REMINISCENCES

of the

First Company

of

Richmond Howitzers

By

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Whittet & Shepperson, Printers,
Richmond, Virginia.
DEDICATED

To the Surviving Members of the First Company of Richmond Howitzers.
PREFACE.

To the surviving members of the First Company of Richmond Howitzers, I dedicate Reminiscences. Many who were participants in the incidents and history alluded to have passed to the other side of the river. I would place upon the mound that marks their resting-place the choicest flowers, and retain fresh memory of them until time ceases. To some, the incidents and anecdotes in this book may be considered undignified; yet remember that it marked an episode in our soldier life, and presents the prominent characteristic of the Southern soldier, namely, optimism, or looking on the bright side of life. We were then young, the fresh blood of youth and early manhood coursed through our veins, and nothing was more enjoyed than a good joke. I have seen a regiment of infantry break ranks and pursue a molly-cotton-tail or hare, if she started up in their front; and woe betide the person who went down the line of troops on a march with a stiff hat on, the exclamation from right to left was, "Come out of that hat." If an artilleryman wore a red cap, the whole line would imitate a woodpecker and exclaim, "Come from under that cap."

The Author.
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REMINISCENCES

of the

FIRST COMPANY of RICHMOND HOWITZERS.

CHAPTER I.

M R. GEO. W. RANDOLPH, of Richmond, Va., in November, 1859, conceived the idea of forming an artillery company under the name of Richmond Howitzers. The armament of the battery, when completed, consisted of three boat howitzers mounted on two wheels, and a trail with a rope attached to the end of the trail. These pieces were drawn by the cannoneers. The fourth piece was a small brass rifle gun.

The Company was organized by the election of Geo. W. Randolph, Captain; J. Thompson Brown, First Lieutenant; J. C. Shields, Second Lieutenant, and Gaston Otey, Orderly Sergeant.

Some time elapsed after forming the Company before the guns were received, or the command uniformed.
During the interregnum the Company used the guns of the Richmond Fayette Artillery, and drilled in the old Market Hall, then used for that purpose.

The first service the Company was called upon to perform was to assist in defending Virginia during John Brown's raid. The Company had not received its guns, nor was it uniformed. It was first ordered to Harper's Ferry, Va., and was armed with Springfield muskets, issued by the armory in Richmond, and acted as infantry soldiers. The Company presented the appearance of a heterogeneous mass of militia men. No two were dressed alike. In marching through the city of Washington the citizens dubbed the Company "Revolutionary Ducks." The Company remained at Harper's Ferry three days and then returned home. It was then ordered a second time to Charlestown, Va., and remained there until after the execution of John Brown. It then returned home, and perfected itself in the manual of artillery drill. A month or so passed, the Company attending drill once or twice a week at old Market Hall.

In due time, the three howitzers and rifle piece arrived. The Company felt proud of its battery; it was pretty and unique in appearance, and looked well in the following Fourth of July parade.
CHAPTER II.

TIME passed by without anything of special moment occurring; yet there was a pillar of cloud in the political sky, which was destined to envelop the whole political horizon and culminate in civil war between the North and the South; a war that was to call to the front every loyal Southern man to do or die for our fair Southland, in resisting the North in her attempt to force us back into the Union.

The Virginia Convention known as the the Secession Convention, was now in session, having been called by the Legislature and ratified by the people. John Letcher was Governor of Virginia. This Convention was composed of as able, broad-minded and patriotic men as ever met for deliberation of a delicate and portentous subject.

The Convention was divided into two parties—the old line Whig party, who favored preserving the Union as long as a reasonable chance remained. The other one was the Democratic party, some of them secessionists per se, who were in favor of going out at once, as many of the Southern States had already done. The sober judgment of the Whig members prevailed.
It was after every means to preserve the Union had proved unsuccessful that the Convention passed the Ordinance of Secession, and cast her lot with her sister Southern States. The die was cast, the rubicon crossed, the ensuing days and weeks were occupied in recruiting new commands, and filling up old ones. Richmond was the rendezvous of troops from all the South, from Virginia to Texas, destined for the Army of the Potomae, afterwards called the Army of Northern Virginia. Richmond was fast becoming a military arsenal. The Howitzer Company at this time was quartered in a hall on the first floor of a building on the south side of Main street, between Ninth and Tenth. It was while the Company was here that the impression prevailed that the Northern Government had despatched a gunboat by the name of the *Pawnee*, to ascend James River, and, presumably, to destroy the shipping at Rocketts, the port of Richmond. The alarm was sounded by the ringing of bells and blowing of whistles. It was on Sunday the Howitzers were sent to Wilton, the residence of Colonel Knight, situated immediately on the James River. We remained there until Tuesday, and returned on a steamer. It was there that a fine shot was made with the rifle gun at a target. The gun was pointed by Edgar Mosley, who afterwards
Fiest
Company, Richmond Howitzers

became Major of Artillery on the Peninsula. No Pawnee appeared, the Government having never despatched her.

From this time on, the atmosphere was filled with sounds of military commands. In all the Southern States troops were being forwarded to Richmond, to be organized before going to the front. The Howitzer Company was moved to the Baptist College, where it was organized into the Howitzer Battalion, consisting of the First, Second and Third Companies of Richmond Howitzers. Geo. W. Randolph was elected Major; Theo. Mayo, Sergeant Major; J. C. Shields, Captain First Company; Wm. Palmer, First Lieutenant; E. S. McCarthy, Second Lieutenant; Meriwether Anderson, Orderly Sergeant.

The Battalion remained at the Baptist College a short time, when it was sent to the Peninsula to form part of Gen. Magruder's Command. The First Company remained at the college a short time, when it moved to Chimborazo Heights. From here the Company was sent to Manassas, to join General Beauregard. We remained there some time, practising the Battery in field maneuvering and target practise. The Company was next moved to Centerville. It was then attached to General Bonham's Brigade of South Carolina. From Centerville it moved to Fairfax Court House.
The Company remained here until Fairfax Court House was evacuated by the Confederate forces, upon advance of the Northern army under General McDowell. The Confederate army fell back to Bull Run, and took possession at Mitchell’s Ford, supporting General Bonham’s brigade. The position occupied by the Battery was about the center of our line of battle. The Company was under fire all day without firing a shot, one of the most trying positions for a battery to be placed in, receiving the fire of the enemy, and unable to return it.

In July, the battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, was fought. This was the starting point of one of the most stupendous and stubbornly contested wars that ancient or modern history records. Thus began at Bull Run, or Manassas, the first battle of the Civil War, excepting Bethel. Sanguine and buoyant was the Confederate army, having repulsed and nearly crushed the Northern army, sending it back a disorganized mass of panic-stricken men.
CHAPTER III.

After the battle of Manassas, the Company moved to Centerville. From this place, it was moved to Leesburg, to support the command of General Evans of South Carolina. Leesburg was then, and is now, one of the prettiest towns in the State, situated in Loudoun County, on the Potomac River. At the beginning of the war, provisions were plentiful, consequently they were liberally dealt out in rations to the Company. The Battery was encamped on Mead's Farm this side of Leesburg, some time after the Company went into camp here. The left section was moved to Big Spring, the other side of Leesburg. This was a delightful camp, situated near a large bold spring of cold, sparkling water. The right section remained at Mead's Farm. It was here that many incidents, regarded at the time as of no great importance, yet viewed from present point of view, marked an interesting episode in our soldier life. We were young, buoyant, full of fun and adventure, giving little heed to sober reflection, that in after years we look at in a very different way.
It was at Mead's Farm that a piece of fun occurred. At the battle of Manassas, an ambulance with a horse was captured. The ambulance was a clumsy affair, shaped like a large box poised up on two wheels, with a seat in front, and doors in the rear, with shafts attached to it. At Fairfax Court House two recruits, brothers, joined the Company, Benjamin and John Grover. Benjamin was the youngest, not over sixteen or seventeen years old. He was as wild and unlettered as a Comanche Indian. Ben was detailed as driver of the ambulance. He used it to sleep in. One night, when he was sleeping soundly, a cannoneer tied his feet to the seat, and threw the shafts up. His feet were up and his head down. He bellowed like a good fellow. His brother came to his assistance, and cut him down. Ben complained to Captain Shields of the treatment he had received. The Captain took the situation in at once and told Ben that he should have redress for the ill treatment. The Captain said that he would hold the guard that was on duty the night it occurred responsible. The guard consisted of six cannoniers. They were court-martialed. Everything was conducted in accordance with army regulations, charges, specifications, and finding of the court. Lieutenant Henry Williams was judge-advocate; Taylor Martin
was prosecuting attorney; Robert Styles was Benjamin's counsel. The finding of the court was, that the guard was guilty, and the punishment named was that each member of the guard was to be bumped three times, kneeling on all fours, using Benjamin as a battering ram. I was appointed sheriff, to execute the sentence. I appointed James Ellett my deputy. Several of the guards were staid and dignified fellows, and they did not relish the procedure, yet there was no evading it. The speeches made were of the highest order, and abounded with wit, humor and pathos.

Another incident occurred at this camp. Some of the company came into the possession of a crow. The crow died, and they arranged to give it an unusual burial. They placed him on a bier, wrote a funeral ode, had a procession and carried him to his grave. The whole thing was well conceived and finely executed.

Another incident occurred at Camp Mead. The ambulance horse, a large clumsy animal, had a way of kicking and squealing whenever he was curried. The picket where he was tied was in a clump of trees. As Captain Shields was going down to the picket, to see if everything was going on right, as he approached he heard a horse squealing and kicking, and his groom cursing in a vehement style. The Captain knew what
was the matter. He called Benjamin to him and lectured him upon the evil of cursing, and if he continued where it would land him. After the Captain concluded he paused, and asked Ben, "What good does it do to curse the horse?" Ben promptly replied, "It makes the old scoundrel stand still when I am currying him." The Captain turned off with a smile on his face. He had been lecturing the boy for half an hour and had produced no effect whatever. The seed had fallen on stony ground and brought forth no fruit.

From Mead's Farm, the right section moved to a position on the Drainsville Road, not far from Goose Creek. In the meantime, the left section was moved to Fort Evans, not far from the Potomac River. It was near here that the battle of Ball's Bluff was fought.
CHAPTER IV.

THE Confederate forces were under the command of General Evans, of South Carolina; the Northern was commanded by Colonel Baker, of California, who was killed. The Howitzers were not engaged in this battle, but were held in readiness, expecting to be called upon at any moment. The troops engaged on the Confederate side were the Eighth Virginia Regiment, the Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment, the Seventeenth Mississippi and the Twenty-first Mississippi. The Confederates gained a signal victory in this battle. After the battle, the troops resumed their original quarters.

It was here, at the camp of the right section, that an incident occurred. Winter was coming on, military operations were nearly suspended, the cannoneers resorted to any reasonable expedient for innocent amusement. On the opposite side of Goose Creek lived a family consisting of mother and three daughters. They all played on the fiddle, chewed and smoked tobacco. The place was called Fiddler’s Green. Paul Michaux, a member of the Company and a Frenchman, who was a genial fellow, became well acquainted with the in-
mates of Fiddler's Green. He arranged with them to get up an entertainment in the way of a supper or ball, and charge so much per head. The tickets were two dollars, not very high considering the time. Everything went off smoothly, with a fairly good supper and plenty of dancing. The old lady vied with the young ones in dancing. She was about seventy-five years old, yet she could dance a jig equal to anyone.

The Howitzer Company passed a most pleasant time at Leesburg. It was in the early part or beginning of the war, and the duties of the cannoneers were light. At this time, 1862, the Company was commanded by Captain Wm. Palmer, who was one of the most polished and gallant officers in the army. He realized the fact that his company was composed in the most part of young men of intelligence, who had volunteered from patriotic motives, to defend the South from the invasions of the Northern armies. He treated them accordingly, yet enforced military discipline.

General D. H. Hill succeeded General Evans in command of the forces at Leesburg. He was a West Pointer, and believed in strict enforcement of army regulations. General Hill ordered Captain Palmer to build or throw up a fortification at Goose Creek. The cannoneers went to work in good earnest, and soon built
a good breastwork. The object in erecting this work was to protect the cannoneers in case of an advance by the Federals on the Drainsville Road.

Upon completion of the work, Captain Palmer sent off and got a jug of whiskey, and each cannoneer took a drink. It refreshed and strengthened them much, and they applauded Captain Palmer for being so considerate.

