Thomas Rufin killed at Auburn Mills
Captain Dennis killed March 38/65
John W. Hayes killed
Praet Whiffetfield wounded
Henry Paul's wounded
Beginning with the battles around Richmond up to the close of the war
About 100 battles, not counting smaller engagements.

We left R.C. Middle of Oct 1861 went to
Manassas on 26/63 at Vienna our first battle occurred the 2 battle at Brannocks where
Gaul Stuart ran up against our 4th in which we lost many men and came near losing
Our wagon train

Of in March for our regiment went to
Kinston where remained till June 62
Late in this month occurred the battle at
Mills church below Richmond
In 4 or 5 days we were in the great battle
of Fitz's farm Malvern Hill Fowser's
Randall I were in many engagements
Until September 16th and the 19th we were
engaged in the great battle of Sharpsburg
On Oct 19 we went on the big raid to Chambersburg—this was a lot of perfect men from all the cavalry.

On June 1 we had the great cavalry Battle of Brandy Station and in perfect procession! Follow the great battle of Gettysburg, in which we went around the whole of the federal army, fought about one dozen battles during this time and on July 2nd arrived at a place called Hunterstown I reported to Gen. Lee. The next day, July 3, 1863, we had a heavy battle with the federal cavalry, that had been following us. This was was an all day battle.

On the 31st March 65 I was ordered from headquarters to assume the duties of Deput of our Co. which put me in command of a line of battle on the extreme left of the whole line. It was a perfect slaughter pen. And rushing forward on to the Federal I received what I felt might be my death wound in the battle. I was in nearly all of them had I known...
I seen men fall as rapid as they fell around me dead wounded & dying
this war the last I saw of the men I loved & with whom for four years I
had struggled; I lay on this field for
some time and almost thought they were shot
I felt our men were forced to retire
this put one in the hands of the federals

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Alex. M. Carr Aug 15/61 Lenoir Co.
John Rags Capitol Dec 3/64
Willie Jones 3/64
Geo. H Taylor Newbern Aug 1st Wounded
Bengale Price killed below Richmond June 29/62
John W. Smith 3/62
Jones from Sparta killed at Gettysburg 2nd in Batte
Incident relative to 
Judge Clarke's Camp - Pickett as stated by 
Judge Clarke:

Time should be 30 Min. by 4 O'clock. Lee's Pickett men were in a position where it extended down to the pond into which emptied the Chamberlain's Ford. It was a rainy cloudy morning but cleared away by two o'clock. About four o'clock there was a rapid movement along our whole cavalry line passing the "Chamberlain's House" going into position. It was stated that for some reason Pickett's force had been withdrawn. Why I have never known but it is a far cry back to the time 2 o'clock however the 1st N.C. Cavalry formed. I was just a Non-Commissioned Officer but during the formation word came from head-quarters that I was that day to be a Scout. I took up my position accordingly, crossed the Chamberlain Pond in line of battle with water up to our waists, had to hold our guns up to keep them serviceable. In the middle of the pond we were volleyed by the Rifles of the 5th Michigan Cavalry men were dropping in the pond but we made a rush for the land as quick as we had aligned we opened fire clearing our front, being on the extreme left of the line of formation. We pushed back their line only to find that we were enveloped in them...
extended lines,kerneved as they were by the young pine trees, we were attacked by the enfilading fire of the extended lines, we fought for about as it went with our backs to wall in about fifteen minutes after clearing the pond and in a few minutes after finding we were outnumbered. And at the mercy of their enfilading fire I received a very severe wound and from the constant flow of blood it seemed as if it might be critical after falling I found more heat danger than in the line of battle shortly after this our Captain was wounded and as I learned died by his wounds.

The man with the water is the officer of the handle our whole line seemed to me as if they had crossed the road & they crested on the left I was in danger of our main fire as much as from the federal.

The black men could not see our men—many men lying on the field some one blundered in carrying us into such a trap those men we met were armed with repeating rifles of superior quality. It & our were armed with short barreled rifle (enfield pattern) for close contact.
Ambulance Corps. Sought of the bearers. Red Cross Society, workers, railroad run up near the line of battle. Troops journey on. Ambulance goes to Dinwiddie Ct. Bean at pains and feel Capt. in the ambulance put ahead of me. Carried to City point on a stretcher. 575 of the federals wounded in our front. Carried there also, put aboard steamer. Carried to Washington City to the judiciary square hospital by mistake. Surgeon-General Barnes would not let me be arrested to P. H. Verk Cheek's. Estimate of loss 75% – Note Capt. Coleman wounded.
Raleigh N.C. Oct. 13

Dear Mrs. Carr,

Yours dated Sept 12/13 came duly to hand. I regret I could not get an opportunity to answer yours sooner—I think it can't be

frequent in the case of a wife about these last times. Some of my experiences I passed through and of the men I loved so much of the many dangers we all passed through,

I think that Mr. Carr your husband belonged to Co. K. my Co. but his name was Alexander M. Carr and you do not mention his middle name. So I may be

wrong. I have a pleasing recollection of him. A brave soldier was Alex. Carr—true. I tried as was

seen on many battlefields. He was one of those that was often called on for active service and always

rated to do his full duty.

I must say Mr. Carr came to our camp at Antietam Oct. 2nd. We were then near Harpers Ferry Va. in camp of instruction. In Oct.

we broke up our camp and were hurried on to

Richmond. I went from there to Maryland it was

from there we began to experience the hardships of
On the 26th of A.D. 1861 we had our first conflict with the Federal. Gen. Lee and Gen. Stewart our Cavalry leader in charge of a few picked men ran up against a Federal Gen. named Orel who with Gen. Beauregard some Cavalry had let a trap for us into we fell into. We lost quite a number of our men and came nearly being wagon train being forced men of thins. After we must have been with us, I was with Brian Whitfield the long string of wagons were in the road. Whitfield and I went onto a peach orchard to see if we could see any thing of the Yankees. I looked close down at the end of the orchard I had just time to Bryan that they are the turned and also surprised out the orchard and gave notice of the presence of the enemy.

In March of our regiment went to Richmond where we remained matching the Federal under Gen. until June 1862 when we were pushed back to Richmond to take part in the Battle of Williams Church. Next few days we were in the battles around Richmond.
On Oct 9/62 lot of picked men from all the Cavalry went on the big raid to Chambersburg. Pa. I was detail (19th year) was one of them. We were gone for three days, traveling night and day fighting, Cavalry, Miltia. Trode fifty miles one day 75 miles in one of the days. At night, men going to sleep on horseback. We burned up all the Federal supplies destroying rail-road etc.

