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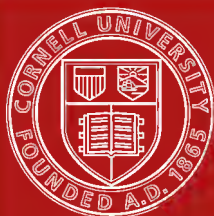
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# A SOLDIER'S STORY OF THE WAR;

INCLUDING THE MARCHES AND BATTLES

OF THE

## WASHINGTON ARTILLERY

OTHER LOUISIANA TROOPS.

---

"Chosen men for occasions of difficulty. There are no troops in the world that can be taken indiscriminately for brilliant services, and undoubtedly none more so than for storming works."  
—CARNOT.

"Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,  
Have I not in the pitched battle heard,  
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds and trumpets clang?"—SHAKESPEARE.

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1874.



# A LAST CHAPTER PLACED FIRST.

## REORGANIZATION

OF THE

# WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, SINCE THE WAR.

In the years immediately following the termination of the war the Washington Artillery still retained its old autonomy as a benevolent society or association. Partly owing to military rule, partly to a disinclination to bear arms under State governments whose policy was foreign to their sympathies, the reorganization into Batteries and Companies was not attempted until ten years after the close of the struggle.

In the month of July, 1875, the general aspiration for a better feeling at the various celebrations of the anniversary of American Independence, and the honorable part assigned Confederate soldiers at the centennial celebration of the battle of Buoker Hill in Boston awoke a responsive throb.

On the 23d of July a meeting of the surviving members of the companies of Washington Artillery who served in the Virginia and Western Armies, was called, and a formal organization at this and subsequent meetings acted upon. The object set forth in the meetings was to take part as a Battalion in the National Centennial of the following year. The Battalion was divided into three batteries and these, after according the commanding officer who might be elected, the privilege of appointing his Staff, elected their Field and Company Officers. The names given below represent the present organization of the Battalion :

### FIELD OFFICERS (ELECTED).

J. B. WALTON.....Colonel.  
W. J. BEHAN.....Major.

### STAFF (APPOINTED).

1st Lieut. W. M. Owen.....Adj. and Chief of Staff.  
1st Lieut. John N. Payne.....Quarter-Master.  
1st Lieut. John Holmes.....Commissary.  
1st Lieut. W. B. Krumphaar.....Ordnance Officer.  
Thos. Y. Aby.....Surgeon.

### NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF (APPOINTED).

E. I. Kursheedt.....Serjeant-Major.  
W. H. Ellis.....Q.-M. Serg't.  
M. W. Cloney.....Commissary Serg't.  
O. F. Peck.....Ordnance Serg't.  
Frank P. Villasaus.....Chief Bugler.  
J. W. Dempsey.....Artificer and Armorer.

COLOR CORPORALS.—H. F. Wilson, W. C. Giffen, Gus. J. Freret.

COLOR GUARD.—A. H. Peale, J. W. Parsons, C. C. Lewis, Geo. W. Dupre.

### STANDING COMMITTEES.

FINANCE.—Major W. J. Behan, *Chairman*; J. M. Seixas, P. O. Fazende, C. L. C. Dupny, W. G. Coyle.

UNIFORM AND EQUIPMENT.—W. M. Owen, *Chairman*; J. D. Edwards, W. B. Krumphaar, Jno. B. Richardson, B. T. Walshe.

ARRANGEMENTS.—H. Dudley Colemao, *Chairman*; F. N. Thayer, C. H. C. Brown, O. S. Babcock, Frank McElroy.

ORGANIZATION.—A. Hero, Jr., *Chairman*; T. L. Bayne, D. M. Kilpatrick, Wm. Palfrey, Jno. W. Emmet.

INVESTIGATION.—Jos. H. DeGrange, *Chairman*; Geo. W. Dupre, John R. Porter, Wm. A. Randolph, F. F. Case.

## Company A.

### OFFICERS.

Captain.....	M. Buck Miller.	4th Sergeant.....	O. S. Babcock.
Sr. 1st Lieut.....	Andrew Hero, Jr.	5th Sergeant.....	John E. Porter.
Jr. 1st Lieut.....	Frauk McElroy.	1st Corporal.....	E. L. Mahen.
2d Lieut.....	Geo. E. Apps.	2d Corporal.....	E. O. Cook.
Orderly Sergeant.....	H. Dudley Coleman.	3d Corporal.....	W. W. Charlton.
2d Sergeant.....	W. A. Collins.	4th Corporal.....	G. Leefa.
3d Sergeant.....	P. W. Pettis.		

### PRIVATEES.

Adam, L. A.	Caotzan, W. H.	Langdou, Tom	Stocker, C. H.
Andrea, F. M.	Cowand, A. S.	Labarre, L. V.	Smith, J. H.
Aime, Gus.	Cloney M. W.	Leverich, C. E.	Seichsnaydre, L.
Andress, S. S.	Carter, T.	Luria, A.	Ssichsnaydre, A.
Bartlett, Napier	Dempsey, J. W.	Leefe, Gus.	Selph, C. R. McRae,
Brewer, Wm. P.	Ellis, W. H.	Michel, Jr. P.	Shaw, F.
Benton, J. P.	Forshee, J. M.	Miller, Louis	Shecker, J.
Brodé, F. A.	Guillotte, Hy.	Madden, J. J.	Trerne, J.
Ballauf, R.	Gérard, L. M.	McDonough, B. A.	Tew, W. A.
Charltoo, Geo. W.	Holmes, W. H.	O'Neal, W. T.	Ulrick, F.
Clark, E. A.	Harrison, S.	Peck, O.	Whittington, J. B.
Carey, Thos.	Jagot, Jas.	Rouseau, J. A. A.	

## Company B.

### OFFICERS.

Sr. 1st Lieut. (Com'd'g).....	Egeuse May.	3d Sergeant.....	Gus. Micou.
Jr. 1st Lieut.....	Wm. Palfrey.	4th Sergeant.....	Ant. Sambols.
2d Lieut.....	W. T. Hardie.	1st Corporal.....	Robt. McMillan.
Orderly Sergeant.....	F. L. Richardson.	2d Corporal.....	Robt. Strong.
1st Sergeant.....	John R. Kent.	3d Corporal.....	C. W. Witham.
2d Sergeant.....	C. C. Cottlog.		

### PRIVATEES.

Abbott, Jno.	Byrns, Chas. M.	Henderson, W. D.	Mieux, Jno.
Bryan, J. A.	Carpenter, J. D.	Hews, E. L.	Oliver, Wm.
Bayns, T. L.	Crawford, Geo.	Holmes, Jno.	Peale, A. H.
Belsom, Drasin	Cowan Chas.	Jones, G. R. P.	Seixas, J. M.
Belsom, Felix	Cowau, E. A.	Kenner, Miur	Steven, Wm.
Brewertou, E. W.	Davidson, Jno.	Lathugtoo, A. M.	Thayer, F. N.
Bridges, B.	DeGrange, J. H.	Lamare J. M.	Tynau, Wm.
Blaffer, J. A.	Dugan, Jos. H.	Legaré, J. C.	Turpin, E. S.
Beebe, M. J.	Eschelman, B. F.	Levy, L. L.	Villesaas, F. de P.
Bartley, Jno.	Freret, Gus. J.	Marsh, J. B.	Walker, G.
Bloomfield, Jas.	Fox, C. W.	Miller, Jno.	Webre, Jules
Bruce, Robt.	Giffen, W. C.	Miller, Henry	

## Company C.

### OFFICERS.

Captain.....	John B. Richardson.	4th Sergeant.....	T. O. Fuqua.
Sr. 1st Lieut.....	C. H. C. Brown.	5th Sergeant.....	F. A. B-hao.
Jr. 1st Lieut.....	Geo. B. De Rusay.	1st Corporal.....	John Bozant.
2d Lieut.....	D. M. Kilpatrick.	2d Corporal.....	Ed. Collins.
Orderly Sergeant.....	H. M. Isaacson.	3d Corporal.....	H. H. Marks.
2d Sergeant.....	Jehu R. McLaughhey.	4th Corporal.....	Ed. Pechbaud.
3d Sergeant.....	Chas. Palfrey.		

### PRIVATEES.

Augustus, E. D.	Emmett, Jno. W.	Kelly, D. M.	Piookard, W. F.
Briemads, A. A.	Edwards, J. D.	Lobrano, F.	Randolph W. A.
Baker, H. H.	Egan, Pat	Lobdell, A. G.	Kedd, Joo. K.
Bradley, J. S.	Fagan, J.	Lund, J. E.	Roebuek, J. J.
Bartlett, F. A.	Florance, H.	Lewis, C. C.	Rosch, Louie
Coyle, W. G.	Fszeuds, P. O.	Lehman, C. L.	Veu Colln, P.
Crouau, D.	Falconer, W. R.	Leaby, P.	Waisbe, B. T.
Carter, Thos.	Gessner, Geo.	McCormick, J.	White, D. Prieur
Case, F. F.	Guillotte, L. E.	McCarthy.	Wilson, H. F.
Dupuy, C. L. C.	Hufft, Beru'd	Motzler, J.	Zabal, H. I.
Dupré, Geo. W.	Harrie, Chas.	Payne, E. C.	Zabal, L. E.
Draw, E. S.	Jones, A. C.	Pierson, J. G.	

THE writer of the following pages asks the indulgence of subscribers for not having prepared a more costly work—an omission due to the present disturbed financial and political condition of the city. This narrative was not written with any hope of profit; but should the reception given indicate an interest on the part of the public in the State troops during the war, or justify the expense, this will be followed by a more complete work, giving incidents of the return home of the disbanded army, and containing the muster rolls, personal narratives, and other information relating to Louisiana companies and regiments who were out in service.



# A SOLDIER'S STORY OF THE WAR.

## INTRODUCTORY.

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LIKE many better soldiers, when I came back from the war, I determined at once to adapt myself to the changed condition of things in the South and not to waste any time or weary the patience of friends with fighting over old battles. I kept my resolution for more than thirteen years after my first battle. Still one cannot always be discreet—some experiences, like the secrets told of the ears of Midas by the whispering reed, will have expression.

What I have now to say is what is being said by the fifty thousand soldiers from this State who wore Confederate uniforms during the war—by the fifty thousand refugees who went from this city after its capture—in fact, is the same story that will be talked over by forty millions of people North and South, or so long as the present generation shall remain alive. Secessia, amid her desolation, looks to the old battlefields, as the Sphynx does towards the ruined cities of Egypt; and whether we will or not, in our dreams or daily ideas we are constantly hearing the command to “March;” to pack up our slender baggage and go vagabondizing from one miserable town to another searching food, shelter and rest for your tender ones, if you are a woman; or, if a man, to take your place in line of battle, and receive the bullet that has already been moulded for your breast. The old ideas cannot be

rubbed out—will come back ; some unseen influence will march you over the well-tramped, fenceless, grassless and herbless fields—through the forests whose trees have been cut down or completely killed by the volleys of musketry.

Do not these fancies come to all of us ? Do not some of our old men who dry up and drop off, and tearful-eyed women who still pray for shelter and protection from beggary—do not the surviving soldiers who find it hard to cope in skill or robust health with younger rivals brood over these memories ?

My excuse for writing this narrative is that I never at first intended it ; I thought only to pass a wearisome hour in a letter to an old friend. Once commenced, I could not end ; at the same time many old comrades, the subject once suggested, begged me if I proposed writing about the war at all, to take for my theme the soldiers who went from Louisiana.

I have tried to do this, though at the same time attempting only a rough military narrative. I want only to try and show how large bodies of our young men went through the transformation of the citizen into the soldier. How we learned and became reconciled to the rough life of camp ; consented to new ways of thinking and living, and suffered, as it were, a general breaking up and wreck of our previous identity and existence.

A story of such great changes in worldly circumstances, of any class, ought to have its charm, if properly brought out ; the charm that we find in Crusoe, in the Blythedale visionaries who renounced the luxuries of civilization and became farmers, in the nun who buries herself in the cloister, or in a St. Francis who renounces his riches and weds himself to poverty. You will perhaps not care for the dull details of a soldier's life in itself ; but when it is



added that it embodies the experience of many men of well known names who have since made themselves distinguished in industrial enterprises, in positions of trust and responsibility, and as worthy and virtuous citizens every way, their marches will not be without interest. Some of us too, have seen the world outstrip us in the struggle for existence; our rough life in the army has made us duller than rival applicants or contracted for us bad habits, and we will have to limp along and get on the best we can; but this crude narrative will not have been written in vain, if it succeeds in awakening any sympathy with the young men who are coming on, and whom we will leave behind us, or if it awakens with those who give employment any increased tolerance or respect for soldiers whose convictions meant, for one out of every three—DEATH!

This narrative will be rather of the cheerful or careless sort—one not intended to awaken foolish feeling about our struggle, or which had better be forgotten. It will pick away, Old Mortality-like, a little of the mildew and moss from the graves of martyrs of conviction; but it will be tempered with the reflection that the surviving comrades, who marched barefooted and without food, have since had better days; and that their adventures in hard straits will be read with something of the same interest as that of those princes of romance, whose lives are no longer cared for the moment they become happy and comfortable. But enough: when we came back from the wars our friends treated us with so much sympathy, that we preferred entering by quiet streets to witnessing their generosity or tears; and the monument recently erected in Greenwood, tells us that our heroes have not been forgotten. I believe that the services of our troops deserve to be recorded not only in

monumental marble, but in the page of history ; in such works as those of " the grand old masters," as well as of the humblest scribes. Not as belonging to any regiment or batallion, but as illustrating what our beloved State did when we were all placed in the balance—as showing what the LOUISIANA SOLDIER did in times that tried men's souls. My belief is that it is a great misfortune for a State not to recall the names of her great dead—not to hold them up as models for the old and young, and to keep them from falling into obscurity. We are made good and useful more by example than by the pulpit or school-house ; and if Louisiana had preserved the legacy of great names which she has produced, she would have escaped much of the misery into which she is now plunged ; her men of ability would prefer glory to the thrift which follows fawning ; and she would probably, as is the case with Georgia or Virginia, be again on the road to prosperity.

The man who gives his life doing what he believes to be his duty, makes a bequest which has an actual value to a State not exceeded by that of lands and money. The day of her ruin is when we regard the time serving and corrupt with equal favor with the good man and hero.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE ROLL CALL

I went out to the war with a large number of young men in the Batallion of Washington Artillery, and as the reader is henceforth to be familiar with the name, a word will here be said as to its early history.

In 1839, Gen. Persifer F. Smith gave the first decided

impetus to the volunteer companies of the city, and contributed greatly to their organization. He was really the founder of nearly all above Canal street. It was by his efforts that the Washington Regiment was organized, and it remained under his command until the breaking out of the Mexican war, at which time he was appointed General of the brigade composed of it and three other regiments. Eleven days after the call for volunteers, the Washington Regiment was descending the river in transports on its way to Mexico.

Previous to its departure the regiment partook of the nature of a legion in its organization: that is was composed of horse, foot and artillery.

General Smith distinguished himself at Monterey—rose to be Brevet Major General, and by his talents caused himself to be retained in the U. S. Army in spite of the absence of a military education. He died in command of the Department of the Pacific shortly before the war.

The company of the Washington Regiment which more than any other bequeathed its organization to the Washington Artillery Battalion, first appeared as an organized company in 1840; but this organization dwindled down to seventeen men in 1852. In those days the company, then known as the "Native American Artillery," afterwards as the Marion, was drilled by Capt. R. O. Smith, and subsequently by Brig. Gen. E. L. Tracey. James Beggs, Capt. H. M. Isaacson, Gunnegle,\* Bannister and

\* Lieut. N. G. Gunnegle is the oldest member of the organization known to be alive. He joined in 1840, when the Artillery went by the name of the 1st Company Native American Artillery. The well known Armory on Girod street was then a blacksmith shop, but was gradually adapted to military purposes. In 1845 \$30 a month was appropriated by the State to maintaining an armorer. Capt. Forno, who was a few years since killed by a railroad accident on the Jackson Railroad, had, up to the date of the Mexican War been its captain; but at that time he resigned or perhaps was promoted to be Lieut. Colonel. Forno was succeeded by Capt. Isaac Stockton, much to the surprise of Gunnegle's friends, who had wasted their time and money in advancing his claims.

some others are names that are still associated with the old organization.

Then Soria became its Captain and the honor cost him his life. That is, the Artillery on the occasion of some rejoicing had carried out to the Levee at the foot of Canal street, four guns which were fired to the four points of the compass in honor of the event. It was while ramming a cartridge home that the piece he was loading prematurely exploded. His arms were torn from his body, and he sustained such other injury as to occasion his death shortly after. Until the Battalion went to Virginia, the coat and equipments of Captain Soria hung as a memento of his services in its Arsenal or drill-room.

The company still numbered not over fifteen members, with H. J. Hunting, 1st Lieutenant, and Dan. Harrison, 2d. The Captaincy was now offered to Leeds, who declined, and afterwards to Col. J. B. Walton, then Secretary to Mayor Waterman, and who had served in the war with Mexico, as the Colonel of the Washington regiment. This was two or three years prior to the war.

A growing interest in military matters now became prevalent as sectional passions increased in intensity, and the feeling was increased and encouraged by leading men\*

The latter went as 3d Sergt. and ultimately was courtmartialed for refusing to fill a position to which he had never been elected, but was ultimately acquitted. Stocktoe, whose company in the Mexican War was the first of the Washington Regiment, enlisted 64 men, and died after his return. At the time he went out the old privates in the company furnished officers for four or five regiments. Add was then Adjutant and Breedlove Major of the Washington Regiment, Jas. Strawbridge, 1st Lieut. and Greene 2nd. The regiment advanced as far as Barita in Mexico, and has still some twenty-five members alive, several of whom went out with the Battalion to Virginia.

Gunnogle served as Treasurer, Secretary, keeper of the Arsenal, and 2nd Lieut. till 1857. He applied for leave to serve in Virginia, but was refused on account of age.

\*"With the commencement of the year '61 a stranger visiting our city would have deemed its streets the parade ground of one vast encampment. At every step a soldier is met, and martial music fills the air. The tramp of armed men is heard by day and night, and the reverberation of the drill room assails the ear upon every side."—*True Delta*.

who foresaw the approach of war. Partly from this cause, partly because the men began to work with a will, and through the talents of Col. Walton as an officer, the Artillery steadily increased in number and reputation.