After the battle of Ball’s Bluff, the troops resumed their former camps, and everything quieted down. Winter was approaching, and we commenced building winter quarters to spend the winter. It was at this time that an incident occurred. J. B. Lambert, James August, Harry Sublett and myself were occupants of a house. The plan of construction was this: We used square logs, and built the sides, and then threw a tent over it for a roof, leaving one end open for entrance and egress. We had two bunks, one above the other. Lambert and myself occupied the lower bunk. There was not much trouble in making up our bed. We had straw for bedding. All that was needed was to smooth the straw, and put the blanket on. In building the house, we had to go two or three miles from camp, to get the logs to use in building. We got from the battery a pair of rat-tail sorrel horses, that were under charge
of Cannoneer C. E. Wingo. They were well groomed and fed, indeed they felt their oats. We loaded the wagon with the logs. James August was appointed driver. Everything went smoothly until the team struck the main road, which was a little hilly. There being no front boards to the wagon, in descending the hills the logs naturally advanced to the front. The result was that the rat-tails fairly flew, never stopping until they reached camp. In the meantime, August jumped off, sustaining no injury, yet the road was strewn with logs intended for our house. We afterwards gathered them up, and carried them to camp. Upon completion of our house, it was considered a very good job, indeed there was no house like it in camp. It was not too large, or too small. It was easily swept, and easily kept warm, two very important features in building a house. In one end of the house we built two bunks, one on the ground floor, and one above it. Lambert and myself occupied the lower bunk. We took it by turns to make up our bed, which consisted of straw. The straw would naturally work up towards the head during the night, so in the morning when we made up the bed we leveled the straw and spread the blanket over it, putting our haversacks at the head for pillows. It was now ready for occupancy. The same process was gone
through by our neighbors in the upper bunk. We had a small stove put in our house. It got red hot, and consequently threw out a good deal of heat. It was the hottest stove I ever saw for its size. We could cut enough wood in a day to last us a week, so the labor of getting fuel was not arduous. I don't think there was a house in camp where the occupants got along more smoothly than we. There was no friction in either religion, politics, literature, or the conduct of the war, all of which was discussed during the winter nights. Our conversation was sometimes interspersed with a good Sunday school story. About this time, one of our inmates, Harry Sublett, suggested the idea of sending to a friend of his in Richmond, and having a keg of good whiskey sent up to him. We applauded the idea. He wrote, and in due time the whiskey came. We considered it one of the most valuable letters ever written, for it brought a keg of whiskey. At this time the camp was pretty dry. The keg was the common property of the inmates of the house, and we determined to act Chesterfieldian in dealing it out. We put the keg in a conspicuous corner of the house, put a spigot in it, hung a tin cup on it, and had a bucket of water in close range, but it was seldom struck. It was surprising how quick it was found out in camp, that this
keg had arrived at our house. It became in a short
time one of the most popular, if not the most attractive,
house in camp. We had calls from representatives of
every denomination in camp. After passing the com-
pliments of the day, and very little conversation, we
would ask our visitor to take a drink. We didn’t keep
him in suspense long, for we know how cruel it is in a
host, when he knows his friends call to see him in order
to get a drink, to keep him in lingering suspense. We
never did that.

Spring was now advancing. The Federal Secretary
of War was preparing for an advance on Richmond by
way of the Peninsula. They had mobilized a grand
army, and selected General Geo. B. McClellan to com-
mand it. In due time we received orders to break camp
and join General Johnston’s army on their march to
Richmond and the Peninsula. It was with deep regret
that we left Leesburg, with the many pleasant associa-
tions connected with it. We bade farewell to our
camp, that had been the scene of so many pleasant inci-
dents, with sincere regret, though many realized that
they were going homeward, where they would have the
opportunity of seeing their dear ones.

The Company took up line of march, passing
through several beautiful towns, among them Wood-
stock. General Hill, our commander, was a strict temperance man. In the town of Woodstock there were stored several barrels of good old rye whiskey. General Hill ordered the heads knocked out of the barrels and their contents poured into the gutter. Just as the detail was executing this order, the Company passed by. The cannoneers thought it a pity that so much good whiskey should be disposed of in that way.

It was at this time that intelligence reached the army of the capture of Roanoke Island by the Federals. Many of the soldiers remarked that the loss of all that fine whiskey was a greater calamity than the fall of Roanoke Island. General Hill was probably right, for if it had been freely dealt out it might have retarded the march. We arrived at Culpeper Court House, and encamped for several days.

It was at this time early spring, vegetation had set in, the fields looked green, the foliage of the forest was beautiful. All nature was putting on its spring attire. We were passing through one of the prettiest and most productive portions of Virginia, the Piedmont section. We drank in the beautiful landscape, little thinking where we were going or what would occur in the near future.

Our next stop was in Orange, on the farm of Mr.
Wm. Crenshaw. This was one of the most fertile and beautiful farms in Orange, or indeed, in the State.

On breaking camp here, we marched without any delay, except to rest at night, to Richmond. Arriving there, the battery was encamped at Camp Lee, which was then in command of Colonel Shields, who was second Captain of the First Company of Howitzers.

While the Company was at Camp Lee, Col. Shields gave his old command a dinner. It was greatly enjoyed by all who were present. There was a fine flow of wit and spirits, toasts were read, speeches made, and a very pleasant time passed that was long remembered by the Company. We passed a resolution of thanks to Col. Shields for his kindness and liberality in furnishing us such a well-relished dinner.

It was a pleasure to the cannoneers whose families lived in Richmond, to come home after so long an absence. Military discipline was relaxed to a certain extent, permits were freely given, and the men enjoyed visiting their families and sweethearts, while the Company remained in Richmond.

How fleeting were the days. The order came for the Company to embark on a steamer for the Peninsula. Now hard service began in earnest. On reaching the Peninsula, we were ordered to dam No. one. It was
literally dam No. one. Dam No. one was a mill pond with a dam extending across it. The Federals occupied one side and the Confederates the other. A section of our battery was placed in a position supporting our infantry. There was skirmishing, sharpshooting and artillery firing nearly all the time, which rendered the place most disagreeable. One night a musket of an infantryman went off accidentally; it was taken up by the whole line, supposing the enemy were making a night attack. The cause was found out and quiet restored, and we went under our pieces and rested until daylight.

Our rations were cooked at camp and sent to us in a wagon on this day. The wagon, with Horace, the driver, under charge of Sergeant Chas. Selden, was approaching our battery, when a brisk fire of musketry and artillery opened. Horace jumped off the wagon, throwing down the reins. Sergeant Selden gathered them up, and drove the team, with the rations in the wagon, to our relief. It was very timely, as we were quite hungry and anxiously looking for the arrival of our long-looked-for rations.
CHAPTER V.

At dam No. one a re-organization of the First Howitzer Company took place.

The time of enlistment, twelve months, having expired, an election of officers and re-enlistment of cannoneers was held. Dr. Wm. Palmer, who was Captain, desired to retire and enter the medical staff of the army, so he did not stand for re-election. First Lieutenant E. S. McCarthy was elected Captain; Meriwether Anderson, First Lieutenant; Henry S. Williams, Jr., First Lieutenant; John Nimmo, Second Lieutenant; Robert Armistead, Jr., Second Lieutenant; Wm. H. Blackadar, Orderly Sergeant.

The Company was glad to leave dam No. one. It was a most disagreeable place.

The next place at which the Company halted was Williamsburg, on Sunday evening preceding the battle. The enemy made an attack on our line, the Company supporting our infantry. It was here that a steel gun was captured and turned over to us. On the ensuing day, Monday, the battle of Williamsburg took place.

The Federal advance attacked the rear of the Confederate army. A sanguinary battle was here fought,
and afterward the army continued its retreat from the Peninsula. General Joseph E. Johnston was in command of the whole army.

Our march from Williamsburg was a hard one. A portion of the road on which the army passed was a low marshy country, and the recent rains had made it almost impassible, the wheels to the guns sinking nearly up to the axles. The enemy were pressing our rear closely.

We marched on, stopping at intervals to rest, until we reached the vicinity of Richmond, where we went into camp on the Nine Mile Road. Here we remained until the battle of Seven Pines was fought. In this battle General Johnston was wounded and incapacitated for retaining the command of the army. President Davis assigned General Robt. E. Lee to the full command of the Army of Northern Virginia. This began the brilliant military career of one of the greatest generals the world ever produced. After the battle of Seven Pines the Company returned to its former camp where it remained in camp for some time.

General Lee had sent General Jackson up to the Valley of Virginia to repulse Generals Shields, Banks and Fremont. How he succeeded is well known to the world. That campaign is said by able critics to have
equalled, if not surpassed, Napoleon's celebrated Italian campaign.

In due time General Jackson united with General Lee's army around Richmond and the battle of Mechanicsville began the series of battles around Richmond. Next came the battle of Gaines Mill, Cold Harbor, Frazer's Farm, and Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill.

In nearly all of these battles the Howitzers participated. Malvern Hill was one of the most disastrous fights to the Confederate army that was fought during the whole war. Indeed, the percentage of killed and wounded was greater than any battle of the war, except Franklin, Tennessee.

Malvern Hill concluded or ended the battles around Richmond. McClellan embarked his army at Curl's Neck on the James River.

After the battles around Richmond the Army of Northern Virginia marched to meet General Pope at Cedar Mountain, where a hard battle was fought. In the meantime, the left section of the Howitzer Company was left at Bowes Farm, a short distance from Richmond. After the second battle of Manassas, the two sections united. General Lee determined to transfer his military operations from Virginia into Maryland, and in accordance with that plan, the Army
of Northern Virginia took a line of march to that end, and General Jackson infested Harper’s Ferry.

The Howitzer Company was in line of battle in Pleasant Valley. General Garland, who was killed, was holding the Mountain Pass at Boonsboro, the evening Harper’s Ferry surrendered to General Jackson.

We crossed over into Virginia and took up line of march, arriving at Sharpsburg; at this time we were attached to Barksdale’s brigade, McLaw’s division. We went into action after resting a short time from a night’s march. In this battle C. E. Wingo, who was acting number four at the gun, was wounded, and in leaving the gun, forgot to leave the pouch with lanyard and friction primers behind.

Charles L. Todd, who was sergeant of the piece, ran after Cannoneer Wingo to secure the pouch with friction primers and lanyard. Lieutenant Anderson, not understanding the circumstances, ran after both to bring them back.

The battle of Sharpsburg was a hotly contested one. About three o’clock in the evening our line was hard pressed. Our right was being forced back by reinforcements sent to General Henzleman. Just at the critical moment, General A. P. Hill, with his light division, arrived and went into action. This turned the tide, and the Federals retired.
In this battle young Morrison was killed. We remained in line of battle all day, after the battle, burying the dead and caring for the wounded.

At night we, with the army, fell back from Sharpsburg, crossing the Potomac at a point near Shepherdstown, Virginia. The company went into camp and remained for some time, and there rested from the arduous campaign it had passed through.

An incident occurred in crossing the Potomac, on the Virginia side. The ascent from the river was quite steep. General Jackson in person called for volunteers. Some ex-cadets of the V. M. I., members of the Company, went forward, and they were given shovels and put to work grading the road up the embankment, so that the artillery could proceed. The cadets were somewhat disappointed upon finding out what was wanted of the volunteers called for. General Jackson superintended the whole thing. The enemy was pressing our rear and there was no time for delaying nor swapping horses.
CHAPTER VI.

The Company next encamped at Culpeper Court House. We remained here some time. On leaving here, the Company marched to Fredericksburg. General Burnside had been placed in command of the Federal army. His purpose was to march to Richmond by that route. General Lee confronted him. The Company went into winter quarters.

The cessation of marching and fighting was enjoyed by all of us, so we passed a pleasant time. On December 13, General Burnside crossed his army over the Rappahannock River from Stafford's Heights, and attacked General Lee. Our guns were posted about the centre of the Confederate line of battle, to the right of Maryes Heights.

We were on a hill overlooking the plateau below. In this battle the army lost some gallant officers, among them General T. R. Cobb, of Georgia, and General Maxie Gregg, of South Carolina. After this battle the Company returned to its camp.

In the spring, after the battle of Fredericksburg, General Burnside had been relieved, and General Hooker placed in command of the Federal army. Gen-
eral Hooker assumed command with some prestige; the soubriquet of Fighting Joe Hooker had been given him.

It was in this campaign that the celebrated flank movement of General Jackson, in which he gained the rear of the Federal army and stampeded Seigles German corps.

It is somewhat of a mooted question as to whether this movement was planned by General Jackson. The Howitzer Company participated in this campaign and lost some good members.

At the conclusion of the Chancelorsville campaign, the military authorities of the Confederate States determined upon an aggressive movement, namely, to transfer military operations to the north of the Potomac on the enemy's own soil, and to the accomplishment of that purpose the Army of Northern Virginia took up its line of march.

At this time we were attached to Cabell's Battalion of Artillery, McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps. We passed through Leesburg and crossed the Potomac River, and halted at Chambersburg. We remained here several days, when we resumed the march towards Gettysburg. As we advanced, we heard the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry. General Henry Heth, of A. P. Hill's corps, had struck the Federal
army at Gettysburg, and very hard fighting ensued. We then advanced within half a mile of the battlefield. The next day, the Company, with Cabell’s battalion supporting McLaw’s division, went into position near the Peach Orchard, and opened fire immediately on getting into position.

The battle was renewed on the third of July, with our battery engaging the enemy in the same position. We lost some valuable members in this fight, among them Allen Morten and Ogden. This was the Waterloo of the war.

The Southern army entered Pennsylvania with sanguine anticipations of success. The morale of the army was never better. They were like Napoleon’s old guard, almost invincible.

Many reasons have been assigned by different writers for the failure of the Southern army in this, the decisive battle of the war, yet one thing is certain, the Confederate soldier did all in his power to achieve victory from the enemy.

The charge of Pickett’s division to pierce the Federal centre on that day has never been surpassed in the annals of war. The troops gallantly and unfalteringly responded, and did all men could do, but to no purpose. At the conclusion of the battle the army recrossed into
Virginia. This battle, as Captain Battene, author of *Crises of the Confederacy*, correctly states: “The battle of Gettysburg was the crisis of the Confederacy.”