May 2, 1863 we were at Battle of Chancellorsville. That evening Stonewall Jackson received the wounds from which he died some days after. Genl. Stewart was sent to command his troops to complete the movement Jackson was making. There was heavy fighting kept day but our hearts was bad men fighting in Bushrod. Whistler. On the 1st of the 2nd the Federals fell towards Fredericksburg Va. On June 9/63 we had the most terrible battle. Cavalry engaged during the entire. This was at Brandy Station in Culpeper Co. Va. Well on to twenty thousand men in fierce conflict on the field of Brandy Station. Man that Stewart "combative and was there. This is part of the Campaign that ended in the big defeat we had at Gettysburg late during this month."
Genl. Stewart with all his Cavalry crossed the Potomac River & bearing toward Washington City, capturing 2 Waggon Train of 125 Wagons & that were going for supplies for the army. Paroled the drivers & took the Wagon Teams on with us. The Federal Army having gotten between us & Lee. We had nothing left we had to do but go all around the Federal Army making it impossible to follow straight through to the Gettysburg Battle Field until the afternoon of the 2nd of July. We reached a place called Hunterstown. The best men were very weary & worn out. July 3rd during the early morning Genl. Pleiston who had beenhabitually our guest for some days had attacked George Regiment South Carolinians who were camped above us. Awakened by our firing we mounted our horses & dashed into them and beat them off. About nine before we formed on the flank of Genl. Lee's Infantry on the Gun Mound Farm about 3 miles from Gettysburg. Here our regiment was moved down in close contact with the full line of battle of Federal Cavalry which had been blowing us. About two o'clock we were moved from this position upon to the full line of battle which had been formed on the Gun Mound Farm.
Here we awaited for a time the Federal attack, but preliminary to their actual attack our cavalry had become heavily engaged from about two o'clock until about four. The artillery was able to attend theicket to charge seemed to be at 1 o'clock. Notice to all parties for a mutual truce. This closed the battle of Gettysburg, evening of the 3d. And the 4th was a day of inaction in which the dead and buried of the men were given a proper burial. About two o'clock night of the 4th the 1st Cavalry with the rebel flag run down into the front line of the infantry and took the place of the Minnesota line there. In the works there were some few so born out and toned that we could not prevail on them to leave. The Federal guns and Confederate guns on both lines were burning and were separated by a short distance. The survivors of one company were the last men to leave the field of Gettysburg.

I was present at that. Mr. Carr. also was present at the battle. Major Rushin was killed at Auburn Mills. Subsequently John W. Hayes an officer named Bryan Whitfield, Henry Davis, Capt. Devos all of our CS were wounded. Beginning with the battle around Richmond up to the close of the war about a hundred battles were
tought. And about half as many more engagements that would not fare as the weighing of more than a

surveying. But from battle to battle. At Petersburg the close

of the war we were in Constant Hurmus.

A battle which I will be too tedious to refer to.

I cannot recall whether Mr. Cass was present at the

clowning part that I participated in on the date 19 March 31, 1865. I was ordered from head guard
to assume the duties of Sergeant of our Co. 76. And in
the line of battle to take my place on the left of our

Co. This was the worst slaughter I ever had been

in, and while bearing in on the Federals I received
what I felt might be my death wound, I so table
and I was in fear of them. Had I ever seen men

killed and wounded like I saw here.

This was the last I was to see of the men with whom
I had suffered and whom I had learned to love. Lay out in
field for some time. I was now a prisoner of the hands

of the Federals. I mention all this in regard to myself which
I have done not to impose myself with this communication.

much but for the purpose of showing that what had been
my experience, had also in a general way been that of

Alexander McCull. I had thought of him often and why.
because he was one of those brave men on whom you could implicitly rely upon. A number of men from Coldbord when in P would call at my store to see one but it was not my good fortune to again meet my Comrade after in P.

I am sorry to have delayed so long answering your, it will be to me a great pleasure if I have succeeded in interesting you in those times that tried mens souls to perform their duty.

Faithfully yours

[Signature]
This short biographical sketch of my life has been undertaken at the instance of my children. Whatever of pleasure or comfort they may derive from it in after years shall be my compensation for whatever pain and trouble I may have had for its accomplishment. It was my lot to be born in one of the loveliest shires of all "Bonnie Scotland", the section being one of special romantic interest, and replete with memories of patriot and bard. Soulless indeed is he upon whose altar the fires of love of country have ceased to burn. Who can tread its classic ground or visit the haunts of its heroes or the graves of its martyrs without being susceptible to a feeling of pride that the land of Wallace, Burns, Bruce, and Montgomery is that of his nativity.

Many time-shattered ruins of old castles, "Auld Kirk-yards" and quaint old villages nestle, in their picturesqueness around the scenes of my childhood. I was born Dec. 31, 1841 in a cottage on Titchfield Street, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland (now the site of the King's Theatre). At the usual school age I was placed in a school taught by Mr. George Palmer, one of the saintly fathers whose blessed memory is to me still a benediction. A man of ability, a professed follower of Jesus Christ, who lived a life of the teachings of the gospel.

After leaving this school I attended the Clark Street Academy in Kilmarnock conducted by Mr. Thomas O'berne, a man of irascible temperament, in striking contrast to the saintly Palmer. O'berne, as a teacher, punished severely, especially for lessons that were badly prepared, yet in some respects he was kind and tender, but his influence was impaired by occasional outbursts.
of fierce and ungovernable temper. As an instance, it so happened that a large woolen factory had been destroyed by a fire over night. Next morning while the writing classes were on in school, in walked the elder Mr. O'berne, father of the teacher, remarking in a strong Celtic accent "That was a dível of a big fire we had last night". The stillness of the occasion was broken not so much by the remark itself, but the sonorous Irish brogue caused some of the boys to giggle. In an instant the ever ready came was in action. The modern threshing machines were not then in use but from my experience and observation on that occasion I think he must have been an expert in that kind of farm work called hand-threshing, as with closed eyes and vigorous manner he poured out the vials of his wrath upon everything within reach, myself among the balance of them.

The people of my early days, the merchants, farmers, tradesmen and laborers were, generally speaking, an intelligent, industrious, and independent class of people. Hard workers they had to be to keep the wolf from the door, yet they were keen debaters, thoroughly alive to the great questions of peace or war. Matters affecting church or state were argued with much ardor in the black-smith shop, on the public square, on the road to the Kirk or the market—wherever men congregated, there the great questions that were rending the cabinets of Europe, were as a rule, fought over again by these secluded fathers with amazing passion and splendid intelligence.

Probably in no other country in the world has the patriarchal or high-priestly function of the family been more assiduously preserved than in the Scottish home with its daily
Sacrifice at the holy altar, morning and evening. Never in temple or cathedral, on mountain top, or in glen can we hope to feel that the Lord God is more near, more visibly walking and talking with men upon earth than in that place of blessed memory the Scottish home.

And as memory carries me back over a period of nearly 50 years I see the loving forms of those so dear to me who now rest in their last sleep, in the hamlet where the forefathers sleep.

On my mother's side we inherited a long line of pious ancestry. My great-grandfather was connected with the hardware trade, my grand-father was a soldier and a staff officer in the Scotch volunteers during the latter period of the wars of Napoleon. He was wounded and later died in Edinburgh Castle. My Grandmother, being notified of his condition, hastened at once to Edinburgh, but on account of the slowness of the stage coach of that day, failed to see her loved one alive. At the castle she met a military cortege passing out, and, upon inquiry, found it to be the remains of her beloved husband. My great-grandfather, referred to above, was Alexander Brown. His daughter, my grandmother, was Mary Brown who married Alexander Miller who died at Edinburgh Castle. My mother being Margaret, daughter of the said Miller. On my father's side my grandfather was a merchant. He lived and died at Claude, near Londonderry, Ireland. After his death my grandmother removed to Kilmarnock, Scotland. I have a distinct recollection of having seen my grandmother. Her name was Martha Walker. She being in direct descent from Rev. George Walker the Episcopal minister of Donoughmoore, Tyrone, Ireland, who in 1689 was Governor of Londonderry, having held the city in the interest of William and Mary at the accession of the house of Hanover against the house of Stuart, whose star was rapidly declining. He was called to London and his services
were duly recognized by the British Parliament. He was about this
time appointed Bishop of Londonderry. On the first of July 1690,
having joined King William in the final campaign against the Stuart,
was killed at the ford of the river Boyne. This man, upon investigation,
will be found to be a remarkable character - orator, statesman, and
soldier. Although rash and impulsive, he had in him all the essentials
of a born hero. He had a vision, and for its fulfillment he gave his
life. His keyword was "Civil and Religious Liberty". His statue stands
upon the walls of the city he so successfully defended.