A fine armory had been given it by the city, situated on Girod between St. Charles and Carondelet, and from this the Batallion armed as infantry, marched to assist in the capture of Baton Rouge from the U. S. authorities, previous to the commencement of hostilities.\*

In the month of May† the Batallion was accepted "for the war" by President Davis, an arrangement which caused us to be classed as Confederate instead of State troops contributed by Louisiana. This arrangement, had afterwards the effect of giving us some advantages over other troops, or disadvantages (for both were contended

\*On Jan. 10th, 1861, the first active steps towards separation were taken, and the steamer National started for Baton Rouge after midnight for the capture of that place with a strong force of citizen soldiers. They were "young men mostly of hot blood, and determined to do the State some service." An expedition down the river got off at 10 o'clock the day after. At Baton Rouge, Jan. 11, P. M., Major Haskins commanding at the arsenal capitulated 50,000 stand of arms and other munitions. The companies from New Orleans now held the barraeks. Some of the Baton Rouge companies deemed themselves slighted by not being sent to take charge of the place, and intimated that they would disband. Great excitement in consequence.

Three companies afterwards disbanded, retiring in high dudgeon. The volunteer troops of Baton Rouge finally took charge of the Barracks. Capt. Voories during the expedition commanded the Washington Artillery, Captain Charles D. Dreux, the New Orleans Cadets, and the Orleans Guards were under Captain S. M. Todd and Lient. Girardey. The whole expedition was under the command of Col. Walton.

†As early as the month of December, 1860, a requisition was sent to Governor Moore for guns, stores, battery, horses, forges, etc., in order to put the Batallion in a condition for service in the field. On the 27th of March the petition was renewed, and subsequently made to the Secretary of War at Montgomery. The following extract quoted from the application of the commanding officer will show what was then its condition:

"The Batallion Washington Artillery, under my command, numbering upon the rolls over three hundred men, two hundred and fifty for service, and divided into four companies, with a battery complete in all respects, of six bronze six pounder guns, two twelve pounder howitzers, and one eight pounder rifled cannon, is ready and desirous to take the field. The Batallion can take the field within a very few days after being notified, and provided with horses, camp and garrison equipage, etc., which of course I will be obliged to make requisition for upon the Confederate States."

for) among which was the appointment instead of the election by the men of their officers.

We were mustered into service on the 26th,\* and then marched in a body to Christ's Church, and preached to by Rev. Mr. Leacock, who recommended us to remember that we had been educated to be gentlemen, and to bring back our characters with our arms. This advice of the worthy Doctor caused us afterwards some mental discussion in settling in our own minds whether a soldier could or ought to be any thing of the sort, and whether it was not better to leave his society manners, pride, prejudices about birth, education and modes of living, and nearly every thing that makes up the word, behind. However it may have been, and this is what we suppose the Doctor intended to advise. They, most of them, retained their cheerfulness and a disposition to do their duty in camp or society, and probably gained more in manly feeling than they could have ever acquired any where else.

To complete its outfit the citizens of New Orleans contributed \$7,000—the Ladies' Association alone giving

\* The Washington Artillery were out in full dress uniform yesterday with fine band. After delighting the spectators who lined the streets, with a display of their accurate maneuvering, they were drawn up at Mr. T. C. Twichell's, St. Charles street, and presented with a beautiful Camp flag of the Confederate States. "You take with you," said the speaker for the ladies who presented it, "their blessings and the Godspeed of every loyal heart in the entire community." This morning at 8 o'clock, the Battalion—every man—will be mustered into service by Lieut. Phifer. On Monday at 6 o'clock they will take their departure for Virginia. The reserve corps of the Battalion will be left here until further notice. Lieut. W. Irving Hodgson has been detailed on special duty as an agent and resident quartermaster of the Battalion: also in command of those detailed from the corps for home duty. The honorary members will escort the Battalion to the Railroad depot on Monday evening. In the course of a little while from now the reserve will probably be on the way to some other point of action than Virginia.—*N. O. Crescent, May 26, 1861.*

This prediction came true. Under the call of Gen. Beauregard for ninety days men for the army of the West, Capt. Slocumb, or rather Capt. W. I. Hodgson, at that time taking out the 5th Company of Washington Artillery, 250 strong, and with them gaining full as many laurels as were obtained by the first four companies in Virginia.

\$500, and the large houses and corporations aiding with equal liberality.

The following were the names of the officers and of those who on Sunday morning May 26th, 1861, answered to Lieut. Phifer's roll-call—a very solemn moment—and who thus became mustered into the Confederate service:\*

**S T A F F .**

*Major*.....J. B. WALTON, *Adjutant*.....LIEUT. W. M. OWEN,  
*Surgeon*.....DR. E. S. DREW, *Quarter Master*.....LIEUT. C. H. SLOCOMB.

**NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.**

*Sergt. Major*.....C. L. C. DUPUY, *Quarter Master Sergt.* STRINGER KENNEDY,  
*Color Sergeant*.....LOUIS M. MONTGOMERY.

**COLOR GUARD.**

*Corporal*.....GEORGE W. WOOD, *Corporal*.....E. L. JEWELL,  
 “ .....A. H. PEALE, “ .....J. H. DEARIE.

**BUGLERS.**

F. P. Villavasana,

Jo. Kingslow.

**ROLL OF FIRST COMPANY.**

*Captain*.....H. M. Isaacson, *Jr. First Lieutenant*,.....J. B. Richardson,  
*First Lieutenant*.....C. W. Squires, *Second Lieutenant*.....H. G. Geiger.  
*First Sergeant*.....Edward Owen, *First Corporal*.....F. D. Ruggles,  
*Second Sergeant*.....J. M. Galbraith, *Second Corporal*.....E. C. Payne,  
*Third Sergeant*.....C. H. C. Brown, *Third Corporal*.....W. Fellows,  
*Fourth Corporal*.....F. F. Case.

Thomas S. Turner,  
 G. M. Judd,  
 E. J. Kursheedt,  
 J. W. Kearney,  
 C. Rossiter,  
 W. Chambers,  
 W. F. Perry,  
 J. E. Rodd,  
 M. E. Jarreau,  
 J. A. Tarlton,  
 T. Y. Aby,

C. Chambers,  
 G. W. Muse,  
 L. Labarre,  
 M. Mount,  
 P. A. J. Michel,  
 J. M. Payne,  
 R. McK. Spearing,  
 A. F. Coste,  
 J. R. McGangby,  
 E. A. Cowen,  
 F. A. St. Amand,

W. T. Hardie,  
 H. Chambers,  
 E. V. Wiltz,  
 J. P. Manico,  
 L. E. Zebal,  
 H. L. Zebal,  
 W. R. Falconer,  
 G. B. DeRussy,  
 F. Lobrano,  
 C. A. Everett.

\* The Batalioo, when in Virginia, was several times recruited to fill the places of the killed, wounded and disabled, who averaged about one hundred to each company.

**ARTIFICERS.**

S. G. Stewart,

W. D. Holmes,

Israel Scott,

**DRIVERS.**

Geo. Bernard, Sergt,  
Michael Hock,  
Charles Rush,  
Jno. E. Scheman,  
Jno. O'Neil,  
W. K. Dirke,

Pat. Mooney,  
H. Meycr,  
Jno. Jacobs,  
Thos. Kerwin,  
David Nolan,  
Wm. Forrest,

Fred. Lester,  
R. Nicholas,  
Jno. Charlesworth,  
Jno. Anderson,  
Mathew Burns,  
Jas. Heflogh.

**ROLL OF SECOND COMPANY.**

*First Lieutenant*.....C. C. Lewis Com'dg,   *Third Sergeant*.....H. C. Wood,  
*First Lieutenant*.....Sam'l J. McPherson,   *Fourth Sergeant*.....C. Huchez,  
*Second Lieutenant*.....C. H. Slocomb,   *First Corporal*.....J. D. Edwards,  
*First Sergeant*.....J. H. DeGrange,   *Second Corporal*.....C. E. Leverich,  
*Second Sergeant*.....Gustave Aime,   *Third Corporal*.....Jules Freret,  
*Fourth Corporal*.....B. V. L. Hutton.

H. N. Payne,  
J. S. Meyers,  
Tracey Twichell,  
T. J. Land,  
J. W. Emmett,  
J. A. Hall,  
G. Humphrey,  
W. C. Giffen,  
J. C. Woodville,  
A. A. Brinsmade,  
E. L. Hall,

R. Axson,  
Wm. Roth,  
E. D. Patton,  
A. G. Knight,  
J. D. Britton,  
W. A. Randolph,  
W. F. Florence,  
J. W. Parsons,  
J. Howard Goodin,  
Thomas H. Suter,

F. Alewelt,  
F. P. Buckner,  
G. E. Strawbridge,  
A. R. Blakely,  
R. Bannister, Jr.  
R. C. Lewis,  
H. B. Berthelot,  
W. J. Hare,  
J. H. Randolph,  
W. H. Wilkins.  
Sam'l Hawes.

**ARTIFICERS.**

John Montgomery,

Leonard Craig.

**DRIVERS.**

John Weher,  
Toney Hulby,  
John Fagan,  
George Barr,  
Wm. Carey,  
E. B. F. McKesson,

William Little,  
James Crilly,  
John Cannon,  
Jas. Leyden,  
Ed. Loftus,  
Ewin Lake,

James Brown,  
W. F. Lynch,  
Louis Roach,  
William Oliver,  
Corn'l McGregor,  
Alex. Bucher.



ROLL OF THIRD COMPANY.

*Captain*..... M. B. Miller,      *Third Sergeant*..... L. Prados,  
*First Lieutenant*..... J. B. Whittington,      *Fourth Sergeant*..... J. T. Handy,  
*Second Lieutenant*..... L. A. Adam,      *First Corporal*..... E. L. Jewell,  
*First Sergeant*..... Frank McElroy,      *Second Corporal*..... A. H. Peake,  
*Second Sergeant*..... A. Hero, Jr.      *Third Corporal*..... W. H. Ellis,  
*Fourth Corporal*..... W. A. Collins.

Napier Bartlett,  
 H. D. Summers,  
 J. H. Moore,  
 W. Mills,  
 Robert Bruce,  
 J. H. Holmes, Jr.  
 T. H. Fuqua,  
 O. N. DeBlanc,  
 E. W. Morgan,  
 P. W. Pettis,  
 E. Riviere,  
 F. Kremelberg,  
 Chas. Hart,  
 Sam'l C. Boush,  
 Geo. McNeil,  
 J. H. Colles,  
 Frank Shaw, Jr.,  
 E. Toledano,  
 W. S. Toledano,

P. O. Fazende,  
 Fred. L. Hubbard,  
 Jos. H. DeMeza,  
 L. E. Guyot,  
 J. F. Randolph,  
 S. Chalaron,  
 J. T. Brenford,  
 C. W. Deacon,  
 Stringer Kennedy,  
 Howard Tully,  
 Wm. Leefe,  
 I. W. Brewer,  
 C. H. Stocker,  
 J. R. Porter,  
 S. G. Sanders,  
 B. L. Braselman,  
 R. P. Many,  
 F. A. Carl.

C. E. Fortier,  
 R. Maxwell,  
 E. Avril,  
 E. Charpiaux,  
 T. M. McFall,  
 M. W. Cloney,  
 Ed. Duncan,  
 C. A. Falconer,  
 H. J. Phelps,  
 T. Ballantine,  
 E. W. Noyes,  
 M. W. Chapman,  
 W. P. Noble,  
 W. G. Coyle,  
 L. P. Forshee,  
 George H. Meek,  
 J. C. Bloomfield,  
 A. B. Martin,  
 R. Turnell.

ARTIFICERS.

Jos. Blanchard,

Jas. Keating,

ROLL OF FOURTH COMPANY.

*Captain*..... B. F. Eshleman,      *Third Sergeant*..... G. E. Apps,  
*First Lieutenant*..... Jos. Norcom,      *Fourth Sergeant*..... J. D. Reynolds,  
*Second Lieutenant*..... Harry A. Battles,      *First Corporal*..... Geo. Wood,  
*Second Sergeant*..... W. J. Behan      *Second Corporal*..... J. W. Dearie

A. D. Augustus,  
 B. F. Widler,  
 J. R. McGowan,  
 J. M. Rolibock,  
 H. F. Wilson,  
 C. C. Bier,

G. L. Crutcher,  
 J. F. Lilly,  
 T. J. Stewart,  
 Sam'l A. Knox,  
 Wm. Palfrey,  
 L. C. Lewis,

H. N. White,  
 Jno. B. Chastant,  
 W. Snead,  
 H. D. Seaman,  
 F. H. Bee,  
 C. W. Marston,

J. C. Wood,  
Jno. S. Fish,  
F. A. Brodie,  
E. Lauer,  
G. Beck,  
R. F. F. Moore,  
H. H. Baker,  
J. W. Burke,  
Jno. Meux,  
J. B. Valentine,  
Phil. Von Coln,  
T. B. White,  
Bernard Hufft,

J. H. Smith,  
G. Montgomery,  
Isaac Jessup,  
A. F. Vass.  
W. W. Jones,  
P. C. Lane,  
T. Carey,  
W. P. S. Crecy,  
W. C. Morrell,  
W. T. O'Neill,  
A. Banksmith,  
Frank Williams,

C. A. Deval,  
E. A. Mellard,  
J. W. Wilcox,  
V. D. Terrebonne.  
E. F. Reichart,  
Thos. H. Cummings,  
R. H. Gray,  
S. T. Hale,  
J. W. Lesene,  
Chas. Hardenburg,  
J. C. Purdy,  
E. Jaubert.

#### ARTIFICERS.

Levy Callahan,

Jno. McDonnell.

#### BAND.

J. V. Gessner, *Leader*,  
T. Gutzler,  
Ch. W. Struve,  
J. Arnold,

Jno. Deutsch,  
Jno. Geches,  
Peter Trum,  
Jno. Lorbs,

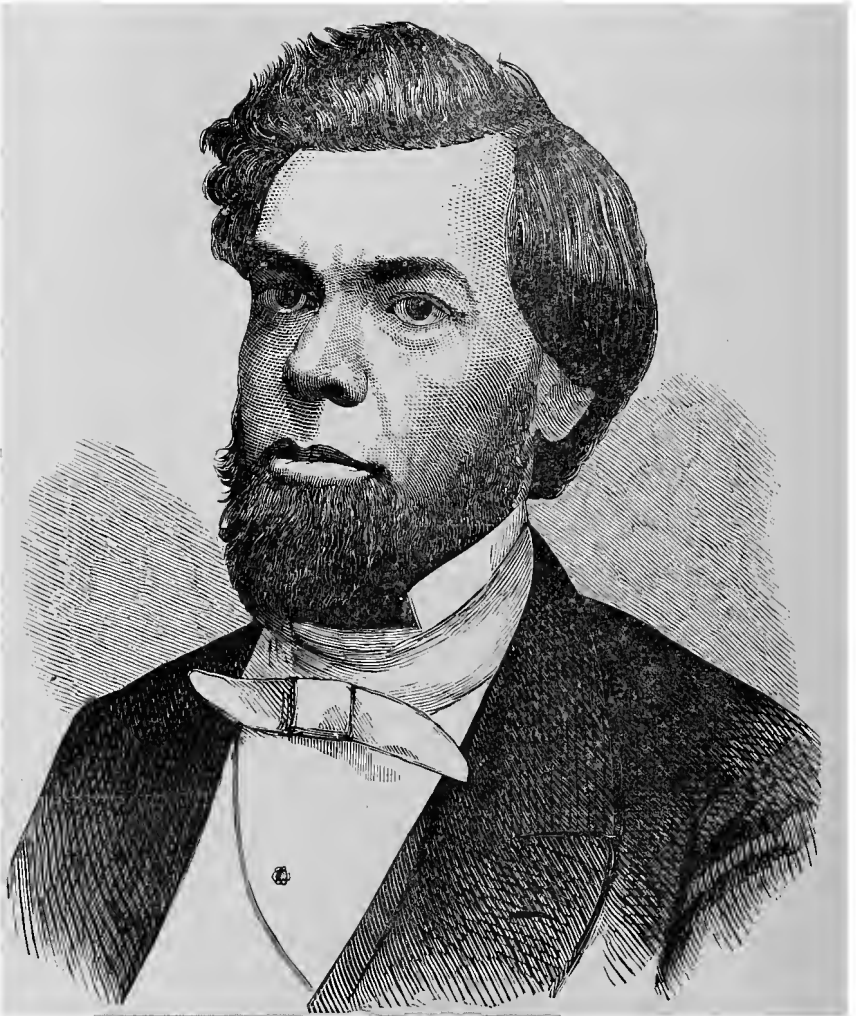
Thos. Kostmel,  
J. H. Sporer,  
Charles Meir,

## CHAPTER II.

### DEPARTURE FOR VIRGINIA.

THERE will never be a time of such intense public feeling in the history of New Orleans, or perhaps in that of the country generally, as that which attended the departure of the first troops at the commencement of the late civil war. Writing at this day, one is almost inclined to doubt the impressions which still remain in his memory, not to speak of those half effaced, which are occasionally brought to mind by the conversation of old comrades or friends, or by glancing over old letters or files of papers. Can it be possible, you say to yourself, that business men, though always in our city known for generosity, would give away clothing, arms or horses, without scarcely thinking of the matter: or that salaries were continued, by liberal houses, even after the employees had enlisted for the war;





REV. DR. PALMER, Page 17.

that the stores were closed on the day of our departure, the streets were crowded to suffocation, the balconies lined with smiling and crying women, and that those were esteemed most happy who had departing friends upon whom to lavish their gifts, or bestow their flowers? \* That certainly is the only time we can remember when citizens walked along the lines offering their pocket books to men whom they did not know; that fair women bestowed their floral offerings and kisses ungrudgingly and with equal favor among all classes of friends and suitors; when the distinctions of society, wealth and station were forgotten, and each departing soldier was equally honored as a hero.