An incident occurred here that made an indelible impression on me. The First Virginia Regiment, commanded by Colonel Lewis Williams, of Orange County, passed through our battery just before commencing the famous charge with Pickett’s division. Colonel Williams was sick on that day and started to lead his regiment on foot. He changed his mind and sent back for his horse. He went into the charge, leading the gallant First mounted. No more gallant and efficient officer sacrificed his noble life upon the altar of Southern Independence. He was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, and contributed in no small degree in establishing the fact that the Institute furnished to the Confederate army many of its best and most gallant officers.

Bathurst Smith, a nephew of Colonel Williams, was a member of the First Howitzer Company.
CHAPTER VII.

AFTER the Gettysburg campaign the Company went into camp at Orange Court House. From this point it moved to Morton’s Ford on the Rapidan River. Here it went into winter quarters and made itself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. We built chimneys to the tents, which was an excellent means of heating the inside of the tent. We utilized every manner of entertaining each other. The cannoneers visited each other from tent to tent and exchanged courtesies.

Morton’s Ford was our advanced picket line. On one side of the river were the Federals, on the opposite side the Confederates. Our guns were placed near the ford, about five hundred yards from camp.

The winter of 1864 was a severe one. There was a good deal of snow and cold weather. Guard duty was the hardest service at this time. We stood four hours on a relief. The sentinel had plenty of time to retrospect. How he would build castles in the air, looking forward to the close of the war!

At this time the Confederacy was using every means
in its power to fill up the ranks of the army. Provisions were becoming mighty scarce and our rations light.

General Grant was assigned to the command of the armies of the North. His characteristics were stubbornness and tenacity of purpose. He also believed in attrition, in other words, when the Confederacy lost a soldier, his place could not be filled, but when the North lost a man there were plenty of recruits from the draft to put in his place.

In the spring of '64 General Grant crossed the Rapidan River, and at the Wilderness in Spottsylvania County, General Lee confronted him and a hard battle ensued. Owing to the formation of the ground, thick woods and undergrowth, little or no artillery participated.

From the Wilderness the two armies met at Spottsylvania Court House. The Howitzer Company, with the infantry, relieved the cavalry, who had been holding the Federals in check. It was here that General J. E. B. Stuart rode up to Captain McCarthy and asked him if he had any smooth-bore guns in his battery. The Captain answered that he had, whereupon he ordered the Captain to place the Napoleon guns of the battery in a certain position, and pointed out the place. There was a hill between us and the enemy, which obstructed
our view. We opened fire in a short time, and had several horses killed and several cannoners wounded. We being at close range, and opposed by a battalion of Federal artillery, it was one of the warmest places we were ever in.

In this engagement Charles Pleasants was wounded, which occurred before our line of battle was formed. The battery, after moving out from this place, took advanced position in our line of battle. We were supported here by the Fourth Texas Infantry Regiment. The fourth gun of the left section was in the breastworks alongside of the infantry. The third piece was about twenty-five yards to the rear of the other gun.

An incident occurred here one evening. The Federals made an attempt to break through our line at this point. The infantry, supposing they were being flanked, commenced falling back. E. G. Steane, who was chief of the piece at the time, turned the mouth of the gun on a line with the breastworks, thereby enfilading them, and fired double canister into their ranks. In the meantime, Lieutenant Meriweather Anderson rallied the infantry, and the line was restored. Several of the enemy were killed inside of our works. But for the coolness and prompt action of Lieutenant Anderson and Sergeant Steane, there is no telling what the result
would have been. We were subjected to picket and artillery fire nearly all the time. It was at the third gun that Private Cary Eggleston, who was acting number one at the gun, was wounded by a piece of shell, which produced gangrene and caused his death.
CHAPTER VIII.

The campaign at Spottsylvania Court House was an arduous one. We were stationed to the left of the bloody angle. When General Grant retired from this position, General Lee marched on a parallel line. We stopped at Hanover Junction, and thought that we were going to have a battle there, but there was only sharp skirmishing.

Something occurred here that made an impression on me. Our position was in the woods; we were being annoyed by the enemy's sharpshooters. A company from one of our regiments was ordered to form in our front as skirmishers. The Captain jumped over the works, twirling his sword over his head, his men following. He formed his line and gave the command: "Skirmishers, advance." They did advance, and cleared the woods of the enemy's forces. It was one of the most gallantly executed movements that I ever saw.

From Hanover Junction, the Company went into position at Pole Green Church, in Hanover County. There was a considerable amount of skirmishing and sharpshooting done here.

From this point the Company went to Second Cold
Harbor. The battery arrived just as General Breckenridge, who occupied an angle in our line of battle, had been forced back. Hard fighting occurred at this point and we went into position the left of General Breckenridge. The battery was under fire all the time. It was here that Captain E. S. McCarthy was killed. He was honored and beloved by every member of the Company. No more gallant officer gave up his life in defense of the South than this brave Virginian.

A matter occurred here that impressed every one present. When the Captain was struck in the temple by a minnie ball, gasping for breath, those present were moved to such an extent that they were almost demoralized. At this juncture, Dr. Carter, one of our cannoneers, drew out of his pocket a Bible, and said: "Comrades, let me read to you this Psalm." The number of the chapter I do not remember, but it had a very soothing effect upon all present. About this time minnie balls were flying thick and fast about our heads.
CHAPTER IX.

GEN. GRANT, after repeated assaults on our lines at Cold Harbor, failed to carry them and he crossed the James River below Richmond to the south side, and laid siege to the city of Petersburg. General Lee confronted him there with strong fortifications, protected our railroad connections with the South. The Confederate army was reduced at this time to small proportions, and it was evident to every soldier that a crisis was approaching. The Howitzer Company was encamped at the Dunn House, opposite Port Walthall Junction. This was quite a pleasant place and but little fighting occurred here. We occupied the house as quarters, and passed a very pleasant time. But, alas, all felt that grave trouble and disappointment were brewing. On Sunday, April —, General Grant made a heavy attack on our thin line of battle and broke it, forcing the whole Confederate army to evacuate its position.

Petersburg having been abandoned to the enemy, the Confederate army began its sad retreat. Our battery fell in line with the balance of the army and passed by Chesterfield Court House. At Amelia Court House we thought we were going to have a battle, but did not.
The reserve artillery was under command of General Lindsay Walker. We continued our retreat, stopping only at night to rest. We were much annoyed by the Federal cavalry. As we advanced, we passed by many abandoned wagons of our trains. Further on we could see our artillery lying on the roadside, the wheels cut down. It was a heartrending sight indeed.

We passed through Appomattox Court House. The Company halted for a short time when the enemy's cavalry charged down upon us. We then drew out of the place and marched towards Lynchburg. A courier came and said that the enemy was in our front. Our Company then countermarched and made a detour from the main road and stopped near the river. This was on Saturday night, and we marched nearly all night. On Sunday morning the Company was drawn up and the sad intelligence was communicated to us that General Lee had surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia to General U. S. Grant. We were then disbanded, threw the guns from their trunnions, and buried them near by.

I don't think there was a cannoneer in line who did not grieve at the fact of our defeat. Men who had gone into battle and faced danger with unflinching nerve were moved to tears at our sad disaster.
The men separated in squads in different directions. My comrades with whom I then parted company, some of them I have not seen since. It was the saddest day of my life.
CHAPTER X.

THE following occurred during one of the Company’s marches. J. B. Lambert and myself made a detour from the main road, and coming to a nice-looking farmhouse, we determined to go in and try our hands at getting a good meal. Sir Ronald Gatewood, the owner of the place, was cold-mannered, the hardest man to thaw out I ever met. We tried every plan on him; still he remained brusque, unapproachable, and even peevish. We could get no satisfaction from him, and almost despaired of accomplishing anything. Finally, we said: “Sir Ronald, where is your spring?” He pointed to the locality, and we asked if he would at least lend us a bucket, which he brought. We remarked: “You need water in cooking, of course.” So we brought him three or four buckets full of that indispensable fluid. This moved him. Indeed, it was the magic “open sesame” to his heart, it was the touchstone. He then said: “I will see if the old lady will get you a good dinner,” and it was just for that most desirable point we were maneuvering.

In a short time dinner was announced and we enjoyed a good square meal. In the course of conversation,
we found out why Sir Ronald was so hard to influence at first. It appears that a few days previous a party of infantrymen had called upon him, and while the meal was being prepared for them, they got a pair of scissors and trimmed his dog up resembling a lion in appearance, that is, they cut all the hair off the body except on his shoulders. It was a handsome shepherd dog and valued very highly by its owner. Of course, we told Sir Ronald we sympathized with him, and pronounced the act a piece of vandalism and were not surprised at his being enraged at soldiers. Before parting we made a firm friend of the gentleman.

While the Company was encamped at the "Poison Fields" of Spottsylvania County, an incident occurred that occasioned some comment. W. G. Lampkin was a good-looking and indeed a captivating cannoneer. He was called emphatically a lady charmer. Whenever the battery went into camp, if there were any ladies near, he would find them out, then call upon them, and in the very shortest time would be on as intimate terms with them as if he had known and visited them for months. His progress with his charmed one was so rapid that soon he would become the custodian of her finger ring.

Near the camp at Poison Fields there resided one,
reminiscences of the

Count Deaskie, and family, which consisted of the Count, his wife, and three daughters. They were pretty girls and quite attractive to the boys. William became well acquainted with the family. On the first day he called upon them, Ben Lambert, Edward Barnes and myself determined to play somewhat of a practical joke on William.

The Count’s house was an old-fashioned one, with porches front and rear, with a passage running through the house from front to rear. It was about twenty-five yards from the front gate to the house. We determined to call upon Count Deaskie and his family in the evening. William, as we expected, was sitting on the front porch, and as soon as he saw us enter the gate, ran to the back porch. We introduced ourselves and endeavored to be as entertaining as possible. One of our party, Barnes, possessed a fine tenor voice and sang for the company a song that was very popular at the time, called Virginia. After singing it, the Count asked him to sing it again, and Barnes, always obliging, did as requested. We passed a very pleasant evening and bade the Count and his family good evening, leaving William at the house. As soon as he returned to camp, I sent a message to him, stating that I considered I had been treated rather shabbily by him, inasmuch as
when he saw us enter the gate and advance towards the house, that instead of coming out to meet and introduce us to Count Deaskie and his daughters, he fled to the back porch. I expected from him the satisfaction that one gentleman would accord another. He wrote in reply that he would give any satisfaction I desired, whereupon I sent him a challenge to fight a duel, which he promptly accepted.

J. B. Lambert was my second and Edward Barnes was Lampkin’s second. The preliminaries of the duel were all arranged, and it was to come off the following day, but we moved away that evening.

The next place at which we halted was Wallers Tavern. The battery was near my brother-in-law, A. L. Holladay’s residence, and I had been there to dinner. Upon returning to the camp several cannoneers came to me and said this was the evening for the duel to come off. I told them that it was agreeable to me and I would be ready.

The program of the duel was as follows: The combatants were to stand fifteen yards apart and to exchange three shots. If neither party was wounded when the third shot was fired, then they were to advance with drawn sabres and fight until one or both fell, and thus end the combat, the like manner to the encounter be-
between Fitz James and Roderick Dhu. They took a horse and cut his gum, saturating a piece of sponge with his blood.

I wore for the fight a brown cotton shirt. After firing at each other two shots neither was struck, but at the third fire I fell mortally wounded, having thrown my hand with the bloody sponge upon my breast, making a large splotch over the heart, indicating a death stroke. I was then placed upon a litter mortally wounded and carried to our camp. After getting there and going into my tent, Captain McCarthy said to my antagonist: "Macon is mortally wounded, and the chances are that he will not survive. Now, if I were you I would go and make up with him." He agreed with the Captain, and came to my quarters. I was leaning on my arm when he entered the tent, and he said: "Tom, old fellow, how are you feeling?" I replied: "Very well, under the circumstances, I thank you; how are you?" He then realized the joke we had played on him. He then proposed to get a keg of gunpowder and each clasp hands and ignite it. He was one of the most furious men, when he perceived the trend of affairs, I ever saw. He finally got over his anger at the trick and we were afterwards good friends. He was a brave cannoneer, and his fondness for the society of ladies
was no fault, but rather creditable to him; still it was the cause of his engaging in a duel that he thought was to be a genuine fight to the death, but which was only a sham battle and a joke. Some years after I was in company with William and his father, when he said: "Father, this is Mr. Macon, with whom I fought a duel."
CHAPTER XI.

At Leesburg, four of us: J. L. A., H. S., J. B. L., and T. J. M., tented together. We pretended to be genial, pleasant fellows, and to enliven our conversation we would tell what we considered a good anecdote, at any rate, the best we knew. One of the party, whenever this line of conversation was launched, had a peculiarity of relating a story or anecdote which had no pith or point to it. We agreed between us to try and break him of telling such anecdotes. The plan was simply to lay a trap for him, he sprung the trigger. When he commenced his story we paid closest attention until he had related about half of it, when we would break out in loud, boisterous laughter and applause. He was christened Joe Miller Number One. From this starting point a Joe Miller Club was formed and the cannoneer who told the poorest joke was dubbed Joe Miller Number One, the next poorest Joe Miller Number Two, and so on.