My father John Monie spent the earlier part of his life on
the farm, moving thence to the town of Ayr and later to Kilmarnock,
where he lived, dying in 1884, in the 67th year of his age. There
are in the town in which I was born & burying grounds. In the oldest
one, the Low Church(ereected in 1410) lie the remains of the older
branches of our family on my mother's side. And here rest the bones
of the Covenanters, Ross, Sheilds, Nesbitt, and a great host who
were of the old stock of the land - Scotch Presbyterians, resolute
and dour-folk. On my visit to my boyhood home in 1898 I found my father
and mother buried in the new cemetery. A modest stone marked the place
where they sleep. Loving hands had planted some beautiful white roses
around their last resting place. With tender hands and loving heart I
pulled one of these fragrant flowers. It lies before me now as I write,
faded and withered, yet in its original beauty a fit emblem of the
fragrance of their lives. This spot I love to think of. It is associated
in my mind with the seasons as they come and go. I can see the summer
sun with its light and shade as it rests upon it. I can see it when
the rain descends upon it that it might give life to the grass and
flowers. I can see the grass and flowers as they bend amid the winter
blasts, and as they are moved by the fury of the coming storm. I can
see the modest shaft as it rises amidst the desolate white snow of the Scottish winter.

In my childhood days the demand of duty as it was viewed by the Scottish ministry had not yet relaxed the firm tone and plainness of speech which had been spoken and taught by the pastors of a former age. As an example, the parents were urged to use the rod and save the child which in many instances was applied in such a literal sense as to ruin and alienate the affection of the child. Mr. Robertson Ayr tells this story which illustrates the point: One of the old fathers of the church, Dr. Stevenson, had two sons—rather stirring boys. The Manse was near the church yard and on the other side was a neighbor who had some poultry. One of the Stevenson boys had for some reason killed one of the neighbor’s hens, and the woman to whom they belonged very naturally made complaint to the minister. The doctor called the boy into his study and taxed him with the evil deed. He did not deny it, and accordingly, the father announced his intention to chastise him; but before doing so, he had to pray with him and for him. So the two got down on their knees, and Dr. Stevenson wandered off into one of the old-time, long, penitential prayers, as he thus confessed the unrighteous act of his offspring. Meanwhile the boy slipped out, jumped the old rock wall of the garden, killed another chicken to show how angry he was with the woman for telling it, and then hurried back to the study where he resumed his place beside his sire. Just as the prayer closed the woman again knocked at the door to lodge her new complaint. The doctor listened, and then made short work of it. "What do you mean to tell me that my George did such a thing just now? Why George has been here with me all the time. Go away; how can I believe a word of your story?"

And George thus escaped the chastisement which was due him. Later he studied for the ministry and became a bright light in one branch of
the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. When I was a child I heard him preach at his church at Kilwinning, and have always considered him one of the greatest preachers I ever heard.

Again, in the matter of plainness of speech, I remember a story my mother used to tell me of an old divine, Dr. Robinson. He was preaching on the atonement and of the love that prompted the Holy One to pay in the sinner's stead the penalty due to divine justice. Desiring to use an illustration and espieing in his congregation two merchants who had failed in business and who had compromised their debt, he cried, "Oh yes, Christ paid all the debt. Not like John Thompson, who paid fifty cents on the dollar; nor Peter Smith, who paid seventy-five cents on the dollar. He paid it all." Graft and other open sins were unsparingly denounced and came up for investigation by the church session. All this has now passed away.

How strange are the changes that occur in human experience and observation. The Rev. George Walker killed at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690—Grandfather Miller, soldier wounded and died 1814 and myself wounded and bleeding near Dinwiddie Courthouse in 1865. Saved from the fate of my forefathers through the generosity of a Federal Major who gave me his silk handkerchief to bind up my wounded leg while the battle was in progress.

Twas the call of the heart for the fair South Land and also for the carrying out of certain ideals in life which prompted me in the latter part of the fifties to leave my Scottish home with its shallowed associations and tender memories. The assent of my parents having been secured on condition that I go to my uncle, Alexander Miller of Newbern, N. C., long and favorably known to those of a past generation and a man of great integrity and unsullied reputation, who had, in the early part of the thirties, left his Scottish home and taken up
his residence in Newbern where he spent the latter part of his life. As citizen, as parent, as friend, he manifested what is truest and best and noblest in Scottish character.

Having come to Newbern direct to cast in my lot with the good people of North Carolina it was with a determination to share its sorrows as well as its joys. It is a far cry back to the story of the aged Naomi and the fair Moabish Ruth, but ever and anon, in human experience, we find this same sentiment and feeling and aspirations of those of the long ago.

The ominous clouds of war which were hanging in the distance spread themselves all over our southern sky. Great events were following each other in rapid succession. With the call to arms came the crisis. Having decided to cast my lot with the south I elected to join the first regiment of North Carolina Cavalry which gathered under its flag the flower of the State's young men. Of its services in the field, its story is written in letters of blood from Petersburg to Gettysburg from thence to Appamattox. Of the young men who went from Newbern I recall the Lanes, Dewey, Stanley, Johnes, Osgood, Charlotte, Taylor, Bryan, Whitfield and Biddle. Nearly all of them were either wounded or captured in battle, one dying from his wounds on the field. Of those who survived the war, as herein mentioned, nearly all have passed away.

The devotion of this regiment to the cause of the Confederacy was tested on many fields from Sharpsburg to the closing scenes at Dinwiddie Court House. Having been severely wounded at this place March, 31, 1865 I, for forty years, have gone along uncomplaining of the discomfort consequent to my injuries, with little to requite other than the consciousness of duty well performed. At this point I propose to digress a little to write something of my movements and experiences during the war. As the keeping of a diary by a soldier
in the field is almost an impossibility, I am compelled to have recourse to authentic official data to aid my memory in fixing dates where the recollection still exist as to the place. It is also well to keep in mind that the soldier in the field is but an integer of a unit in the great aggregation that goes to make up an army, consequently his sphere of observation is limited to a very small compass.

During the month of August, 1861, company E, first N. C. Cavalry, 9th Regiment was in camp of instruction near Warrenton, N. C. We broke camp in October and were hurried to Richmond; from there to Manassas to go with a convoy of wagons to get corn for the army. The section we were about to visit was not friendly to the Confederacy. After we had gone about 15 miles from our camp we found a division of infantry with cavalry and artillery—ten thousand men—under General Ord, waiting to contest our further advance. Bryan Whitfield and myself had been sent into the fields and woods on the right of the road on which we were moving to try to locate the Federal troops. Altho suspicious of the nearness of the enemy, we passed a house and entered an orchard, and were about to leave the orchard to enter the woods, when we discovered we were right on the Federals. Wheeling our horses, we made a rapid movement for the main road to try to save the convoy. In passing under the limb of an apple tree, my hat struck the limb and, very much to my regret, was lost. It seemed that a regiment of infantry was in rear of the wagons; these, deploying in the orchard, attacked the enemy and quite a spirited engagement was maintained for some time. We lost quite a number of men here, and the enemy proving too strong for us, we were forced to retire. General Lee sent a heavy force of troops out to meet us, but with orders not to bring on a battle if it could be avoided.