On the day of our departure we certainly had a little touch of the millenium of good feeling, and it was nearer like Utopia than one generation can ever live to see a second time. †

\* The Washington Artillery embraces as large a representation of our old and permanent population, the sons of our old citizens, as any military organization in the city. Every member of it is a gentleman; many occupy high positions in social and commercial circles, and the parting scenes were most affecting—*Delta, May 28.*

† Rev. Dr. Palmer delivered from the steps of the City Hall an address from which we quote the final passage:

“The alternative now before us is subjugation and absolute anarchy—a despotism which will put its iron heel upon all that the human heart holds most dear. The mighty issue is to be submitted to the ordeal of battle, with the nations of the earth as spectators, and with the God of Heaven as umpire.

“With such an issue we have no doubt of the part that will be assigned you to play, and when we hear the thunders of your cannon echoing from the mountain passes of Virginia will understand that you mean in the language of Cromwell ‘to cut this war to the heart.’ It is little to say that you will be remembered. And should the frequent fate of the soldier befall you in a soldier’s death, you shall find your graves in thousands of hearts, and the pen of history shall write your martyrdom. Soldiers farewell! And may the Lord of Hosts be round about you as a wall of fire, and shield your heads in the day of battle.” We make room for an equally touching farewell from the sermon of Rev. Dr. Leacock of the Sunday previous:

“Remember that the first convert to Christ from the Gentiles was a soldier. Inscribe the cross upon your banners, for you are fighting for liberty. In but a few hours more you will dare the toils of the battle field, and may God protect you in your absence. Our hearts will follow you—our ears will be open for tidings of your condition, and our prayers ascend for your safety, success and return. Let us, as the last thing that we can do, commend you to the care of Him who alone can assist.”

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But though the route to the depot was scattered with flowers, the thought also began to enter our minds that we had assumed the hard and unprosaic duties of soldiers, and that individual freedom and happiness were now to be left behind. The day too, in spite of our glory and the enthusiasm of our friends, was suffocatingly hot—so much so as to cause the death of two of our men,\* as it were, in the ranks, from sunstroke; and although every other military organization turned out in honor of those whom they envied the priority of departure, and allowed us to go to the cars through their divided ranks, it would have added greatly to our bodily comfort to have had more air, even at the sacrifice of some of the music of the brass bands, proffers of gifts, sympathy and excitement. We suffered the torture of unaccustomed heavy clothing, knapsacks, and the dusty march of three hours duration, but meanwhile were being equally suffocated with roses; but what young man or soldier who has just enlisted ever cares for fatigue, when compared with such glory; or would exchange the happiness of seeing his whole past life brought out, as it were in tableau, at the moment of leaving it probably for ever, for ten times as much fatigue?

Our Batallion, at starting, consisted of three hundred men, who, most of them, had parents or other friends to bid them good-bye. Had they known that an interval of four years would separate them—that thirty battle fields were to be strewn with their bones, and that every other man of their number would be crippled or killed, the scene would not have been more affecting than it really was.†

\* One of them F. A. Carl, singularly enough was an old soldier who besides speaking five languages, had served three years in the Russian Royal Artillery and fought in the Hungarian struggle.

† Israel Gibbons, himself an excellent soldier, and at that time writing on the *Crescent*, thus describes the scene:

“The departure yesterday was a perfect ovation. No previous military

A great many fathers, in shaking hands with the men, would ask us to look after and keep an eye on their sons. It generally turned out that the parties recommended would be the first to be killed, or that difference of temperament prevented an opportunity of acquaintance, much less doing the solicited service.

departure has been honored with so tumultuous a demonstration. The Battalion moved in four columns, with the drivers as a fifth or auxiliary, and with a large train of honorary members. Their escort were the Orleans Light Horse, Capt. Leeds, the Orleans Guard, 500 strong, Capt. Theard, and the Louisiana Cadets. All along this route the scene was one of the most unexampled enthusiasm. The men made noise with cheers and huzzas, and the ladies silently expressed their feelings with their flowers and handkerchiefs. The scene at the Depot was indescribable. All the carriages of the town were here filled with loads of beauty, and the balconies, windows and house-tops were filled with people.

"We never before saw ladies of fashion, respectability and wealth do as much as they did last evening for a final view, leaving their carriages, dodging under mules heads, and wading ankle-deep in dust. The crowd extended a half a mile beyond the Depot—to the edge of the swamp. They gave all sorts of evidence of the very highest heart-feeling, and everybody had wet eyes. As the twilight faded into dark, the train rumbled off, groups of people were seen sitting about on the piles of lumber, waiting for the ladies to have their cry out, before starting for home.

The Honorary Members who turned out upon this occasion, were :

Brig. Gen'l E. L. Tracey, Col. A. H. Gladden, Hon. Gerard Stith, W. A. Freret, Esq., John D. Foster, M. D., E. T. Parker, Adam Giffen, Norbert Trepagnier, Hon. P. H. Morgan, M. A. Foute, Jules Tuyes, Hon. Wm. G. Austin, M. D., D. Maupay, Alfred Munroe, E. B. Smedes, John Holmes, Col. C. A. Taylor, A. S. Withers, Hon. C. M. Bradford, T. S. McCay, Hon. John T. Monroe, E. C. Hancock, A. P. Harrison, Mark F. Bigny, E. F. Schmidt, H. G. Stetson, John Calhoun, Hon. John B. Leefe, Wm. G. Hewes, Maj. Thomas F. Walker, John Pemberton, R. L. Pugh, Jacob J. Herr, Hon. J. O. Nixon, J. C. Ferriday, A. P. Avegno, Dan'l E. Colton, Charles T. Nash, T. L. Leeds, H. W. Reynolds, B. F. Voorhies, R. L. Outlaw, G. H. Chaplain, W. B. Bowles, W. L. Allen, Col. S. H. Peck, T. L. Bayne, P. N. Wood, H. Doane, Geo. W. Hynson, Col. Geo. W. Race, Wm. H. Hunt, W. C. Lipscomb, Col. Daniel Edwards, R. Esterbrook, J. M. Davidson, C. F. White, F. Wing, Howard Smith, M. D., W. M. Pinckard, Wm. Ellis, A. W. Bosworth, George Connelly, J. D. Dameron, G. S. Hawkins.

The names of the members of the Battalion who went as officers in various regiments or who continued the existence of the organization in the city, were Capt. O. Voorhies, Jr. First Lieutenant, T. A. James, Second Lieutenant, M. S. Squires, First Sergeant, O. F. Peck, Third Sergeant, A. Luria, Color Sergeant, J. Thomas Wheat, Quarter Master Sergeant, E. L. Hews, First Corporal, Charles Thompson, First Artificers, C. H. Waldo, D. Kelly, Treasurer (afterwards Capt. W. Irving Hogdson.

PRIVATES.—Anderson J. B., Bruce N. M., Baker Marion A., Blair J. C., Blow R. A., Bntts E. S., Brand F. A., Bisland J. J., Bloomfield Benj., Barton R. G., Culhertson C. W., Caldwell A. F., Correjollas G., Churchill W. E., Carey F. S., Calmes W. N., Dudley L., DeMerritt J. W., Delamore Jas., Evans Geo. P., Estella M., Easton T. B., Finley L. A., Jr. Fisk John S., Ferriday W. M., Grayson J. B., Jr. Graham L., Grandpre P., Gordon W. E., Goldsmith F., Halsey W. S., Hutton B. V., Henning Wm. H., Hanlon Jos., Harrington S., Hawthorn

The leave-taking of the young men, generally with their relatives, it must be admitted was much more hurried than with their wives, or more often with their sweet-hearts, (for we were nearly all at that age when it is difficult to keep from having at least one.) Some of us were compelled to remain in ranks and be witness to these tender leave-takings—to watch the lustrous eyes, suffusing cheeks, the heaving breasts, the last fond smile, and the concluding kiss—all taking place in less time than it takes to relate it; and to become, as it were, each of us, by sympathy, an actor and *particeps criminis* in the love-making or love-ending tableau that was going on. It did not take a great many minutes to complete this part of the drama—though it was curious in one respect—that of bringing together so many couples of education and refinement and making them act out the drama of their loves, or at least a specimen chapter. All these little incidents were remembered long after and frequently talked over in camp, and very often when we had all become growlers, not much to the credit of the *dramatis personæ*. The fact is, there was some little forgetfulness about these vows after the arrival of the Battalion in Virginia, while the fond and trusting hearts that were left behind, subsequently found themselves so situated, after the capture of the city, as to render any such remembrance inconvenient.

These little love episodes, too, as we soldiered further

A. T., Harvey C. M., Hedges J. H. H., Hemines D. P., Johnson F. A., Johnston T. G., Johnston D. C., Jones O. G., Kennedy John, Lipscomb, A. A., Leverich Chas. E., Lonsdale H. H., Lowe B. M. Jr., Lange F. G., Morell W. C., McLearn John G., McNair H. M., Miller J. H., Norris J. B. O'Brien R. M., Pierson, J. G. Prados J. B., Phelps W. V., Perkins J. A., Quirk Wm. C., Rodgers, J. C. Rocquet A., Robira A., Reid W. A., Smith Alex. Jr., St. Amant —, Spedden E., Speering C. F., Sambola A., Steven W., Stewart —, Stroud George. Sanford C. H., Savage A., Seymour J. W., Simpson G. W., Summers H. D., Tisdale B. F., Tisdale E. K., Tracy M., Vaught W. C. D., West Geo., Wingate W. W., Wingate E. H., Walshe B. T., Willard E. O., Webb J. V., Wolf O. B., Wyche J. F., Wordall F., Ximines W. A.



on, were destined to have their influence, in a remote and indirect way on all of the Battalion, even those most indifferent to the sentiment, and so far from the fond absent being remembered with sympathy, was the cause not unfrequently of loud swearing. For instance, the first detail made of a member to return home (naturally enough) was the man who had just married a brand new wife. Then there were faithful spouses who found opportunities to overtake the Battalion in its various marches, who were either obtaining or entreating to obtain, their husband excused from some camp service, and which, if obtained, would throw the wearisome duty on some less fortunate batchelor comrade. While on the other hand, the latter class would either be absent from camp at every turn, when the presence of the fair was to be obtained, or writing love-letters home, or seeking for furloughs, mostly, of course, with reference to attractions left behind.

At length we were marched into the cars by companies and assigned our places for the journey. The knapsacks, belts and other useless plunder of one sort and another with which we were all more or less burdened, was quickly disposed of upon the hooks over head, or under the seats, (Damocles swords were suspended above,) and every man made himself as comfortable as could be done in a car crowded to its utmost capacity, and on the hottest night of the year.

It need hardly be stated that there was too much excitement for the first half of the night to allow of much sleep. The men laughed, and danced and sung as if possessed by hysteria. The sardine boxes which we had brought along to be eaten when rations run short, were opened before we reached the first station, and the various flasks much sooner.

## CHAPTER III.

## ALL ABOARD—A CAR WHEEL ANABASIS.

IN spite of all of the heat and dust, and the drawback of having no place or opportunity for comfortable sleep, we were most of us in excellent spirits, and our upward journey to Richmond was one all the way through of wild excitement.

But gradually the older and more serious members began to settle down to pipes and tobacco—to staring out at the trees which seemed to rush homewards like an army of giant phantoms, and to realizing that their past habits were cut off from their future. The loud talkers, who had indefatigably told heavy stories which the noise of the train prevented any one but themselves from hearing, began to show signs of exhaustion; and as the night wore on there would sometimes be a brief lull, undisturbed by anything except the heavy breathing of the sleepers. Then the train would stop at a station—one man would be heard complaining of the oppressive boots of his vis-a-vis neighbor against the pit of his stomach; while another would expostulate at the length of legs from behind which projected over the top of the seats and inconvenienced the complainant's head.

We were now made to realize that those with whom we would be most thrown together were the comrades who resembled each other in the single matter of height, and were in character and tastes the most widely different, and that our first study would be to learn to adapt ourselves to each other's ways. And a very difficult lesson to learn that subsequently proved.

For instance, the next morning about day light when the train stopped for water, a clear branch was discovered

running near the railroad embankment, and the men began to tumble out, considerably worn and pulled down, to profit by the best opportunity we would have of washing. The provident soldiers now would produce towels, soaps, combs, etc., and save for the trouble of bending on their knees and bathing like Diana with the brook for a mirror, would manage to make their toilet about as well as if they were at home, or in a fashionable barber's saloon. The only trouble would be that the man who came after would be unprovided, or was too lazy to go down into his own knapsack, and consequently would have to borrow. Before the first borrower had concluded, a second application to borrow would be filled, with similar requests following in rapid order from others, until the owner becoming wearied with waiting would timidly request that the articles be returned when all were through. An hour or so afterwards when the matter was under investigation, it would be made to appear that the soap was regarded as Battalion soap, and that there was nothing more to be heard of it; that the tin wash basin which its fastidious owner had fondly fancied would accompany him in all of his campaigns, had been left behind at the halting station; that the towel had been hung out to dry; and as for the comb somebody had brought it along, but precisely who, nobody could tell!

Of course it need not be said that the owner of the wash basin felt ruined and discontented for the balance of the day, and the day after; for when the time for ablutions came again, he found no friend that was willing to lend him any of the articles before mentioned, and so his satisfaction and happiness at leading the life of a soldier would receive its first check and begin to wane.

"It's not that I care about a d—d little cake of soap," he

would feelingly growl, as his Alnashar visions of soldiering began to disappear like the bubbles that were made from the missing cube; "it's not that I can't make a raise of another towel and comb; but it's the principle of the thing. I begin to believe that about one half of the Batallion are beats that intend to live off the other half, and I want it understood that they won't work that game any more with me. I've got at any rate a bag of good perique tobacco left," (says the speaker filling his pipe and anticipating a movement among the crowd) and if you hear of any body inquiring for any, send them to me, and they will find out where they *can't* get it.

And so far from receiving the sympathy which his misfortunes merited, the victim was affectedly condoled with and taken aside by some one of every group in which he happened to enter, for the purpose of drawing from him a further recital of his wrongs.

We dozed on through the following day, pulled out a novel now and then, or talked in a somewhat more quiet strain than on the night before. Some of the men had still enough enthusiasm left to occupy their time in scouring their sabres; others who had not left civilization entirely behind, produced cards and an ear of corn, which, such is the wickedness of the times, need not be explained to any body, meant a mild game of poker. This included for several days quite a large circle, but this gradually contracted with the pocket books of the players. The game always remained popular, particularly after pay day, though owing to certain difficulties about chips, the number who kept constantly occupied at it was limited. There was a small devoted circle who applied themselves faithfully to it on the cars and off, at night at the guard tent—around the bivouac fire, and sometimes before and

after the bloody carnage of battle. The counters were of gold not unfrequently, at starting—the cards gilt-edged. But the last time I saw the game in camp, the players looked unwashed and ragged, and the papers taken from a bloody knapsack were dealt on an old red cotton handkerchief. The prize that was contended for was a chicken which had been pressed into service, and the loser was to have the privilege of cooking and eating this, and sucking the bones. There is nothing like having a passion or mission in life; and except for the difficulty of paying for the chips, card playing seemed to be as popular a way of killing time as any.

As we journeyed on, we passed through several towns where we were welcomed with great eclat by the population, and indeed the same might be said about every village and isolated house. There was always a sign, as was the case with all the troops who first went out, that the sight of the soldier touched some profound and sympathetic cord. At every depot there would be gathered the most beautiful ladies of the place, who would enthusiastically stream out and welcome us as Calypso and her nymphs did Telemachus, giving us at leaving, flowers, cold chicken, gloves, aprons and knic-nacs of every sort. Sometimes the reception would be at a regularly-laid table, as it was at Huntsville—sometimes in a ball room, as at Iuka Springs, and then after fifteen minutes of waltzing of fast city youth and bashful girls (who thought much to the astonishment of the former, that it looked nicer to be held by the arms instead of being encircled around the waist,) the cars would again move on.

Knoxville and Chattanooga each furnished impressions, but our pride had been humbled along that portion of our route by having to ride all night in box cars. Our

special glory was reserved for Lynchburg, and in after years we never grew weary of gloating over the honors there bestowed upon us. It was on Sunday about noon that we first stood drawn up in line in the principal street, and there were many carriages filled with ladies who lent the charm of their presence to the occasion. One of them was a gorgeous looking beauty who seemed from the glances she bestowed, to have fallen in love with some one of us at first sight. We each of us flattered ourselves with having wrought the charm, and doubtless thenceforth would have recounted around camp fires a good many Arabian night romances, or stories of ourselves, similar to that of Queen Christiana and Ronzares, promoted from a coming soldier, to be a Spanish grandee. But a civilian who was standing by her carriage, dashed these hopes by bringing a message of invitation to one of the color corporals, and this was followed up by an introduction, exchange of rings, correspondence, and all that. Possibly the romantic meeting would have ended in something else, had not death swept away both before the second year of the war.

We passed the remainder of the day and night in Lynchburg, the citizens entertaining us at their houses—that is, all with the exception of the Zenophon of this narrative and a dozen other unfortunate wretches. These were detailed on a very dark, chilly night, to stand guard over the cars on the railroad—none of us well knew which. The first guard mounting, proved as dangerous as it was irksome. Having been placed on the embankment, the sentinel was ordered to march forward on the side of the cars fifty feet and return, keeping meanwhile a bright look out for the enemy. He started to march, as directed, on the track by the side of the train, but had not proceeded fifty

feet before his path (owing to the narrowness of the embankment suddenly ended.) As it was very dark, he was not made aware of this state of things, until he found himself about twenty feet below, with his sabre sticking in the ground, and very much wondering how he so suddenly reached there.

We stood our guard watch of two hours and were then allowed to crawl among some sacks of corn in one of the freight cars, and sleep there until again wanted. By the time we had got through our second dose of guard mounting, there were a dozen of their country's defenders who began to have a low opinion about soldiering.

The only other incident I shall now stop to relate, previous to the arrival at Richmond, was that performed by a young private of that day, and a well known merchant of this. While the train was in motion, proceeding to the last point of our week's journey, a very pretty and patriotic young girl appeared near the track with a bouquet of flowers in her hands, of which to her evident regret, she had no opportunity of disposing. The rear of our long train was composed of platform cars, laden with the guns which were afterwards to accompany us into the field, and underneath whose rattling chains at night the men would crawl and sleep. Upon the last of these platform cars a sentinel was standing, who thought it a pity that such a pretty bouquet should be left behind. The train was going slowly around a curve. Acting up to his idea, he jumped down without accident, took the bouquet, and the moment after succeeded in regaining the train. In fact, he did more—he not only gallantly took the bouquet, but a kiss besides, from the lips of the astonished donor. The same sort of thing happened at a way station where a young lady locked in a room on the second story,

offered a bouquet, then a ring, and finally a kiss to anybody that would climb after them. The work had to be done on a shutter and the outside of a window sash, nevertheless, we had such a variety of talent, that the work was accomplished.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE CONFEDERATE CAPITOL.

