In 1861, I organized the first company pulled up in our county and called it the "Jackson Guard." I was elected Captain of the Company with Capt. E. W. Faires as my First Lieut. I suggested to my company that Lieut. Faires and myself change positions, he being older than me and I felt I could not carry the burden of Captain of the Company. Capt. Faires then became Captain of our Company. Capt. E. W. Faires received an order from the Adjutant General of North Carolina to report with his Company at Ft. Fisher, N.C. But instead of carrying out the order of the Adjutant General of N.C. we were taken to the fair grounds where we remained for more than one month. We seeing that my company had become tired of simply lying in Charlotte, were about to disband. I suggested to our Captain that he send a delegation to Raleigh and confer with the Adjutant John J. Hobbs. The delegation went and brought the order back from that day on we were kept.
constantly moving on until the middle of that month. I became very ill and was sent to a hospital in Richmond. This is my experience during 1861.

W. J. Slove.
"Tell Capt. Farris to report with his company at Harsburg. I ordered him sometime ago. So we left Charlotte for Harsburg but then not being quartermaster at Harsburg we came back to Wildom. I having heard that Capt. Farris ordered me, a sgt. to not the Capt. for our dying in Charlotte. So some other mistake made, I approach him under the garb he at Wildom and ask him if he had not prepared him if he had no charge. I do not in command he bring the Capt. he explain, "yes Billie I did." However in mind we had not been mutiny into service nor had the officers been commit. I then send to Capt. Farris I am Capt. that you and I will never get along amicably together, I will leave the Co. in your hands and I will return to my home and join another company for I returned to my home. The orders being conformed to the Co as anemic afterwards as the Records above. Resuming my service in June 1861 and became Lt 23rd N.C. Regiment."
Shortly after my return from the [illegible], I was organized in a company in the army, in which I belonged as a Commissioner by the [illegible] in May 1861. I was a young man, about 20 years old, and hold for nearly 4 months, or 6 months, I believe, the position of Company Captain. As already stated, I was an only boy, and tender at heart, and was not accustomed to hardships, having never been to war or to military service. The roughness of a soldier's life and the hardships of war were too much for me. I was honorably discharged from the army by having furnishing substitute or the law. I returned to my home and gave my attention to my farm, doing all I could for the needy ones. The war was already made by this time, and the wife of one of them in the army by furnishing supplies believing it a simple duty. I remained at home until the early fall of 1864 when I returned to the army, going to my old
company, Co H, 49th Va Inf., and remained with the
regiment until that memorable
day in history, April 9, 1865,
when the remnant of an
Army of the Central
and on the field of battle
laid down their arms to
surrender. And
the grand army of
Gen. U. S. Grant at
Appomattox
on April 12th,
the
majority
have learned in their
pen
in reading that I saw but
little of what is called
action, or battle, and
little marching. But the last
combat of the War and
tying in the trenches
around Petersburg we will
never during our lifetime
be forgotten by Gen. M. W. B.
Randall's Brigade, and
others on our right and
d left that we suffered will
only be known in eternity.
Rain, snipers, snow, mud,
and constant exposure from
the minds of death arising
from the near by enemy,
will never be known
upright.
By those of us who experienced it, immediately in front of our Ransome's Brigade stood Fort Manhattan in every strong Battery of the enemy, and only perhaps five or six hundred yards off. So on the 26th day of March, 1865—order was issued, the Battery must be taken, and with others of the brave Southern boys Ransome's Brigade took that Battery. I cannot enter into this in my mind but once Brigade B under Maj. W. Ransome bore us down hundred and about thirty-five men a short while we came out flying to fall back to our salient, all some in about five or three hundred going into the charged. минутa daylight and came up, and coming out about nine or ten o'clock A.M., this man commenced for the length of time engaged one by one of the extreme line of battle men grand to look at in coming on.
in accordance upon us, but
terrible in its results. Our
own Co. lost one Quint; and
one or more killed within
a few days after the event
the battle of "Fredericksburg,"
"Fairfax" or when we lost
by capture, killed or severely
wounded or men on the march
in skirmishing with
the enemy every day or
lives until the end in
march, we find our little
army at Advancement, Va.

The end has come. "The cruel
War is over." The arm of the
Southern Confederacy has set
and those of us who had
survived three years of war
on our weary march. For three
months, the surrender was
on Sunday, April 9th, 1865. I
reached my home. I think
April 21st. That day is indelibly
fixed in my mind, an
image forever. Thepicture of my
living father, mother, and sister
stood at the door and said,
"Well here is your boy." The reply
came back, "Thank God, there
is my boy, but I prefer a
private soldier whose name is U.S. Stearns.

July 12, 1907.