During Feb. 1862, owing to the cold, wet indescribable condition of the cantonments around Manassas and Centreville, which were perfect
quagmires of red mud, there was a great amount of sickness among the soldiers. My feet became cold, hurt and symptoms of erysipelas developed. Upon hearing this, my uncle, Alexander Miller, of Newbern, hastened to Manassas and succeeded in taking me back to Newbern to recruit my health. Thanks to the kind treatment I received, at the end of thirty days I was again able to return to the field. This was the only sickness I experienced during the four years of the war. Returning to join the army during the early part of May, I found the main army retreating from the peninsula. Yorktown had been evacuated, and there had been quite a severe encounter at Williamsburg a day or two before. The month of May closed with our regiment under General Stuart forming the extreme left line of battle in front of Mechanicsville. General Johnston, having been wounded at Seven Pines on the 31st of May, had driven the Federals from Fair Oaks and Hanover Court House.

During this crisis General Lee, who had been acting as military advisor to the war office, was, on the 1st of June, appointed commander-in-chief of the army. The army, about this time was seemingly much discouraged, as General McClellan retained such a firm hold on his lines on the Chickahominy River in spite of General Johnston’s opposition.

The first work of General Lee was to inspire a new confidence in his men. He selected his line of defence and established a continuous line of breast-works. Thereupon, a condition of sullen silence gave way to jokes and laughter. The defences daily increased. Convalescents, stragglers and recruits were gradually increasing the army. Lee was daily visiting the lines, his presence inspiring confidence and enthusiasm. General Lee attacked the Federals on the morning of June 26th at Mechanicsville. On the 27th, the attack on the Federals was made at Gains Mill or Cold Harbor, and all day long the battle had raged. Several times our men were driven back, but as dark was about to settle upon them, General Lee ordered a charge along the whole line. The Texas
men, led by Hood, were first to gain the Federal works, and in a few minutes the whole works were carried, then began a general rout with the Confederates in pursuit, the victory being complete.

On the 26th our regiment along with the cavalry division went to the White house on the York River Railroad where we destroyed the rolling stock and damaged the road in order that retreat in that direction might be cut off. On the 29th it was discovered that the Federals were retreating to the James river, where they would be secure under the protection of their gun boats. On this day occurred the Battle of Savage Station on the York River Railroad. I was not present on this part of the field but was on the battle field of Frazier's farm on the next day, June 30th. War is horrible; this was the worst sight we soldiers had yet seen. As our Regiment was passing through the battle field on our way to locate the retreating Federals, our Company halted in front of the Frazier House. Captain Borden of our Company walked into the house which he found filled with wounded men. Engaging in a conversation with a Federal soldier, he told him his name was J. H. Monie; upon which Capt. Borden told him he had a man of the same name in his company. The man replied that I was his cousin and he would like to speak with me. But the trumpet sounded "Forward" before Captain Borden returned. I had no opportunity to speak to him.

He may, in all probability, have been my cousin, as I learned after the war was over that he had left his home in Glasgow and settled in the North. More than likely he died there, as I never heard from him again. I met his father some years afterward, and related the incident to him.

Returning to my story, after we had left the field Company H and Co. I and a squadron of Va. Cavalry were detailed to go in under Maj. Toney Baker and Maj. Rosser of the Va. Cav.
the direction of Will's Church to locate the retreat of the Federal troops. Under the direction of a special guide, we went through byways and fields until we came in sight of their pickets. Our instructions were to capture the pickets without firing a gun. We captured a number, but in following up some of the others we unexpectedly found ourselves among the tents of General McClellan's headquarters. In sight were parks of artillery, divisions of infantry, drums beating, bugles sounding, troops assembling. We had fully discovered the Federal's position. The direction we were following brought us into a narrow road with a rail fence and woods on one side, and a wheat field with a rail fence on the other. Finding we were in the enemy's camp, the only thing left to do was to retreat as best we could, and heading our horses to the wheat field we pulled off some of the top rails, and, jumping the fence, regained the narrow roadway. Our Cavalry at this time was equipped with a shortbarrel rifle. A few had an old pattern Harpers Ferry five-shooting cavalry rifle. I was armed with one of these which was slung across my shoulder. I entered the camp, sabre in hand, and found that when my horse cleared the fence the strap of my gun had broken and the gun had dropped in the wheat field near the fence. Strange to say, in April 1865, while wounded and a prisoner in the Judiciary Square Hospital, Washington, D.C., I met a wounded Federal soldier who was present when we entered the camp and who had found a gun with the strap broken— an old Harpers Ferry rifle. From the place and description, I have no doubt that it was the one I lost. Some of our men belonging to Company I were captured. This Federal soldier talked with them, and learned that they were from the N. C. Cavalry.

We remained some time in the road after reforming, expecting an attack, but after a time, we retired to rejoin our command. We
met Jackson's men going in the direction of Will's Church. Next day, July 1st, '62, occurred the battle of Malvern Hill, which was a close-drawn battle. We lost many men here. During the night, McClellan retreated. On the morning of the 2nd I saw General Jackson for the first and only time. General Wise was showing him that the carrying out of a certain plan was impossible of fulfillment and he thought General Jackson agreed with him. This was on the road in front of Malvern Hill. Leaving here, we took up with the cavalry and artillery along the line of retreat to Berksley and Harrison's Landing. Here we found the Federals strongly posted and safe under the cover of the guns of the fleet. Much stores we found burning especially that of coffee. This closes what is known as the "Seven Days Battle around Richmond. About this time, March '62, our Regiment, first N. C. Cavalry, was ordered to Kinston on account of an anticipated attack at that point from the Federals. We remained there a short time. While there we went with Colonel DeRossett of Wilmington to Pollocksville to meet the Federal Authorities relative to an exchange of prisoners. We walked right up on the Federal outposts, greatly to their surprise. We were then about 10 miles from Newbern. Reinforcements being needed, we passed through the rich counties of Green, Edgecombe, and Halifax on our return to the army, passing also through Petersburg and Richmond; going from there to Gordonsville where we reported to General Jackson about the first of August, The Battle of Cedar Mountain occurred about this time. We were not engaged in it, as we were picketing the Rapidan River. August, 25th, we were at Thouraflare Gap in the Bull Run Mountains, was at Bristoe Station in the afternoon. About dark we attacked Manassas, capturing artillery, men and horses with a large amount of stores, destroying what we could not carry off. Here we had cut General Pope's line of communication, and were
between him and Washington City. On the 29th and 30th we were engaged in the 2nd Battle of Manassas. This was a very heavy battle. We lost eight thousand men—the Federals twice that many, in killed wounded and prisoners. On the retreat at Ox Hill, General Kerney was killed. This Federal officer, it seemed, was admired by the men of both armies.

We were now about to enter on the unfortunate Maryland campaign. I was present at the Great battle of Sharpsburg which occurred September 1862. Was in Harpers Ferry the night of the 16th, General A. P. Hill was busily engaged parrelling the ten thousand prisoners who had been taken by General Jackson in its capture. As mementoes of the occasion, I secured a much-needed overcoat, a flageolet and a fine little goat skin which some of the ladies at home greatly appreciated.