We were very much disgusted on arrival at Richmond, for arrive there we at last did, to find that instead of being allowed to take a run around and see the place we were shut up in a tobacco warehouse and a sentinel placed at the gate. While some of us were meditating an imitation of the too lively Zouaves who had been shut up temporarily in an upper hall, and who made a very practical use of their new sashes to let themselves down to the ground, the welcome order came to march to a hotel breakfast. This was our breakfast of adieu, the last we were ever to eat altogether, and when finished, we moved toward camp.

We were now marched in a comfortable frame of mind through the streets of Richmond, led on by the exhilarating notes of Gessner's brass band, which accompanied us from New Orleans, and we spread to the breeze the most costly and beautiful standard borne by any of the Confederate or holiday troops.\*

\*This standard made of very costly silk, yellow upon one side and red upon the other, represented the coat of arms of Louisiana and of the Battalion. It was said to have been made in Paris at a cost of \$750, was heavily mounted in silver and was presented by the ladies of New Orleans, in a speech delivered by Senator Benjamin in which he predicted the war.

It was replied to by the gallant Capt. Wheat, then the color bearer of the Battalion. Towards the close of the war when its preservation became difficult



The uniforming of the members which was done by first class city tailors, had been an item of something like \$20,000 and with brass scales, white belts and gloves and flashing sabres, no organization in the world, as was afterwards told us by President Davis and Lee (to which latter we reported,) ever presented a braver appearance.

Still, in spite of our ardor, there appeared a certain coolness on the part of spectators, which had been previously lacking in our reviews. We did not understand it then, but did afterwards. The fact was, the town was overrun with soldiers, till, as the phrase then was, you could not rest. This was the meditative view taken by the business population, who were occupied rather in thinking of the additional amount of money that would be spent in the city than our showy appearance, and in the few words that we were permitted to exchange in ranks, the people of Richmond began to descend to a low figure. But we soon had cause to change this opinion in every respect; and certainly the ladies of the city, when in the afternoon our camp had been pitched, and who came to see us by thousands, magnificently atoned for any lack of enthusiasm during the day.

It need not be added that there was no city of the Confederacy with which we became so familiar, or to which we became so much attached, as Richmond. It was in

amidst incessant marching, it was sent to grace the Louisiana table of Mrs. Slocumb, at a fair given at Columbia, S. C. The colors were however stolen, before its arrival from the valise of the soldier who had been entrusted with it, together with the valise itself; and though rewards have been offered nothing has ever been heard of it from that day to this. Several of the battle flags that went with the different batteries were brought back. The silver socket was all that was ever brought back of the standard.

It was displayed for the last time on the works in front of Petersburg, on the morning of July 4th, 1864, as a sort of defiance suggested by the day. The production of this flag was speedily responded to, by the hoisting of apparently all of the regimental colors along both Federal and Confederate lines. It was of course subject to a heavy cannonade during the day, though without once being struck.

reality for the next four years our second home, and became the permanent one for a good many of the members, who there contracted ties of marriage and of business, and never returned to the Crescent City. There were none of us but what formed a large circle of friends of every class among the inhabitants, and as time wore on, we found a very large population from our own city gathered there, and in the surrounding camps. To take a Virginia soldier's impressions of Richmond from his pleasant recollections, would be the play of Hamlet with the part of the young lord of Denmark omitted. They were our gleams of sunshine.

But to return to camp. After the work of putting up tents, which we found to be a tremendous bore, the hour for evening drill had arrived, and a very large crowd had gathered to witness our manoeuvres, including President Davis himself. We were overwhelmed with invitations to houses, and received them just as readily without any introductions, and inside of camp lines, as we did in private salons. I used to wonder how Romulus and his fellow-robbers, when they seized on the Sabine women—how they managed in the short time they had for acquaintance, to adapt their booty to individual taste—whether, for instance, the white whiskered robber, who had been compelled to take a sentimental prize, did not afterwards have to swap her off to some young comrade, in exchange for another that was domestic and who had no nonsense about her. But as far as making acquaintances went in our experience, it was astonishing how the different cliques and classes seemed almost instinctively or naturally to find out and adapt themselves to their own kind, whether they believed in blood, money, talent or education, whether carefully brought up or fond of a wild life, of a religious

or business turn, or fond of intrigue and adventure. One of the latter sort, I remember who was on guard at the time of the parade, made a lady acquaintance which made him leave his post to accompany her home; which kept him in all sorts of scrapes for the balance of the war, and which years after led to the singular fainting away of "a star," (for she finally went on the stage,) in a way that the audience could not understand. By a singular sort of coincidence a second lady of the same party became attached and afterwards married to a soldier who was never once absent without leave, and is now well known in our city for his business capacity.

Discipline was very rigidly enforced, and the guard tent was the centre of intelligence, partly because of the details for duty from the various companies, partly because it was generally filled with offenders who had gone off to town without leave, and the narrative of whose adventures about every class of city society was fully as lively as the average newspaper chronicles. Though the guards were very strict (rendered doubly so because they themselves had probably already been caught and made to do extra duty) there never was any means found out for keeping the men in camp when there was no prospect of battle. They would cross the lines, apparently to go after water to bathe, or wash their clothes, (for we were already commencing to do this) and would show no alacrity about coming back. As the sight of a soldier dressed to go to the city would have been enough to have led to his arrest, the plan would be to start badly dressed with a bundle as if for washing, but which in reality contained the best suit. The washing in reality was mostly done by colored *blanchisseuses* who were constantly about camp. When this plan could not be worked at night, some such ruse as

turning a horse loose and rushing after it would be resorted to.

Meanwhile in the matter of sleeping accommodations, we fared rather roughly, for a time. Our blankets were of the thinnest sort, and hardly large enough to envelope a cat. When you covered your feet, your breast would be uncovered, or a gentle zephyr would be playing about your ears or back. Besides, for the first night there was nothing between us and the ground, and we could not well get to sleep without undressing. If ever there was a thoroughly disgusted crowd when the bugle summoned us at day break to roll call, ours was that one. The complaints went to the officers, and the one especially in command could be heard harshly swearing about everybody and everything all through camp. That was the worst day we ever had for growling and rough talk. Then too we had nothing to eat but very tough fried beef, cut in small rhomboids, instead of the magnificent flaps of porter-house steak to which many of us had been accustomed. One of the companies had an excellent cook, J. H. Ingraham, who has since become conspicuous among the colored members of the Legislature;\* but Joe, the one we had, was such a travesty upon the noble *chefs* of the Crescent City, dressed in paper caps and white aprons, that it made us furious to hear him lying, chattering and frying, as if in defiance of our misery. Joe subsequently gratified us by deserting to the enemy, and figuring very largely as an intelligent and well informed contraband. In some of McClellan's reports the northern papers spoke about giving him an important command.

\*Dick Kenner, one of our cooks, has also since been a member of the Legislature.

## CHAPTER V.

## SURE-ENOUGH SOLDIERING.

WE remained about Richmond, awaiting orders, several weeks,\* undergoing daily a good deal of hard drilling,

\* The following is a letter written by Fishback to the N. O. Crescent, dated July 7, 1861 :

"The third and fourth companies of the Washington Battalion artillery leave to-day for Manassas Gap, whither the first two companies have already preceded them.

A delay in obtaining the cannon, harness and drivers, the latter still wanting, has thus far detained them from what is known as "the scene of action." We leave Camp Beauregard with few regrets. Heat, cold, dust, rains, flies—each tent looked as if a swarm of bees had been hived in it—altogether, contributed to make us the most wretched band of patriots upon whose heads ever descended a hot sun or drenching rain. It was a soldier's life with all its hardships, with none of its pleasures or excitements. Our only amusement was cleaning sabres, mounting guard, going through the motion of loading cannon, and lastly, sleeping under the shade of two stunted trees—the only chance for shade there was in the camp. And then, too, to be so near town, and not be able to get there oftener on an average than once a week! The old steeples and roof-tops, as looked down from our camp upon the southern metropolis, was for us an enchanted city—something about which we might sigh, dream about, and form strange fancies, but could not often see. Any one who obtained two "permits" during the week was viewed with considerable envy and jealousy, and when he returned with his pockets filled with candy, sweetmeats and whisky, and told big stories of having dined with Jeff. Davis, and advised his Cabinet officers, we regarded him in the light of a distinguished traveler just returned from some remote land.

I do not know what we should have done, if we had not at length grown weary of so much camp life, and learned to pass the sentinels' lines without always remembering to give the countersign. We began to make acquaintances, to accept invitations to houses, and there were vague rumors which hinted at successes among the fair sex of a more enduring kind.

For myself, my modesty led me to be satisfied with the friendship of a pretty widow, the relict, I think, of some deceased butcher; and I can't boast that I ever succeeded in obtaining from her partiality more than an occasional beefsteak or mutton chop.

Returning late one night, I concluded to sleep till tattoo upon a long bench which occupied the side of our stable, stealing from a horse his bundle of hay for a pillow. I suffered considerably from nightmare, and on awakening was not a little astonished to find pillow, straw hat, and the best part even of my flannel shirt, all gone.

The streets of Richmond are crowded with almost as many soldiers in uniforms as were those of Paris in the Allied Occupations of 1815. I walked all over the city without counting more than ten young men who were not dressed *a la militaire*. Bar rooms and hotels are coining money—your plain drinks, (whiskeys, for instance, which cost, perhaps, twenty-five cents per gallon) sell for fifteen cents a glass, and mint juleps and sherry cobblers at twenty-five cents, so that a campaign of six months would be in what the soldier gets for pay worth exactly three hundred and sixty-five drinks!

We are limbering up our cannon ("Key up that sponge-staff there") for the last time here, and the men are filing off ("Never make the turn until the word, march")

and becoming accustomed to our new duties, (which at first we found extremely irksome, and which took up most of our time) as best we could. The men when not on guard duty, drilling, policeing camp, loading the ammunition chests, would hunt the shade of small trees, and only move with the shadow, or would be seen stretched out in the tents, like so many sullen, discontented animals, in the depths of a cave, glaring out angrily and selfishly from their limited quarters at every intruder.\*

By this time, having in our leisure nothing to do but sleep, notice and comment on individual character, we had come to be pretty well acquainted with each other's failings and strong points. Like every other organization, the Batallion had its aristocracy and popular favorites, and coming, as we did, from a large business centre, those who had been previously engaged in commercial pursuits gave the tone to the balance of the organization—the book-keepers and *attachés* of the large cotton, commission and grocery houses assuming, or having accorded to themselves the first rank. Those whose opportunities as clerks had thrown them much with the every day world, had sufficient powers of self-assertion to claim probably the next grade, while, as likely as not, the men with the most learning, the deepest experience, rarest talent, and eccentricities, generally were regarded rather shyly in the mess

for the last drill; and now having packed our knapsacks, pitched our tents, and kissed the sweethearts we leave behind, you will see us for the future more actively employed, with the scowl of battle upon our face, and hanging upon the flying ranks of the foe."

\*Some such speech as the following, was very commonly heard: "Now don't all of you come piling in here, unless you want to knock the tent down; there's some cussed galoot that makes it a point to stumble over the tent ropes and pins every time he passes, who has nearly done it already."

"Come, Tom, take a rest, and dry up. You've managed to smuggle in the best canteen of whiskey brought into camp, and you can't throw off on old friends that way. Out with it."

And after one more growl about bringing around the whole Batallion, the coveted canteen would be reluctantly handed over.

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and social relations of camp. For instance, a French Colonel who had accompanied us as a volunteer, hardly became known by name, and would never have been promoted to the rank of a Corporal. The same was true of one or two Prussian officers. Of the half dozen lawyers, and the same number of writers, none of them were much thought of—that is in the first year of soldiering. But the truth was, that the men of most ability had no opportunity of showing their special talent, and had but little of any other kind—generally becoming disgusted with camp life among the first, and too contemptuous or despairing of the scanty honors within their reach, to take the trouble to obtain them. “The world is full of the successes of common place men,” says the proverb, and undoubtedly the working characters of every day life made the best soldiers with us.

The real aristocracy, however, in the harsh life of a camp—as well as everywhere else—which outranks all others, is that which can always command money, and which knows how to spend it. On a long march in after years, it is astonishing, when provisions are scarce, how much respect we can have for a comrade who has money enough to buy a loaf of bread for himself as well as his poorer mess-mate. Such a man would be forthwith invited to join the best messes, and be allowed to shirk, if not the entire mess work, at least its roughest parts; and his influence in obtaining leave of absence, a horse to ride, or some body to stand his extra guards, would extend throughout the camp.

The best men would frequently fail of commanding much influence, through modesty and the absence of a stirring, bustling disposition. There for instance, was Professor Gessner, well known now in our city as an accom-

plished teacher, who was scarcely known in camp, except as a faithful, brave soldier; and the same remark would apply to Ernest Byer, the present Prussian Consul at Mobile, and who has since made a fortune in buying cotton. Corporal Coyle has since found it easier to control the coal or towboat business than he did in four years service, to get made Sergeant; while our well known Notary of the present day, A. J. Hero, though the smallest man in the company, through his vigilance, energy and unremitting attention to his duties, became Captain of the Third Company.

In what has been said in our social distinctions, reference is had rather to the make up and material of the Battalion as we started out, than to its character, as we soldiered on. The young snob who believed implicitly in blood, in his father's wealth, family position, or felt elevated above ordinary mortality from having obtained a fat situation in a banking house or insurance company, got bravely over these ideas as he soldiered further on—forgot to part his hair in the middle, and learned to regard men rather by their worth than their artificial position. On the other hand, those who were not known at all at starting, in many instances continued to obtain influential places in the Quartermaster's or Commissary department, and make their influence felt in the distribution of rations. The tendency of this class, who were generally thought to be partial, and were therefore unpopular, was to assume style and airs in proportion to their power; however small and insignificant our honors, we liked to have them recognized for what they were worth.

In the last year of the war, when the provisions given out for three days could have been easily consumed at one meal, I received with several others, an invitation to take







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dinner with the Commissary of our company. Although we had nothing but fried middling and baker's bread for our repast, no reader at this day can realize how much awe the hospitality of our Amphytrion inspired, even in the breasts of some of the higher officers who happened to be present. As each guest present felt in honor bound to eat only a fair share of the delicacies spread before us, one can judge how much of the company's rations had been actually stolen; the effect however of these gorgeous spreads, was to create the impression that the detailed commissaries were reveling in the luxury of Lucullus; or something like the celebrated banquet given years ago in this city, where a politician on the verge of ruin, spent in one night \$40,000 in entertaining his friends.

There were a good many other classes that might be named, such as the class who continued to obtain soft places, and to shirk duty by flattery and playing in a very modest role as courtiers—such too as the musical choirs—a class much envied, who through their talents were always welcomed, not unfrequently to 'the exclusion of less fortunate rivals.

Having stated thus much of the criticisms which soldiers, for absence of other employment, passed upon each other, it is but just to add, that with no hope of glory or of doing more than what every man ought to do for his country, they bore their trials, the meanest of them, with excellent spirit. Their miseries which were indeed great, were met with no discontent. There was no crime—there were no murmurs—and there was a patient acquiescence in orders, except when men were detailed to be away from the battle field, and these were hardly ever obeyed.

## CHAPTER VI.

## OUR FIRST BATTLE.

Having bade adieu to civilization and comfort at Richmond, a dusty day and night of travel brought us to Manassas. I remember nothing of this, except that there were two or three ill-natured disputes among the men who were out of humor about seats, and that the farther we traveled, the less impressed seemed the world, at the sight of a soldier's uniform. It was evident that the farmers, so far from regarding us as patriots, were concerned only about the best means of preserving their fences and crops; our predecessors in soldiering had taught them this much already. Instead of fair women to welcome us with flowers, we saw if we got out of the cars, only cynical landlords who regarded with an evil eye any attempt at a free use of his water or towels, or who would indulge in sneering remarks in reference to a lavish extravagance in the matter of soap.

Arrived at the depot, which was afterwards to become so identified with our recollections of Virginia, we were set to work in the hot sun at getting off our guns, horses, and ammunition chests. We had then to take the road to "Camp Louisiana," whither two of our companies, 1st and 2nd, had already preceded us. We found them pleasantly entrenched on the south bank of Bull Run, in rows of tents connected by an arbor shade, and which latter was as great a luxury to us as Jonah's Gourd was to the much complaining prophet. Our comrades who preceded us consoled us for our fatigue and travel, by welcoming us to a dinner on beans—equivalent on the field to covers at Fritz's or John's at this day. Still it was not without some agony and depression of soul, that we came down to sheet-

iron crackers, or hard-tack, or reconciled ourselves to the afterwards familiar smell of fried bacon, with which, to tell the truth, I have, ever since the war, associated military glory. Now commenced those longings for sweetmeats and vegetables with which our soldiers for four years were consumed, and so hardly, indeed, did it fare with us in diet, that the most intellectual men in the Battalion probably spent more time in painful or envious thought as to the best means of obtaining pies, chickens and eggs than we did on any other subject—patriotism, danger, home and sweethearts, all included.

Those were the days when alarms were of very frequent occurrence—when the imagination was excited by talk of masked batteries, black horse cavalry, “Tigers,” Zouave slaughters, and the like—when cautious sentinels would watch the ears of horses to discern the first tread of the foe, (thirty miles distant) or when the return of the battery-horses from watering, would lead to a rush of the guard to arms, or to the prancing around of the officer of the day with a drawn sabre, and a tremendous shout to the off-duty men to “Fall in.” I remember one fine looking officer, dark, bushy whiskered, and covered with a red-lined cloak, who went through the pantomime of rushing to meet the whole of McDowell’s army, so dramatically—in the style of Forrest, say—that we all voted him, in camp talk, promotion at once.