It was on a certain march that our esteemed Orderly Sergeant, who was very angry at the time, came
to me and said, "You are the cause of all this." It seems that the boys had called him Joe Miller Number Two. "A pretty good stand," I said to him; now, don't you see your getting mad at being called Joe Miller Number Two is just what they want? If you will pass it off pleasantly and laugh at it, they will surely drop it." This incident, viz.: the formation of the Joe Miller Club, came near getting me into several fights.

The matter of matrimony during the war was attended with many difficulties. In the first place, the groom had not enough money to pay the parson, much less pay for a license, though I believe in such strenuous times there was no license required. Besides, his wardrobe was totally inadequate for the happy occasion. The case in point, the cannoneer had not a good garment to wear even in camp. The bride, however, came to his relief. She procured for him an entirely new suit, and when he stood at the altar before the parson to plight his vows, he was dressed as well as a brigadier general, and he had not spent a cent, the blushing bride having borne the whole expense. Her discretion was to be commended, for had she not acted as she did, there is no telling when the marriage would have taken place.

During the winter, when we were at the Dunn House, a good joke was played on the guard. It was
extremely cold weather, and the order was passed from one sentinel to the other, to blow in the vent of the gun to see if it were clear; in doing so, it was necessary to put one's lips on the gun over the vent, when it took nearly all the skin from them, of course. One cannoneer, being fooled thus, he was not apt to disclose the trick to the next one, and so it turned out that the whole guard of six men got very sore lips for a while. Since no such order had been really given, it was but one of our boyish pranks.

To look back upon those jokes from the present point of view, they seem quite ludicrous, yet then we were young, full of life and fun, and anything in the way of an innocent diversion was readily taken hold of and carried merrily in camp. It added spice to the dry routine of soldier life in camp, drove away pessimism, and good instead of harm resulted.

After the Williamsburg battle, while we were retreating with the army, it had to pass through a marshy portion of the road, and a hard all-day rain the day of the battle, made the road almost impassible. Indeed, the wheels of the gun sank up to the axles, and to make it worse, the Federals were close upon us. Our object, naturally, was to travel on as rapidly as possible. T. D. Moncure was driving the wheel team to the gun, and
William G. Keane was driving the lead team. A dispute arose between them, and neither party would yield his point, whereupon Keane proposed that they dismount right then and there and decide the matter in an old-fashioned fist fight. Moncure demurred at the proposition. No blame could be attached to him for objecting to Keane's plan of settlement, for it would have delayed the whole line of artillery and probably caused it to be captured by the enemy, so under the circumstances, Moncure acted with a good deal of discretion.

At Morton's Ford a trick was resorted to which served its purpose admirably. When in winter quarters, the boys would have extra pipes and tobacco lying around loose, and the first thing a visitor would do on entering a tent would be to take one of the pipes and fill it with his host's tobacco. Some of us thought that this had gone far enough, and decided to try and put a stop to it. Therefore, they took the best pipe and put first a layer of tobacco, then a layer of powder, then a layer of tobacco and another layer of powder, and finally a layer of tobacco; this completed the charge. It was then important to see that the draught of the pipe was free from obstruction, then place it in a conspicuous place. In nine out of ten cases, when a visitor came in,
he would take up the pipe and commence smoking, and when the fire reached the powder it went off like a rifled gun, blowing the pipe all to pieces. It had the desired effect of breaking up the bad custom, as no man would smoke another's pipe after that experience.
CHAPTER XII.

WHILE encamped at the Dunn House, near Port Walthall Junction, it happened that the War Department had created a new organization, namely, the negro troops, to be known as the Corps de Afrique, and our Orderly Sergeant was very anxious to become a commissioned officer in said corps. Some of the cannoniers, always ready to spring a joke or participate in one, got a commission up, signed in regular form, going through the Adjutant General’s office with all the regularity and red tape of a genuine commission, creating Sergeant W. B. a First Lieutenant in the negro organization. I was selected to make a congratulatory speech to the Sergeant upon his promotion. He, with a number of comrades, were standing on the porch when the glee club serenaded him, singing several patriotic pieces. At the conclusion of the music I opened my congratulatory address.

"If is with pride and pleasure, Sergeant B., that I congratulate you upon promotion to a lieutenancy in the Corps de Afrique. It is true recognition of merit, well-earned as ranking Orderly Sergeant of the Army of Northern Virginia. Though we are glad of your
advancement, yet we regret that you will be separated from us, and remember that you carry with you the esteem and love of your Howitzer comrades.”

At the conclusion, the glee club sang another piece, and the meeting broke up. Sergeant B. thought it was a genuine commission, but he found out it was a joke.

Sergeant B. was one of the bravest and coolest soldiers in the Confederate army, and the whole company honored him for his faithful performance of duty and bearing under fire.

While at the Dunn House, just before the evacuation of Petersburg, there was an occurrence which made a deep impression on me. One of the company, L. R., passed by, smacking his lips as though he wished to retain the flavor of some very savory morsel. I asked him what he had been eating. His answer was, “I have just devoured a fried muskrat, and it was the nicest dish that I have eaten for a long time.” L. R. was a great epicure, and he certainly ought to have known what was good, at least for him.

Sergeant W. was artificer to the First Howitzer Company, and was a unique character, a man of positive ideas, and a brave cannoneer. He possessed a remarkable peculiarity of never giving a word its proper pronunciation. He would twist a word into more shapes
than anyone I ever knew, and be totally unaware that he was changing the word from its true meaning. He invented a dictionary of his own, and it was all the same to Sergeant W. One day he said in the Company, "We are all right now, the Captain has just received an avalanche," meaning an ambulance. On another occasion he told us that he went to a certain house and made three hand spicks. As the cook of one of the messes called out dinner, the Sergeant remarked in a loud voice, "The cook has pronounced dinner ready." He had just returned from Richmond, and J. B. L. and I were tenting together. He came in to see us and we said to him, "You have just returned from Richmond; of course, you gathered a good deal of news." He commenced by saying, "You remember Mr. Alex Guigon?" We answered, "Oh, yes!" "Well, he has just been made a lieutenant in the audience department." To enumerate all the instances in which the Sergeant distorted words would fill a volume. Of course, everyone knew what he intended to express, yet the way in which he presented his ideas was highly amusing. Perfectly unconscious that he was murdering the King's English made his conversation agreeable, as he was entirely original in word and deed.

While encamped at Morton's Ford an incident oc-
curred that is worthy of note. J. B. L. and I were detailed to go on hay or forage duty with the quarter-master's wagon of the Company. Horace, a negro, was the driver, and we started out in the morning and came to the place where we were to get our forage about twelve o'clock, noon. We worked well, loaded the wagon with hay and started it to camp, saying to Horace that we would follow. We then sauntered towards the house, but had not gone very far when we met Count Roeny, the proprietor of the place, to whom we rendered ourselves as polite and affable as we knew how, and after a brief conversation he invited us to the house to take dinner with him. Of course we accepted joyfully, for the Count had two daughters, young, pretty and intelligent young ladies. A passage or hall ran through the house. On one side was the sitting room, and on the opposite the dining room. After conversing a short time, dinner was announced. At the foot of the table was a large ham and a dish of cabbage, at the head, stewed chicken with white dumplings. It being early spring, all the dishes of the season were on the table. We both did full justice to a good, square meal, though I don't think either of us played big shoat.

We bade farewell to the Count and his charming daughters, and made our way to camp. When we
reached there, roll had been called and we were absent, consequently were put on extra duty. Captain McCarthy said to Sergeant Blackadar: "Put T. J. M. and J. B. L. on the next hay detail."

This time we left camp in the evening and went to the country seat of Sir Arthur Dashwood, where we loaded the wagon with hay and sent Horace back to the camp. Having strolled leisurely up towards the house, we met Sir Arthur, who invited us to go to the house and take supper. Of course, we did not refuse. Sir Arthur's family consisted of himself, wife, and three young ladies, ranging from eighteen to twenty-five years, types of Virginia girls, such as were then found in the homes of the farmers of Virginia, embodying a refinement and hospitality that has rarely ever been equalled and never surpassed elsewhere.

We partook of a good honest supper and repaired to the sitting room of the family, and did our best to render ourselves entertaining to the company. After a while one of us made a demonstration as though we were going to camp, whereupon Sir Arthur and Lady Dashwood said, "You had better spend the night." We thought so too, and accepted the invitation. In a short time our host showed us up to our room, which was a large, pleasant one with two beds, with counterpanes
and sheets as white as snow. We did not have the heart to get between the sheets, so slept on the outside, and very soundly, and got up much refreshed. On going downstairs, we found a nice, hot breakfast awaiting us, which we enjoyed highly. Afterwards we bade Sir Arthur and his pleasant family good-bye, and wended our way to camp. Of course, we missed roll call, consequently were put on extra duty.

The Captain this time told Orderly Sergeant Blackadar: "Never again put J. B. L. and T. J. M. on forage or kay detail, as it plays right into their hands."
CHAPTER XIII.

An episode quite worthy of mention took place when the Howitzers left Morton's Ford at the beginning of the spring campaign in 1864, when Grant crossed the Rapidan River and encountered Lee in the "Wilderness." Our Captain issued an order that no baggage should be carried on the caisson, or limber chest of the gun, and one of the men, E. G., had, during the winter while in camp, accumulated many odds and ends, and having been married not long before, had probably some souvenirs belonging to his wife in his care. The Sergeant of his gun told him of the Captain's order, and that he would have to take his knapsack off the caisson. This caused him much distress and he remonstrated vigorously, but to no effect, and finally appealed to Capt. McCarthy, who was not only one of the best officers, but one of the kindest men in the army, telling his commander that being already overloaded with a heavy haversack, and that if his knapsack was added to it, he would be obliged to place it on the roadside and take his seat on it until some relief chanced him, saying that he valued it most highly, not only on account of the clothing therein, but for the photographs and letters of
his wife, which he prized so much. The Captain told him that under such circumstances, he would make an exception in his case and the knapsack should remain. This was very gratifying to E. G., who took care ever afterwards never to overburden himself with extra luggage.

While encamped one winter at Orange Court House, The Howitzers went on an expedition to Mine-Run. The Captain left two men at camp as guards to take care of everything until the return of the battery, which would be at night. These men were R. G. C. and G. P. The latter went off and by some means which he did not make known, obtained a fine head of cabbage, which he gave to his fellow guard, with the understanding that he should take the two rations of bacon and boil with the cabbage. It was a mutual arrangement between them and R. G. C. put it on and it cooked well, diffusing an odor all over the camp. After it had boiled for some time he thought it ought to be done, if it was not. In the meantime, his mate, G. P., had very imprudently absented himself from camp, and R. G. C. quite anxiously awaited his return. As he did not put in an appearance within what he thought a reasonable length of time, he became impatient and dished up the fragrant vegetable on two plates in equal portions. His appetite
being keenly whetted by the delay, the suspense was too painful to be borne under such tantalizing circumstances; so he began to eat from his own plate, which was soon consumed, but with his hunger still unappeased, and thus he reasoned: "Well, I can eat just a little of the other fellow's part and he will hardly miss it," but when he had tasted more of the savory dish, he could not stop until he had swallowed the whole of it, before he was fully aware of what he had done. Just as he had finished and was smacking his lips over it, G. P. arrived upon the scene with bright anticipations, and promptly claimed his share of the co-partnership, but, alas! his fond hopes of a good dish and dinner were shattered, for the whilom cook informed him that he had waited so long for him that he could not longer withstand the dreadful temptation, and had taken the lion's share of the prey. This very plausible explanation was, of course, not very satisfying to the loser, who had been the means of supplying the larder, and had entrusted the cook with his share, one-half, only while he had betrayed the trust and gobbled up the whole.

At Leesburg a good silver watch was bought by the Company for the use of those who were standing guard, each member using it and then turning same over to his successor on post. It turned out to be a good time-piece,
but some one, impelled by idle curiosity, thought he could take out the works and replace them without injury to the watch. They were, however, mistaken, since very few except experienced persons can perform so delicate a feat without destroying, or at least impairing, the efficiency of the instrument. The result proved this, as it became perfectly worthless as a time-piece. After this the guards were deprived of the benefit of recording the flight of time, while tramping the weary and oft monotonous rounds.
CHAPTER XIV.

THERE was a habit among the boys of giving raw recruits, and in some instances, old members, names that their sponsors in baptism had not stood for; for example, one of the recruits by the name of "R. R. R." was given the title of "Roger," which he did not much relish at first, but later became quite reconciled to it. He was quite a unique character, being over six feet three inches in height, and large in proportion, and was a very successful hunter, possessing a talent for tracking "old hares," if any there were to be found in the neighborhood, jump them up, and then draw a bead on them with his army pistol, bringing them down in every instance. Being the very best shot with that weapon that was to be found in the camp, he almost invariably killed birds with it, as well as other game. We greatly regretted to part with our tall artillery man, but he was transferred to the cavalry.

There were several young recruits with us from Prince Edward County and Hampden-Sidney College. These young men were all near neighbors in that locality and all of them were accomplished performers on the violin, which instrument they almost made to talk, while
they were also excellent dancers. Ben Minor, one of them, was particularly skilful in lively dance tunes, such as, for instance, "Snowbird on the Ashbank," "Devil Among the Stumps," "The Arkansas Traveler," and many other popular pieces. These boys were a great addition to the social side of the Company, but when we buckled on our sabres for the serious part of soldier life, the deadly combat in the front of battle, then the "fiddle and the bow" were bagged and put away in the luggage tents, to be brought forth again when tent life began after the campaign was over for the season. Sergeant Scott, one of them, was one of the best dancers in the Howitzers ranks.