After the 2nd Manassas we took up the match for Maryland about Sept. 1st. Being on the extreme right of our army, we found the Federals beginning to gather in considerable numbers in our front, conflicts between the two armies occurring nearly every day. From the time we crossed the Potomac until we reached Hagerstown, we had been in conflict at least a dozen times. I was at Brownsville Gap Sunday morning the 14th. General D. H. Hill was then heavily engaged at Boonsboro. We went from the Gap to Nevertown, and spent some time there picketing; from there we went to Point of Rocks. Wednesday, the 16th we advanced into Pleasant Valley, where we covered the retreat of Gen-Mo Claws out of the Potomac Valley, wasting the night we went over into Harpers Ferry as above indicated. Sometime after day the morning of the 16th we came upon the rear of bodies of infantry marching to the battle field at Sharpsburg. We reached the vicinity of Sharpsburg about nine o'clock and stopped in an old field to get feed for our horses and get something to eat ourselves, but we were seen by the Federals from the high grounds of Antietam Creek and were so severely shelled by their artillery we had to leave this position. We then went to a
curve or bend in the Patomac River. Here we tried to broil some mutton with some green pine boughs cut from old field pine, taking up our position supporting the battery of Stuarts artillery which belonged to our cavalry division. This was opposite the Nicodemus House. Twenty five years later I went back to visit that same spot where we had been in line that day. I remembered the place but the house had been dismantled. I hunted for the family and found that the husband was dead but Mrs. Nicodemus was living with her son-in-law, Mr. Rambough. She readily agreed to accompany me, and, with one of her grandchildren, we visited her old home. One could see that those old scenes and times had burned themselves into her inmost soul.

On Oct. 9, '62, a lot of picked men from all the cavalry went on a big raid to Chambersburg, Pa. We were gone for three days, traveling night and day, fighting cavalry militia, etc. We rode 50 miles one day, 75 miles one day and night, men going to sleep on horseback. We burned up all the Federal supplies, destroying railroad, etc. May 2, '63, we were at the Battle of Chancellorsville. This evening Stonewall Jackson received the wounds from which he died some days after. I had been sent down the railroad on a scouting expedition; when I returned it was being whispered that Stonewall Jackson had been wounded, the men showing great distress. General Stuart was sent to command the troops and complete the movement General Jackson was making. There was heavy fighting next day, but our hearts were sad, men spoke in subdued whispers. On the evening of the 3rd the Federals fell back towards Fredricksburg, Va.

On June 9, '63, we had the most terrible battle our cavalry experienced during the entire war. This was at Brandy Station in Culpepper county Va. About 20,000 men were in fierce conflict on the field of Brandy—every man of Stuarts Command was there.
This was part of the campaign that ended in the big defeat we had at Gettysburg, late during the month. General Stuart, with all his cavalry crossed the Potomac River, and, bearing towards Washington City captured a wagon train of 125 wagons that were going to the city for supplies for the army. We paroled the drivers and took the wagons and teams on with us. The Federal army, having gotten between us and General Lee, we had nothing left to do but go all around the Federal army, making it impossible for us to reach the Gettysburg battle field until the afternoon of the 2nd of July. We reached a place called Hunterstown, horses and men weary and worn. July 3rd, during the early morning, General Pleasenton, who had been harassing our rear for several days, attacked the Georgia Legion and South Carolinians who were encamped above us. Hurriedly, we mounted our horses and pitched into them and beat them off. About nine o'clock we formed on the flank of General Lee's infantry on the Rummell farm about 3 miles from Gettysburg. Here our regiment was moved down in close contact with a full line of battle which had been formed on the Rummell farm. Here we awaited the Federal attack, but, preliminary to General Lee's attack in the afternoon, our cavalry line had become heavily engaged from about 2 o'clock until about five. The awful cannonading attending Pickett's charge seemed to be at its close, and notice to all parties was given for a mutual truce. This closed the battle of Gettysburg. The evening of the 3rd and the day of the 4th was a season of inaction, in which the dead were buried, and the men were given a much needed rest. About 2 o'clock on the night of the 4th the 1st cavalry moved silently down into the front lines of the infantry works, and relieved the skirmish line there. In the works there were some few so worn out and fatigued that we could not prevail on them to leave. The Federal and Confederate fires on both lines were burning, and were separated
by but a short distance. This squadron of 1st N. C. cavalry were the last men to leave this part of the field of Gettysburg. I was present when Major Ruffin was killed at Auburn Mills. Subsequently John W. Heyes, an officer of Wayne county, Bryan Whitfield, Henry Sauls, Capt. Dewey, all of our company, were wounded. Beginning with the battles around Richmond up to the close of the war, about a hundred battles were fought, and about half as many more engagements that would not rise to the dignity of more than a skirmish. In these conflicts, company H, N. C. Cavalry was conspicuously engaged.

One more incident I will relate; the time was March 31, 1865. By four o'clock General Pickett's men were extended down to the pond in to which emptied Chamberlain Run. It was a rainy, cloudy morning, but cleared away about 2 o'clock. About 4 o'clock there was a rapid movement along our whole cavalry line, passing the Chamberlain House going into position. It was stated that, for some reason, Pickett's force had been withdrawn - why I have never known. However, the 1st N. C. cavalry formed. I was just a non-commissioned officer, but during the formation an order came from headquarters that I was that day to be a lieutenant. I took up my position accordingly, on the left of our company, and crossed the Chamberlain pond in line of battle in water up to our waists. We had to hold our guns up to keep them serviceable. In the middle of the pond we were volleyed by the rifles of the 5th Michigan cavalry. Men were dropping in the pond, but we made a rush for land. As quick as we had gotten into line, we opened fire, clearing our front. Being on the extreme line of formation, we pushed back their line only to find that we were enveloped in their extended lines. Screened as they were by a young pine forest, they surprised us with the enfilading fire from the extended lines. We fought for about half an hour as though with our backs to the wall. During this fearful encounter I received a severe wound in my leg.
and, from the copious flow of blood, it seemed as if it might be critical. After falling, I found that I was in more real danger than in the line of battle, as I was in range of the fire of our own men as much as from that of the Federals. I lay on the field for some time, the bullets falling thick and fast all around me. Many men were lying in the field wounded and dying, our Captain among them. Our men had been forced to retire. I was now a prisoner in the hands of the Federals. In no battle, and I was in most of them, have I ever seen men killed and wounded as I saw here. Someone had blundered in carrying us into such a trap. While I lay wounded and bleeding, a Federal Major passed. Seeing me lying there, he stopped and with tender hands tied his silk handkerchief around my leg and gave me a cup of water. This no doubt saved my life. I was soon picked up by an ambulance corps of the Red Cross Society and was taken to Dinwiddle Court House; the scene here was awful. Capt. Coleman, who was in the ambulance just ahead of me died. I was carried from here to City Point on a stretcher. 375 Federals were wounded on our front and carried there also. We were put aboard a steamer and carried to Washington City to the Judiciary Square Hospital, the Federals mistaking me for a Federal soldier. Being so fearfully wounded Surgeon General Barnes would not let me be moved to the prison hospital. I was prisoner here the night President Lincoln was assassinated. When the news of his assassination came, the officers in command of the hospital told me that they could not be responsible for my safety, as the people were so infuriated with the South thinking that they had caused the tragedy. So, for some days I lived in great suspense, not knowing what hour would be my last. Conditions soon became normal, and I was allowed to stay on unmolested. Much kindness was shown me by those in charge, and also by many of the Federal soldiers. One Murphy from New York State was particularly kind. Whenever he bought something
for himself he would order the same for "Johnny Reb". I tried to locate
him after the war but was not able to do so.

I remained in the hands of the Federal authorities in Washington
until my wounds would permit of my being paroled in June 1865.