But at last the alarm which we had felt in our bones for days previous did come—a rocket had been seen—as well as a pillar of smoke, and these marked the approach of the enemy. The most prudent betook ourselves to packing and looking after rations—bathers came in from the Run; idlers quit lazing in the shade, and even the cooks who were dancing or singing around the camp fires, became

silent and watchful. We did not wait long—soon came the bugle sound to “Hitch up,” and of “Boots and saddle,” and in a moment all was confusion. In less than an hour afterwards the white tents had disappeared and we were galloping off to positions assigned us at the various fords.\*

I was lying on a caisson the next day, reading an old farmhouse novel, when we saw the enemy appear on the opposite heights. I did not believe then it was worth while turning down a leaf, even when we could see the gleam of the sun on their brass pieces or arms. A light curl of smoke, followed by a shot, which we could see coming towards us, and which looked like an India rubber ball thrown through the air, convinced us that the first shot had been actually fired. We shifted our position—as their guns were of longer range—and soon saw our line of infantry moving towards the Run. The regiments that then moved forward were mostly composed of sanguine impetuous young men, the pick of the fighting material of the South, who moved forward with loud shouts and an exultant swing at the prospective combat, and who were so impulsive and imprudent, that they threw away their knapsacks and blankets in order to have more freedom of movement. They felt the need of them badly before we were through with our fighting.

As the day advanced (the 18th of June) the enemy made an attempt to cross the Run—our batteries were shoved forward, the infantry opened fire, which rattled

\*General Evans of South Carolina was the first to lead his Brigade into action at Stone Bridge. It consisted of the Fourth South Carolina Regiment and Wheat's Louisiana Battalion. Sustaining them, was General Cocke's Brigade, consisting of the 17th, 19th and 28th Virginia Regiments, commanded respectively by Cols. Cocke, Withers, and Robert T. Preston. These Brigades were the first to bear the brunt of the action, as they were exposed to a concentric fire, the object of the enemy being to turn our left flank while we were endeavoring to turn his right. These regiments of infantry were sustaining the famous Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, who had two of their guns at this point, which made terrible havoc in the ranks of the enemy.—*Richmond Dispatch*, July 6th.

along the line in murderous volleys, and the skirmish or battle of Bull Run was brought on.

It was just as much of a battle, so far as our artillery was concerned, as any we afterwards were in, as we were under heavy fire and continued in action until the fight was decided. It had been commenced, according to Swinton, through the "silly ambition" of Gen. Tyler, "who got it into his head that the enemy would run whenever seriously menaced." In pursuance of a belief that the man that got Manassas would be the great man of the war, and of an intention, as he expressed it, "to go through that night," he drew up his forces on Bull Run parallel to the Confederate troops, and opened an unmeaning fusillade. The result did not correspond to his expectations. The Confederates did not scare worth a cent; on the contrary, they suddenly charged across with a loud yell, and astonished Tyler by completely disrupting his left flank. Meanwhile the guns of the Washington Artillery, which had been distributed about, at the various fords, kept up an active fire until the foe had disappeared.

The following memoranda of the affair of the 18th, was made by Adjutant (afterwards Lieut Colonel) Owen, to whose journal frequent reference will be made in these pages :

"Camp was broken up on the 17th, owing to the driving in of our pickets and the advance of the enemy. Troops withdrawn from north side of Bull Run. Baggage was ordered to Manassas; bivouacked in a pine thicket, near McLean's. Guns placed at McLean's and Blackburn's Fords; we were roused on the 18th, before day, the batteries getting closer to the fords, and one detachment being sent to Union Mills. Zouaves seen moving about in the woods on opposite heights."

A portion of the second and third companies were ordered to Blackburn's ford. Geo. W. Muse, a young man of much promise and amiability was the first victim of the war in the Batallion. Gen. Beauregard, after the engagement, sent us word that we had behaved "like veterans."

The troops kept about their same positions during the following day, though subject to frequent movements and alarms. At a consultation of our Generals, held at McLean's house, afterwards used as a hospital, Beauregard said on the 20th, "Let to-morrow be our Waterloo." If his prediction had been carried out, for which the Confederate Army had every facility in the route of Manassas, it is not too much to suppose that the history of the Confederate war would have been somewhat different from what it is.

The following was the report of Gen. Beauregard, of the action of the Washington Artillery upon the 18th of July :

"It was at this stage of the affair that a remarkable artillery duel was commenced and maintained on our side with a long trained professional opponent, superior in character as well as in the number of his weapons, provided with improved munitions and every artillery appliance, and at the same time occupying the commanding position. The results were marvelous and fitting precursors to the artillery achievements of the 21st of July. In the outset, our fire was directed against the enemy's Infantry, whose bayonets, gleaming above the tree-tops, alone indicated their presence and force. This drew the attention of a battery placed on a high, commanding ridge, and the duel began in earnest. For a time, the aim of the adversary was inaccurate, but this was quickly corrected, and shot fell and shells burst thick and fast in the very midst





OUR FIRST COMMANDER, Page 42



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of our battery, wounding in the course of the combat, Capt. Eshleman, five privates, and the horse of Lieut. Richardson. From the position of our pieces, and the nature of the ground, their aim could only be directed at the smoke of the enemy's artillery; how skilfully and with what execution this was done, can only be realized by an eye witness. For a few moments their guns were silenced, but soon reopened. By direction of Gen. Longstreet, his battery was then advanced by hand, out of the range now ascertained by the enemy, and a shower of spherical case, shell and round shot flew over the heads of our gunners; but one of our pieces had become *hors de combat* from an enlarged vent. From the new position our guns fired as before, with no other aim than the smoke and flash of their adversaries' pieces, renewed and urged the conflict with such signal vigor and effect, that gradually the fire of the enemy slackened, the interval between their discharges grew longer and longer, finally to cease, and we fired a last gun at a baffled, flying foe, whose heavy masses in the distance were plainly seen to break and scatter in wild confusion and utter rout, strewing the ground with cast away guns, hats, blankets and knapsacks, as our parting shells were thrown among them. In their retreat one of their pieces was abandoned, but, from the nature of the ground, it was not sent for that night, and under cover of darkness the enemy recovered it."

The guns engaged in this singular conflict on our side, were three 6-pounder rifle pieces, and four ordinary 6-pounders, all of Walton's battery—the Washington Artillery of New Orleans. The officers immediately attached, were Capt. Eshleman, Lieuts. C. W. Squires, Richardson, Garnet and Whittington. At the same time our infantry held the bank of the stream, in advance of our guns, as the

missiles of the combatants flew to and fro above them; as cool and veteran-like, for more than an hour, they steadily awaited the moment and signal for the advance.

## CHAPTER VII.

### BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

The battle of Manassas was, in many respects, the most curious, and at the same time, the least eventful of the war. If the Federals had given battle on Saturday instead of Sunday, (the 21st of July,) they would have encountered the Confederate army without Johnston's command, whose men, as it was, only arrived at the most critical moment. If the Federals had delayed their attack a few hours longer, Beauregard, dreading Patterson's arrival, would have attacked them, with all the advantages of position on their side. In no battle of the war was there so much of the heroic element developed; the leading generals fought like private soldiers. Gen. Johnston threw himself into the thickest of the fight, and led the gallant 8th Georgia Regiment on with their glorious colors in his hand; Beauregard charged at the head of Hampton's Legion. He was riding up and down the lines between the enemy and our men, thoroughly combative, shouting them on with desperate ardor. Still the battle was going against us. Bee, Bartow, Fisher, Branch and all the field officers of some regiments were killed while struggling to maintain the Confederate line. This was being slowly driven back a mile and a half. But now the quick eye of Jackson discovers a weakly guarded battery and swoops down upon it; Beauregard at the same time pushed for-

ward to regain his line, and so the chances went balancing from one side to the other—the Confederates at one moment driving, at the next being driven. Finally, while Johnston, like Wellington about Blucher, was sighing for his additional regiments to appear in sight, Kirby Smith, who had come fifteen miles since the battle commenced, now rushes forward, and though he falls wounded, cheer after cheer from the Confederates tells that the battle is won.\* The rest was but the stampede of a panic-stricken army towards Washington.†

We make the following further extracts from Adjutant Owen's report :

“Gen. Kirby Smith coming up on the left, the enemy are routed; we firing the last gun. At 4 P. M. I rode over the field and saw the effects of battle for the first time. Men lay killed and wounded on every side—broken muskets, pieces of clothing and dead horses and disabled cannon were scattered about.

“We had been fighting Sherman's, Griffin's and Sprague's Rhode Island Batteries. In the panic they left all their guns where they had been fighting, near Mrs. Henry's

\*His coming up, I heard one soldier remark, was like the throwing of four aces upon a poker table. There was nothing more to be done but to sweep in the stakes.

†JULY 21.—Enemy shelling different portions of our line from the high ground on the other side of Bull Run; it is evident we will have another battle to-day.

7 A. M.—Five guns under Capt. Squires ordered to Lewis House, near the Stone Bridge. Enemy moving towards our left; Evans and Wheat fighting there and falling back. Two rifle guns ordered forward. Enemy still pushing us, and it now becomes evident, from the clouds of dust which rise over their line of march, that the enemy's main attack will be directed here. Gens. Beauregard and Johnston ride by us; fresh troops ordered up; our guns ordered in. We go into position under heavy fire, and fight the enemy's batteries around Henry House. Jos. Reynolds falls mortally wounded. In the thickest of the battle Gen. Beauregard, Capts. Chisholm and Hayward ride up. Gen. B. said to Col. Walton, in passing,

“Hold this position there, and the day is ours. Three cheers for Louisiana.”

The cheer was taken up on our right and left and ran the whole length of the battle line. At this instant the General's horse had his head shot off; and his Aid took Sergt. Owen's mare, much to the latter's disgust.—*Battalion Journal*.

house. She, poor old lady, was between two fires, and was killed in bed. We buried her in her garden.

"Lieut. Dearing and I brought in the colors of the 2d Michigan Regiment, and gave them to Gen. Beauregard. 5 P. M. President Davis arrives from Richmond—is received with great cheering. The pursuit has been checked; why we cannot tell. It is reported the enemy are going at "double" for Washington. Bivouac on the field."

The fact that the last gun of the day was fired by our battery will be confirmed by the following from the Petersburg *Daily Express*, July 26th, 1861:

"The Washington Artillery, who had drawn their guns up the hill and in front of the house known as Mr. Lewis'—Gen. Cocke's and Gen. Johnston's headquarters, and which was riddled with shot—commanded by Major J. B. Walton in person, gave the enemy about this time a parting salute. \* \* \*

"Before the ball had well reached the point aimed at, a whole regiment of the enemy appeared in sight, going at the "double quick" down the Centreville road. Major Walton immediately ordered another shot "to help them along," as he said, and two were sent without delay right at them. There was no obstruction, and the whole front of the regiment was exposed. One-half were seen to fall, and if Gen. Johnston had not at that moment sent an aid to Major Walton, with an order to cease firing, nearly the whole regiment would have been killed."

Draper, in his history of the war, says that the panic was produced by the jam over one of the bridges, and the unexpected explosion of a shell in the midst of the fugitives.

Considering that the route of the Federal army was complete, the most astonishing thing in the world was that none of the desperate ardor that had characterized the generals and troops came to the surface now. The promptness of Evans, on our left flank, in forming a new line of battle with a handful of men, different from what he had anticipated, together with the resistance of Wheat's (La.) Battalion, the 4th Alabama, and 8th Georgia, had stemmed the tide until the other Confederate troops, who were totally unprepared for the situation, could come up; in other words, about all the generalship.

that was displayed or much needed, was to animate the troops on the ground, and to shove in the balance as fast as they arrived on the field. But when the battle was over, the leading actors were either killed, worn out, or ignorant of their victory, or incapable of profiting by it. I remember seeing some officers stop, before charging, to read the news of the glorious victory to a brigade who had not been in the fight at all, and the slowness with which the brigade moved off in pursuit, contrasted strongly with the impetuous rushes which the men learned at a later day to make. It is hardly credible to think of our attacking afterwards impregnable positions like Gettysburg and Malvern Hill, and showing lack of the requisite fire in the moment of victory. A little of the daring of Cortes or Pizarro was what we needed. Jackson, who had been pointed out as standing like a stonewall, and whose cry of, "We must give them the bayonet," had largely decided the battle, earlier in the day—Jackson had too little influence to control, and neither he nor Longstreet (the men on whom Lee afterwards principally relied,) had fairly come to the surface. We had three commanders-in-chief during the day, and it was to the weakness of some one of them that our cavalry charged only for a mile or two. As Greeley truly states, "there were hours of daylight when our troops rushed madly from the field like frightened sheep, yet their pursuit amounted to nothing." The truth was that the Federal army was in a great deal worse condition than Lee in his final retreat, (who took two hundred prisoners a few moments before surrendering at Appomatox Court-House,) and if the cavalry of Manassas had corresponded to that of our enemy's in the last fight, there is no reason why the whole of the Federal army should not have been bagged.

As for what followed after the battle,\* all of the military rules were observed, and by ordinary prudential lights the war was prolonged as well this way as perhaps by any other means that could have been adopted. But this policy did not correspond to the wishes and dreams of the men, who were, from impatience of camp life and disci-

*\*Extract from the Adjutant's Journal.*

JULY 22d—Raining this morning; rode down the turnpike towards Centreville; the route of the fleeing column; we pass large numbers of prisoners coming in; the road is strewn with guns, clothing and dead men; abandoned ambulances and wagons—some filled with wine and luxuries of every kind. Many citizens, members of Congress and others, came with the Federal Army to "see the fun;" ladies came as far as Centreville—we have seen several carriages coming in.

At Cub Run suspension bridge, everything is jammed and smashed up. Cap-ured here a good supply of red blankets and overcoats, which were distributed to the men on returning to camp.

24—The enemy has fallen back to Washington, and everything is supposed to be in a great confusion. In fact, persons coming from there say, all organization is gone; why we don't move on and enter Washington, Pres. Davis and Gen. Beauregard best know.

AUGUST 1st—Still encamped at our old camp-ground, going through the dull routine of camp life. We see many visitors daily who have come on to visit the battle field; we are kept busy riding about and pointing out objects of interest; enough of the exploded caissons belonging to Sherman's Battery, has been carried away to build a house; we live splendidly: Chickens, eggs, vegetables, milk, ice, and claret, paté de foi gras, sardines, etc. Mr. Slidell of New Orleans, visits our camp; we are now according to the papers, the *famous* Washington Artillery.

SEPT.—Change our camp to Centreville, call it Camp Orleans—it is laid out beautifully, and the Third Company has its streets covered by an arbor of branches and leaves.

OCT.—Move camp to Fairfax C. H., (Camp Benjamin.)

NOV.—The Army falls back to Centreville; fortification thrown up on the height; our camp is near Gen. Beauregard; a new supply of tents have been sent us from New Orleans; our camp looks very pretty.

Dec. 25—Begin building winter quarters on Bull Run, on the old battle field of the 18th July.

30—The winter quarter camp is laid out, regularly, with a street for each Company; the houses are of logs, and are roofed with planks, and all have glass windows; the officers have double houses, two rooms on a line and at right angles with the Company Street, the staff on a line in rear of the Company's Officers, the long stable for the horses are in front of the camp, as is also the park of Guns.

JAN.—Gen. Beauregard and Staff have left us: have been ordered to the West; much regret is felt at his being removed. Gen. Joe Johnston is in command; we have but 30,000 men here, and learn that McClellan is massing a large force at Alexandria; we anticipate a retreat from our present position; we have some sport; one day it was fighting a snow ball battle with St. Paul's Chasseurs Battalion.

MARCH 6—Attached to Gen. Longstreet's Division by order of Gen. Johnston.











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pline, compelled to die a thousand deaths, and rot away in idleness. In the same way that in times of revolution, the public prefers the bloodiest tragedies on the stage, or that the soldier selects the wildest and most bizarre novel for camp reading—in the same way ought our generals to have found work for an army, upon whose ranks, inaction was more fatal than the bullets of the enemy. For a cause that from the first could not hope for success, if continued on until one side or the other was exhausted, appeals to extraordinary motives should have been made, daring chances should have been encountered, the feelings and passions which make a frenzied people superior to all military force, should have been stirred up. To do something was the true policy of the Confederacy. Our troops were then the flower of the South, men capable of extraordinary things. They could have been made to disperse and re-assemble, in and out of the enemy's country—as was once done by a Roman conspirator who, finding his six hundred men surrounded, ordered each man to shift for himself and report at Rome, hundreds of miles distant. Any plan as wild for instance, as that of Mahomet and his few followers who broke down the Eastern Roman Empire, would have been better than slow strategy, where our enemy had every advantage in military resources, in the facility of filling up their regiments with foreigners, and in the more patient temper of the troops. The fact that the South sent so many men of education and accomplishments into the ranks, lying about camps idle for months, was an evidence of the devotion of her people, and at the same time of the heavy strain there was upon her. A man ignorant of fencing, and who fights without rules, will frequently disconcert his experienced antagonist; on the same principle having to meet

a foe who would always be better prepared than himself for standing a long war, the South ought to have adopted a policy which savored rather of madness and desperation than one of retreats.

Possibly the war in this way would have been ended in a few months. If so the means suggested were the best. If otherwise, it ought to have been the best reason for preventing the total destruction of property in the South.\*

\*Col. J. B. Walton, states that the Battalion carried into various portions of the line on the 21st, thirteen guns under the commands of Miller, Lewis, Richardson, Squires, Rosser, Slocomb, Battles, Norcom, Garnett, and Whittington, three rifled six pounders, and the balance 4 twelve pound howitzers and smooth six pounders. The battery under Lieut. Squires, received the first fire from the enemy's guns. Fire was shortly after opened by Lieut. Richardson; Sergeant Owen dismounted one of the enemy's guns. About 10 A. M., the artillery was upon the crest struggled for during the day, subject to a terrific fire, the men working as silently and composedly as when on ordinary drill, until the fire of the enemy was silenced. About 1 P. M., Lieut. Squires took position on the Stone Bridge Road, and opened fire upon the retreating columns of the enemy until ordered (momentarily) by Gen. Johnston to save our ammunition; soon after, having obtained their range, our shots fell like target practice upon an enemy retreating by thousands. "The last gun of the 21st was fired from one of the rifles of my battery." Sergeant J. D. Reynolds, killed—wounded, Corporal E. C. Payne, 1st Company; G. L. Crutcher, 4th Company.