While in winter quarters we had a harvest time, getting full boxes from our homes, particularly those whose parents or other relations lived in the country. The city boys were less fortunate, as it often was with great difficulty that their friends could get enough for themselves, much less spare any provisions for the soldiers in the field. It was not until the latter part of the four years that Virginia began to feel the devastating effects of two large armies marching to and fro over her fertile fields and valleys.

When such articles of general use on the tables as coffee, tea, sugar and molasses had been cut off by the
blockade, quite good substitutes were discovered and used, and we in the army were only too glad to get such when we could luckily find some farmhouse that had them, and of course we did not find fault with such fare.

I tented and messed with two comrades who were from the country, and who were the recipients of several of the finest boxes of good things ever seen in any camp of fellows nearly starved for home food. These tent mates were like all true Virginians, hospitable, unselfish men, and insisted on my joining them whenever they opened their boxes, which always contained old, well-cured hams, fresh pork, rounds of beef, dressed turkeys, ducks, chickens, pies and cakes of every description, from fruit cake to ginger bread, besides preserves, jellies and other delicacies.

Now to place such viands before a hungry Howitzer was to transport him in imagination to the very Ellysian fields of Mythology, meet for the heathen gods.

But, alas! it could not always be thus, for such delights to a soldier's stomach disappeared like the snow flakes before the summer's sun, and we had at last to feed upon hard corn-pones and fried fat bacon, often rancid at that.

There was in our Company a young man by the name of Dupree, whom the boys christened "Private
Dupree,” and on the march would frequently call him by this title. The “private” did not much relish the joke, and he accused me of having originated it, so one evening he made a direct personal attack upon me, claiming that I was the instigator of the derisive nickname “Private Dupree.”

I found that he was fighting mad and tried his best to anger me also, and it was just as much as I could do to get out of the scrape; but I was determined not to be forced into a fist fight, as I did not join the Howitzers for that kind of “scrapping.”

He was one of the best cannoneers in the battery, and stuck up to his colors to the last, surrendering with the Company at Appomattox. He afterwards studied for the ministry, and is now an esteemed pastor in the Presbyterian Church. If “Private Dupree” throws now as hot shot at sinners, as he did his fist towards me that evening, they had better surrender at discretion.

Our Howitzer ambulance corps was formed into a separate command to act in conjunction with the Company. Sergeant Edward Gray was placed in charge, and a most efficient officer he made. When the battery went into action, he and his men would close up with it, so as to be ready in case there was need to carry off a wounded artilleryman.
This plan was opposed by several members, who were in favor of keeping well to the rear and wait there until sent for when needed, and then rush with great celerity to the front. But our leader thought differently, and as it proved by experience, he was right, for there was not a finer nor more useful ambulance corps in the army, and the officers and men all applauded Sergeant Gray's faithful and gallant performance of his duty.
CHAPTER XV.

The first Howitzers embodied in its members a great versatility of talent and accomplishments. There was the college student fresh from the classes, possessing all the knowledge which could be obtained therefrom; indeed, they seemed to know almost everything, or thought they did, which was all the same to them. As time passed, and bitter experience taught them less conceit, they became among the most valuable and intrepid cannoneers in our battery.

Another element in our Company was the musical one, as several had been formerly members of club choirs. They were divided into two sections: the first sang classic music, high-toned compositions, and also hymns. The others sang gay and popular airs and songs, and were somewhat looked down upon by the former section, yet they had some of the best vocalists; for instance, E. B., who possessed one of the sweetest tenors ever heard by any of us, and was most frequently called upon when in camp.

Another element was the clerk right from the desk or from behind the counter; next came the young countryman or farmer fresh from the green fields of his
native heath; and then the cosmopolitan, who had been traveling abroad when the old State called in her patriotic sons to buckle on their armor in her defense.

The union of these different classes of young men constituted a genial and pleasant band of fellow-soldiers. As said Major Robert Styles, in his excellent work entitled, "Four Years Under Marse Robert," when he joined the company, he was just from Yale College and thought the society of many of his fellowmen would be quite incongenial and insipid, but he had not been there long before he found plenty of them his equals if not his superiors.

At Morton's Ford there was formed a burlesque organization, called the Independent Battalion of Fusiliers. The object of this band was to enlist as members men who abhorred anything like physical exertion, in other words, would not wash their faces more than once or twice a week on account of the effort necessary to do it. Every movement of the body was forbidden, excepting such as was absolutely necessary, but the regulations of the organization.

It became quite popular, and recruits came to its ranks every day. The officers were Charles Pleasants, Major; T. J. Macon, Senior Captain, and J. Anderson, Adjutant.
There were three of the members court-martialed, one for carrying an axe a quarter of a mile, another for pouring water upon and turning a grindstone, and the third one for grinding the axe. They were all tried regularly by military law, reduced to the ranks, and put on extra rations for conduct unbecoming fusileers, and calculated to demoralize the battalion.

On another occasion a member was standing guard during the day over five bales of hay, a spark of fire from his pipe set fire to them and every straw was burnt before he discovered what destruction his carelessness had caused. He was therefore promoted from a sergeantcy to a lieutenancy for his meritorious conduct in burning up five bales of valuable provender in order to warm up his brilliant intellect.

During the winter Captain McCarthy issued a special order to the Howitzers. At the conclusion of reading the said order and the breaking of ranks, the fusileers were formed in line by Adjutant Anderson, and a special order was read to them by him.

"Special Order."

The commanding officer of the Independent Battalion of Fusileers reviews with pride the past conduct and achievements of the gallant band of veterans he has
the honor to command, and would recommend and urge upon all commissioned officers the importance of drilling the battalion in the manual of "whacking," in order to be prepared for the coming campaign, which promises to be one of great activity and value.

Signed by

T. J. Macon, Captain Commanding.
J. Anderson, Adjutant.

On the march, General McLaws remarked to Captain McCarthy: "I hear of a new command in your battery, namely, the Fusileer Battalion." The Captain then explained the scope of the new organization to him, and he pronounced it a good thing.
CHAPTER XVI.

While we were near Fredericksburg, Virginia, a rumor circulated that an entertainment would be given in that renowned "Old Virginia" city, in the way of a masquerade ball or a charade. Many characters were to be impersonated, and the only one that was not filled was a brigand. Some of our men went to W. G. L., a handsome fellow, and told him that the manager had requested them to find an artilleryman to personate a brigand, and that they had recommended him as an admirable person for the part. He quickly agreed to act it, and his friends procured a costume for him which was a black-talma, or long cloak, with black cap and feather, a sabre hung to his side, and with face polished up, he looked like a genuine Italian brigand "to the manor born." The night appointed arrived, but no ball came off. He was informed that owing to an order from General Barksdale, the ball could not be held on the night set for it, but that it might take place some time in the future. Therefore another date was made, and when it arrived and no performance, again there was disappointment and "no ball again" was the cry.

Finally, one of the would-be brigand's friends told
him that the whole thing was a friendly joke, and he was being duped. He could at first hardly realize that what his friend had told him was really true, so much enthused had he become with the idea of being a brigand for the time being at least.

Well, he was nevertheless a brave man and good cannonner, though quite impressionable in some cases.

During the winter of 1863, General Lee granted the members of our battery a furlough of ten days. My turn came and I promptly forwarded my application, which was returned approved, with the signature of our great commanding general, and also of Walter H. Taylor, the Adjutant General of the Army of Northern Virginia. These were as good names as I, or any other Confederate soldier, wanted to any paper as a good pass anywhere in the State.

We were then encamped at Morton's Ford, and I went to Orange Court House to take the cars for Richmond. I was compelled to wait a good while for the train to be made up, and in the meanwhile went to a store kept by Captain Cave, a friend of mine, who was, at the moment of my entrance, conversing with one of the finest-looking and knightly men that I had ever seen. I was then but a private in rank—the highest rank that I attained was that of corporal—but this evidently high
officer drew out of his pocket a lot of fine cigars and insisted upon my taking one. When he left us, I inquired of my friend the name of that perfect gentleman, who was so polite and engaging in manner. "Why," said he, "that is General John C. Breckenridge, of the Kentucky Confederate army, former Vice-President of the United States, and the candidate of the Southern Democrats for President in the campaign of 1860, now on his way to General Lee's headquarters."

A caunoneer joined our company by the name of Close, a man of intelligence and agreeable manners. He was made a driver, and being past the age of conscription, and also very near-sighted, Captain McCarthy stated to him that he, on account of age and disability, was not liable to military duty, and under the circumstances he could obtain a discharge therefrom. The idea of being discharged rather piqued Close, and he replied, "Captain, I joined your battery for the purpose of doing my duty to my country, and to fight the enemy, and I do not propose to leave it until the last gun is fired in defense of our people." Captain McCarthy told him that such sentiments were honorable and he would be glad to have him continue with us, which he did to the end of the war.

An incident fraught with considerable importance
occurred during the time the Company was in camp in the early spring. Professor Crouch, a noted musician, who was a great lover of natural history, undertook to collect a variety of Virginian snakes. His plan was to place them in a bag, and when a sufficient number was obtained, to send them to Richmond and preserve them as native serpents, captured during the war by the Howitzers; but some of the cannoneers informed the Captain that these venomous reptiles were in one of the tents. He went at once to the said collector of such natural specimens and ordered them to be killed, or sent away. What the professor did with them no one ever knew, or took the trouble to find out, so long as such very undesirable tentmates were gone out of camp. Had the string got loose to the bag, the consequences to the men may be imagined. This happily put an end to the professor's attempt in that line.

One of the most remarkable men in the First Howitzers was Randolph Styles, who had been a sailor, a naval officer once. He was very industrious and handy at anything that he undertook; could cut out a pair of trousers, alter a tent, cut one's hair as well as a barber. In short, he was apt and ingenious at anything almost, one of the most versatile men in the army. "Skipper," as he was usually called, was a fine musician, and on
the other hand, he could take up an old worn-out horse, apparently, and through his peculiar way of treatment, could bring him up to his normal condition.

On one occasion the Captain turned over to his tender care a black horse that had become almost a bag of bones, and in a short time he had him transformed into a sleek, well-conditioned animal, as good as he had once been. Skipper’s valuable talents, if told in full, would be too voluminous for these pages.

An incident worthy of mention during the war was that I came in possession of an officer’s uniform coat. It had no insignia of rank on the collar, yet when donned by a cannoneer, he looked like a field officer. This coat served me and all who wore it a good turn, particularly when the Company was encamped around Richmond. The coat inspired a degree of respect for the wearer that would not have been accorded him in passing the sentinel if he had worn his camp jacket. It proved of great service in running the blockade, which was much indulged in at this time. It was finally lost on our retreat from Petersburg.

In the camp of the left section of our Howitzers at Leesburg, Va., one of the most remarkable occurrences took place that imagination can picture. This section of the battery went on an expedition to “Point of
Rocks,” on the Potomac River. The Captain left four cannoneers to guard the camp, until the guns returned; the men that were detailed for this service were as follows: L. R., P. G., the Rev. Mr. D., and R. G. C. L. R. pretended that he was just recovering from a pretty free indulgence in new apple brandy, and the result was the “snakes,” or “jimjams,” had complete control of him. He made his brother guards perform many ridiculous antics, such as crawling under the wagons, playing leap-frog and such like tricks. The Reverend Mr. D. was forced to offer up a fervent exhortation for relief from him. Well, the pretended lunatic, for the time being, exercised a perfect tyranny over them, keeping them on the grid-iron, so to say, for a good while, and having his orders all promptly obeyed, for fear of a worse fate. The men affirmed that never could they forget the exciting scenes witnessed on the occasion. When the others returned from “Point of Rocks,” they were told of their disagreeable experience with their supposed crazy-drunk companion.

The Sixth Virginia Infantry, commanded by Colonel Flowery, of Alabama, was encamped near us, and he had an old negro cook, who, by some means or other, had obtained two large bomb-shells, such as were fired from the gunboats, which he had put to the peaceable
use of andirons for his kitchen fireplace; the fuses had not been exploded, and as the old darkey was cooking a dress-parade dinner for the Colonel, and everything was working very smoothly, the shells burst, blowing everything into smithereens, including the cooking utensils, and even the tent was torn into shreds. The old fellow was so dumbfounded that he could not take in the situation for some time, but finally realized that he had been "blow'd up" by "de bung-shells," as he termed it, and gathering together the fragments, he turned to and cooked the best meal possible under such destructive circumstances. Suffice it to say, the Colonel's African cook religiously avoided ever afterwards the use of that kind of andirons.

At that fateful battle at Gettysburg, the writer was slightly wounded, and went back to a house a short distance in rear of the line of battle; it had been abandoned by the owner, a German, and everything had been left as it was when in use. In searching the premises there were found in the storeroom several articles that, when cooked, would delight the palate of a hungry cannonier; such as nice, fat, salt mackerel, fine flour, corn meal, hog's lard, and many other most acceptable eatables. The writer concluded that the best thing he could do would be to cook up a choice dish composed of flour,
lard and soda, mixed well with water, making a batter, and then baked into muffins. When a sufficient number of them were ready for the table, we set to eating them, and they were pronounced excellent muffins. It was noticed that when the batter was cooking on the stove it bubbled-up, and we thought that was the way it acted when cooking, and gave the matter no further thought; in a short time, though, it was discovered that the cook had used some nice white soft soap, as one of the ingredients. However, all of us enjoyed the improvised dish, and the only fault found was there was not more of the soft-soap muffins.