I then hastened to Clayton, Johnson County, N. C. to be with
my Uncle Alexander Miller who had refugeed there, when Newbern was
about to be taken. I remained there until my health would permit of
my getting back to work.
This short biographical sketch of my life has been
written at the instance of my children. Whatever of pleasure
or comfort they may derive from it in after years shall
be my compensation for whatever of pain and trouble I
may have for its accomplishment. God under some clouded
skies than this of our Ocean island land, they being strangers
to the people of any native home and country, they may be
amply pardoned for seeking to know something of their time.

Love is immortal where ever true passion is kept
alive in the soul. Southerner indeed is he upon whose altar
the fires of love of country has ceased to burn. It was the
lot of the writer to be born in one of the sweet lovely shores
in all of "Bonnie Scotland" the section being one of especially
romantic interest and replete with memoirs of patriot and
bard. Who can tread its classic ground or visit the haunts
of its heroes or the scenes of its martyrs without being sus-
ceptible to a feeling of pride that the land of Wallace,
Bruce, Burns, Montgomery is that of his nativity.

Many are the time shattered ruins of old Castles and
kirk-yards and quaint old villages which reappear in many
a picturesque book around the scenes of my childhood.
I was born in a cottage in Dicfield Street, Kilmarnock.

Dec 31 1841
Ayrshire, Scotland. At the usual school age I was placed in the Common School taught by Mr. George Palmer, one of the late quantity founders whose blessed memory is to me still a benediction. A man of ability, a professor, follower of Jesus Christ, and who lived the life of the teaching of the Gospel.

After leaving this school, I attended the Marsh Street Academy in Kelso, conducted by Mr. Thomas Oborne, a man of irascible temper, and in strict contrast with the pious "Palmer" Oborne as a teacher punished severely, especially for lessons that were badly prepared. Yet, in some respects, he was kindly and tender, but his influence was occasionally burst of fierce and insufferable temper. As an instance, it so happened that a large Providence Factory had been destroyed by fire overnight. Next morning, while the writing classes were on in school, in walked the elder Mr. Oborne, father of the teacher, remarking in a strong Scotch accent, "In regard to the fire," that was a devil of a big fire we had last night. The stillness of the occasion was broken not so much by the remark itself, but by the plonk of Irish brogue, caused some of the boys to giggle. It was but an instant before the ever-ready "Cane Prayin'" steam threshing machine, were not then in general use, but from the experience of that occasion, I thought he must have seen.
expert in that kind of farm work called hand threshing. As with closed eyes and vigorous manner he poured out the veils of his wrath upon everything within reach the writer among the balance of them.

The people of my early days the merchants, farmers, tradesmen, and laborers were generally speaking an intelligent industrious and independent class of people. Hard workers they had to be, to keep the wolf from the door; yet they were keen debaters, thoroughly alive to the great questions of peace or war, matters affecting church or state would argue with a robust ardor in the blacksmith shop, on the public square, on the road to the Nile, or the market where ever men congregated here the great questions that were pending the cabinets of Europe were as a rule fought over again by these included fathers with amazing passion and bright intelligence.

Probably in no other country in the world has the patriarchal or high priestly functions of the family been more assiduously persevered than in the Scottish home. With its daily sacrifice at the holy altar, in morning and evening, never in temple or church, in mountain top or in field. Can we hope to feel that the Lord God is more near, more visibly walking with men upon earth, than in that place of blessed memory, the Scottish home.
And no memory can ever react over a period of nearly fifty years the loss within our circle of perspective the loving forms of those so dear to us and who now sleep their last sleep in the rude hamlet where the forefathers sleep.

On my mother side we inherited a long line of pious ancestry, my great-grandfather being connected with the Hardwood trade. My Grandfather, who was a soldier and staff officer in the Scottish Volunteers during the latter period of the Wars of Napoleon, was wounded and died in Edinburgh Castle. My Grandmother being notified hurried at once to Edinburgh but the slow stage coach of that day did not arrive for her to see her beloved husband. At the Castle gate she met a military postig passing out and upon inquiry found it to be the remains of her beloved husband, my great-grandfather referred to above was Alexander Brown, his daughter, my grand-aunt was Mary Brown who married William Miller who died at Edinburgh Castle. My father being married to Mary Miller, daughter of David Miller.

On my father side my Grandfather was a merchant, and that lived and died at Blake near London-Derry, after which time my Grandmother removed to Scotland. I have a distinct recollection of having been in my Grandmother’s house, her name was Martha Walker, she being in direct descent from Rev. Fraser Walker, the Episcopal Minister of Dungannon Tyrone Co., Ireland.
Who in 1689 was Governor of Londonderry during the siege he having held the City in the interest of King William & Mary at the accession of the House of Hanover as against the House of Stewart, whose star was rapidly declining. He was called to London and his services was duly recognized by the British Parliament, the was about this time appointed Bishop of Londonderry. On the 1st July 1690 having joined King William in the final Campaign against the "Stewarts" he was slain at the Ford of the River Boyne. This man will upon investigation be found to be a remarkable Man. Great Statesman & Soldier at the same rash and impulsive. Still he had in him all the essentials of a born leader. He had a vision and for its fulfillment the same his life. This key word was Civil and Religious liberty. His statue stands upon the walls of the City he so successfully defended.

My Father's name John Monfez a part of his life was spent on the farm improving this for life in the town settled in the town of Carr and later moving to Kilmarnock spent the greater part of his life and died there in 1784 in the 78th year of his age.

There are in the town in which I was born four burying grounds. In the older one or "Row Church" (erected in 1710) in this lies the remains of the older branch of our family on my mother's side, and there rest the bones of the Covenanters.
Ross. Sheilds. Nesbitt. and a great host who were of the old stock of the land. Settled Presbyterians. And, how could it be of our Father’s Mother on my visit to my boyhood home in 1898. I found them buried in the New Cemetery. A modest stone marked the place where they lay. Loving hands had planted some beautiful white roses around their resting place. With loving heart I pulled one of these fragrant flowers. It lies before me now as I write. Faded and withered no doubt. But a fit emblem of the fragrance and beauty of the lives of those whose earthly temple is admirably fitting to the burning ground where they lie. It calls out to the eyes of Deity to appreciate its associations. One has to know the home where these people were known. And after what sort they fought the fight. This spot I love to think of, it is associated in my mind with the scenes of their daily life. I can see the Summer sun with its light and shade as it falls upon it; I can see it when the rain descends upon it. May give life to the grass and the flowers. I can see the grass and the flowers as they bend amidst the winter blast and as they are moved by the fury of the coming storm. I can see the modest shaft as it rises amidst the deadlate white snow of a Scottish winter. In my days the demands of duty as it was viewed by
the Ministry had not yet quite relaxed the firm tone and plainness of speech which had been spoken and taught by the fathers of a former age. As an example in the matter of baptism the parents were enjoined to use the cord and name the child, which in many instances applied in such a literal sense as to ruin and alienate the affections of the child. Mr. Robertson of ayr tells a story which illustrates the point. One of the old fathers of the Church named Mr. Stevenson had two slow, rather thrusting boys. The house was near the Church-yard and on the other side was a neighbor who had some poultry. One of the Stevenson boys had for some reason or other killed one of the neighbors' hens, and the woman to whom they belonged very naturally made complaint to the minister. The doctor called his boy into the study and taxed him with the evil deed. He did not deny it. And accordingly the father announced his intention to chastise him, but before doing so he had to pray with him for him. So the two sat down on their knees and Mr. Stevenson wandered off into one of the old time, long penitential prayers, as he thus confessed the unrighteous act of his offspring. Meanwhile the boy slipped out, jumped the old brick wall of the garden and killed another chicken to show how angry he was with the woman for telling it. And then hurried back to the study.
Where he resumed his place beside his pure. Just as the prayer closed the German again himselfed at the door to lodge his new complaint. The Doctor listened, and then made that threat of it. What do you mean to tell me, that my George he explains did such a thing just now? Why George has been with me all the time. To away, how can I believe a word of your story? and George thus escaped the chastisement that was his due. Later he studied for the ministry of the gospel and became a bright luminary in one of the branches of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. As a child I had heard him preach at his church at Killermuir, and he had always been associated in my mind as one of the greatest preachers I ever heard, and again in the matter of his plan of speech. I remember, a story my mother used to tell me of one old divine, Dr. Robinson. He was preaching on the atonement and of the love that prompted the holy fire to pay the penalty due to divine justice in the sinners atonement. Wanting to use an illustration, he expiated in his congregation two merchants who had failed in business, and compromised their debts. "Do you think paid all the debt? Not like John Thompson who paid fifty cents an the dollar, nor Peter Smith who paid seventy-five cents on the dollar. He paid it all. Graft and other such sins were unmercifully denounced and came up for investigation by the church's sessions. All this has now passed away.
Now strange the mutations and changes that occur in human experience and observation, the Rev. George Walker killed at the Bayne in 1690 Grandfather Miller. Soldier, wounded and died 1814. And the Master wounded and bleeding near Winvittie Court House 1865. Saved from the fate of his forefathers through the generosity of a federal Major who gave the hand of his second wife (Silas) to bind up my wound, and this while the battle was in progress.