Gen. Beauregard in his report says, that two pieces of the Washington Artillery under Richardson, four under Imboden, confronted Hentzleman's Division, and another at about 11 A. M. The Confederates then had only Evans, (Wheat's gallant Battalion,) Bee and Bartow, and two Companies of the 11th Miss. Against this odds, scarcely credibly, our advanced position was for a while maintained, and the enemy's ranks constantly broken and shattered under the scorching fire of our men. Col. Early, with the 7th Va., and Hay's 7th La., came on the ground immediately after Elzy, and took position near the Chinn House, under a severe fire, outflanking the enemy's right. At this moment, under a combined attack all along the line, and by the aid of the fresh troops, we finally carried the contested plateau, and "Early's Brigade pursued the now panic-stricken enemy."—*Beauregard's report, battle of Manassas.*

*Telegram sent of the Battle of Manassas.*

RICHMOND, July 24—(*Crescent* 25th.) Out of the four hundred of Wheat's Command engaged, less than a hundred escaped being either killed or wounded. The Catahoula Guerillas, Capt. Baboup, belonging to the Battalion, fought with desperation.

*Letter from a member of Wheat's Battalion.*

(*Crescent*, August 1st 1861.) On Sunday 21st, at sunrise, the enemy commenced throwing shot and shell among us; the enemy fired as if all hell had been set loose. Flat upon our faces we received their showers of balls; a moment's pause, and we rose, closed upon them with fierce yells, clubbing our rifles and using our long knives. This hand to hand fight lasted until fresh reinforcements drove us back—we carrying our wounded with us. Major Wheat was here

## CHAPTER VIII.

## CAMP LIFE.

After the battle, we had for some months\* no other inci-

shot from his horse; Capt. White's horse was shot under him; our 1st. Lieut. Dick Hawkins, was wounded, shot through the breast and wrist, and any number of killed and wounded were strewn all about.

The New York Fire Zouaves, seeing our momentary confusion, gave three cheers and started for us, but it was the last shout that most of them ever gave. We covered the ground with their dead and dying, and had driven them beyond their first position, when just then we heard, three cheers for the Tigers, and Louisiana. The struggle was decided. The gallant Seventh had "double-quickened" it for nine miles, and came rushing into the fight. They fired as they came within point blank range, and charged with fixed bayonets.

When the fight and pursuit were over, we were drawn up in line and received the thanks of Gen. Johnston, for what he termed our extraordinary and desperate stand; Gen. Beauregard sent word to Major Wheat, "you, and your Battalion, for this day's work, shall never be forgotten, whether you live or die."

## CAMP AND GENERAL RECORD.

\*Our Battalion sustained, during its first year, a severe loss in the resignation of some of its best officers, among whom were Capt. Isaacson and Lieutenants Lewis, Slocomb, Whittington and Adams, whose talents had greatly contributed to the successful organization of the Battalion in its infancy, and most of whom afterwards did good service in other companies. The truth was, that an officers' duties involved so much constant care and trouble, that the position was scarcely to be envied, and we had a good many instances of officers from other corps who honored us by entering our ranks, and like D'Artagnon and his friends of the "Three Guardsmen," were contented to do the duty of a private soldier in preference to holding command.

Aug. 7.—The Louisiana troops now concentrated at Brenville, near Centreville. The 6th and 7th Regiments and Wheat's Battalion near by, Col. Seymour commanding. The time is now arrived for concentrating them all in one brigade. Hon. John Slidell and Warren Stone among the visitors.

Aug. 24th.—The Washington Artillery in New Orleans, turn over \$1280 as the result of a concert given to assist destitute families.

Aug. 16.—Prince Napoleon (Plon-Plon) a guest of Beauregard for two days. The news was soon transmitted by some waggish skirmisher that "Old Fuss and Feathers" had been bagged at last, and the Prince enjoyed the joke largely, until a Georgia regiment was met, which manifested a disposition to anticipate the action of a court martial.

Oct. 20th, 1861.—The first and second company stationed on Munson's Hill. The first had been sent to different points on secret expeditions, one of which was going thirteen miles in the enemy's lines, surprising a camp, etc.

Nov. 26.—Amount expended and due for equipping State soldiers up to date, beside private contributions, \$2,300,000. Gov. Moore states that "the Secretary of the Confederate States made his first requisition on me for three thousand volunteers in April. Before this was filled, the Secretary made a second requisition for five thousand men. In July a third was made for three thousand more. Eight of these regiments and two battalions are now in Virginia, one in Mississippi, three in Kentucky, and five within our own State. There have been besides fourteen companies of infantry mustered in for the special defence of this State, and four companies of artillery. Thirteen other companies are at Camp Lewis—making an aggregate of 20,202, raised by the State, besides, as I believe, 3891 men of independent organizations, or 24,003 in all."—Governor Moore's Message, Nov. 26, 1861.

dents in our life than the changing from one camp to another—the distribution of uniforms, drill, guard-mounting and an occasional detail to go with the wagons to Manassas Station to get corn and provisions. This latter duty or privilege, of riding in a six-mule wagon, driven at full speed, which almost jolted the teeth out of you, was regarded in somewhat the same light at that day as a drive over the shell road would be now. It was a happiness to get a half a dozen miles from camp, and besides that we had a chance of meeting up with friends from other organizations; and, if we had any money, of spending it. These meetings were not, however, generally very satisfactory, and resulted only in showing how men let down as they soldiered on. If the writer of the "Guide to Politeness" had had his rations of water limited to what he could carry in his canteen, it is doubtful whether he would have insisted so strongly that no man could be a gentleman who did not wash his face at least once every day. Possibly, too, in time he would have had his views modified as to the amount of mud upon a man's back or straw in his hair admissible in strictest drawing room etiquette. Count D'Orsay and Beau Brummel would in the end have become disgusted at having to substitute a tin plate, *a la* Jack Strop, for a Venitian mirror—to trying to imagine that his frying pan at dinner represented costly plate or Sevres china, or to using clothes brushes to which the backs of the battery horses might have advanced superior claims. We were so overwhelmed with absurd changes and variations upon all ordinary modes of living, that things became, after a while, as was said by the Texan (when he saw every thing he owned burned down or destroyed) "perfectly ridiculous."

The worst of it was, too, that though somebody was



always falling a victim to these *contre temps* or innovations, the jokes gotten off about them would not always be of the most original or outrageously funny sort. They seldom, for many of us, amounted to much beyond awakening a sad smile, the first time they were told; and they did not pan out any better as they grew in age. But with the majority they wore well, like army clothing; and they were a well-spring of joy to a good many old buffers, whose hearty haw-haws would at the same time reward the narrators, each time they were told, and threaten the stability of our rather rickety tents.

One of these standing camp jokes I may as well mention here, as an illustration of what tent-life is in summer, rather than from any fondness for inflicting old stories. It was about some man who went dead in some particularly hot camp, and whose ghost, some nights after, haunted his old comrades; not because of any remorse, or for the reasons that ghosts usually come. The ghost's real reason, he stated in answer to a cross-examination upon the subject was, that hell was so cold compared with the heat of camp, that the place seemed to have burned down and frozen over, and he had consequently got a leave of absence to come back for his blanket. This joke had a big run in both armies; in fact there was only one other that was oftener quoted; that of the sutler who found he had to compete in selling whisky with a chap who had gone behind his tent, and who, with aid of a gimlet, was underselling him from the sutler's own barrel. One of the yarns said to have secured the passage of the conscript law, was told of an officer who had leave of absence to go home and raise a volunteer regiment, six months after we learned what soldiering was. When the Secretary of State inquired how he was getting on, the

officer reported that he had not yet made any enlistments, but that he had had his eye on a d—d fine looking recruit.

In the days when it began to be said that one had to take a good wallow in the mud to make himself respectable, the visitor who had the hardihood to appear in camp in citizen's clothes had a terrible gauntlet to run in the way of advice, suggestions and comments. How many kind voices would extend him invitations to "Come out of that hat," with such corroborative hints thrown out to convince him that he ought to act promptly, as that his legs were "sticking out." It would be pointed out that his Parrot shell hat might explode; and if a timid turn, he would be agonizingly warned for "God sake to lie down, we are going to explode a cap." The joke was not always confined to the civilian; it was just as exasperating if you were a grand officer and prancing around in gold lace, to create no other effect than the shout of, "Here's your mule."

But as has already been said, a soldier's life is too hard, too much like that of a frontiersman or gambler's, to admit of much sentiment or generosity. The instinct of self-preservation prevails; "everything for me—nothing for you" was the rule generally carried out. Men in those days who had been accustomed at home to jovial dissipation in midnight suppers, with a crowd of similar spirits, bent on amusement or excitement, would sometimes go off alone to the station, from the various regiments and make a small investment in fire water. Now, happiness! This would consist in stealing off to the shade of a fence corner, or of getting under the wagon, if its protection had not already been previously pre-empted, and the happy proprietor would then think that happiness consisted in having a full canteen, and being untroubled by

flies. Soldiering, which is founded on rough military rule inculcates the principle of looking very carefully after self, and it is not easy to remember many names who very often lost sight of this rule—possibly because they had nothing to give, but there were times when, in spite of the hard life by which we were surrounded, their better nature would crop out. We could give our lives for our country, but found it hard frequently to divide some trifling comfort.

But once in a while the old spirit would flash up, and the generous disposition shine forth. For instance, it was the fortune of one of us at the battle of Manassas to get run over by a caisson full of ammunition, and with eight or ten men on it besides. The battle was not over, and any one who had a flask of liquor, was likely enough to need it himself. This fact, however, did not keep Jack C—— from generously extending the last drink in his flask. To know the value of this act, one must have soldiered or traveled across the plains.

On the other hand a wounded man of an adjoining regiment was carried off by a comrade from where he was, bleeding to death, and sent to a hospital, where he recovered. The two men came together again in Pizini's Restaurant—the wounded man eating ice-cream, his brother soldier without a cent of money, and as hungry as a thirty miles march could make him. The man who had been wounded did take the trouble to lay down his spoon long enough to shake hands, but that was all. His omission to offer his comrade a crust of bread probably arose from forgetfulness or lack of more money, as he at any rate gave his life to his country.

Once a man who had one of his legs shot off, begged so hard for his life that some of us picked him up and carried

him away, although it was rather a neglect of duty, as the firing might at any moment have recommenced. This poor fellow had a pocket book containing \$2.50 which he gave to one of us to carry, and which was handed back to him when he was put down. The man counted over the Confederate money attentively, in spite of the pain he must have suffered from his wound, and rather intimated that twenty-five cents were missing. But he got over this feeling presently, and then offered us about fifteen cents a piece for having saved his life. It was a noble offer on his part, as he proceeded to tell us that he was wounded and helpless, and would need the money more than we did.

Some of us helped off a Federal soldier who was similarly wounded; he afterwards met one of our command as a prisoner, and gave him a piece of tobacco, and an old knife, both of which he begged from somebody else, by way of showing that he wished to do what was right. Some such gossiping comments as those above made, would occur as likely as not, while we were marching side by side on the road, when some comrade had been sufficiently rich and generous to buy a flask of liquor and divide its contents with his friends, or where a detail had purchased the article by forming a joint stock association. I shall tell, and then proceed, one more incident which I heard in a similar crowd, by way of showing that we sometimes become hard-feeling and brutal, but afterwards saw our selfishness in its truest light: Tom C—— was a gallant Louisiana Sergeant, who had been wounded in every fight he went into, and whose position near the colors made it certain in his own mind that he always would have the same luck. Passing through Atlanta towards the close of the war, on his way to Chattanooga, he mentioned his presentment to a relative, who told him

to telegraph back any casualty he might meet with, if he had a chance. C—— went into battle, his color-sergeant was wounded and the colors fell on C——. He had not proceeded far with them, before he was shot through both hips. A friend gave him a plug of tobacco and a canteen of water, promised to send his telegram, and the regiment moved on. The doctor came around and refused to move him or dress his wound, as it appeared beyond cure, and thousands of others were suffering. Tom lay there for two days, was carried from the field by his relative, and ultimately recovered enough to hobble about on crutches.

About the time he had recovered enough for him to take the cars and go home, a comrade came to the same house whom Tom had once helped when in great danger, and which comrade, if he had been so disposed, could now have rendered Tom a good many little services. But his friend did nothing of the sort. Tom, who was not only very polite and respectful, but almost reverent towards every woman, had found warm friends in the household among the lady inmates, who rightly regarded him as a hero, and had it not been for the coming of his handsome and showy comrade, probably Tom, in spite of his crippled condition, would have carried away the heart of one of the party. But after his fellow soldier's arrival a cloud came over Tom's fortunes; his simple stories, and honest, artless comments upon life lost their freshness and charm; his sweetheart took or seemed to take a fancy for his comrade, and he began to suspect that his friends were getting weary of rendering service to a cripple. He left one morning with a heavy heart. He had to start at daylight on a chilly, tempestuous morning, and as it was with the utmost difficulty Tom could drag one foot along after

the other, he had hoped that his comrade would take interest enough in him to help him into the carriage, and assist him at the cars. But this comrade who had been talking to the ladies late the night before, and who was very sleepy at the moment of departure, did nothing of the sort. He simply rubbed off enough sleep from his eyes to be able to yawn a "Good bye, old fellow—if I wasn't so d—d sleepy I'd go and help you off." This was the last that the two men saw of each other.

But if Tom had seen the ladies at the breakfast table, and seen especially the flashing eyes of the young lady he loved, he would not have been unavenged. His comrade was told plainly that she could not see how one soldier could be so profoundly selfish and indifferent to a wounded fellow soldier; and there were no more smiles henceforth for him in that house.

The man that told the story said it was himself that had treated Tom C. so badly; and he thought his conduct was as shabby as the ladies had represented, when he had been a little while longer out of camp, and began to look at things unbiassed by the selfishness which soldiering naturally makes.

I speak about such little incidents, because every man worth speaking of, had to do or see some practical soldiering, and in all probability held an obscure position and has a hundred little remembrances in his own history similar to the above. Nearly every reader knows how it was himself, because in all likelihood he as a good citizen, "just went along," without bothering much about the matter, whether he was a soldier, or held high position. There are other and better narratives, which tell of our brilliant officers who were every moment galloping by with jingling spurs, gold lace and scarlet sashes; and who

for all mention made of the soldier in their pages—did pretty much all the service and hard fighting by themselves. It deserves however to be stated, while confining myself mainly to an outline of a soldier's life, that nearly all of our Southern officers, were too proud to fare any better than their men; and practically in their lives, carried out the example of Alexander, when he threw away a cup of water in presence of his thirsty troops.

It deserves to be said that they went in with all of their combativeness to the surface—bracing themselves in the stirrup, with a lusty wave of their sword, and using a musket like a soldier; or later in the war, sitting still on horse-back meditatively, as if each man in a regiment had learned what to do, and as if it was better not to bother it with any interference in action, or interruption. The latter was really the style of fighting that prevailed with the veteran regiments. The men kept on as long as they felt that they were doing any good, and then if not satisfied, as if putting it to a vote, would stalk disgustedly off. The tone of the officers in the few cases, when no general command had been given to fall back, would be that of obstinate jurors, or that of a man in a stage-coach who has been detained, and asks his fellow-passengers to wait with him a little while longer, till he gets through with his dinner. An officer's troops would always stay with him, when there seemed to them any sense in the men keeping on, and sometimes would refuse to retire, when ordered to fall back. The best evidence of this, is the fact in such battles as Malvern Hill and Gettysburg, the storming brigades of the Confederate troops lost forty-four per ct. more than Napoleon ever lost or than was lost in the Franco-German war. The official reports of Gen. Gordon showed that the losses amounted

to one man in every three wounded—one man in every ten, killed in one battle, not to speak of absentees or prisoners. There were brigades where the killed and wounded were over one half.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### A WARLIKE HOTEL.

I OUGHT not to have left so far behind all mention of Manassas station, which point every soldier had more or less occasion to visit during the first year of the war, and about which every one who then did duty has probably a thousand recollections to relate. Apart from its military value, it was the most uninteresting place in existence. In rainy weather, when the wagon trains of the whole army came to it every day, the mud was at least two feet deep—so deep that a horse would sink up to his belly, or in walking a square on foot, one would have his boots pulled off his feet, at least a half dozen times. Beside the cake and pie stands, the most conspicuous feature about the station was Belcher's Hotel—a building almost as large as the City Hotel, though the prices for meals and lodging were rather higher. The walls were rushed up very much like a barn or stable, where the wind on cold nights would whistle through the cracks or intervals of the planks, which were at least a half inch apart. The building was too stories high, and was heated when cold weather came on by an immense stove whose smoke all settled inside.

There was always a large crowd surrounding the stove, though they never remained in their seats more than ten minutes at a time, on account of the smoke. Most of the men who surrounded it appeared like the Blind Calendars







mentioned in the Arabian Nights story, and sat with their eyes firmly closed. Candles about the building were consequently of no use. The last thing you did at night was to wash your eyes in cold water, if you could find any, and the first thing in the morning—to get out of the building as quick as you could, strike for camp, and swear you would never enter it again. It was destroyed, with everything about Manasses, when Gen. Johnston made the first of his everlasting retreats, together with a very large amount of Commissary stores, and every other building there was about the place.

We had occasion to do some hard fighting in a few miles of this famous depot, when Lee was chasing Pope out of his “Head-quarters (or hind-quarters as the joke was) in the saddle;” but we never got to see it again until after the war. At that time the innumerable wagon roads that seemed to lead everywhere, had disappeared, though the fences were still absent. But the town of Manassas has sprung up more prosperously than it had ever been known to be before. A new quarry of red sandstone had been discovered—new stores had been erected from this, as well as a printing office, and a comfortable hotel. Faint traces of the old breast-works could just be discovered, overgrown with grass, and that was all.

