our men and horses. This morning the heat was oppressive, but in the afternoon a refreshing shower fell, and to-morrow's march will be much more pleasant.

June 19th.—Left Darksville this morning and again passed through Martinsburg, but instead of marching towards Williamsport, we turned off to the right and marched towards Shepherdstown, at which place we expect to cross the Potomac. Something decisive must be done for we have gone too far to recede—the next few days will decide the fate of nations—events thicken upon the horizon, and the enemy must be very careful or else Lee will have their metropolis. A great and decisive victory would be of incalculable advantage to us, and we must be successful now or the war will be protracted many years—the end will be decided. What Longstreet and A. P. Hill are doing we cannot find out, but presume they will form a junction with us somewhere in Maryland. Thousands of probable and improbable stories are circulating among our troops—some say a convention of Ohio Democrats have nominated Vallandigham for Governor of that State, and have demanded of Lincoln that he recall Vallandigham from his banishment in the South. Then again we hear that the Governor of Pennsylvania has called out 50,000 militia to protect the State from the expected invasion of Lee, Lincoln informing them that he has as much as he can do to protect Washington. We arrived at Shepherdstown in the afternoon, camping near the village. Towards night, having often heard of Shepherdstown hospitality, I strolled over to the village in quest of something to comfort the inner man. The prospect was somewhat gloomy—a heavy rain was coming up;
already huge water drops were pattering thick and fast upon the streets and, as yet, I had been unable to find anyone willing to dispose of a supper for love or money. Soldiers were hurrying through the streets—some back towards camp and some with merry looking girls entering hospitable houses, and as they closed the doors behind them and drew together the curtains to give the inner rooms a more cheerful light, their voices mingled musically together. Unheeding the rain storm without, and the stranger who wandered lonely through the now almost deserted streets, they lived in the glad present and sang peans in honor of the Southern flag that floated over their border village.

At length I espied a pretty little residence not far from the village, and presuming it to be house of some well-to-do farmer, I walked up to the door, knocked, and enquired if I could get supper. Was met at the door by one of the most splendid looking old gentlemen that I ever saw, whose face was at once indicative of the man, that man a true type of Virginia's pride, a genuine old Virginia gentleman of the "Light Horse Harry Lee" family. Warmly and kindly he invited me in, and together we entered the splendidly furnished parlor, which I was somewhat embarrassed to find filled with company—officers, whose gilded stars and gold laced uniforms sparkled and dazzled 'neath the bright light of the chandelier, gave a military dash to the scene; and beautiful woman, decked in all the splendor and the taste of days prior to the war, added her charms also. And I, clad in the dingy gray uniform of an humble artillery Corporal, had to face all this show of wealth, of rank, of power, and of beauty; but if those dingy gray garments were all soiled, and tattered, and torn; and if those hands were all roughened, and hardened; and that face all sunburned and blackened by exposure to the rays of a summer's sun, 'twas done in the hours that tried men's souls, and for the defence of a bleeding country.

Not for garments of purple and fine linen, nor for the rarest gems ever gathered from Golconda's mine, nor for power, nor rank, nor splendor, nor a life of ease, would those rough garments of Confederate gray be exchanged, unless with that exchange came the same tried heart, the heart that has never yet, by the help of God, failed to uphold our Country's cause!

To make it more annoying; the gentleman of the house heard my name but indistinctly, and when he introduced me it was by
no particular name, at least I, myself, could not distinguish it. And I, feeling pretty much "like a poor boy at a frolic," quietly slipped off into a corner, determined to *vamose the ranche* at the very first opportunity. However, one young lady, more considerate than the rest, taking pity upon me, came over to my corner and commencing a desultory conversation, soon found that we were acquainted with many of the same people—that circumstance being considered by us as equal to a formal introduction, we managed to have quite a lively time. I, feeling that something must be done to counteract the unseemly appearance of my soldierly costume, endeavored to wield my thinking and discoursing powers to their best advantage. Then music was introduced, and, perhaps, the young lady was somewhat astonished to find the uncouth looking Rebel knew something of *la science joyeuse*, and could discourse of the beauties of Trovatore, *Tra-viatta*, La Somnambula, Bohemian Girl, and numberless operatic fantasies, though had she been very particular, she might have caught him "tripping," sometimes.

The rain continuing to pour until late at night, I concluded to remain until next morning and take the chances of a little extra guard duty for being absent without leave, all of which I did, leaving next morning most heartily pleased with my new found friends.

The camp we are in now is the same one we had last year just previous to the battle at Sharpsburg, and has been rendered famous by several encounters among ourselves. Last year the "Great Mogul" and "Todd," the dilapidated, crossed blades at this camp—perhaps the last named gentleman thought he was anywhere but on a *flowery* bed of ease, for the last seen of him during the fight he was disappearing under the weight of a *bag of flour* poured over him by the "Mogul." "Todd" is as game a little rooster as ever fluttered, but he certainly turned *white* during that engagement. "Todd's" counterpart in size and spunk is "Tim Reeves"—both together, bones and all, would scarcely make an average twelve year old school boy. One Sabbath they differed on some immaterial point, and as both of them are scientific "cussers," they opened their batteries of Billingsgate, "firing at will"—they were along side the main road and, something very unusual for them, were washing their clothes; stripped to the waist, in order to get to their work more effec-
tually, they looked like anatomical skeletons, belonging to some medical society—a North Carolina brigade was passing by, and presently I heard a greasy looking old “Tar Heel” call out to one of his comrades:

“Lawdy! Come here Jim—come quick!—here’s two gosys 'gwine to fight!”

To day “Little The” and “Images,” so called on account of his resemblance to those peripatetic vendors of plaster of Paris statuettes of great men gone down in the dim and shadowy vista of the mighty past, rushed valiantly upon each other, and blood (from the nose) would unquestionably have flowed but for the interference of Lieutenant Carter, who commanded the peace.

**June 20th.**—Remained quiet to-day; heavy fall of rain in the afternoon, and the Potomac has swollen considerably.

**Sunday, June 21st.**—No signs of a forward move.

**PENNSYLVANIA CAMPAIGN.**

**June 22d.**—Early’s division crossed the Potomac this morning, and we now have orders to follow; ’tis said the enemy will show fight near the old battle-field of Sharpsburg. Soon we were “en route” for Maryland, and gaily we marched through the streets of Shepherdstown, whose fair daughters cheered us with gladsome smiles, waving their handkerchiefs, and bidding us remember them in the coming struggle.

The ladies of Shepherdstown are intensely southern in sentiment, and withal most charming in personal appearance; long will they be remembered by our brave Southern troops. We crossed the Potomac at the ford about two miles below the village, and once more landed on Maryland soil. Again the die is cast—the Rubicon crossed—and our destination and success lies in the future—yet uncertain. Oh, for the power to draw aside the dark curtain of futurity and read the pages of history that will be written within the next few weeks! It is the opinion of many that our destination is Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, but of course none can tell where coming events will land us. The river was quite high and very muddy. We crossed without any damage to our ammunition and reached Sharpsburg in the afternoon, camping near the village.

**June 23d.**—Passed through Sharpsburg and moved on the main
pike towards Hagerstown. Sharpsburg is a very dirty, dilapidated old village, and still shows many marks of the great battle fought near it last September, when General Lee, with 35,000 men, defeated McClellan with a force three times as strong. How different is this dirty looking place from Shepherdstown—in the latter place we were welcomed with cheers and smiles, whilst in the former the people eye us with looks of contemptuous indifference. One timid little southern girl ventured to wave a Secession flag, but as soon as we gave both flag and maiden a hearty cheer she darted from the window like an affrighted bird. We reached Hagerstown in the afternoon, but made no halt. The people in that place evince more southern feeling than we supposed they would; nevertheless, we found all the stores closed, as was the case last fall. Passing through Hagerstown we continued our march northward for about four miles, when we halted for the night within one mile of the Pennsylvania line. This is a bold movement of General Lee's, and will either result in a splendid success or a most disastrous defeat. We are indeed cut off from our base of supplies, but we will form a new base in the enemy's country and make the Dutch howl! If this move results in no other good, it will at least, for a time, relieve old Virginia of a large army. 'Tis said McClellan, with 30,000 men, will meet our corps near Chambersburg, Penn.; but as we number nearly as many we do not fear the result. Our army is marching "left in front"—that is, Ewell leads the advance, A. P. Hill follows, and Longstreet brings up the rear, or right wing. Our men speculate much upon our destination, but no man expresses fear as to the result. Lee and Longstreet are keeping Hooker on the lookout, whilst Ewell is flying around loose.

June 24th.—Twenty-four years old to day!—how time flies. To day, for the first time, I stand upon Northern soil—now the people of Pennsylvania will have an opportunity to sip the sweets of war; let them drink deeply of the bitter cup, for we have well nigh drained it to the bottom. Let us also remember that Pennsylvania has furnished 150,000 men to devastate our land and to bind us with the chains of a slavery tenfold worse than the peculiar institution against which the entire North has uprisen. Although our homes have been burned and our ladies often subjected to the insults of a dastardly foe, yet, I am not in favor of
making war upon women and children, nor the wholesale destruction of private property; but I am in favor of making an invaded country support the army invading it. That is the way we have been treated, and "what is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander." Of course we confiscate horses, corn, flour, bacon, and everything necessary for the support of our army.

We continued our march early this morning, crossing the line at Middleburg, and then marched through the village of Green Castle, Franklin county. The latter is a place of some twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants, many of whom were at their windows and in the streets gazing at us as we marched through the town. We molested no one and interfered with nothing save a few cherries, for which piece of Rebel plundering a Union woman abused us pretty roundly, telling us to——

"Leave them cherries be!—they are Union cherries and I hope they'll choke you!"

One of these same free-talking ladies asked Sergeant Thaxton:

"How is it you Rebels have so many mulattoes down South?"

We camped for the night in sight of Chambersburg, and I, as usual, flanked out in quest of a good supper. My usual success attended me, for the people are so terribly frightened that they will give or sell us anything, and that, too, at our own prices. As to Confederate money they take it with apparent willingness, but whether from fear of us or really because they can make use of it I know not; however, I know this much: my last dollar is sighing for companionship and I must pursue some original plan to procure Pennsylvania dinners in the future. Of course the people we see declare themselves in favor of peace, and I think some of them are in earnest, though they may appear so in order to save their property. There is no doubt of this fact: Hooker has been completely out-generated by Lee, and many of the Northern papers admit it. The enemy claim to have made a splendid fight at Winchester, and assert that they slaughtered our men by the thousand; as usual, this is their manner of admitting a defeat. Our loss was a mere nothing, and we all know that the Yankees fought worse than we ever knew them to do; for instance, many of the cannon captured by us from them were not even soiled.

June 25th.—All quiet to-day. We still remain near Chambersburg, and, so far, we have not been notified of any movement. Who would have thought that our army would or could have
marched this far into Pennsylvania without a fight! Our rations have been greatly improved since entering Pennsylvania; to-day we drew for our mess, flour, salt, soap, molasses, herrings, dried apples, dandelion (a Yankee substitute for coffee), sugar, etc., etc. We captured nine hundred barrels of flour at Chambersburg and a great many stores of all kinds. Our horses are also faring much better than when we were in Virginia; we give them corn, oats and clover hay in abundance. When we return to Virginia I fear that our men will be dissatisfied with the scarcity of our rations compared with the superabundance of the present.

_June 26th._—What a disagreeable day in which to continue our march northward! Rain commenced falling last evening and continued through the night. This morning there is but little prospect of its abatement. We passed through Chambersburg and the citizens crowded the streets to witness the march of the Rebels. Some of the women looked surly enough and displayed the Union flag quite defiantly; but did we, as the enemy invariably has done in the South, order them to desist or we would grossly insult them? No, we came not here to war upon women and children, but to measure our strength with _men-at-arms_. Chambersburg is quite a business place of several thousand inhabitants; many of the houses are well built and show a remarkable degree of prosperity, but the inhabitants wear anything but pleasing smiles; they look downcast and sullen. This move has taken them all by surprise, for they thought it was only a cavalry raid commanded by "Shenkins" (jenkins), as they invariably call him. Jenkins commands the advance guard of our corps, and his men are a set of free-booting, hard-riding, hard-fighting fellows. Most of the country people are from the "Faderland," and their barns are in every way superior to their houses. Most of the women we have met are about on a par with our mulatto house servants in the South, and are certainly less choice in their language. Of course the F. F. P.'s keep out of our way, and it would not be fair to judge of an entire people by those we have seen and heard converse. Moving on towards Harrisburg we passed through the little post-village of Greenvillage (Castle?) and halted for the night near Shippensburg, on the line of Franklin and Cumberland counties. This evening I had the pleasure of meeting a genuine "Copperhead Democrat"—_i. e._, a Pennsylvanian who was heartily tired of and wanted to stop the war. He
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conversed with much reason concerning the war; but when a fellow's hand is in a vise I always receive his opinions cum grano salis.

June 27th.—Passed through Shippensburg and several small post-villages on the route to Harrisburg. We are advancing slowly, and the great battle will not be for several days. We halted for the night near Carlisle, the county-seat of Cumberland county. Just before going into camp an accident occurred in our company, and it is to be wondered at that several of our men were not killed. The ammunition chest of our "first" gun was accidentally blown up, and for a time caused quite an excitement, but no one was seriously hurt. A percussion shell in the "limber chest" exploded and that communicating with the other charges (fifty in number, one pound each) made a pretty big blow.

June 28th.—Remained quiet to-day. A. P. Hill is advancing along the same road with us, and is now in the neighborhood of Chambersburg.

June 29th.—This morning we thought there would be no move, but about mid-day orders came for us to prepare to move, and now we are retrograding towards Chambersburg. Something's up! Many rumors are afloat concerning this backward move, but "Mass Bob" knows what's right, and we are willing to follow without question. Upon the march we met about 125 paroled Federal prisoners; they were captured near Gettysburg a few days since and are now on their way home. Noticing that nearly all of them were without shoes, I naturally inquired of them, why it was? "We were captured by a Reb. named Johnson, and I reckon he wanted our shoes for his men; he mout have took our shirts, too, but he didn't."

Old "Alleghany" had been through 'em, and they were cussin' him accordingly. They were militia, and hadn't made much of a fight. To-day we hear that Pemberton has repulsed Grant at Vicksburg; how nobly has Vicksburg withstood the terrible attack made upon it! Our cause is indeed prospering—with a well organized, splendidly-equipped, well disciplined and powerful army in a few days' march of Washington, we threaten the North with the terrors of a protracted invasion; and our mighty Lee, if only opposed by the already out-generated Hooker, will ere long gain a victory such as will shake the Northern government to its very centre. We marched within six miles of Ship-
pensburg and halted for the night. The inhabitants look more cheerful and better pleased since we have commenced to march backwards and say we are going to get a terribly bad whipping in the next few days; well, so it may be, but somebody's going to be hurt.

June 30th.—This day one year ago the armies of the North and South were struggling for the possession of Richmond, and success was on our side; now the scene has changed, and in a few days the grand struggle for Washington will commence. We have a little colt in our possession, belonging to one of our Sergeants, and we are often amused by its playful antics. The little fellow was nine days old at the opening of the "spring campaign," and left Bowling Green with us, participating in the fight at Catherine Furnace, and also at Chancellorsville, in honor of which we have dubbed him Chancellor. Nobly has the pony war-horse kept up ever since, fording the Rapidan, the north and south branches of the Shenandoah, whose rapid stream came near consigning him to a watery grave; also breasting the blue waves of the Potomac; then crossing the Blue Ridge, and keeping pace with its watchful dam, a very fine animal, ridden by Sergeant Thaxton. Chancellor very often gets into little company difficulties by nosing around our mess-pans in search of stray rations, and early one morning he mistook the head of a worthy "Third Howitzer" for a cabbage head, perhaps, and commenced nibbling away to the no small astonishment of the awakened artillerist. Artillery drivers have a very hard time of it, especially if they mess together. Last night we reached camp about 11 o'clock, and then they had to unhitch and unharness their horses, go two and a half miles for water, groom, feed, and cut clover for them. By the time all this was accomplished it was nearly one o'clock, and of course they were too wearied to cook anything for themselves to eat. Then we were aroused this morning at 3 o'clock and they had to "feed, groom, water, harness, and hitch up," consequently when orders came to "move" but few of them had been able to get anything to eat. Although it was expected we would move very early this morning, it was long after sunrise before we were fairly on the road, and then we moved very slowly until we reached Shippensburg. Continuing our march southward until we reached Green Castle, six miles from Shippensburg, we left the main turnpike and marched in an easterly direction towards the South Moun-
tains. Passing through Scotland we camped for the night near the base of the South Mountains. Scotland is a dirty little village situated on the Hagerstown and Harrisburg Railroad, and is in a wildly beautiful country. The Cannoakagig (pronounced by the inhabitants Kinnerkagig, and not one person in the village could spell it), a beautiful little stream, brawls busily alongside of the village, and the high, rolling hills and beautiful valleys, some heavily covered with timber and others teeming with the fast-ripening grain, present a sad and marked contrast with the devastated fields of our once smilingly fair and happy Old Dominion. The railroad bridge over this creek has been destroyed by our troops, and we get a pretty liberal share of cussin' from these Pennsylvania Dutch for that piece of vandalism. Ah! the war is coming home to them now, but, by strict orders of General Lee, we have been handling them with "kid gloves." What would be said of us if we were to treat them as many of their Generals have treated our homes and our non-combatants?

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, FOUGHT 1st, 2D AND 3D JULY, 1863.

Wednesday, July 1st.—Continued our journey this morning, marching easterly until we reached Fayetteville, on the Gettysburg pike; then turning to the left marched northward towards Gettysburg. All of Longstreet's corps were at or near Fayetteville, and to-day we joined them for the first time since leaving Culpeper Courthouse. For the last week or ten days my regiment has been moving with Johnson's division. Early and Rodes are at or near Gettysburg. Passed the Caledonia Furnace, at the foot of South Mountain Gap, at which place we crossed the mountains. These iron-works, fourteen miles from Gettysburg, were owned by the notorious Thaddeus Stevens, member of Congress from Pennsylvania. Early destroyed those works pretty effectually a few days since, and their blackened remains are all now left to remind us of riches that have taken wings and flown away. As we neared the summit of the South Mountains reports reached us of heavy fighting in our front, and we pressed rapidly forward; the boom of cannon and the roll of musketry coming from the plains beneath us betokened the bloody hour at hand, and then upon each mind fell the solemn thought of dangers soon to be encountered. Rapidly we whirled along the
smooth, firm road towards the battle-field, and soon the signs of battle began to make their appearance; wounded men, pale from the loss of blood, were moving back towards the rear, and in many cases they were cared for by Pennsylvania women. On and on we pushed, and the men, who but a short time since wearily toiled up the mountain side and struggled to keep up with their guns, now moved briskly alongside their pieces, and even the horses seemed infused with a new and lasting strength. As we reach the field of battle night comes on and the firing ceases; we arrive too late to participate in the fight, and calmly we wait for the morrow.

The moon rose over the battle-field, and by her pale light sad sights are witnessed. A few yards in front of our batteries a long line of Confederate soldiers are sleeping, "the sleep that knows no waking"—they lay in the line of death as they fell in line of battle. Here lay a ruddy and halesome youth, over whose curly locks scarce eighteen summers had passed, whilst hard by his aged father sleeps his last long sleep. They all came from the gallant old State of North Carolina, whose brave sons have so often and so nobly shed their warm hearts blood in the cause of our struggling Confederacy. These troops belonged to Iverson’s brigade, and most of them were of the Twenty-third North Carolina Regiment. The fight commenced between Gettysburg and the South Mountains, the enemy evidently endeavoring to gain the gap through which we crossed, and keep us on the south-side of the mountains. Our troops engaged, were portions of A. P. Hill’s corps, and a portion of Ewell’s corps—Heth’s and Pender’s divisions bore a prominent part, but Heth is said to have been severely wounded, and was compelled to leave the field. The hard fighting Jubal A. Early, and the dauntless Rodes, represented Ewell’s corps, and wielded their divisions with terrible effect upon the enemy. The enemy are commanded by Meade, who has superseded Hooker, and his forces on the field to-day, were composed of four corps, of which Reynolds’ First corps did the principal fighting—Reynolds, a brave and gallant officer, losing his life. All that we left of the famous Dutch corps, the Eleventh, at Chancellorsville, met us to-day, also—it was formerly commanded by Sigel, now by Howard; to-day, as at Chancellorsville, it fought badly. Thus it will be seen that four divisions of our army fought and whipped four corps of
the Federals, driving them three or four miles, capturing several thousand prisoners, artillery, etc. Our loss, in some brigades, has been heavy. To-day the advantage is decidedly on our side, but to-night both armies will bring up large reinforcements, and the issue is still in doubt. It seems to me, that Longstreet was much nearer the battle field than we were, some twenty miles, and with his corps we could have wakened things up. Methinks old "Stonewall" would not rest on the field of battle to-night, but he would press on with everything in sight and not give the enemy time to entrench. Our troops are in the very best of spirits, and are eagerly awaiting the action of to-morrow. God grant that victory may be ours!

THURSDAY, JULY 2D—GETTYSBURG.