At Morton's Ford, during the winter of 1863, I obtained leave of absence from Captain McCarthy for two or three days; my object being to visit a cousin, Mrs. Lucy Conway, who resided at "Greenwood," a delightful old country residence, near Orange Court House. I deemed this a good time to utilize my relationship, as her home was a famous "Mecca" of general hospitality, and good living. I left camp during the day and arrived at my destination in the evening; receiving a cordial welcome, who was at the time entertaining General Wilcox and several other Confederate officers, and although but a mere private soldier—number three at my gun—yet I received as much attention
and consideration as any present. Time, as may be imagined, passed so rapidly that one was hardly aware of its flight. My leave had expired, and I was forced to take some action, either return to camp, or overstay my time, and the alluring attractions prevailed over my duty, and I decided to prolong my visit for a whole week. Upon my return to my quarters, the Orderly Sergeant reported me, and the Captain ordered me to be placed on three days extra guard duty. This I considered an easy penalty for so much delightful enjoyment, a very rare experience to an artilleryman in war times.

While we were at the Dunn House during the last year of the war, R. H. M., Jr., was waiting upon a young lady in Richmond—indeed, was engaged to be married—and both were anxious to plight their troth to each other at the altar. He, of course, like all ardent lovers, was desirous to see his intended bride as often as possible, and in order to accomplish this desirable feat, resorted to what was called "running the blockade," the same being stealing out of camp without leave. Our Captain understood the motive of his disobedience of orders, and deemed it natural and pardonable conduct on the part of a good cannoneer, under such circumstances, and did not hold him down to strict military discipline,
but winked at his frequent visits to his "inamorata," and thus accelerated the union in matrimony of these fond young hearts. The result was their speedy marriage, which was attended by bright, sunny days of wedded bliss.

At the Dunn House the commissary issued to us a ration of whiskey. It is said by liquor dealers that there is no such thing as bad whiskey, only some kinds are better than others; well, this ration was the very vilest stuff that we had ever tasted in our lives. Experts in liquor, in our ranks, were actually puzzled to determine what it was; some pronounced it green apple brandy, others said it was a sort of peach distillation, and still others, so-called judges, put it down as North Carolina corn whiskey, but at last settled down to the opinion that it must be a blend of all of these. Most of the boys gave their rations to three or four of the cannoneers who considered it a sacrilege to dispose of this government "Nectar of the Gods" in any other way than to imbibe it religiously and reverently. These brave fellows, therefore, shut themselves up in a tent, and proposed to have a royal old time, which resulted in reducing them to a condition of raving lunacy and almost killed them. Where this fiery decoction originally came from no one could ever find out, but it cured
the fellows of drinking commissary whiskey, and no more was issued to the Company.

It has often been said that fact is sometimes stranger than fiction; this was verified in the following instance, to wit: While our Company was encamped one summer near a small stream, a couple of friends of Cannoneer E. G. expressed their intention to fish therein, and in a bantering manner, E. G. said: "I will swallow every fish that you catch in that little branch." Well, the anglers returned to camp with two small minnows, and immediately sought out their friend, claiming a fulfilment of his promise. Without the least hesitation or attempt to back out, he caught them up, and swallowed them raw, thus making good his word. He showed a good deal of judgment in the act of devouring the little fellows, for instead of starting to swallow the tails first, he placed their heads first in his mouth, thus preventing the fins from catching in his throat; the process of fish cannibalism was accomplished without a hitch from start to finish.

At the Dunn House there happened the following incident: Ed. B., who was a good musician, conceived the idea of getting up a first class minstrel performance, and in conjunction with several acquaintances in the infantry regiment camped near us, who helped to pro-
mote the scheme. There was a barn on the farm which they turned into a concert saloon or hall, having made seats of rough planks, and a stage of boards. E. B. then came to this writer, and requested the loan of an extra shirt. He was told that he had but one; he inquired what color was it; he was told that it was red; that is the very one, I want to borrow it to wear in the cast. He got it, of course, and when it was returned after the show, it was not soiled a particle. In consideration of the accommodation rendered him by the loan of my shirt, he presented me with a season ticket, to the three night performances, and the show proved to be a great success. I do not know how the managers came out financially, but don’t think they incurred any heavy expense in carrying out the enterprise.

A disagreeable, though not very arduous, duty devolved upon each member of a detachment, or mess; which was, when the cook was absent, for any cause, such as sickness, or dissatisfaction with the job, for each one of the others to take his, (the cook’s) place, until another one could be hired. On our march from Leesburg, after the fight at Ball’s Bluff, it fell to my lot to act in that capacity. I had never had any experience in cooking then, worthy of mention. However, I did my very best to satisfy all hands. The hardest
part of the matter to me was the making the fire, and bringing water; after which it was much "easier sailing," to use a nautical phrase. I usually poured the flour into a big pan, then apportioned the soda, and after mixing well with water, worked the dough with all my might, and then forming it into cakes, which I placed in an oven, about the size of a half-peck measure. These cakes were divided into four pieces, and when well baked the bread was light and good, not heavy, for enough soda was put in to produce a bright saffron color. The frying of the meat was then not such a very hard job. Upon the completion of the repast, my success as a cook was complimented. Still I can assure the reader that I was not sorry to be relieved of the service.

One of the most disagreeable duties which the average cannoneer was called upon to perform was to be detailed to take charge of a pair of horses; as a matter of fact, a majority of us were not fond of the animals at all, and the attention given them was very slight indeed. Their full ration of corn and rough forage was fed to them, to be sure, but when it came to the manual labor of currying, or properly grooming them, the average artilleryman naturally deemed that to be quite an unnecessary piece of hard work, and reasoned
with themselves and their laziness, that they did not join for the work of hostlers, but to fight. A case in point was as follows: If a cannoneer was detailed for such a duty, that is, to care for an extra pair, the first thing he did would be to use a trace-chain instead of a rope, or leather, for a halter, and the poor beasts were but seldom even so much as tickled about their lean ribs with the scraping of a curry-comb, the whole time they were under his charge. Of course such was not always the case, since some of the regular drivers kept their horses in excellent condition; for instance, such fine Howitzers as C. E. Wingo, Thos. Whiting Puryear, and a few others.

A very prominent trait of our soldiers was great curiosity, or rather a desire to discover that which was of no utility, or what would be of no material advantage to his store of information. An incident of this kind occurred when our Company, during the battles around Richmond in the year 1862, stopped for a day in the yard of Dr. Friend's residence, where the infantry and artillery were near each other. The owners, as usual in such emergencies, had left the house with all the furniture, etc., in it, and among the articles in the parlor was a case of fine music, Mrs. F. being an accomplished musician, and had acquired it when a young
lady before marriage, and therefore very highly prized it. The rude soldiers brought the case out to the yard, broke it open, and examined its contents to satisfy their curiosity. Of course they knew nothing about classic music, couldn’t have told the difference between the notes of Wagner’s, Tannhauser, and the Arkansas Traveller, but they just wanted to see what it looked like inside. Another article was a handsome Swiss clock. This they took to pieces in order to see how the parts were put together, they said. The result was a ruined time-piece, and no useful information gained, but an unnecessary loss to the unfortunate owner.

In our command there were men who possessed marked characteristics, or idiosyncrasies. For instance, R. G. W. was a regular so-called coffee fiend, and nothing added more to his pleasure or satisfaction than a cup of that fragrant and stimulating beverage; although it was but seldom it could be procured, on account of its scarcity during the war, yet when by good luck he obtained any, he congratulated himself in the possession of such luxury. On one occasion when superintending the brewing of a pot of it, one of his friends inquired how must a good article be made. He replied: “Make it strong enough to carry double, and to kick-up.” His friend followed his directions, and brewed a pot of
ADDRESS OF
MR. LEIGH ROBINSON,
AT THE UNVEILING OF THE RICHMOND
HOWITZER MONUMENT,
RICHMOND, VA.
DECEMBER 13th, 1892.

My Friends and Fellow-Howitzers:

I cannot better introduce what I have to say than by the words of a legend of the East: "When the lofty and barren mountain was first upheaved into the sky, and from its elevation looked down on the plains below, and saw the valleys and less elevated hills covered with verdant and fruitful trees, it sent up to Brahma something like a murmur of complaint. Why thus barren? Why these scarred and naked sides exposed to the eye of man? And Brahma answered: The very light shall clothe thee, and the shadow of the passing cloud shall be as a royal mantle. More verdure would be less light."
Thou shalt share in the azure of heaven, and the youngest and whitest cloud of the summer’s sky shall nestle in thy bosom. Thou belongest half to us.”

“So was the mountain dowered, and so, too,” adds the legend, “have the loftiest minds of men been in all ages dowered. To lower elevations have been given the pleasant verdure, the vine, and the olive. Light, light alone, and the deep shadow of the passing cloud—these are the gifts of the prophets of the race.”

And so, I will add, so is it with the eminences of self-sacrifice. Out of convulsive wrestle are they lifted. The winds and the rains contemn them. The hail strips them bare. The lightning by which they are torn is their scepter. The tents of the tempest are pitched on all their summits of endeavor, and the deep scar of the tempest signed upon their brow is their diadem. And yet, as the mountains are the backbone of the earth, and put their own chains on the continents which anchor to them, making our earth an earth of mountains, so from age to age the true heart rallies to the moral eminences of which I speak. All that is soundest in us clings with a voluntary homage to the suffering heights. Consciously or unconsciously the high instinct of mankind receives their lofty yoke. Heaven and earth mingle on their summits. Over the wide landscape of human-
ity falls the eloquence of their light and their shadow. Infinitely true is it, "To bear is to conquer."

Never was constancy so perfect and so pure as that of the people of the South to their warriors. For once gratitude to the past is not inspired by the hope of favors to come. The mercenary motive is curiously absent. The knee which bends, the heart which throbs, is the welcome of respect to the intrinsically worthy— the unbought homage never truly known, save by virtue in misfortune, when like a queen, but like a queen in exile, she counts the number of her suitors by the poverty of her reward. This is the proud pathos of defeat with honor. Thus heroes conquer even in their fall. So reign their ashes, "dead, but sceptered."

**The Story's Purity.**

It were sad indeed if no word could be spoken in behalf of that "story's purity," the justification whereof is now removed from the forum of arms to the bar of history and the scales of time and truth. The story of anti-slavery agitation to-day is written for the world by the enemies of the South, and truth is not always the weapon of their choice. We are the camp of slaves; they are the camp of freedom. The victor is wont to have his own pleasant version of the cause, which has
been accepted by stoic fate, if not by Cato's justice. That in the middle of the nineteenth century there were many opposed to slavery is certainly no matter for surprise, and as little for condemnation. It may seem, indeed, a slight inconsistency that every one of the colonies which joined in the Declaration of Independence was at the time a slave-holding colony. Nevertheless it is the fact that each shared a common responsibility therefor, which differed in degree with the differing utility thereof. The issue between the North and the South was not so much an issue between freedom and slavery, as the issue whether those who had formed a federal compact with slave-holding States, upon an agreement not to interfere with their slaves, had any greater right to do so, than they had in the case of Cuba and Brazil, with whom they had no such compact. The supreme issue was whether the United States Government was one of such unlimited authority that it could do what it pleased, by giving fine names to usurpation, as, when the guest at a hotel complains that the brand he wants has not been brought, the waiter before his eyes rubs off the undesired label and puts on the desired one. The real issue was whether, under the fine name of "general welfare," the whole power of the Government could be perverted to private wel-
fare, and whether, in keeping with the Federal compact, under the fine name of freedom, commonwealths could be extinguished. So far as slavery was concerned, a century hence history will chiefly discover a race between the very lightly and very heavily encumbered, and the great self-applause of the former that they were the first to reach the goal. It is not so exact to say that slavery in the South was the cause of the war, as to say that it afforded an opportunity for the war. It is proper to bear in mind the abrupt revolution of society which was demanded by those who would be themselves unaffected by the revolution.