One of the pleasantest of our resting places I can remember, was one known as Camp Orleans. This was, perhaps, on account of the shade—perhaps because we had some distance to go for water, and thus had a better opportunity of getting out of camp limits. The spring was the great centre of attraction for our own batallion, two or three Louisiana regiments, and the Tigers, Guerrillas and other companies, who composed the gallant Colonel Wheat's Batallion. A little distance off was a

little village, known as Centreville, pretty much abandoned by its ancient inhabitants to sutlers, ready made forts, quaker guns and all the paraphernalia of war. I remember nothing in the way of incident connected with the place, except the pleasure we all experienced at the commencement of the Indian Summer, at sometimes having to stand guard over the Commissary tent, where there were sometimes a few perquisites of office, and at once having an opportunity of rescuing a couple of ladies from a runaway team of horses. That is, the horses actually ran away, and by rescuing them, I mean that one of us had the honor of helping them from the carriage after the horses had stopped and the danger was over.

Then the whole army went to Fairfax and did nothing particularly worthy of mention, except to execute a beautiful retreat, which was much gloated over at the time, and which simply amounted to striking our tents and burning everything we did not want to carry back with us, immediately after firing off a sky-rocket. It took us all night and part of the next day to get back to camp from about the same place where we started.

Our next camp was called Camp Hollins, and here we were again getting into all sorts of scrapes. We kept our quarters in excellent condition, cutting broom-straw, which grew plentifully, for pallets, and generally having a rather pleasant time around camp fires, dodging smoke, telling stories, and borrowing from our comrade's tobacco pouch, where there was an opening. We had some drills and fancy parades, but these were almost the last we were to have. Once in a while some improvidential youth would be detected in furtively making use of a government horse to visit friends at a distance, and sometimes there would be a court-martial or two, resulting from this grave

violation of discipline. The same party of ladies who had been rescued from the runaway chariot, were the cause of the exercise of one of these exhibitions of camp discipline; and if the reader will picture to himself the difficulty of obtaining a horse under patrol of two or three guardsmen—riding a dozen miles during a snow storm, where your horse would fall down three and four times in descending long and slippery hills, he will have an idea of the restless feeling produced when you are kept a long time inactive in camp. Then we were ordered all of a sudden to go to cutting down trees, chopping them off in prescribed lengths, and then hauling them to a new camping ground, preparatory to building winter quarters. We soon acquired sufficient experience to lay those notched logs one upon the other, and cover them over with shingles prepared for the purpose; and when this was done, with the addition of a rough puncheon floor, window sash, brought in by parties on horseback from some remote abandoned house, and a door, the habitation of a dozen men was in short measure completed.

## LETTER WRITTEN IN TENT.

CENTREVILLE, Dec. 6th, 1861.—This will be my last letter from this place, so at least our officers encourage us so to believe, and feeling that we are thus encouraged for some wise purpose, we give fancy free rein in laying out plans for the future, quartering ourselves for instance in Richmond, and dancing and reveling through the winter solstice with the natives. Meanwhile, time drags wearily enough. Our only amusement is to build air castles (I wish it was winter quarters) around a big fire and dodge the smoke, and should we remain here, I think more of us will die from too much Centreville on the brain, than from all other causes

whatever. I don't say that the town is any more dull and sensationless than many others that we both have probably passed through ; but it seems so to us. I doubt if an incident or adventure ever took place within its dreary limits, unless the necessity of passing through or of staying all night, of some benighted traveler in such a God-forsaken collection of boards, might be regarded in that light. Society of the softer sex, there is none, coffee-houses, there are none. A blacksmith shop, a few stores kept by men who swindle the careless soldier at extremely cheap rates, and the ghost of a hotel so unredeemably dismal, that a night spent in a snow bank would be preferable to entering its portals ; these and a few other houses, built upon an almost perpendicular street, constitute the town.

From this atmosphere, a few friends of different regiments, together with myself, resolved for one day to escape. Freedom, though only for a few hours, was a sufficient motive for me, but with my friends, a determination to obtain a lost dog, was an additional inducement. Our conversation naturally turned upon the qualities of this faithful follower of man, and from my friends I learned that his complexion was a billious, soap colored yellow, that his body was bereft of its tail, and that his legs were disproportionately long for his body, had it not been curtailed of its narrative already. What the use of this sorry cur was, I was unable to ascertain, as the mere asking of such a question might have been construed by a soldier's mind, into an affront. But, I learned that the mere permission to hunt for him required the signatures of half the officers in the regiment, besides one or two Brigadier-Generals, in order to pass the pickets.

Gradually the conversation subsided into subjects of

less interest, (excepting of course, inquiries of every wayfarer, in reference to the lost animal,) and one of the party, who seemed familiar with localities, and anxious to talk, pointed out surrounding objects of interest. Among others he described the occupant of a small house—two rooms and a small garret, which was, he said, familiar to soldiers as the “Widow’s,” and where those who were fortunate enough to have fifty cents were wont to repair for their meals.

The doorway, continued my informant, is always thronged with a hungry crowd, under the eye of a sentinel, of officers and privates, who restrain their impatience until the board is spread, by wallowing on the beds, or smoking pipes, with their legs above the kitchen mantelpieces, ejecting saliva at the hissing stove. Whether the guests visit the widow from admiration of the sex, or the culinary art, my friend thought impossible to say, her pretensions to beauty and skill being about evenly balanced. But eating or love making, no one seems able to boast of much preference, her smiles being distributed with the same impartiality as the tit-bits, gizzards and livers of her table.

Conspicuous at one time among the widow’s admirers, was a sandy-haired youth with a “coming stomach,” whom you may know as Charles. Charles’s parti-colored ties, moccasin vests, bear greased locks, and glittering appearance generally, had constituted him at one time the cynosure of the bar-rooms and banquettes of your city; but the sun of his glory has long since set, and nought remained of his former splendor, but a dirty shirt. His face bore but little evidence of a familiarity with water, while the tangled jungles of his head were equally untroubled with the inroads of brush or comb. His hands dangled at his

side, coarse and dirty, like a couple of smoked hams, and in short, as mouldy and wilted a looking bird was Charles, as was to be found in the Confederate camp. It was about this time that chance led him to the widow's door. The visit awakened old memories, and was attended with purchase of a comb. The second interview involved the washing of his face and hands, and each succeeding visit was succeeded by a similar change and transformation. Whether this brilliant metamorphosis was wholly due to the humanizing influence of woman, or partly to his month's pay, and the holding of strong hands at poker, my informant did not take it upon him to say; but at any rate, the moments of Charles, which are not absorbed in painting a pair of tremendous boots—tops, soles and all, are generally whiled away in the widow's salons.

Thus discoursing and listening to the statistics of another soldier, whose mind appeared to have been much occupied with the study of mules, wagons, and other means of conveyancing not mentioned in law writers, not forgetting meanwhile, to make constant inquiries in reference to the missing dog, we passed through a country war-scathed, exhausted of almost every supply, and almost depopulated of its native inhabitants. No traces of anything like an inclosure were to be seen.

The zig-zag worm fences had disappeared at the first appearance of winter, and a rail is now almost as much an object of curiosity as would be the presence of the great rail-splitter himself. Much was said at the time by the few farmers, who remained, about the destruction of their property, and stringent orders were issued from camp. But the soldiers, whose blood was freezing, were not in a condition to weigh calmly the difference between *meum* and *teum*. It was doubtless good that farmers should



have fences, thought the soldiers; but it was also good that patriots should keep warm, and so the last sign of one has long since disappeared.

Our roads led us over the black waters of Bull Run, by the famous stone bridge and stone house, (the Hougomont Chateau of our Waterloo,) and through the memorable battle-field itself. The fallen trunks of the trees which were cut down to intercept the enemy's path near the bridge, are still remaining, and the broken, splintered tops of others attest where the whirlwind of battle has passed; otherwise, a few shreds and patches of cotton which mark the position of the batteries, a house almost destroyed by the balls and, lastly the graves of the dead, are the sole remaining indications of the greatest battle ever fought upon this continent.

We had not proceeded many miles farther before we came to a house, which appeared to be still inhabited by its owners, and whose external appearance, and the savory smell from the kitchen, gave us some encouragement to hope for dinner. It is not generally thought necessary by the soldier to waste much time in knocking or pulling at the bell, and so we entered the parlor without further ceremony. By way of announcing our arrival, one of the party, in a large, broad-brimmed hat, and with blanket thrown around him, in Indian style, seated himself at the piano, and favored us with some music, with a touch about as light as would have been produced by a horse galloping across the keys. We had sung or rather shouted the Marseillaise and other airs, and one or two couple were waltzing in bonnets and other articles of female paraphernalia which we found in the room, when just at that moment the door opened, and through the dust which had been kicked out of the carpet, we saw the angry face of

the lady of the house. There was evidently no use of apologizing or attempting to mitigate her wrath. So putting on a courageous face, we told her we wanted dinner—we were ready to pay for it, and were obliged to have it—that we were not particular, and that anything in the way of chickens, eggs, butter, and other light dishes of that sort, would easily satisfy us. This we finally persuaded her to give us, and before we had finished the meal, she admitted we were not as hard-looking cases as she at first thought us to be, and that we might, if we chose, return. Meanwhile, one of the party who had been out on the back porch, discovered the lost dog Tige, lying sleeping in the sun, and was beckoning, whistling, and employing all the endearing names which are generally found most successful in attracting a dog's attention, but without avail. Tige seemed to be afflicted with the aristocratic affectation of deafness; but at the first movement that was made by the soldier in his direction, he uttered an indignant yelp, and sought refuge under the kitchen floor. His retreat was, however, useless. The lady of the house abandoned him to his fate, and the remainder of the party coming to the rescue, a part of the flooring was removed, and Tige was ignominiously dragged from his hiding place. His captor now took his prize under his arm, and bidding adieu to our hostess, we all started for camp.

Our return was not attended with many incidents. The soldier who was so well informed on the subject of mules had rashly exhausted his stock of ideas in the morning, and so we trudged on through the mud in silence, by the side of the heavily laden wagon. Once, upon the way, one of us ventured to enter at the back of one of those wains, and had appropriated a seat beside what appeared

to be a closely muffled soldier, but was not a little astonished to find, as he crowded into one-half of the seat, that it was in reality a lady. He was about to vacate the premises, with a profusion of apologies, when she laughingly told him he might stay—that she wanted some one to talk to and would be glad of his company. She was the wife of an officer, who, she proceeded to inform me, (I might as well admit it was myself,) had come on a flying visit to look after her truant husband.

But the road soon forked. I had besides to get down and show my pass to the sentinel, who examined it very carefully up side down. Here, too, our faithless cur availed himself of a moment's freedom, and took to his heels, and although we made the air vocal with Tige's name, we soon found, as one of my disappointed comrades gravely observed, "all hell couldn't whistle him back."

We gained our camp without further adventure, and I soon fell asleep, dreaming that I led the hostess of the day to the altar in the dress of a Vivandier, and that your Fat Contributor acted as grooms-man, in a flannel shirt and red-topped boots. FISHBACK.

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## CHAPTER X.

### IN WINTER QUARTERS.

THERE is nothing about which soldiers more pride themselves, or about which they show more jealousy, than in retaining the few fair acquaintances it was their fortune, during their marches, to make. Whether it was the pastry cook and her little girls who sold pies at Centreville, the village teacher, elderly, motherly old ladies, or dashing,

showy belles, who would move around on horseback, or travel in the ambulance wagon, most of the young men were keenly sensitive to their good opinion, and however awkward, backward or indifferent to ladies' society at home, would always put the best foot forward, where the presence of the fair was to be met with about camp. For them the immaculate collar, which had only been worn on a half dozen state occasions, would be carefully extracted and adjusted—your neighbor's high-top boots would be borrowed, and a contribution generally levied on the slender stock of effects admitted by camp wardrobes.

The most amusing part of the matter was the way in which the old soldier would continue to adapt their appearance, manners, or past history to the ideas of their new friends, and it need hardly be said that the traveler's privilege of relating wonderful and marvelous stories was not forgotten. Old sporting characters soon learned how to dandle babies in their arms, or rock cradles in the most domestic manner in the world, or to sanctimoniously join in hymns with as much fervor as they had in times past trolled out bacchanal songs. Some of these old soldiers acquired extraordinary proficiency in the use of the long bow, however it might be with the artillery practice. We had a saturnine, red-faced company commissary, who was with the Washington Regiment in the Mexican war, a thorough martinet in all military matters, and who never wearied of relating wild and hair-breadth narratives of personal adventure—all with the most gloomy composure. As showing what this gallant soldier had achieved, it may be stated that he was present at one massacre, and was the only man who escaped. It ought to be recorded, too, as a part of history, that he once had a *conducta* of Mexican wagons and mule trains, laden with gold, to bring

through a mountain pass, and was almost certain his convoy would be attacked and captured by robbers. What was he to do? Why, to make up a party at Monte at the first *pueblo* with a Mexican *propriedor* of the richest mine in the world, and who happened very conveniently to be on hand at the time. The game was made—the unhappy old soldier soon found to his chagrin that somehow he could not lose—that he won as many wagon loads as he already held, and that he was now burthened with a dozen more *impedimenta*. His apprehensions proved well founded—just as he had finished acquiring this *embaras de richesse*, the guerrillas “struck the train, as he all along expected, and had captured every thing. And worse than that,” would the old soldier conclude with great energy, “d—n my Confederate soul if they did not take every rag from our backs—even from a party of young ladies who were along with the *conducta*, on their way to a convent. We made a pretty figure, let me tell you, when at the end of our journey we were all carried into a *posada*, wrapped up in sheets and horse blankets.”

There were plenty others, like Henry Phelps, who had a good deal to say about Mexico, or like the Hon. Ned Riviere (of the last legislature,) and Sam Rousseau, (the brother of the Federal General,) who had soldiered in Central America, under Walker, and who were accorded the privilege of distinguished travelers in telling of a hundred mile march made in one day, or of having rations of monkey meat distributed out, as our armies did bacon. But they were overawed when Commissary Hart was about, and never put forth their full strength or quite did themselves justice in his presence.

Then there would be another heavy conversationalist who had had some experience at sea, and who finding the

land well occupied, was compelled to take to salt water, and told as exciting sea-stories about Confederate rams, blockade runners and submarine boats, as Sinbad and Maryatt could have done. We had several of that sort, who used to practice and polish up their yarns at night, around camp fires, preparatory to the next "pirout;" and these artless *raconteurs* would have a queer group of eccentricities gathered around in long blanket coats, with cowls, one here and there in a Mexican jacket or red flannel drawers, while a third would be tink-a-tinking at the guitar. There was a mess of queer fish, who from having some defects of temper, were forced to occupy the same winter quarters—an eccentric poet in one case, in another a cynical prodigal, who had spent a pretty fortune in a few months, on friends who had politely laughed in his face when his money was gone; another, singular to state, was the nice man at home, who played on the piano and parted his hair in the middle. But defects are developed in other ways in camp than with a comb, and the musician, though engaged to marry a beautiful and wealthy girl at home, (perhaps on account of it,) finally left us with a never-ending furlough.

One night there came a singular report in camp. It was whispered that a move the next morning was to be the word, and there was an immense amount of bustle and packing in consequence. When we went to bed we were only permitted to sleep till three the next morning, and were then aroused without bugle call. And after cooking, as was done by the Grand Army at Moscow, over the flames of our burning quarters, and eating (in part) our rations and good many baker's dozen of biscuit, and drinking a tin cup of coffee each man, we took our places rather silently at the pieces and moved off.

We are now upon the first of our retreats—the retreat from Manassas to Richmond. A frosty morning shows us the whole Confederate army drawn up in the road, the men facing towards Richmond. There is a slight tremor or depression at first, indicative of a fear that something has gone wrong, or else we would not have to fall back; this soon wears away; and the infantry meanwhile march with arms at will, and the air of men who carry heavy burthens, and with that movement which indicates that long marching is before them. At the head, or in front of their divisions and regiments, ride the men whose names occupy the page—sometimes the lying page—of history, flanked by cavalry outriders and a cloud of skirmishers. Then come the slow moving trains of ammunition, supplies, and ambulances containing the sick and wounded.

As the day advances, and we discern that the retreat is not the result of any anticipated misfortune, the men, who are glad of any break in camp monotony, regain their spirits.

To understand the first comment frequently made about this and other long retreats, the resident of New Orleans should take a look at the large, life-sized picture, which represents Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. The dead horse, and attendant scavengers—the broken down wagon or forge—abandoned equipments, the sick and wounded by the wayside, make up some of the details at which many of us looked very hard before enlisting, and of which we thought very frequently afterwards. This picture was brought to mind by one of the dreary sights about camp, especially during the winter season and on a long march, that is by the number of dead horses who perish from hunger, cold, bad treatment, or exhaustion.

In this and other marches it was sometimes said that we could have walked all day upon the prostrate bodies of the horses which fell by the wayside. The mule was a much more hardy animal—his carcass was very rarely seen. He endured so well that in time he took the place of the battery horse, (as at Drury's bluff) and we all laughed at the manner in which a mule would shake himself when struck by a bullet, as if divesting himself of some superfluous hornet or gadfly. But a horse once down was like Lucifer—he fell to rise no more. A smooth place would be worn in the mud by the moving to and fro of his head and neck, or where he had thrown out convulsively his legs; and then a lingering death, a swollen and bloated carcass, or bones covered with collapsed hide, with the crows holding a coroner's inquest upon the neighboring tree tops.

To see these serviceable friends of man, and almost indispensable adjuncts of a good army, lying by the wayside, was very depressing, for the reason well known to a soldier, that dull, sluggish horses can never be trained to the point requisite for efficient cavalry horses. Almost as much depends, in a successful charge of cavalry, on the horse as on the man. Raw recruits mounted on well-drilled horses, are more serviceable than veteran troops mounted on clumsy, low-spirited animals. At the battle of the Pyramids, the horses of Muzod Bey's cavalry charged repeatedly in squadrons after their riders were killed. So did the French horses at Waterloo on the English under the same circumstances.

And after the Marquis Romana was compelled to leave his horses on the shore of Denmark, at the embarkation of the troops for Spain, they formed themselves into two hostile armies, as the ships of their late masters faded in



the distance, and charged upon each other with such fury that the earth shook for miles around, and the terrified inhabitants of the country fled panic stricken to their houses. So terrible was the slaughter of these fine Andalusian horses, that out of a body of 10,000 but a few hundred remained alive.