The enemy hold a very strong position in our front, a series of high hills running south-westerly from Gettysburg to the Potomac—we are now manœuvring previous to the grand attack, expected to come off this evening or to-morrow. Longstreet commands our right, A. P. Hill the centre, and Ewell the left. This will be a terrible battle, for the position of the enemy cannot possibly be carried by an attack in front—we must depend upon Longstreet and Ewell to out-flank them. The "Rock-bridge Artillery" was assigned to its position last night—it goes on the left of our lines with Early's division. My company is placed on a high hill, a little south of Gettysburg, and about a mile from the city—we are between the Lutheran Theological Seminary and a large brick dwelling (possibly the President's residence). This position is slightly inferior to that of the enemy, being partially commanded by the range of hills in our front, on which bristle many a Federal cannon—moreover we can see but a small portion of the enemy's line, consequently the effectiveness of our fire cannot be determined. Dance's "Powhatan Artillery," commanded by Lieutenant Cunningham, is a short distance on our right, and the Second Howitzers some 800 yards to our left. This latter company has a fair view of the enemy's line, but in front of us is an orchard which greatly obstructs our view. However, we carefully examine the ground, note that portion of the enemy's line on which we are to concentrate our fire, and zealously prepare for a desperate battle. We are supported by Daniels'
brigade, Rodes' division, and are on the extreme right of Ewell's corps. Johnson and Early are on our left, and their lines extend north-east of the city, threatening the Federal right. Our orders are to retain our fire until Longstreet opens from our extreme right—then we are to open, but to fire slowly and carefully. Never on the continent of America, previous to this time, have a like number of cannon been placed "in position"— both the Federal and Confederate armies have brought into play their "reserve artillery," and every hill bristles with cannon charged to the mouth with murderous grape. Yet everything is unusually quiet—men move about carelessly, as if perfectly indifferent to the next few hours. The merry laugh still wreathes in smiles the lips of many a brave soldier boy upon whom will dawn no coming morrow; and the joyous tale is told with the same merriment, as if they stood around their cheerful camp fires with danger far, far away.

Hour after hour rolls on, until we begin to think that Longstreet has deferred the attack until to-morrow, it being understood that he will make the attack on the far right sometime in the afternoon. In front of us our skirmishers and those of the enemy keep up a continual popping, and first one side and then the other is driven back. I procured a good field-glass, and taking position in the cupola of the Seminary watched the movements of both armies with feelings of no little interest. It is now about 3:30 in the afternoon, and we have not much longer to wait—far away on the right the boom of a heavy gun betokens the commencement of Longstreet's work; one by one the artillery on his left joins in with hearty will, and our line becomes a living sheet of flame. A puff of white smoke is seen on the enemy's line—another and another—his line is clouded with the smoke of three hundred guns, and the deadly cannon balls come hurtling and screaming through the air busy on their mission of death. The roar of the artillery is sublimely terrific; ever and anon the plunging, rolling musketry fire of the infantry can be heard sweeping down the valley, and the earth shakes and trembles 'neath the continued shock. The birds of the air flap their dusky wings and fly far away to more peaceful shades; the beasts of the field gaze in affright upon this scene of terror, then snuffing the sulphurous air, in horror betake themselves to headlong flight; even the mighty war-horse, whose mane is clothed in thunder,
paws the earth in fear; but man, and man alone, quails not before the storm of death, and firmly stands where heathen gods would tremble; then—

"The field ran so red with the blood of the dead
That it blushed like the waves of Hell."

Faster fly the death missiles and more terrific becomes the hoarse bellowing of near five hundred pieces of artillery; now and then the loud shriek or the dying moan of some poor unfortunate betokened the accuracy of the Federal fire. We see no bodies of the enemy directly in our front, but we know exactly where the Federal line is, and our steel rifle-guns carry their balls to the mark every time. We are fighting with Milroy's guns and Milroy's ammunition. Orderly Sergeant A. G. Porter, of our company, falls mortally wounded and is carried off from the guns he has so bravely fought by ever since the tocsin of war sounded throughout the southern land. Private A. J. Andrews was slightly wounded in the knee, but not severely hurt; several others of my company were struck, but fortunately no one else was disabled. We had a horse or two killed and a caisson shot through by a shell. The artillery fire near us gradually slackened off, and towards dusk ceased entirely; but on the right and left increased to an almost superhuman vehemence. My riding horse, hitched to a caisson, broke his bridle early in the fight and ran off, carrying with him all of my "plunder." This plunder was my "all," consisting of a fine grey English overcoat, two fine shawls, one of which I prized very highly, for I had it with me in the "John Brown War"; and, worst of all, my knapsack was strapped to the saddle. Therefore I am "bankrupt"; but I have one consolation: It doesn't take much for a soldier to resume business. When the artillery fire on our portion of the line ceased, I rode over the field towards the right, looking for my horse, but was unable to find it; there I got mixed up into some of Longstreet's fighting, and not knowing my "bearings," I got back to my company as speedily as possible.

On the left Johnson and Early vainly endeavored to force the enemy back from his impregnable position—night came on; the crash of musketry and the roar of cannon away off on the far right and extreme left told that the fortunes of the day were still undecided. About 9 o'clock at night we were moved from our
Richmond Howitzer Battalion.

position and marched towards Gettysburg, but soon our orders were countermanded and we resumed our former position. It seems that the enemy was driven from his position on our left, but we failed to hold the ground. At length the firing ceased and wearily we prepared ourselves for rest. Who can rest upon a battle-field? One may sleep, indeed, but it is not the gentle sleep that brings rest to the weary body.

Well we know the work is still unfinished, and to-day's fight has accomplished nothing towards the grand result. Well we know that to gain a valuable victory we must more than hold in check Meade's powerful army—we must annihilate it, or the war is protracted many years.

Victory means "Recognition."

To-morrow we must renew the conflict, and the enemy must be whipped or we will have to retrace our steps back to old Virginia. The loss in the Second Howitzers has been little or nothing; the enemy fired at them but seldom. Dance's Powhatan Artillery had three men wounded, a caisson blown up, and a good number of horses disabled. The Salem Artillery, Lieutenant Griffin commanding, was not engaged. We have heard nothing from the Rockbridge Artillery, but know very well that it has done its duty no matter what position it was placed in. Napoleon, Alexander, Caesar, nor Washington ever commanded better soldiers than those boys of that justly celebrated battery. As to the losses of our army it is impossible for us to gain any accurate information, but suffice it to say, the enemy holds his position and we are unable as yet to drive him from it.

To-morrow will decide!

FRIDAY, JULY 3D—GETTYSBURG.

We remained last night in our position of yesterday, though it had become very disagreeable; many of the enemy, killed in Wednesday's fight, were still lying unburied, and that, together with the stench of putrified horseflesh, was sickening in the extreme. We remained in this position some hours after sunrise, but were finally ordered to move about six hundred yards to our right, where a more elevated position could be had. Only three of our guns could be placed in position, our first gun being sent to the rear under the command of Lieutenant Payne; the cannoniers, however, were left on the field and put in other detach-
ments. All this was owing to a scarcity of men and a lack of ammunition for rifled guns. Two three-inch rifles, belonging to Hupp's Salem Artillery, were immediately on our right, and the four ten-pound Parrot guns of the Second Howitzers were directly on Hupp's right, whilst Dance's four rifled guns were on the left of my company. All of these guns of our battalion were commanded by Captain Willis J. Dance, of the Powhatan Artillery, our Major, Robert A. Hardaway, being still on sick leave; the Rockbridge Artillery still remaining on the extreme left wing of our corps. Far away on our right the enemy's line extended, and our line ran parallel with his in a southwesterly direction. Between us lay a beautiful valley of one mile in width, about the centre of which, and in our front, Rodes' division, the right of Ewell's corps, was posted. This division was somewhat protected by slight earthworks and had thrown out a cloud of skirmishers several hundred yards beyond.

The Federal skirmishers occupied a number of brick buildings in their front and greatly annoyed our men. Dance's artillery opened upon those skirmishers and endeavored to drive them off, but the enemy opened such a terrific artillery fire upon that company that it was compelled to remain quiet until our whole line opened.

The heavy infantry fighting was expected to come off in the afternoon, but our artillery was to open some time before the infantry advance and, if possible, drive off or silence some of the Federal guns. Our battalion was ordered to concentrate its fire on a particular battery just to the right of my company and to pay no attention to the other guns until we had silenced that. Accordingly our "gunners" prepared themselves for action, carefully noticing distance, etc. About 2 P. M. we received orders to "commence firing," and briskly our men step to the guns; again do our deadly three-inch rifles and Parrot guns pour into the enemy a closely concentrated fire, and hotly is it returned. We rest a while; the smoke clears away; the Yankee battery has vamoosed! Three other Federal batteries, to the left of the one we were firing upon, fired incessantly into us, and as we did not fire into them their shots were well aimed. Give the Federal artillerists an abundance of time, and no danger, and they fire with great precision, but as soon as we crowd them their shots fly "wild." The cannon balls
plunged through our batteries with a whirl that blanched the cheek of many a brave soldier, but the men who had stood the storm of “grape” at Chancellorsville, could not be silenced or driven from their position at Gettysburg. With a stern determination to do our duty, did we turn our guns upon the next battery—slowly but accurately did we pour into it a storm of shot and shell, but it fought more stubbornly than the first and began to get our range to a nicety. Immediately in front of our guns there was a stone fence, and when our boys were not actively engaged they nestled down pretty close to it. The firing on both sides was incessant, and the smoke was almost suffocating; presently an enemy’s shell came whirling over towards us and, cutting down a tree directly in front of my gun, bursted in such close proximity to my detachment, that our escape was miraculous. The tree falling across the fence in such a manner as to completely obstruct my line of sight, I was compelled to mount the fence and cut the tree down, or else change the position of my gun. I chose the former mode, but had nothing to cut with save a small hatchet. Now there was really no more danger on the fence than on the ground, but the bullets and balls seemed ten times thicker the higher I got, and as my hands were all blistered and swollen by handling the “gun-trail,” I made but slow work. However I shut my eyes (feeling, like the ostrich, that so long as I did not see danger I was safe,) and worked like a beaver. All up and down the line the cannon are busily engaged in hurling shot and shell over into the Federal ranks, and they reply gun for gun—the smoke is so intense and the distance so great, that we cannot see the effect of our shots, but we have good ammunition and good guns—though we cannot hope to break their line with artillery, we may open a way for our infantry to break through.

“Cease firing!”—our infantry is about to charge, and we anxiously gather in squads upon the brow of the hill to witness that charge that will be remembered so long as brave deeds are honored, so long as the English tongue is spoken. Boldly do the troops of Hill and Longstreet advance across the intervening space, and the infantry fight commences—nearer and nearer do they advance towards the enemy’s works, and a fire such as man never stood is poured into their devoted ranks. Some waver and fall back—as mountain mist before the summer’s sun, so melts
our line away. Pell mell our brave boys are driven back—the enemy leaves his works and with banners flying, rapidly advances upon our troops; our artillery opens to cover the retreat of our troops, but for some unaccountable reason is ordered to “cease firing.” Quickly our infantry are rallied in the very face of that sheet of living flame, and with a yell turn upon the enemy who break and take cover under their works. Again and again this is repeated—sometimes our men would actually be in their works, but by almost superhuman efforts the enemy would regain them, and drive our men away. Those hills, more formidable than the heights of Fredericksburg, cannot be taken, and “Pickett’s charge” has passed into history. Failure is written upon the banner of the Army of Northern Virginia, but the end is not yet. Will the enemy attempt to take our position?—if so, he will find that the men who could make a charge can just as gallantly repel one. ’Tis useless to cause the farther effusion of blood by another attempt, and our troops gradually fall back to our former lines, not pursued by the enemy. How my bright anticipations of a brilliant victory have been dispelled by this disastrous charge! Many, very many of our gallant soldiers have fallen, and many have been captured, but if Meade desires to find out the strength of our position, we will show him that the Army of Northern Virginia has in no manner lost confidence in Robert E. Lee, nor in itself. We do not anticipate an attack, for Meade is also terribly crippled, too much so to make an attack upon us without receiving further reinforcements. In this he has the advantage: he can wait, for reinforcements are coming to him daily; we must fight or quit. Both sides have lost heavily in general officers; on the Federal side are reported Reynolds, Wadsworth, Sickles, Barlow, Zook, and others; on our side Heth, Archer, Kemper, Hampton, and Armistead wounded. Archer, Kemper, and Armistead were captured by the enemy, Armistead being mortally wounded. Not one of my company was disabled to-day, though several were slightly wounded. The Second Howitzers lost two valuable members, — Pendleton and — Maupin. Both were killed by the same shot, and we buried them on the battle-field. The Salem Artillery had only one man wounded (Sergeant Walton), and he very slightly. The “Rockbridge Artillery” in the past two days has lost fourteen men killed and wounded. Since the
commencement of the war this company has done most effective service, and no General ever commanded a finer body of men. It has suffered many losses, but has won a name second to that of no company in the Confederate Army.

Saturday, July 4th.—We moved back last evening about a mile and a half, camping for the night near our position of July 1st. In the morning we got a pretty thorough drenching, as it rained very hard and we were badly prepared for it. Most of our battalion crowded into a large barn, owned by a Dutch farmer, and amused themselves by singing patriotic and sentimental songs, in which we were most ably assisted by Mr. M—k, of the Rockbridge Artillery. That gentleman sings like a "martingale," and would crack a joke with Queen Victoria herself, especially if it were an unclean joke. Lee's army remains in position to-day, awaiting the advance of Meade if he feels so disposed. We have expended much of our rifled (cannon) ammunition, but many of our "smooth-bores" have not been engaged at all, and they have all been brought into line of battle. Meade knows full well that to whip Lee he will have to charge across an open field and up heights similar to those that Pickett could not overcome, and he is not too anxious to make the attempt. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon we received orders to move, and were kept in suspense until 2 o'clock in the morning of the 5th before we changed our position. About midnight some of us received valuable information regarding the position of an old hen with a large brood of good size frying chickens; whereupon, a solemn council-of-war was held and a forward movement ordered at once. A well-concerted attack upon the enemy, who showed the white feather at once, resulted in our capturing seventeen prisoners of war; my share being four, I magnanimously gave them to Corporal P. A. S—, who cooked and cleaned the lot, and I gracially ate two of them.

July 5th.—At 2 o'clock this morning we commenced our backward movement towards old Virginia. It was a murky, disagreeable morning, and as our army slowly marched along the road through the chilly, drenching rain it was with feelings of the deepest sorrow that I pondered over our disappointed hopes and ambitions. We were undoubtedly severely repulsed, and it is thought that the combined Confederate and Federal losses in this
great conflict of Gettysburg will be greater than the combined forces of Cornwallis and Washington at any one time during the great American Revolution.

The enemy is in no condition to press us, and we are moving at a snail's pace. The rain soon began to pour in a perfect sluice, and as I had neither overcoat, oilcloth or blanket, I was soon drenched to the skin. But "what cared I for Hecuba, or what cared Hecuba for me?" I was young, hearty, strong, and healthy—a little drenching more or less would matter not twenty years hence. We move slowly and cautiously, Ewell’s corps bringing up the rear, and soon run into Longstreet’s wagon train, which effectually blocks up the road. At daylight we have marched but two miles, and now we will see, in a short time, if Meade has the nerve to press matters. Napoleon would decide the war to-day; but Meade is not Bonaparte, and Lee will get his army safely across the Potomac. Finally the rain slackens and ceases altogether. What sorry specimens of humanity we "Rebels" must have appeared standing in that muddy road with our "Confederate grey" drenched to our very skins, our slouched hats drawn down over our faces, and our forms trembling and shaking with cold! Some one calls out: "Fall in, Howitzers! Fall in, Howitzers, and draw your red-eye!" I quickly stepped up and took mine without sugar (being as how we didn’t have any). Some of the boys declared it was so hot that it dried their clothes in ten minutes! The best of the joke is this: The "red eye" was sent to the Second Howitzers and the Third company had gotten the better (?) part of it before any one found out the mistake. However, a drink of whiskey is one thing a fellow can’t take away from another fellow after he has swallowed it.

Early in the morning, when the enemy discovered that we were moving from the field, a small force under the command of General O. O. Howard dashed a little closer to our lines than was prudent, and we made a few captures. I had the good fortune to get a late copy of the New York Herald, which I presented to General Lee in propria persona. I was very anxious to read it, but Mass Bob was best entitled to it. ’Twas near nightfall when we reached Fairfield, a little village on the east side of the South Mountains, and only eight miles from our starting point of this morning. As we were entering Fairfield the Federals made a feeble demonstration upon our rear, but we soon drove them off.
Lee, Longstreet, and Ewell were sitting upon their horses and holding close consultation. I quietly drew closer to them in order to hear, if I could, General Lee's opinion upon the condition of affairs. But no, that was not the subject—not the great battle that *had been*, but the fight that game "Dick" Ewell wanted to make.

Ewell was actually *crying* and begging for a "fight," just like a schoolboy begging for a bun.

"No, no, General Ewell," said Lee, "we must let those people alone for the present—we will try them again some other time."

O, ye gods, that worked wonders for the warlike Greeks in days that have gone forever, pale your ineffectual fires before the light of that mortal greater than your greatest, purer than your purest!

Camped for the night between Fairfield and the South Mountains. The only cooking utensils our battalion is allowed to have are those owned by my company, the remainder being sent to the rear with our regimental wagons.

*July 6th.*—Soon after daylight we commenced the tedious ascent of the South Mountains, and nearly all the day was occupied in crossing. Our regimental and company wagons, that left us on the Fourth, were attacked at this place by the enemy and captured, together with our ambulances, forges, and many wounded men. Those captured belonging to my company are Privates Liggon, Vanderventer, and Cardwell, A. J. Andrews, and our valuable blacksmith, Patrick O'Conner.

The last-named is a genuine specimen of the *genus* Irishman, and one of the very best workmen I ever saw. Often has he been known to go on the battle-field, even whilst the fight was raging, knock off the shoes from the slain horses, carry them to his forge, and thus keep a supply on hand. His wife, children, and property are all in the North, but he is as true to us and our cause as we that are

"Native and to the manner born."

One day, being desirous of knowing something about Pat's history previous to the war, I asked him how it was that he came South?

"Be gorra, sir, me wife, you know, is the mon av the house; so one day, just before the breaking out av the war, I told her I
wanted fifty dollars."

"Says she, 'Pat, an' what d' ye want with fifty dollars? It's not a bloody cint ye shall hav'!''"

"Says I, 'Be dom'd if I don't!' I took the fifty dollars, wint to Mobile; the 'sharpers' run 'foul av me there, and divil a cint had I whin they let me off.'"

"Well, Pat, what did your wife say to you when you returned home?"

"Faith, and it's divil a bit have I been there since, sir!"

Perhaps this is not the only instance of connubial infelicity keeping a man in the war, and therefore we would advise our lady friends to beware how they “make it hot” for the lords of creation in these war times. Several of our wounded men have escaped, but we have heard nothing of our Surgeon, Quartermaster, and the rest of the men who were with the wagon train; 'tis presumed they were all captured. Other wagons belonging to Ewell's corps were captured—in all amounting to seventy. We camped for the night near the little village of Waynesburg, one and a half miles from the Maryland line, and twelve miles from Hagerstown.

July 7th.—Continued our march towards Hagerstown; reaching its vicinity soon after mid-day we went into camp.

July 9th.—Nothing of importance has occurred since the 7th save an occasional picket fight and the loss of a few forage wagons. The Yankee cavalry have worried us a little, and our pontoon bridges at Falling Waters have been destroyed, whether by the rise in the Potomac or the enemy I know not. So far General Lee has evinced no haste in crossing the river, and the hostile armies are cautiously watching the movements of each other. A few of our negro cooks, who were with our wagon train when it was captured by the enemy, escaped and returned to camp today. Certainly they were the happiest fellows I ever saw and were greeted with loud cheers by our men. A chance for freedom they had, but they preferred life and slavery in Dixie to liberty at the North.

To the great bulk of them freedom would be an absolute curse. Improvident, happy and careless, they would ever miss their kind and considerate masters who had so often watched over them in the hours of pain and anguish.

By the capture of our regimental wagon train our company lost
Richmond Howitzer Battalion.

six men and eleven horses and mules. We lost five horses on the field of Gettysburg, and this brings our horse-power down considerably. Even the pretty little pony "Chancellor" disappeared and was seen no more.

July 10th.—Cannon firing is heard at intervals during the day, and 'tis reported that the enemy is advancing. If Meade thinks that Lee's army is demoralized and won't fight he will be sadly disappointed. We are "in a corner"—a cautious General would be very careful how he pressed; a great General would attack; a mediocre man would wait. Meade is cautious and mediocre. In the morning we received orders to "hitch up and prepare to move," but it was late in the afternoon before we started; then we marched through Hagerstown, camping three miles to its right, on the National Turnpike.

July 11th.—This morning we moved a mile or two further, halting between Hagerstown and Williamsport, about three miles from the latter place. Our troops are now "in line of battle" awaiting the advance of the enemy. The most serious difficulty under which we labor is the scarcity of ammunition, especially for rifled artillery. The Potomac is not yet fordable, though falling, and the completion of a pontoon bridge is not yet accomplished. If, by reason of a miscarriage of General Lee's plans, we should be defeated, our situation would be critical indeed—with a swollen river in our front, and a superior enemy in our rear, our artillery ammunition nearly exhausted, and our rations very slender, it will require all of General Lee's military genius to win eclat in such a situation. A great battle is daily expected, and General Lee has issued an order to our troops, exhorting them to contend valiantly for the victory. We will not disappoint our great leader's expectations—in no sense is the Army of Northern Virginia whipped, discouraged, or demoralized.

Troops have been moving to and fro all day, and we are placing ourselves in the very best position to resist a Federal advance. My battalion has changed its position no less than five times during the day, and nightfall finds us supported by Rhodes' division, on the extreme left of the lines near Hagerstown, whilst Longstreet's right wing rests on the Potomac, near Falling Waters; A. P. Hill is, as usual, in the centre. Busily are we engaged in cooking rations for the morrow, when lo! orders come for two companies from our battalion to report to General Long-
street on the right. Dance's Powhatan Artillery and the Third Howitzers are those sent, and soon we are on the road. How, or by what roads we reach Longstreet will always remain a mystery to me; at one time we were marching perpendicularly from Hagers-town, then parallel with it, then at an obtuse angle from it, and finally it seemed as if we were endeavoring to square a circle! We were told 'twas only three miles to Longstreet's line, but I know we started soon after dark and did not reach our destination until just before daybreak.