The first book of Justinian, which gives us our definition of justice—justitia est constans et perpetua voluntas jus suum cuique tribuendi—gives also the derivation of slavery—servi autem ex eo appellati sunt quod imperatores captivos vendere, ac perhoc servare non occidere solent; qui etiam mancipia dicti sunt, eo quod abhostibus manu capiuntur. A strong man has his antagonist at his mercy, is able to take the life of him; rather than suffer him to live antagonist will do so. In humanity’s great internecine war, wherein survival is conquered by exterminating hostility, root and branch, the conqueror leads back the captive of his spear. Their relations are those of victor and victim.
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The fact of supremacy has been settled and, by the rule of primitive war, one life is forfeit to the other. When, then, the victor did not slay, but spared the victim and suffered him to live, not as a rival, to be sure, but as subject; to retributively serve in return for the life which had been donated, and was gratuity—it was the very charity of a redeeming gospel, breaking through the crust of "old dispensations," of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, tempering with the hand of mercy the iron hand. It is not extravagant to say that this was the first redeeming sign in the storm and terrible joy of war. The stronger included the weaker; the two were co-operant; social, not dissocial. Their blows, no longer rival, rang in unison, each sending the other farther. It was a large concession to humanity when Cæsar, at the battle of Pharsalia, granted permission to every man in his army to save one enemy. Only the nomad life existed until servitude existed. The "mighty hunter" had no accumulated spoil wherewith to feed dependents. Outside of his limited, mutable camp his hand was against every man, and every man's against him. No civilization could ripen in the saddle of the Bedouin, or under his restless tents. He neither plants nor builds. That which to-day were the incurable evil of society—that it be stationary—in the beginning, was
the one anchor of hope; that the human group should stay in one place long enough to catch the contagion of humanity. Property in the soil arose with property in man. All progress, all empire, all the law, and all the piety of the ancient times grew up around this centre. Competition, as a motive force, is about coeval with the impulses thrown into the great world scales by the voyage of Columbus. Voluntary co-operation has just begun. There was no permanent property until there was permanent force, nor continuous production until there was servitude. This was the inexorable necessity of civilized life. Prior to it man cannot be said to have even lived by bread. But by it man planted himself behind the stone wall, on which has grown the moss of ages, and ceased himself to be the rolling stone which gathers no increase. He stood upon the ancient ways and boundaries, and said to the predatory nomad without: “Thus far, and no farther.” The stability of agriculture came for the first time when men could be fastened to the soil and forced to work it; when unanimity of labor had been acquired.

The army of labor, like the army of battle, was first victorious when it poured its sinew and its fire from the iron energy of a single will. It was the slaveholder, and only the slaveholder, who could take up the fifth part
of the land of Egypt and store it against the years of famine. It was from agriculture that the city sprang; after which man was no longer dependent, like the wild beast, upon the lair of nature. The first great stride of progress which carried man to civilized permanence was borne upon the back of slaves. However rude, however violent this origin, the substance of it was the protection by strength of weakness, which could not save itself, and the unconditional service of that weakness to its only savior. Slavery meant salvation.

**Basis of Civilization.**

On this agricultural basis and organized social strength all ancient civilization was reared, and on this same organization modern Europe had been formed. For six thousand years slavery had been the customary law of the civilized world. Undoubtedly the elements existed of another structure of society, which may be considered to have been prophesied from the beginning by the very nature of a being organized to communicate, and still more certainly included in the realization of the era which displaced Cæsar's tribute. This is the movement, much retarded, oft reversed, but the inevitable, and, on the whole, invincible, movement toward the reign of commerce. But the retirement and dis-
appearance of the old supremacy has been a very slow retreat—inch by inch stubbornly contested. Not until the memory of men now living did the scepter decisively pass from the agricultural dominion, and slavery was not doubtful until that scepter began to waver. In 1713 the twelve judges of England, headed by Chief-Justice Holt, replied to the Crown: "In pursuance of His Majesty's order in counsel, hereunto annexed, we do humbly certify our opinion to be that negroes are merchandise." During the whole of the eighteenth century England reserved to herself, by the treaty of Utrecht, the monopoly of importing negroes to all the Spanish colonies—that is to say, to nearly all South America. The fact is noted, by the annotator of Talleyrand's Memoirs, that when the English colonies had a proportion of twenty blacks to one white, it occurred to them to be indignant at the immorality of the traffic. The declaration that the slave trade was repugnant to universal morals was signed by the European Powers, for the first time, at the Congress of Vienna, and not then by Portugal or Spain.

But, such is the irony of fate! there was one country of the world, and that a purely agricultural dominion, which, in the eighteenth century, opposed itself to slavery with all the power it could wield. That country
was Virginia, the patriarch of the colonies. Slavery had been forced upon Virginia, and in the teeth of her remonstrance, by the arbitrary power of Great Britain. Twenty-three statutes were passed by the House of Burgesses to prevent the importation of slaves, and all were negatived by the British king. Virginia was the first State to prohibit the slave trade, under heavy penalties. The only qualification to this statement is that Georgia, under Oglethorpe, did prohibit the introduction of African slaves until 1752, when the proprietors surrendered the charter and it became part of the Royal Government. In 1749, the evangelist Whitfield wrote: "One negro has been given me; some more I propose to purchase this week." "This confirms me in the opinion that Georgia never can be a flourishing province without negroes are allowed."*

* At an early period, permission was given to any Connecticut planter, injured by an Indian, "to ship him to the West Indies and exchange him for neagers." In 1759, the legal representatives of the eminent moralist, metaphysician, and divine, Jonathan Edwards, of Connecticut, by a bill of sale, and for a valuable consideration, transferred the title to two negro slaves, viz., Jo and Su his wife, "which slaves were lately the proper goods of said Jonathan Edwards, deceased, and were by him bought of one Hezekiah Griswold, of Windsor; and we, the said Timothy
as early as October, 1778, the law of Virginia went forth that thereafter no slaves should be imported by sea or land into the jurisdiction of her Commonwealth. One of her first acts, when she had shaken from her the power of the throne, was to write that edict of emancipation for territory of her own, which she ever denied was in the power of any one to write for her. She wrote it for the territory which her enterprise and valor had wrested from the grasp of France. Whatever she might choose to do herself, it were hard to conceive a more arrogant claim than that the North could deprive her of an equal right in the territory of her own donation. Even in respect to this territory, the agreement of Virginia was without any equivalent whatever, and the ordinary principles of *nudum pactum* might have been

Dwight, Jr., and Timothy Edwards, do covenant, &c. In 1764, when the sugar act was threatened by the British Government, the merchants of Boston and the merchants of New London remonstrated against the act, for the reason, amongst others, that it prevented the exportation of “rum distilled here to Africa to purchase slaves for the West India market.” One of the Senators of Rhode Island, in 1821, James D’Wolf, was himself largely engaged in the slave trade, and resigned his seat in 1825, that he might remove to Havana to become the president of a slave-trading company.
applied to it. The Treaty of Independence with Great Britain, in 1783, carefully stipulated that the British should not carry away "any negroes or other property of the American inhabitants," as afterwards the Treaty of Ghent, in 1814, spoke of "slaves or other private property." At the former period, certainly, no authoritative expression of the thirteen colonies would have denied that there was property in man. It is true, that in those States where negro labor was unfriended by the climate, and therefore unprofitable to the master, the slaves were few, and at the date of the Constitution slavery had virtually worn out in Massachusetts. This influence of soil and climate, following in the tow of the subtler and deeper force now swiftly growing to man's estate—the rising force, one might say, the rising world of commerce—these potent persuasions were already combining to force the issue between the former and the latter reign. The Constitution of the United States was, therefore, a distinct bargain between the North and the South for the security of slave property; for which a redundant consideration was received by the former, in the control and regulation of commerce, by a simple majority, instead of a two-thirds vote. From Virginia came the chief opposition to the continuance of the slave trade. That trade was continued for twenty years, not by
the vote of the solid South, but of a solid New England. "Twenty years," exclaimed Madison, "will produce all the mischief that can be apprehended from the liberty to import slaves." And George Mason rebuked the melancholy choice of Mammon, for that "some of our Eastern brethren had, from a lust of gain, engaged in this nefarious traffic." With a prophet's majesty he implored the South to reject the provision extorted as a price of this concession, the provision to pass commercial laws by simple majorities. This he said, "would deliver to the South, bound hand and foot, to the Eastern States, and enable them to say in the words of Cromwell on a certain occasion: 'The Lord hath delivered them into our hands.'"

A Nefarious Traffic.

Public opinion had as yet experienced no violent displacement as to the merchantable quality of negroes, for the very States in which slavery itself had ceased, or was ceasing to exist, were those most actively engaged in the traffic in slaves.*

*A dispatch from Hartford, Conn., to the Boston Herald says: Many of Connecticut's old-time Abolitionists have greeted Jason Brown, son of John Brown, the martyr of Harper's Ferry,
In the original draft of the Declaration of Independence Jefferson had denounced the king for warring against human nature. "Determined to keep an open market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable traffic, and that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished dye, he is now exciting these very people to rise in arms amongst us and to purchase that liberty of which he had deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he has obtruded them." This denunciation was stricken out partly in deference to South Carolina and Georgia. "But," adds Jefferson, "our Northern brethren also, I believe, felt a little tender under these censures, for though their people had very

who has been visiting here for two or three days past. * * *

In referring to the slavery question he gives this significant opinion: "I believe that slavery was a sectional evil, and that the people of the North were as much to blame for its long continuance as the people of the South. Why? Because the old slave States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, and Pennsylvania, when they found slavery no longer profitable, sold their slaves to other people of the South and pocketed the money. To be sure, a few liberated their slaves—noticeably, the Quakers."—Baltimore Sun, June 2, 1891.
few slaves themselves, yet they had been pretty consi-
derable carriers of them to others.” But no similar tenderness had operated to exclude the substance of this protest, from the preamble to the Constitution of Vir-
ginia, which had been adopted the preceding month, and which, among other perversions of the kingly office, which justified the separation and independence of Vir-
ginia, alleges this: “By prompting our negroes to rise in arms among us, those very negroes, whom by an inhuman use of his negative, he hath refused us per-
mission to exclude by law.” The importation of slaves into the South was continued by Northern merchants and Northern ships until it was prohibited by the sponta-
taneous action of the Southern States themselves, which preceded or was contemporaneous with the legislation of Congress in 1807. Antecedent to the adoption of the Constitution, South Carolina passed an act prohibiting, under severe penalties, the importation of negroes from Africa. In 1803 this act was repealed, for the reason assigned in Congress by Mr. Lowndes, that it was im-
possible, without aid from the General Government, “to prevent our Eastern brethren from introducing them into the country. Had we received,” he said, “the neces-
sary aid from Congress, the repeal would never, in my opinion, have taken place. * * * * I wish the time
had arrived when Congress could legislate conclusively on the subject.” I fail to find the evidence that property in man was an obnoxious doctrine at the North until property in man wholly ceased there to be lucrative. Small as the number of slaves necessarily was to the north of Maryland, in several of them slavery existed for more than fifty years after the adoption of the Constitution. Where the interest was so limited and the emancipation so gradual no great shock to society could well occur, especially as in the bulk of cases the emancipator, with no qualms of conscience whatever, received the full value of his slaves from those who bought them. The historian, Bancroft, is authority for the statement that more slaves were emancipated by last will and testament in Virginia than were ever set free in Pennsylvania or Massachusetts.* Moreover, emancipation in the North, when it came, was accompanied by no recognition of equality. Prior to 1861 no negro in Massachusetts had ever been a member of its Legislature, or served upon the jury or in the militia, or been appointed to any office beyond one of menial grade. This was freedom with the recognition and opportunity of free-

dom severely omitted—"the name of freedom graven on a heavier chain"—heavier because it was the expression of a more invincible barrier than that of law, and breathed a more superlative scorn. In the second volume of his commentaries Chancellor Kent thus describes the relation of the races: "The Africans are essentially a degraded caste of inferior rank and condition in society. Marriages are forbidden between them and the whites in some of the States, and, when not absolutely contrary to law, they are revolting and regarded as an offense against public decorum. By the Revised Statutes of Illinois, published in 1829, marriages between whites and negroes or mulattoes are declared void, and the persons so named are liable to be whipped, fined, and imprisoned. By an old statute of Massachusetts of 1705 such marriages were declared void, and are so still." This summary was cited and corroborated by the Chief Justice of Connecticut as late as 1834.† The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania decided in 1837 that a negro or mulatto was not entitled to exercise the right of suffrage. It was not until July 4, 1827, that New York was ranked among the free States, and when the Constitution of 1846 was adopted negro suffrage

† Crandall v. The State, 10 Conn. 346
was negatived by a vote of four to one. As late, certainly, as the date of the Dred Scott decision, the Constitution of New Jersey restricted the right of suffrage to all white persons.

**Slavery in the South.**

This course of legislation in the North illustrated the recognized discrepancy of the races. Statute did not confer it, and statute could not take it away. Slavery in the South rested upon the natural supremacy of the white race over the black, and the total and inevitable disqualification of the latter for an equal struggle with the former. Labor in the South, unlike Oriental bondage, Roman servitude, and feudal villanage, was not the subjection of equals, differing in opportunity, but the subjection of one extreme of humanity to the other, of the most abject to the most enlightened. The real inequality of the races had made subordination prescriptive. No higher encomium could possibly be pronounced upon the practical beneficence of Southern institutions than the one tacitly sanctioned by the last amendment, viz.: that they had been sufficient to educate the lowest of earth's savages to take his place among the highest of earth's freemen. As population increases it becomes cheaper to hire labor than to buy or own it;
or, borrowing the phrase of Carlyle, to hire for years rather than for life. The labor of slavery ceases to be worth the capital involved in its support. The coercion of authority is replaced by the coercion of want, and the obligation to protect by the liberty to oppress. Nothing could be truer or wiser than that which was said by John Randolph in the Senate of the United States: "The natural death of slavery is the unprofitableness of its most expensive labor. * * * The moment the labor of the slave ceases to be profitable to the master—or very soon after it has reached that stage—if the slave will not run away from the master, the master will run away from the slave; and this is the history of the passage from slavery to freedom of the villanage of England."