And again as strange as fiction itself, one notes that a certain James Moore who fought under the Rev. James Walker in the defence of London-Derrey in 1690 his descendants who were with the Army at Valley Forge in 1774 were destined in the course of events (in the year 1892) to become (by right of inheritance) the beneficiaries of the children of the writer.

It was the call of the heart for the fair England, as also for the accomplishment of certain ideals in life which was impossible of attainment under the environments by which I was surrounded. It was this that prompted me in the latter part of the fifties to leave my Scottish home with all its hallowed associations of tender memories. The want of my parents having been given in condition that I should go to my Uncle the late Alexander Miller of Newbern, Long and favorably known to those of a past generation.
A man of great probity of character and of unswerving reputation, and who had in the early part of the thirties left his Scottish home, taking up his residence in New Bern where he spent the greater part of his life as citizen, as parent, as friend in whom were manifested what is truest and best beloved in Scottish character.

Having come to New Bern direct to meet in day for word the good people of North Carolina, it was with a determination to share its sorrows as well as its joys. It is a far cry back to the story of the aged Naomi and the fair, modest, Ruth, but ever and anon in human experience are quiet the same sentiment and feeling and aspirations as those of the long ago. The ominous clouds of war which were hanging in the distance spread themselves all over our Southern sky. Great events were following each other in rapid succession. With the call to arms came the crisis. With our resolution formed, I elected to join the first Regiment of North Carolina Cavalry whichunder the flag gathered in the flower of the youth of the State into that splendid regiment. Of its services in the field its story is written in letters of blood from Petersburg to Gettysburg and from thence to Appomattox, of the young men that went from New Bern I recall the names, Rives, Sneed, Stanley, Jones, Dillard, Charlotte Taylor Bryan, Biddle the Wetmore, included of their part.
nearly all of them were either wounded or captured in battle. One flying from his wounds on the field. Of those who survived the war as herein mentioned nearly all have passed away.

Of the devotion to the Cause of the Confederacy it was tested on many fields from Sharpsburg to the closing scenes at Min-

-Weddie Court House. Having been severely wounded at this place Mehl 31st 47 for 40 years have stood along enduring un-

-complainingly the discomfort consequent to my injuries, with little to repulse other than the knowledge of duty well per-

-formed. Having made my home with my Newman for Aley Miller near Clayton Johnson County. After my return from the Prison Hospital judiciary square Wash-

ington D.C. I there awaited with feverish anxiety the time when my wound would permit of my setting to work.

At this point I purpose to digress a little to write something of my movements and experiences during the war. The

keeping of a diary by an active soldier in the field is almost an impossibility. I am compelled to have recourse to authentic

official data to aid my memory in noting states where the recollection still sticks as to the place. And also it is well to keep in mind that the soldier in the field being but an

integer of a unit in the great aggregation that so to make up an army, so that his sphere of observation is limited to

a very small compass.
My first experience of war began December 20th, 1861 at Manassas in the Northern part of Fairfax County, Va. At an early hour of the morning, a detachment of a hundred drew from the 1st A. C. Field Artillery—above Manassas to go with a convoy of wagons to set corn for the army. The section we were about to visit, notwithstanding the rebels of the Confederate army, after we had gone about 15 miles from our camp, we found a Division of Infantry, with Cavalry and artillery under the command of Maj. Gen. Custer. Maj. Gen. Custer appeared to be in advance, Bryant being 1st in advance and myself had been sent out into the fields to provide on the right of the road on which we were moving to try to locate the federal troops. At this point of the line, the express of the enemy was passed a house entered the orchard and asked about to leave the orchard to enter the woods when we discovered we were right on the federals. Wheeling our horses we made a rapid movement for the main road, to try to save the convoy for passing under the line of an apple tree. My hat struck the line to my great regret. I feared that a regiment of infantry was in rear of the; and quite a skirmish engagement was maintained for some time. We lost quite a number of men. Enemy proving too strong for us, we were forced to retire. Gen. Lee sent a heavy force of troops out to meet us, but with orders not to bring on a battle if it could be avoided.
Referring to services I was engaged in during the war it was suggested by those who were attempting to keep a diary of passing events that our Regt the 18th A.C. Cal. with special reference to Co H my Co. that we had come in conflict with the federals taking into account outpost affairs reconnaissances and actual battles upwards of one hundred times. But the unceasing work we had to endure was at Reister and Fredericksburg when at the eye and ear of the army we were constantly on the outposts away on the front line.

It occurred during July 1863 that owing to the Cold wet undescrivable conditions of the Cantonments around Manassas and Centreville which was a perfect quagmire of mud and mud thereby causing a great amount of sickness. My feet becoming cold and symptoms of enteric developed from being in much water. I went to Dr. Alexander Miller of Newbern and to Manasses and succeeded in bringing me back to Newbern to recruit my health. Thanks to the kind treatment received at the end of thirty days I was again able to take the field. And which proved to be the only sickness I had during the four years of the War.

Returning to join the army during the early part of May I found the main army under Gen. Johnston retreating from the Peninsula. Yorktown had been evacuated and there had been quite a severe encounter at Williamsburg a day or two before I reached the army. The month of May closed with our Regiment,
Under Genl. Stewart, forming the extreme left of the line of battle in front of Mechanicsville. Genl. Johnston having been wounded at Seven Pines on 31st May, he having been driven the Federals from Fair Oaks and Manassas C.H.

During this crisis Genl. Lee, who had been acting as military adviser to War Office, was on the 1st of June appointed Comman-
der-in-Chief of the army. The army about this time was

failing much discouraged as Genl. McClellan retained

such a form hold on his lines as the chief Rhône River, in

spite of the battle fought by Genl. Johnston's opposition.

The first work of Genl. Lee was to inspire a new confidence

in his men. He selected this line of defence in front a continuous

line of works was established and a condition ofullen

where gave way to joyes & laughter. The battle was daily increased.