July 12th.—Right wearied were we, and eagerly our men dropped upon the ground to snatch an hours rest, but the order, "drivers mount!" soon aroused us, and we were hurried to a position a little to the left of Downsville, some two miles from the Potomac—Dance's company moving off to our right. We are now under the command of Colonel Alexander, General Long-street's Chief of Artillery. Each of our detachments were ordered to throw up breastworks, and that too in a hurry—although broken down and fatigued, almost beyond the power of endurance, yet in the course of four or five hours, each gun was snugly ensconced in a neat, strong redoubt, affording the men great protection. Meade comes in front of us, halts, and throws up breastworks!—does not look much like a bold attack upon the demoralized Rebels! We were supported by McLaws' division—Hood being directly on our right. Skirmishers kept up a weak fire during the day, but nothing of import was accomplished on either side. In the afternoon a heavy shower came up, from which our boys protected themselves as well as possible. I believe more rain has fallen since we crossed the Potomac than at any period since the Deluge.

July 13th.—Some slight skirmishing is going on in front, but the enemy are chary of us, and make no attempt to advance, seemingly intent upon worrying us if we attempt the crossing of the Potomac, the which 'tis thought we will accomplish to-night. As we expected, about dark, we left our position and moved in the direction of Falling Waters, crossing without difficulty on the pontoon bridge at that place. Falling Waters is about five miles from Downsville, and yet it took us all night to accomplish the march. Thus, in the last three nights, we were on the road two of them, and altogether did not march over ten miles. The roads were very muddy, and it continued raining throughout the night.
Our horses are suffering for want of proper food, and many of them are completely worn out.

_July 14th._—Once more we are upon _Virginia_ soil after an absence of only twenty-one days. How eventful have those three weeks been! Thousands of our brave troops have fallen, and although the enemy’s loss has been heavier than ours, yet we are less able to stand it. In the North, one can scarcely note the loss of men, but in the South, how different!

Our whole army is now south of the Potomac, and the next battle will be upon _Virginia_ soil—where?

We certainly gave the enemy every opportunity to attack us in Maryland, but Meade wisely kept out of reach and contented himself with annoying us with his cavalry. If they in reality gained the great victory, all their newspapers so boastfully claim, why did not Meade take advantage of it and annihilate Lee’s army? Instead of our retreating in disorder, we moved with more tardiness than I ever knew before, and nearly all the prisoners we captured, we marched safely to Richmond.

Then we remained north of the Potomac _ten days_ after the battle of Gettysburg, giving Meade ample time and opportunity to accomplish any brilliant move, if he so desired. He did not so desire, and, with their usual perspicuity, the home warriors of the North will order him to take “a back seat” for not doing an impossible thing; _i. e._, the capture of Lee and his army.

We have sad news from Vicksburg—it has fallen, and paled is the star of Pemberton’s glory. What a serious blow to our cause!—that, together with our repulse at Gettysburg, will indefinitely postpone all recognition of our just and patriotic claims by European governments, and will prolong the war many years. Again the dark hours of defeat and disaster sadden our land, but we will struggle on, hoping on, hoping ever that a just and merciful God will yet give us the victory. Many of our Southern papers are censuring Pemberton severely—calling him imbecile, traitor, etc., etc. He may have had a command larger than his capabilities justified, but it is cruel to say that he was a traitor to our cause, just because he surrendered Vicksburg on the Fourth of July, and because his birthplace happened to be north of Mason’s and Dixon’s line. Though born at the North, he has for many years lived in the South, married here, and necessarily imbibed many of our sentiments and opinions. I have no doubt...
that he did the best he could under the circumstances—Joseph E. Johnston might have relieved him, but he did n't. Why, I don't know.

My company is, for the present, attached to Major Daring's artillery battalion: as yet, no orders to report to our regiment. We camped for the night, four miles from the ford, and about the same distance from Martinsburg—rained very hard in the afternoon and at night.

July 15th.—To our great satisfaction, we were ordered to report to our battalion this morning—we would not be separated from Ewell's corps for any consideration. Our battalion is in a worse condition than it ever was before. We have no cooking utensils, except the few owned by my company, and they have to do duty for five companies; we have no tents, no forage wagons, no surgeons (I don't know whether that is a subject for complaint or not), and our horses are breaking down by the score, it being impossible to procure corn for them—their only food being a few scanty bundles of wheat. Soon this morning we were ordered to move to Darksville, six miles beyond Martinsburg, but it was 2 o'clock P M., before we started, as the trains in our advance moved at such a snail's pace. At 5 o'clock we had only marched three-fourths of a mile—about four hundred yards an hour! Such wearisome travelling is enough to wear out the most patient. It was near midnight when we reached Darksville, and we had only marched ten miles.

July 20th.—Quietly have we remained at Darksville, until today—the enemy crossed a small force, some ten or twelve hundred strong, at Williamsport, and moved in the direction of Martinsburg. No orders having been received by us, about sundown I left camp to visit a friend, and also to procure a good supper. I remained absent a few hours, and upon returning, I found our corps had moved in the direction of Martinsburg, part of our battalion accompanying it (the Rockbridge Artillery), whilst the remaining four companies had taken the road towards Winchester. 'Twas now ten o'clock at night, and no chance of my "catching up," so I camped for the night on the roadside.

July 21st—Ewell's corps moved last night towards Martinsburg, hoping to catch that 1,200 squadron of the enemy, but they, finding out our intentions, wisely retreated.

This morning I started on towards Winchester, but remember-
ing a hospitable house, not far from the main road, in which dwelt a "maydenne fayre," I moved over in that direction, and concentrated all my gastronomic forces at the dinner table. Ah! 'twas a dinner—a Valley dinner—such as Staunton McClung, in the palmiest days of the old Virginia Hotel, might not have been ashamed of.

With a heart too full for utterance I arose to bid my maydenne fayre adieu, and to continue my journey companyward. The maydenne blushed, and sighed, and gently murmured, "Fifty cents, please"—and romance was sadly "whistled down the wind."

In the afternoon, having met up with Lieutenant Southall (Colonel Brown's efficient adjutant) and Mr. Alsop, of my company, we concluded to form a select camp of our own, and accordingly pitched our tents (blankets) upon the softest spot we could find.

July 22d.—At daylight I reconnoitered the country—that is, looked out in quest of some house at which we might break our fast. Ha! yonder house reminds me of bygone days, for last year its mistress (an unacclimated Yankee) endeavored to palm off upon me an old Yankee shirt, re-dyed, re-washed, and re-tailed as a brand new garment "made just a leetle too small for my husband." I called upon this "retailer" and asked to know if Colonel Brown's Adjutant and myself could get breakfast? A little five-year-old cuffey answered my call, and soon returned bringing the glad news:

"Yes, sah."

So I introduced the Adjutant, a man of elegant mien, and the breakfast was soon disposed of. I noticed my friend of former days, who did not recognize me, was especially polite to me, treating all of my remarks with a great deal of deference, but I thought nothing of it at the time.

When I returned to camp several of the boys called me "Colonel," and the following story leaked out:

One of my company was in the house when the Adjutant and myself were there; he was trying to strike a trade for breakfast and was informed that he could be waited upon as soon as Colonel Brown AND his Adjutant had finished; but, says the lady, "if that tall fellow is Colonel Brown he is the dirtiest-looking Colonel I ever saw." We got the breakfast, and Colonel John Thompson
Brown wasn't hurt. Joined my company in due time at its camp near Winchester.

Private R. A. Minter, of our company, was buried yesterday in Winchester. He was a driver in my detachment, and was taken sick soon after the battle of Gettysburg. During an engagement, if the guns are liable to be stationary, the drivers always dig themselves places in the ground, a sort of bomb-proof, where they remain during the fight, and they are generally pretty safe; the horses usually remain quiet. Minter's horses were shot through by a cannon ball and fell over on his bomb-proof. I do not think they fell on him, but when he got from under them he was drenched with blood, and, being nothing but a mere boy, was badly frightened. He was soon afterward taken with a typhus fever, from which he died.

About mid-day we received orders to move—we marched through Winchester, halting in the afternoon at Mill Town Mills, three miles south of Winchester. About night we moved again, and finally halted at Newtown, eight miles from Winchester, on the Front Royal road.

July 23d.—The Rockbridge Artillery caught up last night. Reveillé this morning at half past two and started on our march soon after light. Crossed the Shenandoah on pontoons near Front Royal. Reaching that village, thirteen miles from Newtown, we marched towards Luray, instead of crossing the Blue Ridge at Chester Gap. The scenery from Front Royal to Luray is romantically wild and beautiful. On our left huge moss-covered rocks rise, towering high above our heads, and on our right the blue waters of the beautiful Shenandoah, the "daughter of the stars," glide noiselessly at our feet. Halting some seven miles from Front Royal we commenced cooking rations, but we remained only a few hours, as orders came for us to push on towards Luray—the enemy being on the advance.

We moved some five miles farther and camped for the night, making a twenty-five mile march to-day. Of course we are somewhat wearied.

July 24th.—Continued our march towards Luray, but turned off the "pike" three and a half miles from that village and marched towards Thornton's Gap, camping for the night at the foot of the Blue Ridge.

July 25th.—The condition of our horses is really terrible; but
few of them shod, most of them are lame, and they get nothing to eat except grass, and very little of that—light food for mountain pulling! Crossed the Blue Ridge at Thornton's Gap; passing through Sperryville, Rappahannock county, we halted at Woodville long enough to have our horses shod. In the afternoon we moved a few miles farther on and camped for the night within twelve miles of Culpeper Courthouse.

July 26th.—Moved on towards Culpeper Courthouse and camped two and a half miles from that place, on the Sperryville pike. Ewell's corps has not yet arrived, we moving a day or so in advance in order to recruit and better prepare ourselves for field service.

July 31st.—Moved four miles beyond the Courthouse, on the Madison Courthouse road.

August 1st. We have been ordered to join our corps at Orange Courthouse, and accordingly broke camp early this morning, starting for that point. This has been one of the hottest days I ever felt. Crossed the Rapidan River at Rapidan Station and reached Orange Courthouse a little before sundown.

Major Robert A. Hardaway joined us at camp near Culpeper Courthouse and assumed command of our battalion. He is a brave and efficient officer, a quiet, unassuming gentleman, and we are glad to have him with us.

Camped near Orange Courthouse.

August 2d. In order to secure grazing ground for our horses we are ordered to move in the direction of Liberty Mills, six miles from Orange Courthouse and on the Rapidan River. Reached that place in the evening, camping on the Madison side of the river.

August 4th.—Changed our camping ground to Blue Run Church, in Orange county, two miles nearer the Albemarle line and about six miles from Gordonsville. Here we remained several days, but the enemy making demonstrations of an advance we were marched back towards Orange Courthouse. However, the next morning quiet was restored and we returned to Blue Run Church.

August 15th.—This camp at Blue Run Church is an unusually fine one and will long be remembered by our boys with kindly feelings. The neighboring farmers are a generous, wholesouled set of Virginia gentlemen, and dispose of their surplus
produce to us at reasonable prices. Our rations have improved materially and our drinking water is clear and icy cold, consequently our men and horses are improving rapidly, this being also the grazing land of the Old Dominion. My company now has about seventy men "for duty," and strong efforts are being made to bring in those men of each individual command detailed in the quartermaster, commissary and other departments, of which the Third company has about twenty.

To-day I have been appointed chief of the fourth detachment, vice W. B. Gretter, promoted to orderly.

This appointment dates back from the 5th of July, but owing to Captain B. H. Smith's wishing to promote some one else over Gretter he refused to take action in the matter until our men unanimously recommended Gretter for that position. A Sergeant's position in artillery is far preferable to a Captain's in infantry. In artillery a Sergeant is mounted, and I think the service is much prettier and less objectionable in many respects.

A singular coincidence of name and rank is noticeable in our company. William L. White is chief of the First detachment, and William S. White is chief of the Fourth detachment—both from the same city, both enjoying the elegant nickname of "Buck," and both pretty good fellows. In contradistinction one is called by the pet name of Crazy Buck and the other Pretty Buck.

We are camped in a beautiful grove in which Blue Run church is pleasantly situated, and nightly prayer-meetings are held there. On Sabbath days our chaplain preaches to our regiment and to the neighboring people. "Tis seldom a soldier has an opportunity to enter the house of God and the rich swelling notes of Balerna, Azmon, and Old Hundred coming from the lips of many a stalwart veteran, bronzed in the service of his country, carries with it many a fond recollection of former days.

**Day of Fasting and Prayer.**

_August 21st._—Again hath our bleeding nation bowed itself at the Throne of Grace and prayerfully besought the Giver of all good and bountiful blessings to grant success to our cause of liberty. Oh, what a sight! a nation, mighty even in its infancy, bowed in prayer! And will not the God of Justice hear the earn-
Pdchmond
Hoivitzer
Battalion.
est appeals this day offered up throughout our entire Con-

September 7th.—We have remained stationery much longer
than we supposed when we first reached Blue Run Church, and
there are still no signs of a forward movement either by Lee or
Meade. Everything is quiet and many think there will be no
more fighting in Virginia this year. We amuse ourselves in
camp the best way we can, playing at chess, euchre, whist, etc.
Some of the boys "draw" a little, sometimes.

September 11th.—To-day I have received a fifteen-day furlough,
and to-morrow I leave camp to visit the dear ones at home—
home, did I say; alas! I have no home. Many long and weary
years have passed away since the ashes of our hearthstone died
out forever. Walked from camp to Gordonsville, some eight
miles, and the weather being extremely warm I was much
fatigued. "Put up" at a quiet little boarding-house, as I had to
remain there all night. A party of soldiers, evidently on a big
spree, stopping at the same house, among whom were several
artillerists and a Lieutenant in the Forty-fourth Virginia In-
fantry. They had been exceedingly affectionate all the after-
noon, but about dark an altercation occurred amongst them, in
which the Lieutenant was severely handled. The latter, deter-
mining to get away from his artillery friends, staggered up to
the landlord, and in a state of maudlin insensitivity blubbered
out—

"L-lan lord, make out my bill: w-h-a-t doI oweyou?"
"You owe me nothing, sir—you haven't been to supper!"
"Hav'n't b'n sup'r!—tho't I had b'n two sup'r's. Don't kno'
anything cep' that'r artillery chap hit me a dev'l of a crack side
o' my head—good-night!" and he staggered off to a more peace-
ful clime.

September 12th.—Left Gordonsville this morning on the 4 A.
M. train and arrived in Richmond about 10. My personal ap-
pearance was, I confess, anything but prepossessing, for the con-
tents of my knapsack amounted to one dirty sock and about
three-fourths of an old Confederate cotton shirt. However,
nothing daunted, I shouldered my light bundle and marching
boldly up Broad street soon met up with pretty Miss ———; she
greeted me kindly, but methinks she would have been better sat-
ished had I been better dressed. I always keep a few "good
clothes” in the city, and it was not very long before I was a little more elegantly gotten up.

September 13th.—Attended service to-day at the First Presbyterian Church. How that grand old organ reminded me of the halcyon days of peace, when we joined our voices in the holy anthem and gave glory to the Lord of Hosts! I took my old seat in the choir, but alas, how changed are the choristers! Its leader then—James K. Lee, brave, noble, Christian soldier that he was—long since sealed his devotion to his country’s cause by shedding his warm heart’s blood on the plains of Manassas. All the others (males) are still in the army, and I miss their friendly faces. Soldiers, grim, fierce and war-worn, are interspersed here and there all over the congregation, and strangers occupy the places of those who sleep in the soldier’s grave.

The old men of the church seem a decade older, for grey hairs come faster now than in the days of yore. The beloved pastor, mild-mannered and gentle as a woman, speaks of war in his discourse, and the thoughts of all remain ever fixed upon that one absorbing theme.

September 14th.—Left Richmond this morning on the Danville train to visit my brother in Lunenburg county; waited at Burkeville Junction several hours for the Petersburg down train. Finally it arrived and we started for Blacks and Whites depot, taking two hours to make a distance of seventeen miles. Remained in Lunenburg a few days and then visited Lynchburg, Christiansburg, etc., and returned to Richmond on the morning of the 28th. Returned to camp on the 28th at Blue Run Church, but found our command had moved off some distance. On reaching Orange Courthouse I found an ambulance belonging to my regiment, and that saved me a walk of several miles. Joined my regiment about dark; it is camped near Pisgah Church, one and a half miles from Clark’s Mount. Knowing ones think we will make a forward movement soon.

October 5th.—Some changes of note have taken place in the artillery organization of our corps. Lieutenant-Colonel Stapleton Crutchfield, our former Chief of Artillery, never having returned to duty since the battle of Chancellorsville, in consequence of wounds received on that field, has been ordered to the Virginia Military Institute to fill a vacant professorship. Colonel Long, of General R. E. Lee’s staff, has been promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship of Artillery, and assigned to the Second Corps, Colonel
John Thompson Brown being ordered to report back to his regiment, the First Virginia Artillery. Colonel Brown has ably filled Crutchfield's position since the battle of Chancellorsville, and undoubtedly merited promotion, but Colonel Long is a *West Pointer*, and General Lee considered him the better fitted for the position—he has the reputation of being a splendid officer.

Like most of the old United States officers, he is a rigid disciplinarian and an inflexible enforcer of the small orders of camp life. He has instituted a new *regime*, and an artillerist now has scarcely time to cook his scanty rations. At daylight we have roll-call, curry horses an hour, feed stock and cook breakfast, then graze horses, police camp and drill; at 12 o'clock, roll-call; at 3 o'clock, another drill; at 4 o'clock, "catch up" horses, water, groom and feed; roll-call at 6, another at 8, and from that time until bedtime we devote ourselves to "cussin' out" the whole business. Such is the daily camp life of a soldier; but we remember the old adage of "a new broom sweeping clean," and well we know that the next great battle will put all this "red tape" business on the shelf.

**October 7th.**—Some movement is on hand, and we are ordered to be ready to move at a moment's notice; it is the general impression that the enemy is falling back upon Washington.

**October 8th.**—Left camp this morning in search of two stray horses belonging to my detachment; hunted for them all day, and being unable to find them returned to camp and discovered that the regiment had moved towards Orange Courthouse. "Caught up" near the Courthouse, where we camped for the night; the horses were found in the Sixth Virginia Cavalry—soldiers are not famous for the hunting up of horse owners.

**October 9th.**—My regiment moved on through the Courthouse, at which place I was ordered to remain for Colonel Brown, who was expected to return from "sick leave" on the 3 P.M. train. We were to cross the Rapidan at Barnett's Ford, but on leaving the Courthouse at 4 o'clock I missed the road and crossed the river at Peak's Ford. Then I was completely out of the way—night coming on, and not being able to find my command, I fell in with John Wade, of Johnson's Reserve Ordnance, and was fortunate enough to get a good feed for myself and horse.

**October 10th.**—About 10 o'clock in the morning, I caught up with my company on the Madison Courthouse road. We are
marching through wood and under cover of hills, in order to deceive the enemy. Our cavalry cover the flanks, and our infantry is not allowed to be seen. This is evidently a flank movement, and if we can keep the enemy unadvised as to our movements, we can gain a very decided advantage. Reaching Madison Courthouse, we marched due north towards Woodville—possibly we may then march upon Culpeper Courthouse, but it is the general impression that we will not meet with the enemy in force, nearer than Manassas.

A caisson belonging to my gun, together with the horses, drivers, and three cannoniers, under Lieutenant Payne, were left at Orange Courthouse, and have not yet caught up. Camped in Culpeper county, about ten miles from Sperryville.

October 11th.—Last night was unusually cold for the season, and we boys pretty freely used rails instead of cutting down trees, the consequence of which was, Lieutenant Henry C. Carter, the only commissioned officer with our company, was placed under arrest, and Lieutenant Cunningham, of Dance’s Powhatan artillery, was assigned to command us. We, objecting to this arrangement, the acting Adjutant of our regiment, Lieutenant William M Read, a Lieutenant in our company, was ordered back to his company, and now has command. All this was done with no feeling of dislike or mistrust of Lieutenant Cunningham, for he is a faithful, brave, and gallant officer; but were he King of England, he was n’t a Third Howitzer; and we prefer our own officer to command us.

This arrest of Lieutenant Henry Carter amounts to nothing more than a slight reprimand, for not making the men more careful, concerning the destruction of private property, but a cold soldier has a wonderful weakness for a dry fence rail, when he is in a hurry to start a fire. When we get near enough to the enemy to mean business, Carter will be put back in command—he is too good a soldier to be left out in the cold on account of a fence rail.

However, our Senior Second Lieutenant, William P. Payne, arriving soon afterward, took command of the company.

We marched but a short distance to-day, camping for the night on the Sperryville Turnpike, three miles from Woodville.

Thinking we were to have a good night’s rest, we made no especial haste to seek our couches, but at 9 o’clock, we were ordered to cook two day’s rations, and that, with our limited sup-
ply of cooking utensils, is no very easy matter. We were to be ready to move at 3 o'clock in the morning. The enemy, getting some idea of General Lee's movements, have rapidly retreated towards Washington, and it will be several days before we can bring on a fight.

*October 12th.*—We were ready "on time" to move, but the usual delays detained us. Moving into the Sperryville pike, we halted several hours to let other troops pass us. Finally we commenced to move in the direction of Culpeper Courthouse, but soon left the main road and took a miserably rough county road, in the direction of Warrenton, Fauquier county. Our march was painfully slow, for immense trains of quartermaster and commissary wagons preceded us. Crossed the Hazel River, and about midnight reached Jeffersonton, Fauquier, where we camped for the night.

*October 13th.*—Commenced our march at a more reasonable hour this morning, 7 o'clock—marching within one and a half miles of Warrenton, we halted to cook rations. Meade has so far managed pretty effectively, to keep out of our reach. It has been a long time since the battle of Gettysburg, and if Lee's army was so badly whipped there, what makes Meade keep out of our way so carefully? He is n't in a hurry to cross swords again.