The reasons of geography and worldly gain, which created such divergence of destiny North and South, are given by Judge McLean, in his dissenting opinion in the Dred Scott case: "Many of the States, on the adoption of the Constitution, or shortly afterwards, took measures to abolish slavery within their respective jurisdictions, and it is a well-known fact that a belief was cherished by the leading men, South as well as North, that the institution of slavery would gradually decline until it would become extinct. The increased value of
slave labor, in the culture of cotton and sugar, prevented the realization of their expectations. Like all other communities and States, the South was influenced by what they considered their own interests.” The peculiarity of the situation was, that while the people of the South were acting “like all other communities and States,” they were abused and accused as though none other had ever been so wicked, and as though their abusers and accusers had ever lived void of offense before God and man. The accusers, who had so comfortably purged themselves of their own sins, suffered such a very brief interval to elapse before arraying themselves in their white raiment for the excommunication of others, who, it is true, had moved more slowly, but had so very much more difficulty to overcome and expediency to resist. One cannot but recall that which is narrated of Zachary Macaulay (the father of Thomas Babbington), who made a fortune in the slave trade, and, when that was done, joined the anti-slavery people, and secured some handsome appointments by attacking the aforesaid business. It was well said, on the floor of the Virginia Legislature, by John Thompson Brown, in an answer to English invective: “They sold us these slaves—they assumed a vendor’s responsibility—and it is not for them to question the validity of our title.” And it was
equally relevant to say to some others: “Your position involves the right of a grantor to revoke a grant, without the consent of the grantee for value, and the right of one party to a compact to retain the whole consideration moving to him while repudiating every other.”

Mr. Jefferson’s Scheme.

A scheme of gradual emancipation had been proposed by Jefferson as early as 1776, and the general scheme of it approved by the convention which framed Virginia’s Constitution in that year, but no action was taken, because “the public mind would not yet bear it.” “Nothing,” wrote Jefferson, “is more certainly written in the Book of Fate than that these people are to be free; nor is it less certain that the two races equally free, cannot live in the same government. Nature, habit, opinion, have drawn indelible lines of distinction between them.” Here plainly was a difficult air for statesmanship to breathe, a problem which might well vex the noblest. By what bond, other than the one existing, could darkest Africa and free America, the antipodes in race as in geography, dwell side by side in useful co-operation? Whatever might be written in the Book of Fate, when it was equally legible that the two races equally free could not live in the same govern-
ment, what was the solution? This, on a very different scale from anything which ever existed in the North, was the problem which confronted the South, springing from no choice or voice of her own, but against her choice and against her voice. In 1830 there were movements in Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland, and Virginia for the gradual emancipation of their slaves, and the movement in Virginia had nearly succeeded. It was the aggression of the abolitionists which arrested the movement in all these States.*

* "The States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee were engaged in practical movements for the gradual emancipation of their slaves. This movement continued until it was arrested by the aggressions of the Abolitionists upon their voluntary action. This action was prompted by economical, rather than moral reasons. The Abolitionists, however, refused to accept an impending fact, and insisted upon convicting as criminals those who were so well disposed to bring about the very result at which they themselves professed to aim. The consequences were such as might have been reasonably expected. Promised emancipation refused to submit itself to hateful abolition. Those three border States placed themselves at once upon the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798, and, resenting as an insult the interference of the Northern intruders, abandoned the scheme which a calm view of considerations, tending to their own future welfare, had induced them to form." Origin of the Late War. George Lunt, Boston, p. 34.
Gradual Emancipation.

Connecticut will serve to illustrate the simplicity of the problem encountered at the North. In 1784 a scheme of gradual emancipation was enacted for the slaves—some 3,000 in number—then in the State.

It was not until 1848 that the emancipation of this small number was completed. Down to 1848, by the law of the State, slaves were chattels, which could be sold by legal process, and which were assets in the hands of an executor. Gradual as this emancipation was, the preamble to the act of 1784 declares that it was as soon as it could be done, "consistent with the rights of individuals and public safety." What "individual right," what "public safety" was ever cared for by the inimical commonwealths which banded with such zeal for the reproof and edification of the South? Having no longer sins of their own to repent of, there was nothing left for them to do but to repent day and night of the wickedness of the South. There were, however, alleviations to this kind of repentance which reduced its heroic dimensions. It was a vicarious transaction which eluded altogether the crown of thorns for the angels of repentance, and plaited it exclusively for the brows of them whose sins they ransomed. They repented proudly. One might speculate as to what might have been the
effect upon their trivial task had Canada possessed the power and disposition to play their part (with the unrestricted right to do so, which resided no longer in the North); had every wind from that further North borne the poisoned arrow of a hate which never slept. Is it the rule for men to be convinced by execration and imprecation? It were a severe task upon credulity to be expected to believe that the benevolence which referred to slaveholders as “bloodhounds,” and to their community as the “small-pox,” seriously desired to convert the sinners so approached. If missionaries thus approach the heathen their rate of progress is accounted for. This was not the frame of mind wherewith to convert opinion, but was the frame of mind wherewith to persecute opinion.

Almost Plaintive.

There is something almost plaintive in the reply of Henry Clay to Mr. Mendenhall. It was as meek as an imperious spirit knew how to be: “Without any knowledge of the relations in which I stand to my slaves, or their individual condition, you, Mr. Mendenhall, and your associates, who have been active in getting up this petition, call upon me forthwith to liberate the whole of them. Now, let me tell you, that some half dozen of
them, from age, decrepitude, or infirmity, are wholly unable to gain a livelihood for themselves, and are a heavy charge upon me. Do you think that I should conform to the dictates of humanity by ridding myself of that charge, and sending them forth into the world with the boon of liberty to end a wretched existence in starvation? * * * *

"I own about fifty, who are probably worth $15,000. To turn them loose upon society, without any means of subsistence or support, would be an act of cruelty. Are you willing to raise and secure the payment of $15,000 for their benefit if I should be induced to free them? The security of that sum would materially lessen the obstacle in the way of their emancipation."

But, even when such security was provided by the slaveholder, the way was far from smooth. One instance occurs to me with which was associated a revered relative of my own. John Randolph—and I can never mention the name of this transcendent flame of genius without recalling the incalculable debt which Virginia owes to his singleness of heart and purity of service—John Randolph, by a will executed in the presence of Mark Alexander and Nathaniel Macon, had made Judge William Leigh the residuary devisee and legatee of his valuable estate, subject to certain specific legacies and
provisions. The most important of these provisions was that of the means to enable the executor of the will to transport the slaves of the estate (set free by a previous clause), and settle them in some other State or territory. He appointed Judge Leigh his executor. The will was contested on the ground of the mental unsoundness of the testator. Judge Leigh, well aware that the emancipation of these slaves had been the undeviating purpose of Randolph's life, relinquished his absorbing interest under the will that he might become a witness in support of it, and so, at least, accomplish the particular intent to which I have referred. To this extent the will was, in effect, sustained, and Judge Leigh was appointed commissioner to transport and settle the negroes as provided therein. The State selected for the settlement was Ohio, but when the commissioner landed, his first interview was with a mob, formed to resist and repel the negro settlement. The clearest glimpse of the state of feeling is derived from the newspapers of the time.
FIRST COMPANY.

CAPTAINS.

Shields, John C.
Palmer, William P.
Anderson, R. M.
McCarthy, Edward S.
(Killed at 2d Cold Harbor, Virginia.)

LIEUTENANTS.

Williams, Henry S.
Armistead, Robert
Nimmo, John
McCarthy, D. S.
Moncure, Travers D.

ORDERLY SERGEANT.

Blackadar, William H. (Wounded at Malvern Hill, Virginia.)

SERGEANTS.

Sclater, Lem H.
McCreery, J. V. L.
Cooke, John Esten
Todd, Charles L.
Trabue, Charles C.
Poindexter, George H.
Dibrell, Anthony
Wortham, Richard C.
(Wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.)
Knight, Robert D.

CORPORALS.

Morton, Allen
(Killed at Gettysburg, Pa.)
Sublett, Harrison
(Wounded at Malvern Hill, Virginia.)
Yancey, John P.
Harrington, Charles A.
Steane, Edmund G.
Townsend, Harry C.
Williams, J. Peter
(Wounded at Williamsburg, Virginia.)
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Reminiscences of the

Herring, Eldridge
Herring, John H.  
(Killed at Malvern Hill, Va.)
Herring, William D.
Higgason, Arthur
Howard, Charles
Howard, John C.
Huffard, D. S.
Kean, W. C.
Kean, W. C., Jr.  
(Wounded at Malvern Hill,  
Virginia.)
Keisir, C.
Kelley, Robert J.
Kepler, Henry  
(Wounded at Gettysburg,  
Pennsylvania.)
Kepler, Addison
Kinsolving, C. J.
Lambert, J. Ben  
(Wounded at 2d Cold Harbor,  
Virginia.)
Lamkin, William A.
Leake, P. S.
Lee, George
Lewis, C. M.  
(Died in service.)
Lewis, William T.
Macon, Thomas J.
Madden, —
Mallory, Ben
Maloney, P.
Marsden, F. C.
Marston, Robert  
(Died in service.)
Martin, S. Taylor
Massie, Henry
Maury, Robert H., Jr.  
(Wounded at Fredericksburg,  
Virginia.)
McCabe, James E.
McCabe, George  
(Died in service.)
McCandlish, Robert  
(Wounded at Gettysburg,  
Pa., and 2d Cold Harbor,  
Virginia.)
McKenna, John T.
McMillan, Charles
McNamee, J.  
(Wounded at Gettysburg,  
Pennsylvania.)
McReynolds, S.
Meade, Hodijah
Meade, Peyton
Michaud, Paul
Minor, Jesse B.
Moore, Ed.
Moore, Robert F.
Moore, W. S.
Moran, Michael
Morris, Wm.
Morrison, Charles
Morrison, —   
(Killed at Sharpsburg, Md.)
Mosby, —
Mosby, O. A.
Moseley, John
(Killed at Pole Green Church, Virginia.)
Niven, T. M.
Ogden, Dewees
(Killed at Gettysburg, Pa.)
Page, John W.
(Died in service.)
Page, Carter
Page, William H.
Palmer, W. W.
Parker, William
Parrott, A. B.
Peachy, T. Griffin
Perry, W. H.
Petticord, S. M.
(Died in service.)
Pleasants, Charles M.
(Wounded at Spottsylvania, Virginia.)
Pleasants, John W.
(Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa.)
Pleasants, William A.
Poindexter, Charles
(Wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.)
Pollard, Byrd G.
Powell, Ed. W.
Powell, Hugh L.
Powell, J. L.
Price, Overton B.
(Wounded at Malvern Hill, Virginia.)
Puryear, W. H.
(Died in service.)
Rahm, Adolphus
Rahm, Frank
Read, Nicholas C.
Redd, Lewis
Rennie, G. H.
Richardson, Abner M.
Richardson, George P.
(Wounded at Chancellorsville, Va.)
Richardson, Robert E.
Robinson, Leigh
Rowland, R. Grattan
Royall, John B.
(Wounded at Chancellorsville and Savage Station, Virginia.)
Royall, R. W.
Schooler John H.
Scott, Charles
Scott, John A.
Sears, DeWitt
Seay, John W.
Seay, Joseph
Selden, Charles
Selden, Nathaniel
(Killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia.)
Simons, W. E.
Simpson, J. Harvie
Skinner, Ed.
Smith, Bathhurst L.
Smith, W. P.  
(Wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.)
Snead, E. B.
Snead, J. H.
Snead, Dr. Albert
South, T. J.
Stiles, Eugene W.
Stiles, Robert
Stiles, Randolph R.  
(Wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia.)
Taliaferro, C. C.
Taliaferro, Whit.
Taliaferro, William
Tatum, John C.
Tatum, William H.
Terrell, Henry  
(Killed at Gettysburg, Pa.)
Todd, John W.  
(Wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia.)
Todd, W. R.
Trent, S. W.
Tucker, Ben F.
Tyler, J. H.
Vaiden, Samuel E.
Vest, George S.
Waddill, William L.  
(Killed at Malvern Hill, Va.)
Washington, Wallace
Wayt, William  
(Died in service.)
Wharton, Richard G.
White, Thomas Ward
White, William G.  
(Died in service.)
Whiting, Thomas L.  
(Wounded at Williamsburg, Virginia.)
Williams, Frank S.
Williams, Fred.
Williams, John N.
Williams, Joseph G.
Williams, Watson L.
Williamson, Joseph A.
Wingo, Charles E.  
(Wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland.)
Wynne, Arthur Lee  
(Died in service.)
Wise, John B.  
(Wounded at Malvern Hill, Virginia.)
Wise, Lewis A.
Wyatt, John W.
Wyatt, Richard W.
Wyatt, Thomas B.
ROSTER

OF THE

ORIGINAL HOWITZER COMPANY,

ON DUTY AT CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA,
DURING THE JOHN BROWN
INSURRECTION.

CAPTAIN.
Geo. W. Randolph.

FIRST LIEUTENANT.      SECOND LIEUTENANT

FIRST SERGEANT.        SECOND SERGEANT.
Gaston G. Otey.        Theodore P. Mayo

THIRD SERGEANT.
Wm. P. Palmer.

FIRST CORPORAL.
Henry S. Williams.

Privates.
James A. August
Robert M. Anderson
Thomas S Armistead
A. M. Archer
Samuel T. Bailey

Wilson N. Bugg
William H. Blackadar
William P. Burwell
Oscar Cranz
Charles Crane
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