Convolutions, stragglers and recruits were gradually increasing the

Army. Lee was daily visiting the lines. His presence inspires confidence

and enthusiasm. Genl. Lee attacked the Federals on the morning of the

26th at Mechanicsville. on the 27th the attack on the Federals was

made at Gaines Mill or Cold Harbor. All day long the battle had

raged several times and men were driven back but as dark was

about to set in Genl. Lee ordered a charge along the whole line.

The Texas men led by Hood were first to gain the Federal

works. In a few minutes the whole works were carried then begin

a general rout with the Confederates in pursuit, the victory complete.
On the 28th our Regiment along with Cavalry went to the White House on the York River Light-Rail Road where we destroyed the Rolling stock and damaged the Road. We started in that direction. On the 29th it was discovered the Federals were retreating to the James River where they would be secure under the protection of their Gun-boats. In this occurred the Battle of Savage Station on the York River P.R. I was not present on this part of the field, but was on the battle-field of Frayser's Farm on the next day. June 30th. War is horrible. This was the worst night for soldiers (had not seen) I will mention an incident that happened here. As our Regiment was passing through battle field on our way to locate the retreating Federals our Company halted in front of the Frayser House. Captain Border of our Company walked into the house which he found filled with wounded men and engaging in conversation with a young Federal soldier he told him his name was J.H. Monie. Upon which Capt. Border told him he had a man of the name Monie in his Company. The man replied I was his cousin and that he would like to speak with him but the trumpets and drums would not allow him to do anything. Before "Capt. Border" returned I had no opportunity to speak with him. Suffice it to say that he may in all probability have been my cousin as I learned after the war was over he had left his home in Glasgow and settled in the North more than likely he died there. As he faded away from view and was never again heard from. I met his father some years after
and related the incident to him.

To return to my story. After we had left the field No. 47 and Co 1 and a Squadron of Va. Cavalry under Majors Hancher and Major Rossler of the Va. Cav., were detailed to go in the direction of Mills Church to locate the retreating Federal troops. Under the direction of a special guide we went through byways and fields until we came in sight of their pickets. Our instructions were to capture the pickets without firing a gun. We captured a number, but in following up, some of the others were unexpectantly discovered; and found themselves among the headquarters tents of Gen. McClellan. In sight were batteries of Artillery, divisions of Infantry, batteries were beating, troops were assembling. We had fully reached the Federal position. The directions we were following brought us into a narrow road with a rail fence on both sides and a wheat-field on each side. Finding we were in a trap, the only thing left to do was to retreat as best we could, heading my horse for the wheat-field, some of the men pulled off some of the top rails and jumping the fence. Reaching the narrow roadway our cavalry at this time were equipped with a short barrel rifle. A few had an old pattern Harpers Ferry five-shooting Car. rifle. I was armed with one of these which was slung across my back and on my shoulder. I entered the camp sabre in hand. I found that when my horse cleared the fence the strap of my gun had broken and the sun had dropped.
In the wheat field near the fence, strange to say that in April 1863 while wounded and a prisoner in the hospital at Fredericksburg, I met a wounded federal soldier who was present when we entered the camp where I found a gun with the straw broken and an old Harpers Ferry rifle and from the place and description I have no doubt but it was the one I had. Some of our men were captured belonging to Co I this man had talked with them and learned they were North Carolina men. He remained some time in the road after reforming, expecting an attack, but after a time we retired. On our way to rejoin our command, we met Jackson's men going in the direction of Mills church. Next day July 4, 62 occurred the battle of Malvern Hill which was a close drawn battle we lost many men there. During the night McClellan retreated during the night. I want to say that on the morning of the second was the first and only time I ever saw Genl. Jackson. Genl. Price was showing them that the carrying out of a certain plan was impossible of fulfillment and thought Genl. Jackson agreed with him. This was on the road in front of Malvern Hill. Leaving there we took up with the cavalry and artillery along the line of retreat to Berkeley and Harrisons Landing. Here we found the Federals strongly posted and safe under the cover of the guns of the fleet. Much stores are found burning. Specially that of cotton.
This closes what is known as the Seven Days Battle Around Richmond. I would note that about that time our Regiment, the 1st N.C. Cav, were ordered to Kinston, N. C. on account of an anticipated attack from the Federals. We remained here a short time while here went with Col. W. B. Ross of Alexandria down to Culpeper'sville to meet the Federal Authorities relative to an exchange of prisoners. We walked right up on the Federal outposts, very greatly to their surprise. I think there were about ten miles from New-bern. Reinforcements being needed, we passed through the hill counties of Orange Edgecomb & Halifax on our return to the army passing through Petersburg & Richmond after going from there to Gordonsville where we reported to Genl Jackson about the 1st of Aug. About this time occurred the battle of Cedar Mountain. Although we were not engaged in it, being then engaged in protecting the Rapidan River Aug 25th, we were at Thoroughfare Gap in the Bull Run Mountains. It was a stroke in the Station, afternoon, about dark we attacked Manassas Capturing Artillery Men, horses with a large amount of stores, destroying what we could not carry off. We had cut Genl Early's line of communication and were between him & Washington City. On the 29th and 30th we were engaged in the second battle of Manassas. This was a very heavy battle; we lost 8000 Men; Federals twice that many.
In killed, wounded, and prisoners, on the retreat a X
By Hill Genl. Kerney was killed. This federal officer
seems to have been admired by the men of both armies.

We were now about to enter on the unfortunate Maryland Campaign. I was present at the great Battle of Sharpsburg which occurred Sept. 17, 1862. It was in Harpers Ferry the night of the 16th Genl. A.S. Hill was busily engaged paroling the ten thousand prisoners which had been taken by Genl. Jackson in its capture. As moments of the occurrence I secured one an order which I much treasure a penknife and a fine little stone which some of the ladies at home greatly appreciated. After the second Manasses we took up the march for Maryland about 10o. being on the extreme right of our army we found the Federals beginning to gather in considerable numbers in our front; conflicts occurring nearly every day with us.

I would say from the time we crossed the Potomac until we reached Harpersf. We had been in conflict at least 14 times. I was at Brownsville Camp Sunday morning Genl. A.S. Hill was then heavily engaged at Brownfield. Went from the camp to Harpersf. Some time there prior taking Fair at Point of Rocks. We went on Wednesday the 16th over into Pleasant Valley where we covered the retreat of Genl. McClellan out of P.V. Valley and during the night we went.
Ever into Harpers Ferry as we have above indicated some time after day morning of the 16th we came in rear of troops of infantry marching to the battlefield at Sharpsburg. We reached the vicinity of Sharpsburg about nine o'clock and stopped in an Ald field to feed our horses and get something to eat ourselves. But we were seen by the Federals from the high grounds of Antietam Creek and were as severely shelled by their artillery we had to leave this position. We then went to a curve or bend in the Potomac River. Here we tried to broil some mutton with some green pine boughs cut from the Ald field pine remaining here but a short time we moved up into the battle field taking up our position supporting the battery of Stewarts Artillery which belonged to our Cavalry Division. This was opposite to the McDougal house. Tell you that twenty-five years later I went back to direct that same spot where we had been in line that day. I remembered the place but the house had become dismantled. I hunted for the family found that the husband was dead but Mrs. McDougal was living with her son-in-law Mr. Rambough. She very readily agreed accompanied with one of her little Grand-Children to go to her old home. One could see that those old scenes and times had burned themselves into her inmost soul. She told me also of the fighting on 16th day before we reached...