*October 14th.*—Remained quiet all night, but as our expected rations did not come, we were compelled to move without them. Commenced our march about 6:30 A. M.—my horse being sent off on company duty, I was compelled to walk and with my usual luck our battalion was ordered up "to the front" at a rapid trot, the Yankees giving our forces some trouble beyond Warrenton. Rapidly we whirled through the pretty little village of Warrenton, each man striving his uttermost to keep up with his gun. Reaching our lines we found the enemy had eight pieces of artillery in position, and we immediately brought an equal number, belonging to Carter's battalion, to bear upon them. These guns soon drove off the enemy and we again resumed our advance. The enemy are rapidly falling back upon Manassas, and A. P. Hill is endeavoring to cut them off. Meade certainly shows no inclination to fight, and it is reported that his army has been considerably weakened in order to reënforce the Western army. Much to our satisfaction Lieutenant Carter has been relieved from arrest and has taken command of the com-
pany. Camped for the night near Bristow Station, the enemy fighting us all day but falling back rapidly towards the Potomac.

October 15th.—The enemy has succeeded in reaching Centre-ville without giving us battle, and now we are brought to a stand-still, for he is powerfully protected by strong fortifications. If we do any more “flanking” we will have to take the Leesburg route. McIntosh’s battalion, A. P. Hill’s corps, lost several pieces of artillery yesterday in a brush with the enemy. The brigade supporting them gave way, and the enemy, making a gallant charge, captured five guns. We make no move to-day; in the afternoon it rained very hard.

October 16th.—Moved this morning to Warrenton Junction; rained in torrents all day and a greater portion of the night. Many of us are without shelter of any kind and nearly all are without blankets. My blankets were completely saturated with water, but I was completely wornout, and being compelled to sleep somewhere I wrapped them around me as best I could and was soon wandering in dreamland.

October 17th.—Moved this morning to Bealton, six miles from Warrenton Junction. We are moving back towards Orange Courthouse, where some think we will quarter for the winter.

October 18th.—Moved towards Rappahannock Ford and would have crossed but for the delay in putting the pontoons down. We were compelled to remain on the north side of the river all night, expecting to cross early in the morning.

October 19th.—About an hour before day we commenced moving towards the river; a cold, cheerless rain was falling with sullen determination, as if it would never cease. Rarely have I suffered more since I have been in the army than I did this morning. Wrapping my thin blanket closely around me, I sat doggedly upon my old sorrel, determining to make the best of it. The cold rain trickled down my back and finally stopped in my boots, until even they were half filled with water. The day broke, but with it came no glad gleam of sunshine to cheer our drooping spirits; all was desolation without, heaviness within! Finally we crossed the river and, reaching Culpeper Courthouse, went into camp near that village.

On the route we met our regimental mail-carrier, and for the first time since we have been on the march have we heard from our friends at home.
How eagerly would the boys crowd around the active little mail-carrier and anxiously ask: "Anything for me?"

If the answer was "Nothing for you, Jack," how disappointed the poor fellow would be, and wearily would Jack pick up his hastily thrown aside knapsack and plod on after his company. His countenance all sad and dejected, his footsteps move more heavily by reason of the weightiness of his heart, and he feels the want of something to cheer his drooping spirits.

How much real good a letter "from home" does the poor soldier, pen cannot paint nor tongue tell!

Then write, ye home folks—aye, write long and loving letters to those who are battling bravely for man's greatest boon—Liberty! Don't write gloomy, desponding letters, but write cheerfully. Fathers, don't write vituperative, abusive letters about our "corrupt administration," but speak to your sons of noble deeds to be done—of fields to be won, and laurels to be worn at the heaviest odds, remembering always the greater the odds the brighter the glory! Mothers, brace up the courage of your darling boy by glad and hopeful letters, coming like gleams of sunshine through the gloomy clouds of war. Sisters, don't so often implore your brothers to "get a furlough and come home," for that tends greatly towards making those brothers discontented, and a discontented soldier cannot fight! Sweethearts, upon you how great a burden rests, for to you and from you the soldier boy looks for the dearest, sweetest words of encouragement!

Ah! mayhap the answer of the mail carrier is, "Yes, Jack, here are three letters for you!" How gladly Jack reaches forth his rough, sun-burnèd hand and hies him away to some quiet spot to pore over those precious reminders of happy faces now far away. He reads, and a golden lock, cut from a shapely head, fails from the letter. With a blush and a tremor Jack carefully regains his treasure and marches away. He has placed those golden locks next to his heart, and he will fight all the better for that. Ah! we have heard of similar locks, worn next to the heart, pierced by the fatal bullet, and crimson dyed with the lover's blood!

October 21st.—Moved our camp nearer the Rappahannock, between Stephensburg and Brandy Station.

October 22d.—This morning I left camp for Gordonsville to look after a caisson belonging to our company; this caisson had
been sent to Orange Courthouse when we made our last advance upon Meade. Remained at Gordonsville one day and returned to camp.

**October 25th.**—Found my company and Griffin's "Salem Artillery" were on picket at Rappahannock Station, at which place I joined them about sundown. My company was stationed on the north side of the river, occupying the redoubts that commanded the approach to our pontoon bridge.

**October 26th.**—Our wagons are busily engaged in hauling in the railroad iron from the north side to the south side of the river, from which place we will send it to Richmond. Johnson's division, of our corps, has advanced some three or four miles from the station to "feel" the enemy. Some fellow near us wanted to know if we expected a general engagement; whereupon, a facetious wag in our company replied:

"Yes, we expect a general battle here in a few moments," and General Battle, of Rhodes' division, came galloping up in a short time.

**October 27th.**—Yesterday evening we were relieved by "Carpenter's battery," and we returned to our battalion near Stephensburg. The weather is becoming quite cool, and our boys are making themselves as comfortable as the circumstances will permit. Our rations are short and our appetites long, consequently we are compelled to fill up with persimmons, haws, or anything get-at-a-ble.

If an old hare or a squirrel dares to perambulate anywhere within the confines of our camp they are gobbled up in a minute, and even a quail has to quail before our "rebel yell." Well, I would not be surprised if we had to make soup out of old shoes, fence-rails, or oak leaves before we wind up this little difficulty satisfactorily to all parties engaged therein. But we are not yet starved out, and it will be many a day before we lay down our "bonnie blue flag forever." At night we build rousing log fires and sing ourselves warm; if we are very hungry, we take a big drink of water and go to bed.

**November 2d.**—It seems impossible to keep our battery properly equipped—orders came to our commandant, Major Hardaway, to give up to the horse artillery of our army four three-inch rifled guns, and four Napoleon guns would be given in their stead. Two were taken from Griffin's company and two from Captain
Dance's, but subsequently, we were ordered to give up to the latter Captain two of our rifled guns, he (Captain D.) claiming a prior right to them, as his company assisted to capture them in the fight at Winchester. Perhaps he did have a prior right to them, if the firing of three or four shots gave him that right, but he should remember that the Third Howitzers occupied a position given by his orders, and it was no fault of ours that the Yankees ran off before we could load our guns.

It is true that we did no fighting, but our moral influence was [that].

November 3d.—Our company had to take the Napoleon guns and they were given to the third and fourth detachments. They are magnificent guns, but their carriages are clumsily, Confederately made. We procured ammunition for them to-day, and as our spherical projectiles are much superior in quality to the conical, I hope we will be able to do efficient service with them.

The Rockbridge Artillery and Dance's company sent on picket to-day at Rappahannock Bridge.

November 4th.—Moved camp to-day to Mitchell's Station.

November 7th.—Our camp is a very pleasant one and most of us are building log huts. Firing is heard in the direction of Rappahannock Station, and we are ordered to move immediately to Kelley's Ford, some ten or twelve miles from Culpeper C. H.

'Twas pretty severe on us, to quit our nice little huts, that we had just finished, and go out without shelter, but such is the fate of the soldier and we submitted cheerfully.

Left our camp a little before sundown, marching in the direction of Culpeper Courthouse until within two miles of that place when we took the road to Stephensburg, and then to Kelley's Ford. 'Twas a dark, cold night and marching over very rough roads, we made but slow progress. My gun getting behind the battalion, the horses being unable to keep up, we were left to get along as best we could. On getting within two or three miles of Kelley's Ford, our battalion was ordered back to Brandy Station, and, being without support, was compelled to make a long circuitous march by Stephensburg, instead of taking the direct road.

Finally, the horses to my gun came to a dead halt, and refused to move an inch farther—they were completely broken down. The battalion had moved on—'twas dark as Erebus and I was
left all alone in my glory, commanding a splendid Napoleon, with six broken down horses, and scarcely a single cannonier with me. More also, the enemy's line was but a short distance from us and an advance was hourly expected. I sent one of the drivers on to report to Lieutenant Paine, commanding our company, and to ask for more horses, as it was impossible to move farther.

What next to be done? Taking matters coolly, I lay down to await results, but ere long the tramp of soldiery aroused me from my nap, and I found they were our advanced pickets at Kelley's Ford, the enemy having crossed the river and driven them off.

Some one calls out—"What gun is that?"
"Fourth gun, Third Howitzers."
"Didn't we fight with yon'n's at Chancellorsville?"
"What command do you belong to?"
"Rhodes's men—Alabamians."
"Yes, you did."
"Fall in boys, we can't lose that gun."

And those brave Alabamians, some with their great strong shoulders against the wheels, and some leading, encouraging and whipping up the jaded and broken down horses, "whooped things up," until we were completely out of danger. 'Twas now the morning of the

8th November—And taking the Brandy Station road, we caught up with our battalion near that place. Here we heard the particulars of yesterday's fight, in which we were considerably worsted—our whole force is now falling back to the Rapidan. The fight took place at Rappahannock Bridge, where we were on picket until the Twenty-sixth, and the great part of our force, stationed on the north side of the river, consisting of Hays' Louisiana brigade, two regiments of Hoke's North Carolina brigade, and the Louisiana Guard Artillery, was captured by the enemy. This force was attacked by a large body of the enemy, and although our men fought with more than usual bravery, yet the great part of them were surrounded and captured.

General Lee was evidently taken unawares, and 'tis useless to attach the blame to the brigade or division commanders—however, he can afford to make these little mistakes sometimes, for his broad shoulders are strong enough to carry a much heavier burden of censure than will be attached to him for this piece of apparent carelessness.
The mistake seems to have been in leaving this force on the north side of the river, with only one outlet of escape—that outlet being a pontoon bridge, and that being captured early in action, the capture of our troops was a natural sequence. The Rockbridge Artillery occupied a redoubt on the south side of the river, near the bridge, and did good service, as usual—their loss was only one killed. This company would have fallen an easy prey to the enemy, had they advanced, for we had no infantry on the south side near enough to protect them. Dance’s company was some distance on the left, and was but slightly engaged. After resting awhile at Brandy Station, our battalion moved to Rapidan Station. We reached that place about night-fall, and placed our guns “in battery,” on the north side of the river.

November 9th.—This morning we were ordered to our old camp near Pisgah Church. Reaching that place about noon, we went into camp—snowing.

November 10th.—My company, with the Rockbridge Artillery, ordered on picket duty at Morton’s Ford. On reaching that place, we found some other company in our position, as we had arrived some days ahead of our time. Went into camp near the ford, where we expect to remain several days.

November 12th.—Took position on the river bank—no enemy in our front, save a few cavalry.

November 13th.—Our infantry support, Daniels’ North Carolina brigade, has been withdrawn, with the exception of a few companies, and we are ordered to quietly withdraw at sun down.

Reached our battalion near Pisgah Church, about 8 o’clock in the evening—no signs of a forward movement by the enemy.

Sunday, November 15th.—Ordered to Morton’s Ford, as the enemy are said to be advancing—however, we marched but a short distance, when our orders were countermanded, and we returned to camp.

November 18th.—At 2 o’clock this morning, we were aroused and ordered to move immediately to Raccoon Ford, as the enemy were again reported to be crossing the river.

This also proved a false alarm, but we kept on until reaching the neighborhood of Morton’s Ford, where we halted for some hours, and finally went into regular camp. Meade is evidently trying hard to out-general “Mass Bob,” and if he does nothing more, he has certainly kept us moving. Lieutenant
Carter has been sent home on "sick leave," and Lieutenant William P. Paine, the only commissioned officer we have with us, is now commanding our battery. Many of our men are absent, sick, and our company is much reduced. Our new chaplain, the Rev. Henry M. White, of Roanoke county, Va., reached us a few days since. It seems to me that our Government has acted very childishly in regard to chaplains; they occupy a sort of quasi position in the army—receive no pay, hold no real rank, and are expected to take care of themselves. Now, the greater portion of our ministers are gentlemen of education and refinement; they are not private soldiers and do not "draw rations," therefore they would not always be considered valuable acquisitions to the "mess" of the private soldiers, who, nine times out of ten, are living on half-rations.

I believe they are considered as attached to the "staff," but that, I judge, is completely at the pleasure of the commandant.

November 26th.—This morning we were somewhat surprised to hear two or three distinct Yankee cheers, and soon afterward our artillery on the banks of the Rapidan opened, firing slowly. Our battalion was ordered down to the river and placed in position near Morton's Ford. There were no Yankees in force in our front; some few cavalry with two or three pieces of light artillery made their appearance and an occasional shot was interchanged.

November 27th.—Yesterday evening we moved back a short distance from the river and commenced making preparations for marching early this morning, as the enemy are crossing the river in the neighborhood of Ely's Ford. About 3 o'clock we were aroused, and at daybreak moved in the direction of Chancellorsville. Reaching Videarsville (the Spotsylvania's call it Mydear's-ville), on the Fredericksburg and Orange Court House Plank-road, fifteen miles from the latter place, we halted for the day, as the configuration of the battle-ground made it an impossibility to handle masses of artillery.

Some heavy fighting is going on on our left between Johnson's division and a superior force of the enemy, but we know old "Alleghany" will give a good account of himself. Colonel John Thompson Brown is commanding the artillery of our corps, General Long, our chief of artillery, being absent sick.

November 28th.—The day opened gloomily—a heavy rain commencing about dawn and continuing until noon, when the
sun seemed struggling hard to send its gladsome rays through
the murky clouds. The enemy hold a strong position east of
Mine Run Creek, about three miles from Videarsville, and 'tis
thought we will not attempt to drive them off of their line, but
allow Meade to make the attack. Early in the day our battalion
advanced to the front, and my company took position on the left
of the old turnpike, on a slight knoll, but entirely commanded by
the enemy's position, the which was, to give Meade due credit,
most admirably selected.

Not having time to select the most advantageous position, we
did the best we could under the circumstances and commenced
throwing up redoubts for each gun, our infantry having already
thrown up a long line of earthworks some hundred yards in our
front, near the banks of Mine Run.

The enemy paid no attention to us beyond a continued skirmish
with our sharpshooters, and a Minie ball would occasionally come
skimming over our heads. In the afternoon, finding our lines
would be withdrawn at nightfall, we discontinued our work, and
as soon as darkness protected us from the enemy's view our guns
were withdrawn and we spent a quiet night.

Sunday, November 29th.—The Rockbridge and Salem artil-
Iery companies took their positions in front to-day, and our
other three companies remained a short distance in rear.
About noon the cannoniers of our company were sent out to
the front and worked hard until night throwing up fortifi-
cations, when they returned to the rear. Our lines have been
much strengthened by moving them back some five hundred
yards, and we now occupy a series of hills running nearly north
and south, though they are not quite so high as those of the
enemy. As the enemy occupy a position on our left enfilading
our lines, we are busily engaged in throwing up traverses on the
left of each gun; but it is slow and tedious work, for we are badly
supplied with working implements.

November 30th.—At daylight the cannoniers of our battalion
moved to the front and resumed the strengthening of our lines.
After working a few hours the enemy opened several batteries
upon us, and for a time we thought a general engagement would
be brought on. Our batteries were hastily brought up, and we
went into position "under fire" in true veteran style. Anxiously
we awaited orders to "commence firing," but no orders came and
the enemy had all the fun to themselves. Silently we sat at our guns, and every "old" soldier knew we were waiting the advance of the Federal infantry. In front of our lines, and on our side of Mine Run Creek, is quite a high hill covered with a thick piney growth, and the enemy have been amusing themselves all day long by trying to drive out our sharpshooters from those woods and capture the position. Accordingly they heavily reinforced their sharpshooters and charged the position. Marching for a time in full view of us we could not resist the pleasure of giving them a "shot," and Corporal Hunt, of the Second Detachment (rifled), threw several well-directed shot into their ranks, causing them to scatter, but did not drive them back. They quickly re-formed, and, charging our skirmishers, brought on quite a brisk little fight. All this, however, amounted to nothing, and the day wore on apace without a general engagement being brought on, contrary to our expectations.

At night our cannoniers were again ordered to strengthen our lines, and possibly may be kept up all night. I don't know that the Howitzers are the "very bravest band of soldiers that ever followed the eagles of battle," but I do know that they would rather fight than work, any time. The gentleman makes, undoubtedly, the bravest soldier; for he is too proud of his own social position to shirk a dangerous duty, but he will dodge detail work, and "cuss" and grumble, and be mutinous on general principles. Moreover, he thinks he is fully as good a strategist as Robert E. Lee himself, and nobody can teach him anything; but he will fight—yes, at the drop of a hat.

To-morrow will possibly bring forth great results, and Meade may find a Gettysburg. We are on our own ground, and Lee knows it well. God grant it may be a victory to us, and that it may tend greatly towards the settling of this dreadful war.

December 1st.—Again another day has rolled by, and no fight. Scarcely a gun has been fired by either party to-day, and the enemy seem determined to wait for us to make the attack. Last night was bitterly cold, and soldiers are rarely, if ever, well provided "on the lines."

December 2d.—At daylight this morning we found the enemy had retreated, and our infantry immediately started in pursuit. Some say that Meade has fallen back to Hooker's old line at Chancellorsville, but the general impression is that he did not have the
nerve to wait any longer, and that he has recrossed the Rappahannock.

Vale-vale Mr. Meade, you are a good General, and 'twas very wise of you not to attack "Mass Bob" at Mine Run, for we boys were all in good spirits, and would have "wiped you out"; but "the best government the world ever saw" will not think so, and some other General will be standing in your shoes in a short time. If he has re-crossed the Rappahannock, there will be no more fighting until next spring, for Virginia mud is more potent than "an army with banners." Our battalion followed on after Early's division, and I received permission to ride on ahead, and stop a few hours, at the house of a friend, near Todd's Tavern, promising to rejoin the battalion at Chancellorsville. Accordingly, when we reached the Stephensburg plank road, I turned off to the right, and struck out for my destination. Passing through a thick body of woods, I came suddenly into another road, when I ran afoul of about the hardest looking specimen of humanity that I ever saw wearing the Yankee uniform, or, in fact, any uniform; whereupon the following colloquy took place: He was gnawing an old beef hoof, and composedly seated in the middle of the road.

"What regiment do you belong to?"
"Seexty-third."
"Sixty-third what?"
"Seexty-third Bensylvany."
"Sixty-third Pennsylvania, the thunder you say! where's your regiment, and what are you doing here?—you are my prisoner!"
"My reg' ment is dah," pointing to the woods in front of him. The road was literally strewn with muskets, for some of Meade's men had evidently stood not on the order of their going.

I sprang from my horse, seized a loaded musket, cocked it, and presented it at the fellow's head.

"Come on sir, and go with me, or I will blow your brains out."

He paid no more attention to me, than if I had been a fly upon the wall—he coolly went on gnawing his beef heel, and quietly remarked:

"Nein, I don't go already—I hash feets (fits)!" I could n't kill an unarmed man, and I could n't tote him—his regiment was too close to him for me to make a very lengthy speech on
that occasion—so I bade him “good day,” and went on my way rejoicing.

I reached Mrs. Rowe's about sun-down, and, my horse being well nigh worn out, concluded to remain there until morning. The kind hearted old lady had been very badly treated by the enemy, and “Greenfield,” was well nigh desolated.

December 3d.—After quite a tramp, looking for my battalion, found it had returned to Pisgah Church, where I joined it about night.

December 21st.—Left Pisgah Church, for Frederick's Hall, Louisa county—the weather is bitterly cold, and the roads in bad condition. Marched fifteen miles, and camped on the Louisa line.

December 22d.—Reached Frederick's Hall, about sun-down, and went into camp about three-fourths of a mile from the depot.

December 23d.—Commenced work upon our cabins, and in a few days we will have comfortable quarters.

CHRISTMAS.

December 25th.—Worked hard upon my house until mid-day, when I received an invitation to eat a Christmas dinner, with a friendly neighbor. Of course the invitation was gladly accepted, and ere long I was seated at the hospitable board of Mr. William Richardson—when I left, I felt like I certainly would not want anything more to eat until next Christmas.

December 27th.—Was quite sick last night, and, by the surgeon's order, was moved to the battalion hospital to-day, some two miles from camp. The house was all dilapidated and rapidly falling to decay, and the accommodations for the sick were only in name—window panes out of the windows, and great crevices in the doors, through which the wintry winds sweep remorselessly, and keep from entirely going out, the few scattered embers called by courtesy, a “fire.”

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori, especially in a camp hospital!

Only one patient was in the hospital, and he very kindly offered to share with me his, the only bed in the room. This kind offer I declined, for I preferred to sleep on the hard floor rather than to have a bed whose garments looked as if they had never known the luxury of water.
December 30th.—Am almost recovered, but still much weakened—indeed, so much so, that I can scarcely stand up. Our surgeon, D. Ellis Bird, concluding I needed home nourishment rather than medicine, ordered me to report to a hospital in Richmond, and soon I was on the Central Railroad train bound for the metropolis.

Bird is a faithful surgeon and a genial, whole souled gentleman—he knew that I could not get proper nourishment in camp, and wisely sent me home; he never made a more correct diagnosis in his life, nor never prescribed a more certain remedy.

The rain poured in torrents and the train was filled with furloughed soldiers, whose pipes, filled with most execrable tobacco emitted an offensive odor almost unbearable. Reaching the city about 8 o'clock P.M., I reported to a friend, and then, at my leisure, reported to a hospital, from which I was immediately transferred to private quarters. Remained in the city until the 23d of January—When I returned to my company at Frederick's Hall, where everything has been very quiet, and the usual routine of camp life gone through with. The neighboring people have been very hospitable and have shown our boys many kindnesses.

We will evidently remain here until the opening of the spring campaign, 1864, and we live very comfortably. Artillerists, generally speaking, have a much easier time than infantry.

February 6.—About 10 o'clock to-night our battalion was ordered to the front, as the enemy is said to be making some demonstration along our lines. My gun not going, I was left in charge of camp. The battalion only remained absent two or three days.

February 29th.—A small body of Federal cavalry, under Col. Dalghren, stirred us up considerably to-day. As an artillery reserve camp, we have no infantry in supporting distance of us, and, of course, would be an easy prey to any considerable band of marauders. The Federals swooped down upon our "Court-Martial," and captured a good many men and officers, but, being pressed for time, finally let them all go. So soon as we received intelligence of the movement, we ran our guns into an open field, and forming a hollow square of artillery, quietly awaited results. Dalghren passed on and did not molest us, but he might have inflicted a serious blow upon us.
March 5th.—Ordered to Richmond on ordnance duty and remained there until the 15th. Ordered back on the 17th but got some one else to go in my stead.

March 30.—Received a thirty-day "recruit" furlough to-day and arrived in Richmond about night-fall. General Lee gives a thirty-day furlough to any enlisted man who furnishes an able bodied recruit to the Army of Northern Virginia, consequently all of us are on the qui vive for cousins, brothers, sweetheart’s brothers or anybody’s brothers that we can get into the army. All of these recruits would eventually have to go into the army at an early date, and this is done to promote volunteering, and also to give the soldiers a chance to go home. Remained in Richmond for a few days, and then left for Nottoway and Lunenburg—then for Southwest Virginia and Lexington, Virginia—finally rejoining my command near Barboursville, Orange county on the

30th of April—Captain David Watson, of the Second Howitzers, has been promoted Major of our regiment, and First Lieutenant Lorraine Jones, of that company, has been promoted Captain—Sergeant Wallace McRae promoted to the vacant Lieutenantcy.

OPENING SPRING CAMPAIGN, 1864.

Barboursville, Orange County, Va., April 30th.—During my absence on furlough some changes of note have occurred in our battalion. Major R. A. Hardaway, the second in command, has been promoted to the full command, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Our former Colonel, John Thompson Brown, now commands the first division of artillery in our corps, consisting of Nelson’s, Braxton’s, and Hardaway’s battalions. The remaining two battalions, Cutshaw’s and Page’s, are commanded by Colonel Thomas H. Carter, the whole under the command of Brigadier-General Long.

This much of the change we object to strongly—that is, the First Regiment Virginia Artillery is changed to Hardaway’s Battalion. Our battalion is camped five miles west of Gordonsville, near the Staunton pike. Our horses are improving rapidly and will continue to do so as long as we remain in this grass country. Captain Griffin’s “Salem Artillery” was left at Frederick’s Hall for want of horses, and now we have but four com-
panies with us: the Rockbridge Artillery, Captain Graham; the Powhatan Artillery, Captain Dance; the Second Howitzers, Captain Lorraine Jones; and the Third Howitzers, Captain B. H. Smith.

May 2d.—The morning was fair and lovely, but in the afternoon the skies were overspread with clouds and angry west winds came sweeping from the mountains with a hurricane-like sound, whirling our camp furniture through the giddy mazes of a tempest dance: our tent-flies flew away on the bosom of the breeze and the tree-tops came crashing to the earth; then came the rain and hail, driving full into our faces, and then the cry of FIRE!

What an indescribable turmoil now! Fence-rails, tree-tops, skillets, tin-pans, tents and tarpaulins whirling around in a dance of maudlin merriment, and the fierce red flames licking out their forky tongues in spiteful glee. Lieutenant Carter headed the "fire brigade," and assisted by two stalwart Sergeants, both of whom were sometimes wont to "run wid der masheen" in days gone by, finally succeeded in arresting the flames, but not, however, until Fort Moultrie, a position occupied by a superannuated Scotch substitute, had been demolished by fire.

May 4th.—We received orders this evening to move immediately, as the enemy, under Grant, have crossed the Rapidan and are now in the neighborhood of Chancellorsville. Accordingly, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon we took up our line of march; passing through Orange Courthouse we moved on the plank-road and halted for the night four miles beyond the village.

May 5th.—Soon after light we continued our march, and about noon halted at Mine Run, near our old line of fortifications. The enemy are occupying the "Wilderness" country, and the nature of the ground precludes all possibility of massing artillery, so it is more than probable our battalion will not be engaged, provided the battle takes place in this neighborhood. Dance’s company has been sent back to guard "Morton’s Ford." Occasionally through the day we hear continued volleys of musketry, and already twelve hundred Federal prisoners have passed us "On to Richmond!"

The great struggle between U. S. Grant and Robert E. Lee has commenced, and Lee, though far inferior to Grant in numbers, has struck that General where he cannot employ half his forces.

Two of our Generals are reported killed—General Jones, Second
brigade, and General Stafford, of Louisiana—also, Brigadier-General Pegram, severely wounded.

May 6th.—Early this morning the enemy made heavy assaults on our lines, but were driven back with terrible loss. Little or no artillery was used on either side, for the woods and undergrowth are too thick to see mosquitoes—this is really the wilderness.

General Longstreet was painfully, but not very severely wounded. Our battalion is called upon to mourn the loss of its former brave and efficient commander, Colonel JOHN THOMPSON BROWN, who fell early this morning shot through the head by a musket ball.

Colonel Brown's name and influence were given to the Old Howitzer Company at its very organization, a short time prior to the "John Brown" raid, and upon that bloodless but exciting campaign the writer of this Journal became acquainted with him. At the commencement of the war he was a Second Lieutenant in the old company, and when the Howitzer battalion was formed he was unanimously chosen Captain of our Second Company.

Holding that position until the formation of the First Regiment Virginia Artillery, he was promoted to a Majority, and then, in the reorganization of the army, in the Spring of 1862, he was made Colonel of that regiment. At Chancellorsville, Winchester, and Gettysburg he commanded, the artillery of our corps. No officer who has fallen during this war will be more deeply deplored by those under his immediate command than John Thompson Brown. His purse, ever open to assist the needy; his kind, warm heart ever eager to assist those in distress; and his gentle, winning manners won the love of all. Thus another Christian warrior has fallen, and ever will his memory be fondly cherished by those who were wont to look up to him more as a father than as a commanding officer.

Peace to his ashes!

This morning we moved down to Locust Grove, about two miles nearer our lines, where, all day long, we impatiently awaited orders.

May 7th.—There was some fighting last night, in which Brigadier-General Gordon, upon whom the mantle of Stonewall Jackson seems to have fallen, figured quite extensively in a flank movement and captured many prisoners. We remained near
Locust Grove all night, and this morning moved still nearer the lines. It is now 9 A. M., and no fighting of consequence has taken place. Anxiously are we awaiting the coming battle—how much depends upon it! About dark our battalion was ordered back to Videarsville, on the plank-road, and, on account of the usual delays, we did not reach that place until 2 o’clock at night. ’Tis reported that Grant has turned the head of his column towards Richmond, and is endeavoring to form a junction with his Peninsula forces.

May 8th.—Left Videarsville this morning and marched to Shady Grove, some twelve or fifteen miles.

May 9th.—Moved on to Spotsylvania Courthouse, and on reaching the hill commanding the River Po, the enemy made a feeble demonstration towards capturing our artillery and wagon trains, but it resulted in nothing more than the hastening up of our column. Reaching the Courthouse in the afternoon we went into “park” near our lines, but remained quiet only a short time, as my company was ordered into position on the left of the Third corps. That corps is now commanded by Major-General Jubal A. Early, General A. P. Hill being seriously indisposed. Longstreet's corps is now commanded by Major-General D. H. Anderson. My company remained in position but a short time, when it was ordered back to the battalion. Grant tried very hard to occupy Spotsylvania Courthouse, before we could find out his movements, and, in fact, partially succeeded, but we soon drove the Federal troops away, and they are no nearer Richmond now, than when they were in the Wilderness, for the Army of Northern Virginia still confronts them.

THE BATTLE OF SPOTSylvANIA COURTHOUSE, COMMENCING TUESDAY, MAY 10TH, 1864.

This day will long be remembered by our company, as one of the darkest since our organization. Early this morning we were placed in position, about one mile west of the Courthouse, and our support was Daniels' brigade, Rodes' division, whilst Doles' brigade, of the same division, was posted immediately on our right, and Ramseur's on our left. With such meager opportunities, it is impossible for the writer to give an accurate idea of the entire battle, and 'tis our purpose to give a truthful, though
but simple, statement of the part played by our company, in this bloody drama. As far as I was able to learn, the left of our line extended to the river Po, the right swung around towards, and beyond the Courthouse. Our position for artillery, was anything but a good one—immediately in our front, and 300 yards from our line of works, was a body of piney woods, in which the enemy’s sharpshooters were posted, and from which they poured a continuous stream of Minie balls. On our left, a body of oak woods ran at an obtuse angle from those piney woods, towards our works, whilst on our right, another body of oak woods ran at right angles towards us. Thus our battery commanded an open field, of about 300 yards in length, and not more than 150 yards in width. In our immediate front, General Daniels had no sharpshooters posted, but on our left, he had quite a strong body—these suffered severely from the enemy’s sharpshooters, amounting almost to a regular line of battle. I do not think General Doles had any sharpshooters in his front, or if he had, they were so near our own breastworks, as not to render any service in watching the movements of the enemy. Our four guns were posted in the following manner: the two three-inch rifle guns being on the right, and two Napoleons on the left, numbering from the right, the First, Second, Third, and Fourth detachments, my detachment being the Fourth. The Second Howitzers were in position on our left, some 250 yards—no other company belonging to our battalion was engaged.

About nine A. M., we were ordered to open upon the enemy in our front, and our battery succeeded, after a few well directed shots, in driving them back, or, at least in keeping them quiet. This was only a heavy skirmish line of the Federals.

But they remained quiet only a short time, and then they poured the Minie balls into us, with a hearty good will. Then they opened on us with their artillery, and though it was impossible for them to see us from their batteries, yet they struck inside of our battery every shot. After firing some fifty or sixty rounds, we “ceased firing,” but now and then would put in afeeler, by way of a generous reminder. Their sharpshooters being so close to us, annoyed us no little. Later in the afternoon, they concentrated their artillery upon us, and dealt the death missiles with an unsparing hand—literally the earth quaked and trembled ‘neath the shock, but we were ordered not to reply to their artillery,
and we waited for their infantry. Having no especial cause to stand up in the open field, most of us took our seats behind the breastworks, and many of us went to sleep. On our left, some heavy fighting was going on, and the news passed down the line, that we had driven the enemy several miles. Loudly roared the brazen-mouthed cannon, chanting their deep bass notes of death, in solemn harmony with the treble notes of the fatal Minie musket. The enemy's cannon cease—for a moment, a death-like stillness hangs over the line.

'Tis the pause of death—the Angel Azrael for a moment droops his blood-reeking wings and rests on the field of battle.

"Make ready, boys—they are charging!" Every man sprang to his post and the enemy come swooping through the woods on our right and in front of Dole's brigade. We pour a few rounds of canister into their ranks, when we are ordered to

"Cease firing—our men are charging!"

A long line of Confederate infantry is seen rapidly advancing towards the enemy's line, and we jump upon the breastworks, loudly cheering them in their supposed charge; but, good Heavens, something is wrong—those Confederates have no muskets! And though 'tis hard to believe, yet a second's glance sufficed to show us that they had surrendered without firing a shot and were going to the Yankee rear as fast as their cowardly legs would carry them. Between that line of Confederates and our battery is one dense mass of Federal infantry, advancing rapidly, and at a trail arms; they were but a short distance from us, but so far to our right that we could not fire into them without killing our own men. Again we sprang to our guns and put in a shot anyway and anywhere we could; but no artillerists could stem the torrent now nor wipe away the foul stain upon the fair banner of Confederate valor.

The fourth detachment fights its gun until the first gun is captured, the second gun is captured, the third gun is captured, and its own limber-chest with its No. 6 (Dr. Roberts) captured! Nearly every man in the detachment a recruit—gentlemen recruits, I doff my hat to you!

Our support was breaking on all sides—on our right and rear the enemy were pouring in upon us in a perfect avalanche. And now comes over us a feeling of sickening horror—not the fear of death, for, so help us God, we thought not of dying, but we
thought of the *shame* in leaving our battery to be captured by the enemy, and that, too, almost without a struggle.

Lieutenant Paine, who was standing near the fourth gun, now asked Major Watson "What must be done?"

I heard Major Watson make no reply, but his countenance was more expressive of dejection, not of *fear*, for he was the very bravest of men.

Then Major Watson, Lieutenant Reade (our adjutant), Lieutenant Paine, and myself, together with most of the fourth detachment, sprang over the breastworks towards the enemy's main line, and moving obliquely to the left reentered our lines somewhere near the Second Howitzers. Everything was in the direst confusion—all company organization was entirely broken up. Our men, being ordered to take care of themselves, got out of the enemy's way as best they could, scarcely any two of them going together, consequently I am unable to keep any account of their movements; the reader will therefore excuse the seeming egotism if I record my own adventures for the balance of the day. Time, about 5 P. M. When Major Watson left I concluded it was time for me to be *moving*, so I sprang over the breastworks also, and as I did so I hung my foot in a root or twig and came down upon the ground with a heavy thwack; then I heard one of my bosom friends say, "*There goes poor Buck,*" but he didn't stop to see whether I had gone or not, and I reckon I would have done as much for him. However, I gallantly picked myself up and made very good time; I thought I was wounded, too; then going some fifty yards to the left I reentered our lines. In rear of the Third Company was a line of hastily constructed earthworks, occupied by five companies of North Carolina infantry, belonging to Daniel's brigade, who had been moved from the main line in the morning, we taking their place, and I thought this small body of men would be a nucleus on which we would rally our broken line. So taking an Enfield rifle, cartridge-box, etc., from a demoralized infantryman, I made for that line as soon as possible, and there found General Ewell, with several staff officers, endeavoring to rally our men. Several of our boys fall in with these five companies and Ewell orders a charge—five companies to charge as many thousand Yankees; but we do it—we advance with a "yell" and even reach our caissons, but the enemy are too strong for us and
we are literally wiped out. It looked to me as if not so many as
dozens got back. The enemy had not formed a regular line of
battle, but seemed to me to be in as much confusion as we were.
Private J. M. Fourquraneen, of our company, is wounded in this
charge. Gallant Dick Ewell remains at his post and is manfully
endeavoring to bring up the stragglers—it is getting about twi-
light. By Ewell's side, astraddle of a little pony, is a boy soldier
of not over eleven or twelve years of age, and I may live to be a
hundred years of age, but I will never forget that little boy—his
pony rearing up and pawing in the direction of the enemy, and
the gallant little soldier firing his tiny pocket pistol as earnestly as
Murat heading a charge.

We reform again, and by this time a brigade, marching by the
right flank, comes sweeping down the lines.

"By the left flank!" comes from some old veteran; that
swings them into "line of battle," and we knew something had to
give way.

"Charge, men!—General Lee is looking on!"

With a yell and a dash we made another attempt; this time
the Yankees have formed their line, and we get into the closest
quarters it was ever, before or since, my fortune to witness. At
one time the lines of battle were not over twenty yards apart.
The color-bearer falls; private W. E. Goode, of our company,
bears them onward. This time we are more successful, and we
rush undismayed on the Yankee forces. The fire flashing from
their muskets lighted with a bright red glow the faces of our men
charging, and upon each man's countenance is seen the determi-
nation to win back those guns or else lose his life in the attempt.
In the twilight's soft gloaming is seen the form of man against
man engaged in fearful death struggling—the yell of determina-
tion is heard far above the crash of musketry, whilst ever and
anon the discordant note of some wailing victim grates harshly
upon the ear as the death ball crashes through the bone.

It is my opinion that it takes a better, braver and cooler man
to stand by his "piece" during an engagement than it does to
charge any line of battle ever formed, and for this reason: An
artillerist has no excitement in his fighting, and frequently is
standing up entirely unprotected, apparently doing nothing, sim-
ply holding his thumb upon the cannon vent, but if he takes his
thumbed off that vent a moment too soon he kills the man in front of him.

In an infantry charge every man feels the individuality of his efficiency, and, all fear being subservient to the animal magnetism of excitement, he in reality knows no fear. In the charge I noticed a Federal Major endeavoring to make his men follow him; he was but a few paces off from me; I fired, he fell, and he was so close to me that I got his hat before he fell to the ground. I stopped to load my rifle—a greasy-looking North Carolinian stepped out of ranks, turned him over, took out of his pockets his watch, money, etc., and went on in the charge.

On we pressed until the enemy was driven from our battery, and once more the Confederate flag was floating over the Third Company Richmond Howitzers. From every gun our men had carried off the implements, and that is the reason they had not been turned upon us.

The enemy still hold a portion of our lines, especially a traverse some forty or fifty yards on our right—it becomes a difficult matter to dislodge them, nor can we do it without reinforcement: from this traverse they sweep our lines with a terrible enfilading fire. Who can describe our feelings when we regained our guns! Loud cheers rent the air, and each man seemed endowed with a tenfold strength: quickly the canister is rammed home and our Napoleon does its work.

And now, this is the place for me to make an apology to one of the members of the Third Company, and it gives me great pleasure to do so. Stable Sergeant, The. Boisseau, is the member referred to. As stable sergeant of the company he is released from all company duties save those pertaining to the looking after horse-feed, distributing the same, etc., consequently he is attached to no especial detachment and does not go into engagements.

A few nights since, I became very angry with Boisseau about some trivial matter, and gave him an old-fashioned Virginia "cussin'"—calling him, amongst some other pretty hard names, a coward, and telling him that all the company, myself included, believed he took that paltry office in order to keep out of fights.

"No," says The., "I am no coward, Buck—no more coward than you are, but I won't fight you, and you had just as well go off and let me alone."
Boisseau was one amongst the very first men in the battery, and he slapped me on the shoulder, saying:

"I reckon you'll take that back now, Buck?"

"That I will, The., and never call you a coward again."

Being nearest to our third gun, I commenced working that, acting as "gunner,"—Colonel Hardaway was at the gun when I reached it, but soon afterwards took several men and commenced working our second gun. Colonel Hardaway was amongst the first to reach our battery, and behaved with the greatest bravery. After firing about thirty rounds from the third gun our "friction primers" gave out, and, running over to the fourth gun for a fresh supply, there I found Major Watson, Adjutant Read and two or three members of the Second Howitzers (John Ellett and Martin Burnley) endeavoring to work it, and I then took the gunner's place there. The gun being very heavy, and all of us well-nigh broken down, we made an infantryman leave his shelter behind a big tree and assist us at the trail in rolling the gun up to its proper position after the recoil from firing. One of our boys, Peter Porter, was assisting me at the trail also—a volley from the traverse passed over us and Porter, Major Watson and the infantryman fell—the first, severely wounded in the arm; the second, mortally; and the third, killed dead. This pretty well disabled the gun, for those of us left were so nearly exhausted that we could scarcely stand up. I tied Porter's arm up the best I knew how, and started him off to the rear. Then, at our Major's request, we procured a "litter," and bore him from the field, returning instantly to our guns. It was now 10 o'clock at night, and the fighting was well nigh over—the enemy had been driven from our lines entirely, for Alleghany Johnston's men had come down the lines and pushed them out. The enemy was still in force 300 yards in our front. And now comes the saddest part of the bloody drama; the excitement and danger is over, and we are seeking the loved and the lost. When the Yankees first captured our company most of our boys struck out for the Rockbridge Artillery, some distance down the line—they will turn up to-morrow all right, but our actual losses are far heavier than they ever have been since we have been in the army.

*Killed.*—Corporal E. C. Howard; privates S. A. Wakeham, Granville Porter.
Mortally Wounded.—Corporal William H. Winn; privates E. H. Smith, L. W. Redd.


Twenty five horses killed.

Several others of the company were slightly wounded, but not sufficiently disabled to leave the field.

Finally we moved our battery "by hand, to the rear," some seventy-five or a hundred yards, to make room for Garber's company—it relieving us. All the men and horses were sent back to the rear, only leaving a guard of four or five men to protect the battery. It fell to my lot to be the Sergeant of the guard. All night long a rambling discharge of musketry was kept up, but the enemy made no further advance.

May 11th.—Early this morning, General Long, Chief of Artillery, Second Corps, rode up to our battery, and complimented us for our fight of yesterday, saying that he intended to equip us immediately, and ordered Garber's company to move our guns back to the rear. Hardly had we started, when we met Lieutenant Henry Carter, now commanding our company, in charge of horses from our battalion, and by them, our guns were taken back some mile or two, in rear of our line of battle, where we remained all day and night.

This morning, we buried our three comrades, who fell in yesterday's fight:—we buried them near the Courthouse, whilst the foe was sullenly firing. No marble marks the spot where those brave spirits sleep—no mighty espiscopant chanted over them a funeral dirge, but silently and sadly we laid them down to rest, and their names are forever graven on our hearts.
ATTACK ON JOHNSON'S LINE, THURSDAY, MAY 12TH.

We consolidated our company into a section of two guns (the two 3-inch rifles), and by request I took charge of the Second Detachment, Corporal Flournoy having command of the First. It so happens that I am the only detachment Sergeant left in the company, the other three being wounded or captured. We started out to the front under the command of Lieutenant Carter and reported to Captain Graham, of the Rockbridge artillery. We halted in a wood near our lines and awaited orders. A cold, cheerless rain was falling fast, and gloomy as the skies were overhead the "news from the front" was still more so. A disaster has befallen us, and nothing but the very hardest kind of fighting will regain the ground lost early this morning. It seems that the artillery from Johnson's line was taken away through the misconception of an order, and before that artillery could be replaced the consequences have been very serious; for the enemy, massing in front of Johnson's division, by a coup de main, succeeded in breaking through our lines just as the artillery was being replaced and before it had gotten into position—the greater portion of it being "in column of pieces." This necessitated the loss of twenty pieces of artillery, and also makes a huge gap in our lines. 

That gap must be closed! The battle now rages fiercely—the enemy to hold the position already taken, and we to regain the ground lost.

A Major of artillery (Cutshaw) noticing us awaiting orders, took upon himself the authority to order us to leave our guns in the rear, take our cannoniers to the front and keep them there until we recaptured the artillery lost by us this morning, then we would be on hand to work them. This being approved by Captain Graham, under whose direct orders we were, we left our guns, horses, and drivers in the rear, and taking the cannoniers pushed on to the front, remaining there all day subjected to a terrific fire, and without the slightest opportunity of giving a quid pro quo. Can one imagine a more horrible situation!

All day long we awaited "farther orders," which never came, and the excitement of anxious suspense kept the blood up to fever heat. We were just on the edge of the "Horse Shoe" position, and our wounded all passed by us. We were crowding every
available man into that position, and Grant seemed doing the same. It reminded me of two mighty streams of wheat pouring into a gigantic hopper—every grain going in was fast being ground up and seen as wheat no more.

A few days before the battle commenced a Captain in the Twenty-first Virginia Infantry came to me and begged that I would take the First Lieutenancy of his company; told him I would think of it and let him know. I saw him pass me on his way to the rear, all bloody and pale, and hobbling along on an impromptu crutch, partially supported by a comrade slightly less wounded than he.

"Halloo, Sam!—how's your company getting along?"

"Company, thunder!—this is all's left of it."

Says I to myself, "I'd rather be a live Sergeant than a dead General."

We sheltered ourselves as best we could—some behind log houses and some in trenches nearly filled with water—the water making but little difference, as we were completely soaked, anyhow. I sat down behind a little house (not much larger than a chicken-coop, but having a chimney tall enough for a shot tower), and three or four shells passed through it, covering me with dirt. One of our company was sitting in my lap, when a rifled 10-pounder shot passed through the chimney knocking it over upon a horse standing by us, and he falling over upon this "Howitzer" in my lap, sent him whirling as if he had been shot out of a catapult.

We were just in rear of our position of the 10th, and the enemy's shot and shell passing over our first line were bursting in our midst all the time. A quantity of artillery was massed near us, at the Harris House, and the Minie balls played havoc with their horses, killing no less than thirty in the shortest space of time imaginable. We remained in this delectable spot all day, and at nightfall we went back to our company, a mile or so in the rear.

This day's fighting has been the heaviest since Grant crossed the Rappahannock—in this "Horse Shoe" a tree eighteen inches in diameter was cut down by musket balls alone!* How could

*The "but," or "stump," of this tree, showing the course of the bullets through it, may still, 1883, be seen in the museum of the War Department, at Washington, D. C.—Editor.
man live there? Grant, by massing his troops, and that is his *forte*, has succeeded in piercing our lines and capturing some fifteen or twenty pieces of artillery, but the *rout* of Lee’s army was something he could not accomplish, and the commencement of the bloody work had only taken place when the entrance into our lines was effected. Grant hurled brigade after brigade and division after division into this maelstrom of death, and for fourteen hours the tide of battle ebbed and flowed. Sometimes it would seem as if nothing could stem this torrent of impetuous Yankees, but then a new brigade of dauntless Confederates would plunge into this vortex of destruction and the sulphurous smoke hanging over this “Horse Shoe of Hell” would tell of the fierce death struggling within. Grant’s loss has been terrific, and ours has been more severe than in any other fight during this campaign. Our loss has been heaviest in Ewell’s corps, and especially in Johnson’s division; he himself was wounded and captured, and there is not a general officer left in his division. Our Lieutenant-Colonel, R. A. Hardaway, was painfully but not dangerously wounded early this morning. We are now again without a field officer, Captain Dance, of the Powhatan Artillery, being in command. His company to-day lost one man killed and one wounded. The Second Howitzers lost in wounded: Sergeants Ellett and Christian, Corporals Cocke and Clarke, and Private Trent. The Rockbridge Artillery, as yet, have scarcely been engaged, though Captain Graham lost his riding horse, as did Lieutenant Selden, our gallant little ordnance officer.

*May 13th.*—Remained quiet all day—nothing of interest from the front, save that we have in a great measure strengthened our lines by making them straighter and shorter. No fighting of consequence—some very heavy skirmishing.

*May 14th.*—All this morning we were engaged in equipping our battery. Most of the horses belonging to the guns captured on the 12th were saved and twenty-five were given us; also, a like number of men from Cutshaw’s and Page’s battalions. This will again put us on a war footing. As soon as we were fully equipped we started for the front, and at nightfall relieved a company of Braxton’s battalion. Majors Cutshaw and Stribling have been temporarily assigned to our battalion, the former being in command. Our position is a few hundred yards in rear of Tuesday’s position. Our first, second and third guns are almost
immediately in rear of that position and a short distance to the
left of the Harris House, which was General Lee's headquarters
on the 10th and 12th. Both armies seem to be resting from the
severe struggles they have been engaged in—it must commence
again in a few days.

Our Major, David Watson, of Louisa county, formerly Cap-
tain of the Second Howitzers, died to-day, of wounds received in
Tuesday's fight. Apparently cold and cynical in his disposition,
many, who knew him only by sight, thought him utterly heart-
less, and above holding intercourse with those under him. Such
was far from being the case; though the writer of this fell into
that error, yet he long since learned to love him, as a gallant,
noble, and gentlemanly officer. Indeed he was one of the coolest
men under fire that I ever saw, and when he received his death
wound, but a few paces from me, he uttered no complaint, and
simply asked to be carried to the rear. The great curse of our
war is that such a man as he should fall by the hand of paid
hirelings—a great portion of the Northern army coming from
across the waters. Private Edward H. Smith, of our company,
also died this morning, of wounds received the same day.

When first our company reached the front, we were supported
by Brian's brigade, McLaws' old division (now commanded by
Brigadier-General Kershaw), but soon afterward, a change was
made in the disposition of our infantry, and my gun, the Fourth,
is now supported by Doles' brigade, Rhodes' division, whilst Jones'
brigade (or rather what is left of it) Johnson's division, covers the
front of our First, Second, and Third guns. On our left is
Daniel's brigade, connecting with Battle's.

May 15th.—Our position here, is a great improvement on that
of Tuesday or Thursday. My gun commands a ravine for about
eight hundred yards, and no infantry the world ever saw can
take it from the front. The First, Second, and Third guns of our
company, together with the four rifled guns of the Second
Howitzers, are posted on a hill some two hundred yards to my
right, and the Fourth gun commands the base of that hill, as well
as the approach to it. It being probable that the enemy, know-
ing the position of those seven pieces on the hill, will endeavor to
mass his troops under the hill, and, by his usual mode, push for-
ward with a rush, and pierce our lines as on Thursday, May 12th.
On the left of the Fourth gun, are two Napoleon guns, belonging
to Griffin’s, Salem Artillery, that company having joined us several days since. Griffin’s remaining two guns, are some distance on our right.

May 16th.—No move of consequence to-day, or yesterday. Last night our skirmish line was badly managed, several times getting into interminable confusion. Some slight firing occurred in front of Gordon’s brigade, on our right, and our skirmishers ran in, very badly frightened.

This morning one of our skirmishers informed me that the skirmish line charged the river Po, and getting lost, “about faced,” and skirmished towards our breastworks during the remainder of the night, which they did not find out until morning. Most of us, feeling uneasy, kept awake nearly all night. This evening we received information regarding an attack to be made upon us, early on the morrow, and our preparations were made accordingly.

One-third of our portion of the army, was kept on the alert all night, and the entire army is to be aroused just before day.

ATTACK ON RHODES’ DIVISION, EWELL’S CORPS, WEDNESDAY, MAY 18TH—SPOTSYLVANIA COURTHOUSE.

Soon after light we were aroused from our slumber, and running out to the breastworks, found our entire line in commotion. Infantrymen were carefully examining their muskets, and artillerists were preparing to “let slip the dogs of war”—field and staff officers were hurrying to and fro, giving words of encouragement and command to the troops. Generals rode rapidly up and down the lines, and with anxious eye awaited the result of the next few moments. Although the morning was unusually cold for the season of the year, and many of us were chilled through from sleeping on the damp ground, yet a heated oppressiveness seemed weighing on one’s breast, and the result of anything would be a relief—the painfully anxious anticipation being such a burden.

In our front is heard the sound of many voices, even as the rush and roar of many waters—it is the enemy advancing through the woods in our front, and distinctly can we hear their officers giving the words of command and cheering on their men. Our sharpshooters fall back in good order and take position to the left
of the fourth gun and about three hundred yards in front of our line: these sharpshooters were the Twenty-first Regiment, Virginia Infantry, and were as game a set of soldierly as ever fought.

On come the enemy, and plainly can we see them debouching from the woods in our front and massing their troops to attack the hill on our right. Our guns are quickly trained upon them and the command "fire" is given. One by one our guns open upon them and as the thick blue smoke is blown from them we can see the deadly Napoleon shot and the unerring ten-pound rifle ball ploughing through the serried ranks of the astounded enemy. Vainly do they endeavor to press forward—an again and again, we break them, and their officers uselessly dash up and down their lines, endeavoring to hurl them upon our works. The dash has been remorselessly extracted from these gala dressed Auger's Heavy artillerists, taken from the works around Washington to reinforce Grant, and in their first fight—they are but food for our gun-powder.

For one hour and a half this kind of fighting continued and every time the enemy formed for a charge we shattered their columns with artillery alone. The fourth gun fired slowly and deliberately—averaging one shot per minute—as its position was the best on the line, and our ammunition in splendid condition, it is presumable that we did fine execution. Finally the enemy, after making another abortive attempt, broke and incontinently fled, leaving us undisturbed masters of the field. Only three men in our company were wounded, two of whom were scarcely hurt, and the other (Private W. C. A. Mayo) not seriously injured.

The enemy also attacked our lines farther to the right, in front of Gordon's and Pegram's brigades, and as with us, the artillery broke their lines, driving them back without the assistance of the infantry.

This fight has been most beneficial to us in restoring confidence to our men, for, especially on our part of the line, they have become somewhat discouraged, having suffered so severely.

The "gunner" of the fourth detachment, Corporal Miles H. Gardner, being temporarily attached to the third gun, owing to our severe loss in non-commissioned officers during the engagement of the roth, I took my old position and acted in his stead. If there be any pleasure in fighting, it is when one is "gunner"
of a splendid Napoleon gun, the men working like clock-work, ammunition in splendid order, and no one one shooting at you. Such was the fight of to-day.

All journalistic writings are more or less egotistical, and, therefore, I hope the reader will not consider the writer more so than the generality of fallable humanity when I say that in hearing Generals, Colonels, Captains, Lieutenants and greasy looking, but indisputably brave privates compliment, in the highest terms, the accuracy of the fire of the "fourth" gun, my heart beat with the proudest throb of emotion that ever it has felt since the commencement of the war. After the fight our infantry hung around the powder-begrimed and heated "Napoleon," patted it affectionately on the breach and muzzle, and made all manner of queer remarks concerning its effectiveness and accuracy. One strapping looking fellow sang out to his comrade, "Look here, Jim—here's our gun! This is the gun we pulled out'n the mud that ar' night."

And sure enough, it was the same gun. They ever afterwards claimed an ownership in the fourth gun, Third company. The infantrymen all wanted to see the artillery "tricks" (as they called the "implements" with which we worked the gun), and we had to show them the friction primers, lanyard, priming wire, thumb-stall, etc., and also had to explain to them the difference between spherical case shot, shell, and canister. The first named projectile was used by us nearly altogether to-day, and, being a very destructive missile, inflicted terrible injury upon the enemy. Some of us walked down to the position where the enemy, in the morning, had been massing his troops for a "charge," and their dead and severely wounded, being left on the field, presented the most horrible sights we ever witnessed. Our infantry had not fired a shot—all the work had been done by artillery. Few men were simply wounded—nearly all were dead, and literally torn into atoms; some shot through and through by cannon balls, some with arms and legs knocked off, and some with their heads crushed in by the fatal fragments of exploded shell. Horrible, horrible! They left several hundred of their dead in our front, and as it is to be presumed that many were carried off, their loss must have been severe. Our infantry were ordered not to fire until their line of battle got within two hundred yards of our breastworks, and as they did not get that near to us the artillery
had it all to themselves. The remaining part of the day was more than usually quiet. General Lee sent us word not only at what time they intended to make the charge, but also what troops would be engaged in it. I think he expected a much heavier fight, for he put the whole of Jackson's old division, much depleted, it is true, to support one detachment of our company (Fourth), and behind that detachment we had three lines of breastworks. It is difficult for us to get good drinking water. Oh, for a good mint julep!

May 19th.—All quiet this morning. A little after noon General Ewell advanced his corps upon the enemy's right flank (Grant's line in front of us resting almost perpendicular to us instead of parallel, as formerly), and a sharp, severe fight was the consequence. This was a "reconnaissance in force" to determine the movements of the enemy, and it is supposed that by making this change in his line Grant is again about to move forward by the left flank, the only way he has been able to gain ground yet. Our artillery was left on the line and did not participate in the engagement.

May 20th.—The enemy are moving to our right, and will either make an attack on that part of our line or endeavor to manœuvre us out of our position. If they get beyond our right, of course we will have to follow up.

May 21st.—At daybreak this morning our corps left their intrenchments and moved rapidly in the direction of Hanover Junction, leaving the Third corps to bring up the rear. Marching about twenty-five miles we camped on the Telegraph road ten miles from the Junction.

May 22d.—Neither horses nor men have had anything to eat since night before last, nor is there any likelihood of procuring anything until we reach the Junction.

May 23d.—Moved our camp a short distance from the Junction in order to procure better grazing for our horses. Reinforcements have reached us from the South and also from the Valley, consequently our army is nearly as strong as it was when the campaign commenced. Saw Robert J. Breckinridge and his staff to-day; thought it was a full brigade.

May 24th.—All quiet along the lines to-day.

May 25th.—My company went into position to-day, and threw up redoubts for our guns. The Fourth gun was placed in posi-
tion, about a half mile from the junction, on the right of the Fredricksburg Railroad. It was supported by Daniel's brigade, Rhodes' division. The First, Second, and Third guns of our company, together with the Second Howitzers, were on the Central Railroad, to the right of, and short distance from the junction. They were supported by Gordon's brigade. Griffin's four Napoleon guns were on the left of our Fourth gun. Captain Dance had one rifle gun on the left of Griffin's company, and immediately on the railroad.

May 26th.—This morning all quiet in our front. In the afternoon, the enemy attacked our sharpshooters in front of Daniel's brigade, and, for a short time, quite a spirited encounter took place; but we easily repulsed them, and again all is quiet.

May 27th.—Early this morning it became apparent that Grant had declined a contest at Hanover Junction, and was moving his forces to our right, with the intention of occupying McClellan's old line near Cold Harbor. A corresponding disposition of our troops being necessary, we took up our line of march. Moving towards Atlee's Station, our battalion camped for the night near that place.

May 28th.—This morning our battalion moved on the Old Church road, until reaching the Cold Harbor road, where we remained all night. We are about seven and a half miles from Richmond, but there seems to be no haste in the disposition of our troops, and the general impression is, that a decided battle is not imminent—some heavy skirmishing may take place, but nothing very important.

Sunday, May 29th.—This morning our battalion moved on the Old Church road, until our troops are in line of battle, and awaiting the approach of the Federals. The severe lessons taught them at the Wilderness and Spotsylvania Courthouse, have made them more cautious, and they do not seem in any great hurry to run against Confederate breastworks.

May 30th.—Some fighting was done along the lines to-day, by Early and Rhodes, but amounted to nothing decisive.

May 31st.—This morning our battalion was moved some distance farther on the right, and three companies (Dance's, Griffin's, and the Second Howitzer's) were placed in position, whilst the Rockbridge Artillery and our company were held in reserve. We went into "park," on Mr. Cowardin's farm, "Liberty Hall,"
formerly owned by the Rev. Joseph Starke. This being in my old neighborhood, Lieutenant Carter and myself flanked out, and though the enemy are said to have taken everything from the neighborhood, yet we succeeded in getting a good dinner, consisting of fresh lamb, corn bread, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, butter, milk, &c. It was a God send to us! We are camped in a shady, pleasant grove, and that is much more agreeable than to be in those wearisome trenches. However, this piece of good fortune lasted only a short time, for, at 7 P.M., our battalion, save the Rockbridge Artillery, was ordered to report on that portion of the line, near which we camped since the 28th, and relieve Longstreet's artillery, the First corps moving farther to the right. Our right extends to Cold Harbor, and our left to Atlee's Station. Longstreet's corps, commanded by Major-General R. H. Anderson is now on the right; Hill in the centre; and Ewell's corps on the left.

Major-General Jubal A. Early is in command of Ewell's corps, Ewell being quite unwell. Although the distance we had to march was not more than three or four miles, yet, having to move on private roads and through farms, it was nearly day when we reached our destination. Our two Napoleon guns (third and fourth) took position about three hundred yards in front of Pole Green Church. Our rifled section (first and second) was some six hundred yards on our right, and Dance's company to the right of it. Griffin's four Napoleon guns were a short distance to the left of our Napoleon section.

**ATTEMPT TO FORCE OUR LINES AT POLE GREEN CHURCH,**

**WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1ST.**

It was early in the morning, before light, when the fourth gun went into position, and it was so dark that I could form no idea of location. This gun relieved a piece of artillery belonging to the First Howitzers, under the special command of Captain Ed. S. McCarthy, and as I moved in to take his place he remarked that I would have a warm time of it, as the Yankee skirmishers were almost right up to the gun. Poor fellow, I never saw him afterward—moved off to another position and was killed on the 4th. He was a brave soldier and an efficient officer, greatly beloved by his company.

At daybreak it became quite evident that the fourth gun had
gotten into a warm place, for the enemy’s sharpshooters were swarming around us in countless numbers. It is said that Field’s division allowed the Yankee sharpshooters to get into our line of rifle pits (made for our skirmishers) and then were not able to drive them out again; consequently the enemy were so close to our works that we dared not put our heads above them.

The hot summer’s sun poured its blinding rays down upon our unprotected heads, not a leaf nor a twig was nigh to shelter us, and the sand became so hot that it seemed as if it were molten metal, the sharp whiz of the deadly Minie creating the only breath of air stirring. The position of the fourth gun was anything but satisfactory to me, occupying, as it did, a redoubt thrown up some fifty yards in front of our regular line of earthworks. Our skirmish line in front was extremely weak, and was but a stone’s throw in front of us. The enemy on the left of this gun were much nearer than they were in front, and occupied higher ground than we did; consequently they could shoot down into our redoubt. Captain McCarthy had in a great measure remedied that by raising the left salient of the earthwork. Still we were not entirely protected, and this very measure of relief proved of serious disadvantage later in the day.

This morning we were supported by Hays’ brigade, Early’s division, but about noon Kirkland’s brigade, Heth’s division, Hill’s corps, relieved Hays, and as it was impossible to remove the artillery until nightfall we were ordered to remain until that time. During the change in the disposition of the infantry forces the enemy, noticing the movement, poured a volley or two of musketry into our men, killing and wounding some of Kirkland’s brigade. The immediate support of the “left section” of our company, guns No. 3 and 4, was the Eleventh North Carolina infantry; that is, the old Bethel regiment, or what was then the First North Carolina, its number now being changed to the Eleventh. The enemy’s sharpshooters having gotten almost within a stone’s throw of our breastworks, annoyed us terribly. Soldiers, even in the most trying hours, will have their sport, and some of us would take off our greasy-looking caps, set them up on sticks, and hold them above the redoubt just to see how near the Yankees could come to them.

A sudden volley of musketry from our skirmishers warned us that the time for amusement had passed and the moment for work
had arrived—on, on the blue line comes, like a wave from the
heaving ocean it sweeps with resistless force. But there is a bar-
rier to stem that swelling tide, a rugged rock to roll back that
seething stream, a Hill to climb, a Heth to pass, and forth from
the Confederate lines dart a stream of fire from brazen-mouthed
Napoleons, all charged with murderous grape.

And as the sound of men's voices rose above the din and con-
fusion of ensanguined strife a stream of fire rises from the roof
of that old time-honored house of worship, the church of my
ancestors, the church of Samuel Davies—Pole Green, perhaps the
oldest Presbyterian church in Virginia—set on fire by a shot from
my own gun.

My thoughts, even mid the din and confusion of battle, flew
backward to childhood's bright and sunny days—aye, to days of
merry boyhood, and I remembered that in Pole Green my own
father received his Christian name; that there my ancestors had
worshipped the true God, and that for many, many years it had
been connected with the dearest annals of the Presbyterian
Church—now it was passing away in the red glare of war.

As those flames flickered and glared and cast their lurid lights
full into the faces of those Southrons struggling for all most dear
to men, a new, a stronger spirit of endurance seemed given them,
and ere the mouldering embers were shedding their dying halo,
the enemy were driven back, and victory, once more, was ours.

The enemy, coming up upon the left of the fourth gun, it was
sometime before we could get a fair shot at them. It will be
remembered that the fourth gun was some distance in front of
the main line, occupying a single redoubt, and, in order to pro-
tect the cannoniers from the enemy's skirmishers, occupying on
our left higher ground than we did, our left salient was height-
ened so we could not fire over it. They charged in line of battle
but, for some reason, changed into column—the head of the
column was not over twenty yards from the muzzle of the fourth
gun, double charged with canister, when we fired the first shot.
When using canister the flame from the gun seems to go much
farther than when using any other projectile, and it looked to me
as if the flame from our gun ran half way down their line. We
fired seventeen rounds of canister into that column and its ad-
vance was stopped. Lieutenant Carter, seeing this charge before
we did, he being stationed some distance to our right, and think-
ing we were asleep, sent a cannonier to wake us up. We could not fire any sooner, but when we did get to work we went in a hurry. An officer told me that we fired the first eleven shots in one minute. Our boys showed no signs of wavering, but stood firmly to their posts and made the "prettiest fight" on record.

The enemy were charging at "a right shoulder shift," and did not fire at all. Many a blue coated Federal was left on the field, and a good number came into our lines, surrendering.

Three years ago a band of youthful artillerists went forth from their native city to meet the invading foe. With scarcely an exception none of them had reached the sterner years of manhood, and yet they went forth to conquer or to die. Beardless faces and merry blue eyes were among them; the elastic step and the buoyancy of youth betokened the will to be and to make brave soldiers of our brave and beautiful metropolis. How proudly they marched through the wide streets of noble old Richmond, and she, as if proud of her gallant sons, sent forth her daughters fair to bid them stand like the sturdy yeomanry of old or else come back to her never again!

At Bethel those youthful soldiers drove back and defeated United States regulars—here on one side was a band of school-boys handling their artillery with a coolness and consummate skill that veterans would have gloried in, and on the other side regulars fought for pay and for the upholding of a Government that had become unbearable to over eight millions of souls.

A gallant regiment of North Carolina infantry, led by the dauntless D. H. Hill, of whom "Stonewall" Jackson said: "He is the very bravest man I ever knew," supported those boy-artillerists and won for itself a name that will last so long as men remember gallant deeds.

'Twas then that the glad shout first rang through the air that the sons of a new-born Confederacy had gained a great, a glorious victory! But, alas! this was only the commencement of the great struggle—other and more bloody battles were yet to be fought, and countless thousands of brave and gallant men were yet to fall. The bloody sun of Death had scarcely arisen—the noontide of destruction was not yet.

Three years afterward that company of boy-artillerists, now "grown old in wars," stand side by side with that same Carolina regiment and face the charging foe.
The company is sadly changed now, for many who fought with us then sleep in the soldier's grave—some fell at Charlestown, some at Fredericksburg, some at Chancellorsville, some at Gettysburg, thirty-nine were lost to us at Spotsylvania Courthouse, and many stand with the Third Company now who were strangers to us then.

The old First North Carolina is vastly changed too, for where are the thirteen hundred men who landed at Yorktown in '61?

Ask the pale moon if she ever has seen any of those gallant missing ones stretched full length on the red field of battle?

Ask the stormy winds if ever they have blown rudely over the graves of those gallant Carolinians whose places are now vacant in that brave old regiment?

Ah, winds! blow softly, reverently over the graves of those that are missing from that dear old regiment, for they are answering the reveille in that army whose Captain is the Son of God. He who was Colonel then now wears the wreath of a Lieutenant-General, and well worthy is he to wear it; its Lieutenant-Colonel now sleeps in the soldier's grave; its Major is a Brigadier-General now; and one of its officers, then an almost unknown Captain, a few weeks since returned from Carolina's coast wearing an evergreen garland of victory entwined on Plymouth's field, and the stars of a Division-General are his reward. (Perhaps you think this is a general hoax.)

The enemy, after having failed in our front, tried the strength of our lines a short distance to our right, but two far away for us to render any assistance. For a time, the firing was quite heavy, but we repulsed them easily, and the night of the 1st of June ended another brilliant day to our arms. After dark, all became quiet, and our company was relieved by a battery from Hill's corps—we retiring to the rear. Griffin's four Napoleon guns, on our left, did fine execution. Lieutenant Dinguid and one other killed. No one was hurt in the Third company, but many narrow escapes were made.

*June 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th.*—Our company has been on the reserve, since our last fight, and we have been fattening up, preparatory to the next slaughter. There has been some very heavy fighting along the lines since that time, which has resulted in an uninterrupted series of victories to us, and utter discomfiture to the enemy. In this campaign Grant has already lost more
Richmond Howitzer Battalion.

men than Lee has had at any one time, in the army opposed to him.

On the evening of the 5th, our company relieved Griffin's battery, and our position was a little to the right of the Mechanicsville road, some three miles from Mechanicsville. Our lines are very strong, and protected by powerful abattis—our infantry support is Johnson's North Carolina brigade, Gordon's division, the same brigade that recaptured our battery at Spotsylvania Courthouse, on the 10th of May. Several picket skirmishes occurred during the night, which did not amount to anything, except to keep us awake. Loss of rest worries a soldier, but a good soldier sleeps and eats whenever he gets an opportunity.

_June 6th._—At 3 o'clock this evening, as is customary on the lines, we were aroused, but at day-break, no enemy was in our front. Our sharpshooters were advanced, and the line of battle soon followed, the artillery moving slowly to the right. We remained on the "old stage," road nearly all day, awaiting orders, and the farther development of the enemy's plan, but nothing of importance transpired, and my company returned to the "Johnston House," going into position on its left.

DUNGARVON.

This Johnston House is the old Dungarvon mansion, for many years owned by the late Mr. Edward Sydnor, and its quaint looking Dutch gabled roof, is associated with the very earliest recollections of the writer.

And now as I stand gazing upon its dear old walls, all perforated by the destroyers' artillery, the sweet scenes of childhood again pass vividly before me, in rapid panoramic brightness, and I think of the dear ones who welcomed me then and there; but they have long been sleeping in yonder grave yard, and from Heaven, if departed spirits witness or know of the wicked deeds of man done on earth, they behold the wide-spread desolation of the hearthstones where once children, and grandchildren, nephews, nieces and friends, gathered around the aged couple.

Here is the green front yard, where, in childish glee, I gathered the team of shiny-toothed little negroes, and, hitching them up horse fashion, would drive away merrily, to the huge, old-fashioned barn, and there hunt through the sweet scented hay
for the lost hen’s nest, all filled with its wealth of snow white eggs. The enemy’s torch has consumed that old-fashioned barn, and naught but its charred remains are left. Yonder is the little brick closet, on the west side of the house, where the golden apples and the rich kerneled walnuts were kept; but the cannon ball has left its destroying mark there also. There is the dining-room, where old-fashioned country Christmas dinners were served—where fat turkeys, delicious hams, savory mutton, together with all the mighty host of pies, puddings, cakes and custards innumerable were disposed of by appetites keenly whetted by a long ride through the bracing winter’s air; and visions of yellow, golden butter, rich creamy milk, and snow white bread still float dreamily through the mind—but the cannon ball has left its mark in that room too. And just across the passage is the parlor; and after dinner, through the long wintry evenings, we used to gather around its ample fireplace—some to romp in childish games, and others, older, to speak of days of bygone years. Ah! well do I remember that there were those, the dearest to me on earth, who used to gather in that dear old parlor; a score of years ago I can remember a loved parent predicting this very war and these very days of bloodshed. But he lived not to see it—he is sleeping on the banks of a stream whose waters were dyed with the blood of his kinsmen, and the mark of shot and shell on those parlor walls tell how truthfully he spoke of the future.

Yonder is the “little room” and the very corner where the trundle bed was; how oft my wearied limbs have rested there!—and the cannon ball spared not even the little room Above the marks of each cannon ball, upon the walls of that dear old home, seems written in letters of blood—“Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord!”

June 7th.—Our corps advanced this morning to feel the enemy’s position and some sharp skirmishing ensued, resulting in but small loss to either side. My company reported to General Alexander, Longstreet’s Chief of Artillery, and after exchanging some fifteen or twenty shots with the enemy in Pickett’s front we rejoined our corps, which had swung around on the enemy’s right. Griffin’s, Dance’s, and the Second Company Howitzers engaged the enemy, but met with no serious loss.
June 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12th.—All quiet save the usual amount of skirmishing. On some parts of our line the enemy's works are not more than a few yards from ours, and it is very unsafe for either party to show themselves. Our battalion is pleasantly encamped in an oak grove on William Gaines' farm, where good water is more abundant than usual. Ewell's corps, under the command of Jubal A. Early, has left for parts unknown. Early has been made a Lieutenant-General, and Ewell, whose health is giving away, will be assigned to light duty—possibly to the command of the Department of Richmond. Few men in this war have made such a brilliant name or have been held in higher estimation for sterling worth than Richard S. Ewell; but, gallant old war-horse, his many wounds are proving too severe for him, and he is no longer able to bear the privations of an active campaign. Anderson, of Longstreet's corps, has also been promoted Lieutenant-General.

June 13th.—Grant has again vamoosed, and by his left flank strategy crossed the Chickahominy, and is now making for the James River, where he might have gone without losing a man.

A counter-movement of our troops becoming necessary, we crossed the Chickahominy at McLellan's Bridge, and our advance, meeting the enemy at or near Malvern Hill, drove them several miles.

All of Ewell's corps, save our battalion and the two consolidated companies of Page's and Cutshaw's battalions, have left with Early. Major Cutshaw commands this latter battalion, whilst Colonel Hardaway resumes the command of ours, the whole being under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas H. Carter. So far the splendid strategy of the Federal demi-god, U. S. Grant, has paled before the brilliant movements of our great Captain, Robert Edward Lee.

July 17th.—Early's corps, instead of going direct to the Valley, as we all supposed, moved rapidly to Lynchburg; then seriously threatened by Hunter, Averill, and Crook. Driving them off to Wheeling, Early then, by forced marches, dashed up the Valley, crossed the Potomac, and is now seriously threatening Washington and Baltimore. Grant's main army is in front of Petersburg, but he has undoubtedly sent off a number of troops for the defence of Washington.
Our battalion has quietly remained on the north side of the James, and the dull monotony of a life on the lines is occasionally relieved by a reconnoissance on the river and a round or two with the gunboats.

Yesterday the Rockbridge Artillery had quite a spirited encounter with a Federal gunboat, in which our loss was nothing and the gunboat thought to be seriously damaged. A few days since the Second Howitzers went down to annoy the enemy’s gunboats and returned after firing a few rounds—loss, two men wounded. All this does not accomplish much, but it makes the enemy feel less secure.

July 27th.—The enemy have crossed to the north side of the James quite a heavy force, said to be thirty thousand men, under Hancock. This morning another one of those serious accidents occurred, in which the twenty-pound Parrot guns belonging to the Rockbridge Artillery were captured by the enemy. This company was posted some one and a half miles in advance of our lines on New Market Hill, and were supported by Humphreys’ Mississippi brigade. This brigade, being flanked, was compelled to retire, leaving the Rockbridge Artillery without support, and, of course, an easy prey to the enemy. No blame can be attached to the men or to the Captain of that brave company, whose brilliant name was won on fields where “Stonewall” Jackson fought and conquered. The horses and men were saved, but the guns were lost. Somebody is to blame, but nobody seems to know who. Somebody has lost twenty-four pieces of artillery in our corps since the 12th of May!

July 28th.—Reenforcements from the south side of the James River came over last night, and Lieutenant-General R. H. Anderson now commands our line. Skirmishing continues all day, and it is reported that we had quite a spirited encounter on the left of our lines, near Malvern Hill, in which we captured and brought off a piece of artillery. Our company remains in its old position on the right of our lines, about two miles from Chaffin’s farm. There has been no fighting in our immediate front, not even a skirmish.

July 30th.—The main body of the enemy have returned to the south side of the James, and quiet is again restored. Our battalion moved back several miles to the rear and went into regular camp.
August 8th.—Cutshaw's Battalion of Artillery being ordered to the Valley, has left to join Early. The Second Howitzers have been temporarily assigned to that command. My company moved to New Market Heights on picket.

August 13th.—Preparations have been made for the last few days to open a mortar battery upon the enemy’s pontoon bridge at Deep Bottom, and it was announced that everything would be in readiness by 10 A. M. to-day. Our company occupied its same position on New Market Heights, where it has been on picket since the 8th.

Two ten-inch mortars were sunk a short distance in front of our battery and at the base of the hill on which we were posted whilst to our left, and about eight hundred yards to our front, four eight-inch sea-coast howitzers were placed to be used as mortars. Near the village of New Market, or rather Sweeney's Pottery, and several hundred yards to the left and front of the sea-coast howitzers, a “section” of Major Starke's Local Defense Artillery (Parrots) was posted as a protection to the front and left of the mortar howitzers.

The main line was only a short distance in front of our company, but a strong line of “rifle pits” have been thrown up on a line with the mortar howitzers. We opened with the mortars at 3 P. M., and the huge shells were sent whizzing over towards the enemy's line, causing no little confusion in his camp. The mortar howitzers and Starke's Parrot guns joined in the fracas. Pretty soon a gunboat came steaming down the river and leisurely “heaving to,” commenced an accurate fire upon our lines. A slow fire was kept up during the remainder of the day, but was not interesting enough to keep us awake—nothing of importance was accomplished.

FIGHTING AT AND NEAR NEW MARKET HEIGHTS, SUNDAY, AUGUST 14TH.

Major-General Field, of Longstreet's corps, is in command of our line, composed of eight brigades, several of which are very small, but of fine material.

The morning dawned with never a cloud upon the horizon, and for a time an unusual quiet prevailed, though during the entire night the tramp of Federal soldiery, crossing the pontoon bridges, could be heard distinctly.
The enemy have a pontoon bridge just above and one a short distance below Deep Bottom; therefore, to get to our right, they are compelled to cross the upper pontoon, not being able to move to our left without re-crossing the James River or passing immediately in front of our batteries on New Market Hill.

A splendid brass band on our right strikes up that holy hymn of ancient days, "Old Hundred," carrying the mind of many a soldier boy back to the days when he sat under the ministry of some favorite pastor, and many a dimmed and glistening eye looked over the the field of battle. Clearly through the calm Sabbath morning’s air comes the grand melody of that hymn, and as the notes rise higher in praise of that God from whom all blessings flow, they seem to carry a solemn petition to the Throne of Grace for aid in the coming struggle. Hark!--the scene changes. A short distance to our right the sharp ringing notes of the skirmisher’s rifle warn us of danger ahead, and men that were but a few moments since religiously thinking of the past now must be heroes in the bloody present, and hurry to take up the implements of death.

The skirmishing on the right increases, and loud cheers are heard in the woods—in breathless suspense, we await the issue—presently our men come running across the field, and it is evident that our skirmish line (a very strong one, and having splendid "rifle pits,")) has been driven from its position, and forced back to the main line. This so exposed the right flank of the line, protecting the Mortar-howitzer battery, that it was compelled to fall back to the line of entrenchments, running across New Market Heights. There being no horses to the battery, it was impossible to save it, and for a time we thought we would lose Starke’s section also—finally we succeeded in getting that section off, and placed it in position to the left of our company. Far away in our front, we could plainly see the enemy moving heavy columns of infantry to our left, and in the woods we could distinguish the gleaming of muskets innumerable. Skirmishing on our left commences—the situation becomes interesting and precarious—a faux pas, and the day is lost! General Field rapidly masses his troops on the left, to meet the enemy, and our whole line is in commotion. On our right and front, the Federal skirmishers press close to our lines, and the main body of our infantry has been hurried to the left. We are almost totally without infantry support, and we must fight
hard to hold the hill or our line will be broken. Artillery, without infantry support, is almost powerless, and the enemy could plainly see the withdrawal of our infantry. We open a rapid and destructive fire upon the enemy, who has advanced from his works, and is now deploying for a charge—we break his lines and drive his columns back into the woods, and in the mean time, withdraw our right section, under the command of Lieutenant H. C. Carter, and send it off at a "double quick" to the left of our lines, where we are wanting every man. The enemy are pressing us closely on the left. Going into position at the Fussel House, near where the Darbytown road crosses Bailey's Run, this section opened a destructive fire upon a column of the advancing enemy, and routed them at the first fire. Two Federal batteries replied with spirit and precision, one of their shots striking our Second gun, just above the left "trunnion," but without disabling it. However, our boys held their ground, and the enemy were effectually checked. To show the effectiveness of this section I here insert an extract from the Philadelphia Inquirer of the 18th.

"The enemy fell back to a strong position, and the Second division, Second corps, was drawn up in line of battle, beyond where Hancock captured the four guns [Rockbridge Artillery] two weeks ago." [This would bring the Federal line just where the Darbytown road crosses Bailey's Run, near Fussel's Mill."

"Here the First brigade, under Colonel Marcy, took the lead and charged across a cornfield, over a hill and down into a ravine, where they came to a swamp, with a stream [Bailey's Run] on the other side—the ground was covered with impenetrable brush on the margin. During all this time they were exposed to a heavy fire from the Rebel artillery, which did a great deal of damage. It was found impossible to cross the ravine, and the men were halted, and lay concealed as well as possible, until dark, when they were withdrawn. Colonel Marcy had his horse shot under him, and mounting General Barlow's horse, the animal became unmanageable, and fell on the Colonel, badly bruising him. The division lost at least 300 men in the engagement. The First and Third divisions, which were in support, lost about 250 men from the effects of the Rebel artillery."

Referring to the shelling on Saturday last, (13th) the Inquirer says:

"The gunboat Agawan, while engaging a rebel battery, re-
ceived a shell, which exploded, killing three and wounding eight others."

This "Rebel battery" was a section of Hurt's battery, McIntosh's battalion, Lieutenant Ferrill commanding. Towards night the enemy charged our skirmishers on the right with a heavy line of battle, but we held them in check. The loss in our company to-day was very slight—private E. N. Mahoney, wounded in the arm. Several others were struck, but not disabled, among whom was Corporal P. A. Sublett, whose suspender was cut in two by a shell! Two horses were killed and several wounded. After dark our "right section" returned to the Heights, we having also been reinforced by the remaining companies of our battalion, Colonel Hardaway commanding.

August 15th.—All quiet to-day save occasional picket skirmishing. General Lee came over to-day to take a view of the situation. Some of the boys say he came over to see what kind of a place Deep Bottom was, and how long it would take to fill it up at the rate of four guns a week.

August 16th.—In front of us the enemy kept remarkably quiet, but massing a heavy force on our left attacked and broke through Wright's Georgia brigade, and for a time succeeded in holding our works. Tiger Anderson's brigade coming to the rescue our forces in turn attacked the enemy, driving their troops headlong from our fortifications, the poor deluded black being the chief sufferer. The enemy's loss at this point was very severe, our men capturing six or seven hundred prisoners, and the ground being literally covered with the dead bodies of the Federals. In our front the fighting was confined to heavy skirmishing, occasionally interspersed with an unpleasant shelling from the Federal land batteries, gunboats, etc. At one time during the day it became necessary to change the position of the fourth gun, and as our horses were far to the rear we had to move it "by hand to the front," and in full view of the enemy. This was done under a sharp musketry fire, during which privates William M. Mann and Miles H. Gardner were both painfully wounded. The first thing Mann said was: "Got a furlough at last."

He and his brother, Charles Mann, are from Duvall's Bluff, Arkansas, and joined our company May 26, '61, remained with us ever since, and have both proved themselves to be good and efficient soldiers.

August 17th.—All quiet to day.
August 18th.—Our troops on the left made a reconnaissance in force, which amounted to nothing more than finding the enemy still in force in our front and strongly entrenched. Shelling and skirmishing passed up and down the lines, but none of our company were hurt.

August 19th and 20th.—Our skirmishers and the enemy's sharpshooters have become quite amicable: exchanging papers, tobacco, etc.

Sunday, August 21st.—The enemy have all returned to the south side of the James after having accomplished—what? The capture of four iron howitzers and the loss in killed, wounded and missing, of one thousand men for each gun.

Two of Captain Dance's guns were engaged on Tuesday and Thursday in shelling the Federal sharpshooters, and had three or four men wounded and several horses killed. Our company lost nine horses killed and wounded. We have an old Scotch substitute in our company by the name of Moultrie, transferred from Coke's battery—he is too old and feeble to be of much service, and is rarely, if ever, called upon during an engagement. Nevertheless, he is industrious enough to dig him a deep cavern in the side of a hill, into which he religiously repairs whenever the artillery fight becomes too hot for pleasantness. During one of the fights of the past week I noticed a boy in the rear of our battery, paying no attention to the shells that were dropping and exploding all around him, but very busily engaged in digging a trench and talking to himself; as if very much delighted at some scheme on hand.

"What are you doing there?"

"Oh, nothing much—I am laying a train."

In a few moments I heard a smothered explosion, a scream, and a scramble, and old Moultrie came crawling out of his cavern, the most deplorable looking object one ever saw, looking for all the world as if he had been through a powder-mill. The little boy had "hooked" a cannon-charge from a caisson, laid a regular train, and had blown old man Moultrie out of his hole! All this while a battle was going on.

August 25th.—The greater portion of our forces have crossed over to the south side of the James, and now our lines near New Market are very weak.

About midnight our company received orders to withdraw
quietly from New Market Heights, Dance's company taking our position, and move back to our first main line of entrenchments on the right of the New Market road, about six miles from Richmond. The Rockbridge Artillery and one section of Griffin's battery return with us, while Dance's company and the remaining section of Griffin's battery remains on picket. This move was speedily accomplished, as the roads were in fine condition.

**August 30th.**—Our left section, third and fourth guns, under the command of Lieutenant W. P. Payne, ordered to relieve Griffin's section on picket to the right of New Market Hill. Reached the lines and went into position about sundown.

*Query:* Why was it that Griffin's other section did not relieve this one on picket, as we have been on picket twice to their "nary" time?

**August 31st.**—All is extremely quiet on the lines—not even a picket-shot to disturb the dull monotony and routine work of the day.

A few negro troops in our front.

**Fighting at the Mcoul House and Laurel Hill Church, Thursday, September 29th—James River, North Side.**

Early this morning the enemy broke through our lines near or rather between the Drill and McCoul houses, a short distance to the right of New Market Hill, on which the Rockbridge Artillery was posted. Our first section, Lieutenant Carter commanding, was on picket some two hundred and fifty yards to the right of the McCoul House, whilst the "left" or second section was back in battalion camp near the Henrico poor-house and under command of Lieutenant W. P. Payne.

When the enemy pierced our lines near the McCoul House our first section engaged them until it was compelled to retire for want of proper support—our infantry force being very weak. This section moved towards Richmond, halting for a time where the New Market road is crossed by what is known as the second line of entrenchments. At this latter point it was joined by the second section—here no stand could be made on account of Fort Harrison, on the same line and but a short distance to the right, having been captured by the enemy and almost without a strug-
gle on the part of our troops. Our company then fell back towards Laurel Hill Church, and after some little marching and countermarching went into position at that place, supported, and that too most gallantly, by Gary's cavalry brigade. The enemy, advancing in heavy column, were driven back from the front, but having great preponderance of numbers completely flanked this small Confederate force left to hold them in check. Our troops fell back rapidly to the main line on the New Market road, and shortly afterwards my company went into position on the left of Fort Gilmer, but did not reach that point until the enemy had charged the position and had been repulsed. Directly in front of Fort Gilmer was a ditch some twelve feet deep, and as no earth was banked around it, it could not be seen fifty yards, though it could be easily flanked by going either to the right or left of it.

A negro brigade charged this fort squarely to the front and when they came to this ditch hundreds jumped into it, not one of whom got out alive, for our men rolled hand grenades in upon them and not one was left to tell how the white men refused to charge it and they made the attempt.

At the time this fight commenced the writer of this was in the city "on duty," and, hearing the alarm-bell sounded, left the Adjutant-General's office, went out into the street, and found a great commotion. Local defense troops were rapidly organizing and men with muskets were hurrying to and fro preparing to go to the front. And now comes a question of duty versus pleasure—only a few moments prior to this excitement I had procured a passport and transportation to go to southwest Virginia on business connected with my duties as "Recorder" of our company.

Must I go to that little "burg," away off on the mountain tops of the beautiful Alleghany, where glad smiles would greet me, or must I hurry back to the lines where brazen-mouthed Napoleons are singing their song of death and where the wild hurrah of battle is ringing? Not many seconds did it take me to decide, and ere long I was trampling down the New Market road in search of the Third company. As I neared the first line of fortifications the scene became intensely interesting. Quartermasters, commissaries, musicians, detailed men, the sick, the lame, the halt
and the blind, *et id omne genus*, were pouring in a perfect stream *from* the front and towards the city—all told the same dismal tale of disaster that had befallen us.

"Yes," said one, "Fort Harrison has 'gone up,' Fort Gilmer has 'gone up,' Chaffin's Bluff has 'gone up,' and the Yankees are in a few hundred yards of our first line of fortifications—more than that, we have no infantry in the breastworks, only a few heavy artillerists."

I knew this was in a measure true, for Lee's line is necessarily so long, that he can scarcely garrison it by putting his men *one yard apart*, and we have to depend upon running our men from pillar to post.

This was rather a precarious situation for our metropolis to be in, for there was enough of the demoralized fellow's story true to pale the face of the stoutest hearted. The throng still poured in, interspersed with families moving in their "*all*," in little two wheel go-carts, and driving along the dusty road herds of disgruntled swine, which with bleating sheep and lowing cattle were hurrying on beyond the reach of the advancing foe.

Presently I reached the first line of fortifications, where little more than a corporal's guard of men, with muskets that might have been used in the Wars of the Roses, was expected to make a gallant defense, and, with fifteen rounds of ammunition, save the city of Richmond. A sickly looking set of artillerists were fooling with a gun, mounted *en barbette*, and they didn't seem to me to know one end of the cannon from the other.

Great God!—only this between the Yankee line and Richmond.

A few Yankees could be seen in our front, but the main body had evidently halted under cover of a wood, and had not the nerve to press onward—every now and then, by petting and coaxing, our heavy artillerists would induce one of their guns to "go off," and that seemed to create the impression that we had some men about. Learning that the Third company was on the Osborne Pike, I sought for it on that road—finding it near Fort Gilmer. None of the company had been killed or wounded. Dance's Powhatan artillery occupied Fort Johnson, a little earth work between Forts Gilmer and Harrison—it was in this work during the greater portion of the day, and, during this entire war, no artillery company has made a braver fight. Its loss was twen-
ty-five men, and fully as many horses. No more fighting was
done during the day.

A few days after this, we made an unsuccessful attack on Fort
Harrison, but after that, everything soon got back into the former
state of quiet.

Remained with the company about two weeks, when I again
left for Richmond, and then for Christiansburg, where were cer-
tain papers belonging to the company. This “Record” spoken
of previously, is simply a condensed journal of the movements of
our company since the commencement of the war, with the status
of each and every man who has served with the company. It
shows every engagement participated in by the company, and
also accounts for each member of the company—if in the engage-
ment, or if absent, why.

I think all this is due to the men who have uncomplainingly
born the heat and burden of the day.

October 29th.—Returned to the company to-day, and found it
occupying a position between the Darbytown and New Market
road, near the Henrico poor-house, where the enemy, on the 27th,
made a heavy demonstration, but did not actually charge our
works. All day long their skirmishers (ours having been driven
in early in action) kept up a continued volley, making the works
uncomfortably hot, mortally wounding two of our company,
privates Tate and Gwinn. Tate was not over bright, and at
Spotsylvania Courthouse, I sent him after some water for the
detachment, and the boys soon got up some fifteen or twenty
canteens to fill. Now it often takes some little time to fill a can-
teen, especially if men are crowding around you. In about an
hour, Tate came back with some splendid water.

“Where did you get this, Tate?”

“Over yonder in the woods”—pointing to the Yankee line.

“Why, confound you, don’t you know that’s the Yankee line?”

“No, I did not know it, but I knew where the spring was, and
I went after the water.”

Tate had on an old Yankee blouze, Yankee cap, and a pair of
nondescript pants—he had actually gone into the Yankee lines
and had gotten water from the same spring with the Yankee sol-
diers: one of whom crowding Tate too closely, they had put
down their canteens and had a regular old-fashioned fist fight, in
which Tate came off second best. Several hours later, I sent Tate after more water, telling him not to go to the same place. I did not see him any more until night, when our blacksmith, Pat O'Conner, brought Tate up, saying—"Sergeant, the dom fool don't know whether he is a Yankee or Confederate. Found him just now in a batch of Yankee prisoners, going to Libby Prison.

It seems that Tate had gone back to the same spring about the time Gordon made a charge, capturing that portion of the Federal lines and also capturing Tate; and Tate was quietly going on to the Libby.

Corporal Robert R. Roberts was painfully, but not seriously, wounded in this fight of the 27th, and Corporal Miles H. Gardner (alias Tim Rives) was slightly wounded.

The enemy was handsomely repulsed everywhere he showed himself, and with little or no loss to the Confederate force engaged.

McGrath's South Carolina brigade supported our command. McGrath is a fat, chubby sort of a fellow, and usually wears a white linen duster; he walks up and down his lines and "cusses" everything that comes in range.

During the fight we captured a lanky-looking down-east Sergeant, and as he came through my company he caught sight of McGrath fussing and fuming along the lines. The Sergeant stopped, held up his hands in amazement, and ejaculated: "Dew tell!—could have shot that thing an hour ago, but thought 'twas an AMBULANCE!"

November.—During this month nothing of importance occurred save that preparations were made by our men for spending the winter on the lines, for it is now evident that Grant has about gotten to the end of his rope; and yet we are unable to drive him from his position.

During all this preparation the horses are not forgotten; comfortable stables are being put up for them some distance in rear of our lines, and all extra horses will be sent to Lynchburg. We amuse ourselves by running the blockade.

FALL OF RICHMOND.

It was Sabbath morning, the 2d of April, and all was quiet along the lines. My battalion had been relieved from the front and was stationed a mile or so back in the rear of our main
lines on the north side of the James River. At the usual hour for divine services quite a goodly collection of our battalion had assembled in the Third company, and a feeling discourse was delivered to them by our chaplain, Rev. Henry M. White, than whom there is no chaplain more popular in the army. How quiet and peaceful everything seemed; and yet, farther on, away off to the right across the James River, scenes were transpiring that would shake from centre to circumference our now despondent Confederacy.

Little did the pastor or the people think then that this was the last sermon to the First Virginia Artillery. Perhaps had he or we thought it, his discourse would have been more fervent, and we more attentive.

But we knew it not then, and after the benediction many lingered to speak of matters spiritual and temporal, whilst others repaired to their respective commands.

The calm peacefulness of that Sabbath morning made a vivid impression upon my mind that neither time nor circumstances can ever efface.

A short time afterward orders came for us to "prepare to move to the front"—this was only a precautionary order, and we thought but little of it. Many of our boys had gone into the city, as it was only a few miles off, and early in the afternoon one of them returned in breathless haste bearing strange tidings.

Said he: "Richmond is wild with excitement—General Lee has met with a heavy reverse on the right, and Richmond will be evacuated in less than twenty-four hours!"

At first we paid but little attention to this information, considered by us as nothing more than a Sunday rumor; but others soon began to come in, and all bore the same sad tidings. How like a thunderbolt it came, and we, oh how unprepared for the fact! In solemn groups of five and ten the men collected, discussing the probable result of such a move as the forced evacuation of our metropolis. Sorrow was depicted upon every countenance, but there was also the stern resolve and determination to follow the flag of our noble Lee so long as it waved, and fall, if fall we must, under the blood-stained banner of the Army of Northern Virginia!

Noble banner!—so oft triumphant and so deeply dyed with the blood of fallen followers! Ere long—a week hence—and thou
shall trail in the dust of defeat; but we that are permitted to remain with thee to the bitter end, even until there is no hope left, will feel no humiliation when thou art folded forever.

There was no longer a doubt of the fact that we had to surrender Richmond—yes, noble old city that for four long and bloody years had withstood the powerful combinations of our relentless foe!! Our lines on the right were totally swept away—our losses very severe—and we were outnumbered on every side. Still we had received no definite orders as to when or where we should move, and in sorrow the day wore on.

As most of our horses were still absent, and that was the case with nearly all the artillery of our army, we could only take with us two caissons to our company, and then have but four horses each to our four Napoleons—very heavy guns, which should never be moved with less than six horses.

The Rockbridge Artillery have four guns; the Powhatan Artillery, three guns; Salem Artillery, four guns; the Third Howitzers, four guns—making a total of fifteen guns, commanded by Colonel R. A. Hardaway, he having returned from furlough a few days since.

Our Commissary has no transportation for rations, and they are issued to us indiscriminately, each man taking as much as he can carry, none of us knowing when or where they will be again issued. About 10 o'clock at night orders came for us to move on to Richmond as rapidly as possible and cross the James River at Mayo's Bridge.

Everything now assumed the customary bustle and confusion of a camp about to be permanently abandoned. Captains gave orders to Lieutenants and they to Sergeants, while Sergeants called out lustily for out-of-the-way drivers, who were busily engaged in collecting a variety of plunder and a superabundance of rations, for the hauling of which there was no transportation. Every one had free access to as much meat, meal, molasses, flour, etc., as he wanted. About 11 o'clock we took the road and moved rapidly towards the city. I started with about twenty cannoniers to my gun, but when we had nearly reached the city only two of them could be found, one of whom was quite lame and the other so lazy that if he started to run he would be too lazy to stop. These boys had all gone on ahead of the company to bid their friends and parents
farewell, and as I had some friends in the city whom I wished to bid farewell, I turned the command of the Fourth gun over to the lame cannonier and I left also.

As I entered the city, by the way of Rocketts, scenes of confusion met me on every side, and though it was after midnight, crowds of men, women and children, of every hue and size, thronged the streets, bearing away upon their shoulders all kinds of commissary stores. Whether these things were issued to them or had been stolen by them, I had not the heart to enquire.

Armed men (citizen guards) were marching through the streets and emptying into the gutters all the liquor they could find, while beastly sots followed in their wake, and literally wallowing in the mire of inebriation drank deeply from this reeking, seething, poisonous stream; and the fumes thereof ascending, mingled with the curses of strange women, and of reeling, staggering, drunken men.

All the private dwellings were yet lighted up, and told of the anguish, the suffering, and the pain of parting then taking place; for from nearly every dwelling a loved one was going forth from his home, and he was leaving all behind him.

I soon bade my friends farewell, not knowing that I would ever see them again, and rejoined my company on Fourteenth (Pearl) street, near Mayo's bridge.

"Forward, Third Company!" We were marching away—away from all we cherished.

For four years I had stood the storm of battle, and had seen men fall around me as the leaves from the forest trees before the autumn wind; but that night my heart was faint and weary—it was full to overflowing, and I wept like a child.

Three times had we, as a company, marched through noble old Richmond since the war commenced, and now we knew another flag would in a few short hours float triumphantly over the hills where but to-day the flag of Dixie was floating.

We lingered not to participate in or to witness the shamefully disgraceful proceedings that took place a short time after we left; but in silence and in sorrow we marched on—on to the sound of the night wind sighing through streets that ere long would ring with the shout of a shameless mob, and roar with the desolating flame.

No woman's hand waved us a parting adieu as we sped onward;
no maiden's eye sparkled a farewell and a hope for the future; no matron or sire bending 'neath the weight of years bade us God speed, for the weak and defenceless were weeping in their desolated homes—and thus we left them.

All night long we marched, and on the morning of the 3d we halted a few miles from Branch's Church. Went into camp about 3 o'clock in the afternoon at Tomahawk Church, and remaining there all night, resumed our march at 3 A. M. on the 4th. I was utterly broken down, and did not get up until several hours after our battalion had resumed its march; however, I caught up with it directly, as our column was moving very slowly. During the day I stopped with a member of my company at the house of his brother, where I met several very companionable young ladies, and had a good dinner. After dinner we sang a few patriotic songs, and then moved on—one cannot remain away from his command now, for no one knows what a day or an hour will bring forth. Crossed the Appomattox River at Mattoax Station, upon a railway bridge—a dangerous experiment, as the bridge was in a horrible condition. Lee's army, is evidently making for Danville, Va., via Burkeville Junction. Camped near Mattoax Station,

Wednesday, April 5th.—Marched all day and night—passed through Amelia Courthouse, and there found the enemy pressing us closely. A short distance in front of our battalion, beyond the Courthouse, a brigade of Federals dashed into our lines, and somewhat of a fight ensued, Mahone's division driving them back.

Thursday, April 6th.—The enemy have reached Burkeville Junction ahead of us, and we must take another direction—towards Lynchburg, I presume. The enemy made a bold dash upon our column to-day, near Deatonville, Amelia county—our guns were rapidly brought "into battery," and for a time we thought a heavy fight would take place. After a half hour's engagement, we drove them off and resumed our march. Matters now began to assume a very serious aspect, and later in the afternoon a heavy fight occurred in our rear, in which we were most seriously handled. The march now assumed every appearance of a rout. Soldiers, from every command, were straggling all over the county, and our once grand army was rapidly melting away—on every side the Federals were capturing our wagon
trains, artillery, etc., in the mean time, picking up thousands of our men who were too nearly starved to fight. Marched to the High Bridge, over the Appomattox, reaching that point late at night, remaining there until next morning, when we moved in the direction of Farmville.

STAMPEDE!

*Friday, April 7th.*—Moved within two miles of Farmville, where we halted to rest. Most of us busied ourselves in preparing a snack, composed of anything we could get. I had finished my lunch (slapjack and water) and was lying on the ground, quietly taking my ease, when all at once, a commotion arose, and the drivers commenced hitching up in a hurry. For once the gallant, though lazy “Fourth detachment” was on time—there was no hallooing for “Jack Crump!” Jack was ready, and everybody else was ready, and we moved out into the road without regard to company or battalion order. There was necessarily much confusion, and I had received no special orders, but I knew something was wrong. In the scramble my gun (Fourth) occupied the third place, at the head of the battalion. We moved rapidly—I was ahead of and separated from the balance of my company, and no commissioned officer was with me. Finally an officer from the Salem Artillery rode up to me and said:

“White, you had better keep your eye upon a fine horse—you may need him presently.”

I replied:

“I expect as much.”

We were moving to the right of Farmville, a short distance in Cumberland county, and through a densely wooded swamp. Two guns belonging to the Salem Artillery were in my front, and though at the head of the battalion, neither field nor company officers were with them. I stopped to get a drink of water, and in so doing, I noticed that no other guns were following me. An Orderly rode up to me and said:

“Colonel Hardaway says that you have taken the wrong road—get back into the other road.”

I looked back, and that which I had been expecting for some time was at its height. *A stampede had taken place!* Men and horses were dashing furiously through the woods. Instead of
obeying Colonel Hardaway's order, it flashed through my mind—if I could move on this by-road, the enemy, if any there be near at hand, would follow the main column, and I might easily escape with my gun. So I gave my drivers the order to "trot, march," and away we went at a swinging pace, the Salem artillery obeying my orders also. However, there was a wagon train in our front (Captain R. L. Christian's) and that brought us to a halt—the panic was spreading amongst his drivers, who had halted, unhitched, and were preparing to spike their mules, I reckon. I prevailed upon them not to desert their train but to move along, at least until some of us had seen the enemy or had heard a shot fired, neither of which had been done as yet. We moved on as fast as we could, and every now and then men from our main column would come in, telling us of the stampede, but not one of them had seen a single sign of a Yankee or had heard a single shot fired. I was fully convinced now, that the whole thing was caused by improper information, and that the enemy were not in two miles of us. The drivers, having according to orders, cut their traces, and, having been ordered to take care of themselves, were doing some John Gilpin horsemanship through the woods, and, having no officers with them, were at a great loss to know what to do. I was fully satisfied that there had been no enemy within striking distance of our battalion, and that if they (the drivers) were sent back immediately, the abandoned guns could all be saved; therefore, whenever I came in contact with one of the battalion drivers, I sent him back to the guns, which order was pretty generally obeyed. A few moments afterwards, our acting Chief of Artillery, Colonel Thomas H. Carter, came up, and I reported to him that I had disobeyed Colonel Hardaway's order, and had saved three guns—also adding, that I had taken upon myself the authority to send back to the abandoned guns all the drivers and horses belonging to our battalion, believing the guns could yet be saved, though the orders were peremptory to spike them, in case we had to abandon them.

He commended me for my action.

After many inquiries, we found the cause of the stampede to be this:

It will be remembered that we were marching without support,
and were within two miles of Farmville, where we halted to give men and horses a few hours of rest, and from that place we moved in great hurry and confusion. General Mahone, commanding our rear-guard, had sent direct information to Colonel Hardaway that he, General Mahone, could no longer maintain his ground, and unless our battalion was moved off in haste, it would certainly be captured. Hence the haste. Hardaway was informed that he would be entirely without support, and was ordered (by Mahone, I think) that if the enemy appeared upon his flank, he (Hardaway) must immediately abandon his guns, after spiking them, and save his men and horses, if possible; that the enemy would probably appear on his left flank, no Confederate force being between us and them. Whilst we were marching through this dense swamp in Cumberland county, our battalion being badly scattered, and we being able to see but a few yards either to the right or left, Colonel Talcott, a Colonel of Engineers, on General R. E. Lee's staff, rode up to Colonel Hardaway, and made this statement: "The enemy are upon your left flank, and are but a short distance from you."

Six or seven of the guns were recovered that night by the men, and one of them was given to Sergeant George D. Thaxton (Second Detachment, Third Company), he having brought it off the field. This gun belonged to Braxton's battalion, but as we saved it our boys held on to it. We had a great deal of trouble bringing these guns up, for the roads were muddy and our horses almost famished.

April 8th, Saturday.—Of course I was much pleased at having saved my gun and that my company had gotten another, but I also knew it was only useless trouble to bring those guns off the field. It is impossible for us to reach Lynchburg—the question of our surrender is now one of time only! Marched within four miles of Appomattox Courthouse and halted about 2 P. M. Later in the afternoon firing is heard immediately in our front, and soon we hear that the enemy have attacked and captured a park of our artillery commanded by General Lindsey Walker, amounting to some thirty or forty guns. No infantry was supporting this artillery, and though the artillerists made a gallant resistance, yet the most of them had to surrender. Some got off with their guns and buried them shortly afterward—among the latter was
the First Company Richmond Howitzers. The Second Company Howitzers, at the evacuation of Petersburg, were given muskets, and have been doing infantry duty ever since.

To say they did their duty well is to say no more than we expected of them—at Sailor’s Creek, in Amelia county, they had fought the enemy most gallantly, their loss being very severe—they did not know how to run. At this place one of their Lieutenants, Henry S. Jones, fell mortally wounded—he was a brave and gallant soldier, and had served faithfully with that company during the entire war.

So near the end, and yet to fall!

At nightfall we buried several guns belonging to our battalion, and afterwards many of us gathered around our camp-fires discussing our probable fate.

It was now apparent to all that we could hold out but a few hours—men and horses were utterly worn down by fatigue, loss of sleep, and hunger—thousands were leaving their commands and wandering about the devastated country in quest of food, and they had no muskets. Each hour the enemy was drawing his coil around us more closely.

THE SURRENDER—APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE, SUNDAY, APRIL 9TH, 1865.

We started early and moved in the direction of Appomattox Courthouse. When reaching that place it was evident we could go no farther, for the enemy, cavalry, infantry and artillery, in countless thousands, were on every side. A shell comes hurtling down our line—another and another follow fast, and follow faster. Just as cheerfully and just as defiantly as at Bethel, four years ago, when our hopes were big with the fate and fame of a new-born nation, do our boys go forth to meet them and our guns hurl back their shot and shell.

We were but a little band standing there in the soft spring light of that Sabbath morn—they were as the sands upon the seashore, or as the leaves upon the forest trees.

The flag of the Army of Northern Virginia [under whose silken folds so many a gallant comrade, friend, and brother fell,] all tattered and torn but NEVER dishonored; around whose broken
staff so many happy memories cluster, is floating above us for the very last time.

The fighting ceased, and soldiers wept.

"O now forever,
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the just wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The Southern banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of bloody war!
And O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell—Othello's occupation's gone!"

Then rode adown our lines that peerless General, Robert Edward Lee—his head all bared, and his noble face all clouded with a sorrow deeper than tongue can tell or pen can paint.

Is it a wonder then that strong men—men "grown old in wars"—weep like children, and tearfully turning from the, to them, saddest sight on earth, silently prepare to go back to their desolated homes?

Ah! Neither time, or sorrow, can erase from memory's page the bitterness of that day.