I have always thought in reading this in history, that this was the way in which the inhabitants accounted to the government for some of the missing chargers. This supposition is supported by a remark I once heard dropped by a quarter-master, that the mortality was always heavier with horses when near the cities, and that the deaths reported would sometimes be excessive when in close proximity to a faro bank. There was a great deal of mortality among the horses too, at the close of the war, especially among the cavalry. Capt. G——, upon being questioned by the Federal Commander as to what in the deuce had become of all his stock, reported that “Ze buf-falo gnat—he eats them all.”

By the time that McClellan had discovered the uses of Quaker guns in forts, we were far away on our retreat towards Richmond. I leave it for abler judges to decide as to the policy of keeping an army inactive for months at a time—composed as that one was, of the flower of the South—of retreating to the peninsula, and then retreating from there. What Jackson did in the valley, ought, it seemed to us, to have been done with the army about Manassas; and it seemed to us that if a General has enough inventive genius, he could always find opportunities, like Napoleon, for striking blows with his force whether large or small. But General Johnston probably knew best—he was a cautious, prudent, and thoroughly able commander, who never was caught unawares, but a little long in finding his opportunity.

We had some terrible weather in getting down to Orange Court-House, and the most perfect picture ever made on my mind of blissful sleep occurred on this march. Next to the cooks, who as the men of genius of a mess, gave themselves more airs and made themselves more disagreeable than anybody else, were those who superintended the erection of quarters, purchased supplies, etc. On the occasion referred to, after long and tedious marches and counter marches, making feints upon one place and then on the other, the army was overtaken about dusk by a tremendous storm. The leader of the mess, who exercised great tyranny about having all mess-work done exactly right, was absent when our tent was put up, and some of the lazy ones had contented themselves with a hasty structure, made of rails propped against a fence, that ran at the bottom of the hill. The consequence was, besides what fell over us, the water ran under our blankets from the hill above. Sleep was impossible for many—we were drowned literally out.

“A quarter less twain—six feet scant,” and similar soundings out was the cry, and there was nothing to do but to get up, build large fires of the rails, and keep as warm and dry as we best could.

While standing thus before the fire, miserable and discontented, we were compelled to regard, and this with great envy, a comrade notorious for his indolence, who had laid a rail foundation for his bed, and who, covered with his gum cloth, and undisturbed by the underground streams which worked such misery to the balance of us, contrived to sleep like an infant during the whole of the terrible storm. If he had once turned over, or he had discovered the uproar among the elements, he would have been drowned out too; and it certainly showed a great deal

of forbearance to let him sleep on, and merely step in between him and his share of the fire, without molesting him.

This storm brought about another accident. The musical characters had rigged themselves up with extraordinary splendor, to make a serenade outside of a hospitable mansion, or rather to lay the foundation to giving a little musical soiree inside. Nothing favored them, not even the weather—the crowd were wet and disagreeable, when they arrived, and what was still more exasperating, the comrade who had floated around the world was inside—had got possession of the field, was telling all of the yarns he had rehearsed in camp, and was singing with perfect indifference to the arrival of the chorus. It was in vain the latter tried to snub him, and give him the cold shoulder, and intimate that he did not belong to the select few. The first comer held his ground; and whenever any music was called for, would, while the chorus was affecting bashfulness, plant himself absent-mindedly and dreamily at the piano, and nothing but a torpedo or bomb-shell would ever have moved him until he got through. The part of the joke however, which made the chorus most swear was, the young lady of the house hung on his lips as if he had been a god, and the submissive subject of the admiration, so far from having shown any repentance for having crowded out those tip-top fellows, the musical chorus, got desperately wounded in the next battle, and then married the lady.

## CHAPTER XI.

## ON THE ROAD.

WE camped a week at Orange Court House, and this left no other impression upon us than that our three day's rations of bread at starting, were heavier than the balance of our baggage. Most of the rest of the journey to Richmond was made by cars. Previous to entering one of these, one of the messes had bargained for a small supply of fluids, which the treacherous Boniface, after receiving our money, and finding the men on board of the cars, neglected to produce. He failed, however, to carry his point. An impromptu detachment was immediately started back to his hotel, the humorous George Meek, was placed in command, and made for the next half hour, as fierce a looking non-commissioned officer as one would wish to see. The order to "arrest that man, seize on him," was given to the great terror of the treacherous Boniface; (who would probably at that moment, have given a thousand dollars to be out of the scrape,) to the accompaniment of drawn sabres. However, before carrying him before the Commanding General, whom our host supposed had sent us, we consented to listen to his prayers. Any quantity of canteens would be given us, or the money returned. The sound of the locomotive whistle, made us contented to take the latter.\*

*\*Extract from the Adjutant's Journal.*

MARCH 8.—Began our retreat from Bull Run, at 8 P. M. Marched to Suspension Bridge; distance three miles, and reported to Gen. Longstreet.

9.—Marched to Gainsville.

10.—Marched to Warrenton.

11.—Marched to camp in Jones' Wood.

12.—March to, and camp near Woodville.

13.—We are near Hazle River.

14 and 15.—Still near Hazle River.

16.—Three miles from Culpepper Court House.

17.—Marched ten miles past Culpepper.

18.—Crossed the Rapidan at Barnett's ford, and camped one mile from Orange Court House.

But arriving at the next station, our good genius came to the rescue. A South Carolina Lieutenant who had been to a still and came back laden with twenty canteens, wished to travel on our train. The orders were positive to allow no one but the companies to come aboard. This was however deemed an exceptional case, and although the officer of the day was shouting and gesturing to "put him off," some of the men contrived to keep the order from being obeyed, the officer of the day meanwhile making wrathful imprecations and signs which hinted at court-martial. The storm however was foreseen and anticipated. The principal offender, as soon as the train stopped, hastened forward to his Captain with one of the canteens in his hand, and affected to believe that no officer of the day in the world could have wanted to put off a man laden down with whiskey. The Captain kept the canteen, and admitted that his command had perhaps been misunderstood, owing to the noise of the train. No other incident until our arrival at Richmond.

Our Batallion camped nominally the first night at the Depot, but the understanding seemed to be that we could sleep where we chose, and there were not many who did not avail themselves of the extraordinary opportunity of sleeping in a civilized bed. There were too, some precious moments of freedom vouchsafed to us after we had gone formally in camp, in which we were permitted to renew

22.—Marched through Orange Court House. and camped on Terrell Farm, five miles from Orange Court House. We halt here for the present.

APRIL.—We have enjoyed our camp near Orange Court House very much; the ladies are pretty—we have formed a dancing club which meets twice a week at the Hotel, Orange Court House. The band of the 1st Regiment furnishes fine music. Among the members, are Gen. Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and the officers of the Washington Artillery.

Received orders in Church, to prepare to march. Began 8 p. m.; marched down plank-road to Fredericksburg. Very wearisome marching.

12.—Shipped seven Guns by rail to Richmond; horses and wagons go by Turnpike.

old friendships, and witness a very curious and motley gathering from every part of the world. As nearly every one was only temporarily absent from home or camp, in search of a commission, or enjoyment of a short furlough, the city was naturally in the gayest of spirits, and every one lived extravagantly, while his money lasted; and when gone, did not have much difficulty about hunting up a friend who would divide his table, purse, or medical supplies with him. So that each stratum of visitors became thoroughly impecunious about the time its furlough expired, and would be succeeded by another, whom military accidents or necessities brought within the radius of the city.

The population of the town at that time was extraordinarily large, for the amount of accommodations, and no one under the rank of a Colonel, could hope ever to obtain a room at a hotel, or portion of one; and very frequently at late hours, a dozen distinguished officers were seen stretched out by envious callers about the entries. These latter would be denied the luxury of even a seat in chairs, from scarcity of room, and sometimes unceremoniously be invited to skip off by the diamonded clerks, or previous claimants of the space. During my night in the city—at a very late hour—happening to think about going to bed, I was put in possession for the first time, of this information. There was nothing to do but sally into the streets and meditate over my homeless condition, for which I had abundant leisure, or to endeavor to meet with some adventures that would kill time until day break.

I had not proceeded far, before I discovered that the population was far from having all gone to bed, and upon inquiry of a soldier, I found that he was as badly situated in the matter of sleeping quarters as myself. The previous night he had managed to find some sort of couch



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about a livery stable; but upon returning, he found another occupant ahead of him. The night was chilly, and what made the matter worse, we had many of us in marching worn overcoats and double suits of uniform, on account of the smallness of our knapsacks. This extra clothing, through vanity or comfort was soon disposed of, once we had arrived at Richmond, but at night, with no lodging, was much regretted.

Happening to pass the theatre, I entered. It was at that time owned by M'me. —, who was an old actress herself, and who, from scarcity of talent or infatuation, placed in leading parts a half crazy actor named Dorsey Ogden. One of Otway's old plays (*Venice Preserved*) was at that time on the boards, and one of the incidents of this was the dragging of the heroine around the stage by her back hair. The poetry of the play was so antiquated or inverted that the soldier audience did not even stop eating ground peas to try to catch it. But the back-hair dragging magnificently atoned for Ogden's absurd acting and absence of everything, except a very fine wardrobe; so much so, that the poor heroine was encored and had to be dragged a second time.

A very beautiful theatre was built during the war, and furnished extravagantly. It was always largely crowded—so much so on the first night, that I lost both hat and overcoat in making my entrance.

What had suggested the idea of my entering the theatre at that time, was the hope of meeting up with some friend who would get me shelter. I did not get this, but did manage to join a pretty large crowd of soldiers who were moving towards obscure lodgings, and in keeping in company with these I proceeded to an attic room containing

eight unattractive beds, and succeeded, without opposition, in getting the whole of one of these.

Feeling out of danger in the morning, I ventured to inquire of one of my new acquaintances how it happened that I alone had occupied a whole bed. The soldier told me that for his part he would not have occupied any such couch at all, if he never got any sleep; and in answer to further inquiries explained that a man had been killed in it a night or two previous, growing out of a quarrel as to who had the right of ownership for the occasion. I saw something of the case afterwards in the papers, but the tribunals could obtain no evidence, either through the ignorance, or disinclination to speak, of the witnesses.

Going down to breakfast, I met up with an old Louisiana friend, who, different from every one else, was dressed in an elegant civil costume—a thing at that day regarded with great envy, and the certain index of a soft situation and a plethoric purse. My friend was Jim Morris, (who used to be well known on St. Charles street, and in the army in Violet Guard circles,) and on scanning his costume I discovered that it all probably belonged to its wearer; that is, it was not a mosaic gala, composed of the temporary loans of a half dozen messmates, which we, like the first Napoleon in his days of poverty, were compelled to wear.

I need not state that I felt exceedingly flattered at finding a friend thus dressed, who seemed glad to see me, and in the fervor of my delight I shook him by the hand until the breakfast began to get cold.

Jim had once been a young doctor of much promise, but became seduced by fast company. At some sort of supper or entertainment one night he had won \$1500 at gaming; and this success or misfortune gave him a ruling

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passion, to which he devoted his time henceforth—neglected medicine, and for some years his old friends lost sight of him. When I next saw him, he hunted up all of his old friends. At first glance, from certain hard lines about his face, it was easy to see that Jim had not fared well with the world. His object in coming to see us was to borrow \$10 a-piece, which he was confident he could raise the next day. We succeeded with some work in raising the money, and took the opportunity of trying to persuade him to settle down to his profession. He listened attentively, went away with the money, and beyond the raillery of friends, who smiled at our innocence in wasting both money and breath, we heard nothing more of Jim or his promise until the meeting referred to.

As soon as we had shaken hands, instead of sitting down to the table, he made me put on my hat and carried me off to a restaurant near the Spotswood, picking up more comrades on the way, among whom were Kingslow, Handy and Ballantine; we obtained the best breakfast the market afforded. He told me it was worth his money in the way of getting up an appetite, to see an army friend eat, and upon this calculation, he probably ought to have been well repaid and stimulated by our example. After returning the borrowed money, and showing a good deal of curiosity as to whether I had ever entertained any doubts about repayment (which I was forced to confess I had,) he invited us to make his room our headquarters, and to always come there when we were in town from camp. Dr. Jim now held the rank of surgeon, but I don't think my excellent advice about reform had had much of a beneficial effect; but he showed that he had been immensely pleased at having a friend that took that much interest in him, and never afterwards tired of doing me little services.

I left my friends in the doctor's company, after dropping a hint of caution. When I saw them again their features were overcast with what was then known as a flour-barrel expression of countenance, and their manner was very sad. The explanation was soon made. The doctor's company had been found so pleasant, that they had not had the heart to tear themselves away, until our accomplished bugler had lost \$150, and the others more than twice enough to pay for the breakfast.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE PENINSULA.

At the end of April, we proceeded down the James River to the Peninsula, and encamped near the Yorktown lines of fortification of the Revolutionary War. We did not see the cave in which George (according to the authentic old darkey's story) slipped up on Cornwallis and took him in out of the cold, while asleep; but the old lines of fortification, as evidence that the event really occurred, are still easily to be discerned.

Williamsport, we found to be a queer old place, and at that time singularly blended the cobwebs of antiquity and scholastic lore with the bare and stripped appearance of a beleaguered town. There were some college buildings still in good condition, and a statue of Botetourt, who seemed to have had things pretty much his own way in his day, (he was Governor or something). And there too was an Insane Asylum, where was to be seen a beautiful young lady, who after getting twenty beaux, went crazy from disappointed love for the twenty-first—a soldier in

a Gulf Regiment who did not know enough English to learn what was the matter, or who was prevented by the movement of his regiment from saying so, if he did. But at any rate, there was the poor woman incessantly wringing her hands, or occupied in restlessly rolling up and twisting around a red scarf or mantle, which seemed in some way associated with her misfortune. The town had long since been stripped as bare of everything as a barbecue table is, fifteen minutes after a political speech is finished.

A few days after our arrival, on going to a hospital to see a friend, I found the chaplain growling at having to perform an unusual number of burial services, just at the time when it was the most inconvenient. This statement led to the further explanation that the hospital had been ordered to the rear, and supported the inference that there would be another retreat. We had arrived on the peninsula on a damp, raw evening, but we had beautiful weather most of the time returning, and it naturally put us all in excellent spirits to get once more near Richmond. We had a beautiful country to go through as we approached the city, but the fact was we enjoyed nearly all scenery, when we were kept in motion, particularly the mountainous regions of Virginia and Pennsylvania, and we never heard the order given to go into camp without a sigh.

*Extract from the Adjutant's Journal.*

APRIL 20.—Left Richmond for the Peninsula, with batteries on transport.

21.—Arrived this afternoon at King's Wharf. Before we had our camp arranged, we had an awful storm, wetting everything and every body.

22.—Camped at Blow's Mill, seven miles from King's Wharf.

25.—Marched to Williamsburg—bivouacked two miles beyond.

MAY 2.—Ordnance wagons pass, which means orders for us. March at 3:30; bivouac at Burnt Ordinary Tavern, 50 miles from Richmond.

4.—Move on the Diascund Road and camp. Report to Gen. Magruder, who commands rear guard.

5.—March through a heavy rain all day, and with axles deep in mud. Met the gallant color-bearer of a La. Regiment, with no clothing except his shirt, and everlastingly splashing mud. Camped near Windsor Shades, at 1:30 p. m.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE BIVOUAC.

THE word which heads the chapter is one which occurs frequently in this narrative, and is one which will awaken a host of recollections from old soldiers, mostly of a pleasant character—that is of the comfort which follows from rest and food after a long march, and the enjoyment of pleasant gossip after the supper has been cooked and eaten.

To bring up freshly such a picture again, let us suppose about twilight that the bugle has sounded the halt—that the pieces have been parked, and the horses watered and fed. All is animation and work now, and those who fail in the duties assigned them in the mess, will soon have to sleep by themselves or make new arrangements. One man provides the wood, another the water, while a third makes ready with the cooking utensils. Meanwhile those whose duty it is to construct the temporary habitations—for the reader must remember that tents have become partially obsolete—are preparing a couple of



notched posts to be stuck up in the ground. Across these extends a pole 12 feet long, to the top of which smaller ones are laid, with one end resting upon the ground; over this is thrown a piece of canvass, where we have one, or a large number of twigs and boughs, or even the rotten bark of trees. This answers as a covering for the head; the next thing to be done is to scrape away the mud, hail or snow, cut away damp grass, and to cover the interior with boughs, where straw or planks are impossible to be obtained. The fireman has by this time cut some heavy logs, the fire is kindled against a huge spreading tree at the immediate front of the tent, the cold and darkness disappear, and the sparks shoot merrily upward through the shadows. The rays extend out through the trees of the forest, lighting up leaf and bough with ghostly lights and shadows, and throwing the melodramatic lurid tints over gnarled trunks, or sleet-fringed stems which are found so attractive in the Christmas theatrical performances. As the aroma from simmering cauldrons or coffee-pots mounts into the air, the men who have extended their blankets inside of the tent and stretched themselves thereon, begin to recover from their languor; their spirits adapt themselves to the fantastic shadows—to the innumerable lights which glimmer in every direction through the trees, and reflecting that the entertainment is to last at this spot for “Positively one night only,” begin to enter into the zest of the thing. It need hardly be added, that the truant comrade who comes back with additions to our slender larder, in the shape of chickens or eggs, or better than all, a drop of something to drink, soon has all his sins forgiven, and by the time we have consumed our hot biscuits, a delicious ration of bacon, coffee, and other *et ceteras*, and smoked a pipe of old Virginny, the soldier

finds himself in about as comfortable a frame of mind as any other living mortal.

The most beautiful bivouac I have ever seen, was where the whole army encamped in a valley and at the sides of a mountain with the bivouac fires close together, as had happened already in our retreat from Manassas. There is no need to dwell upon the magnificent panorama of the improvised city that was spread out around us, or the dancing lights, the thousand different calls and cries. But such was not always the life of a bivouac, especially during a storm. Then the tents, says one camp writer, swelling inward beneath the blast, left no slant sufficient to repel the water, which was caught in the hollows and filtered through. Then the wind would increase to a hurricane, in which the canvass would flap and flutter, and the tent pole quiver like a vibrating harpstring.

Finally the pole and the canvass would fall with a crash across your whole bed, your effects dispersed on the wings of the wind; and all around you, would be seen half clad men, grasping their fluttering blankets, and sitting amid the ruins of their beds.

But in good weather, the men were all in splendid humor, and the laugh and shout over some of the ridiculous incidents and mishaps of the day were long and uproarious, and the patriotic songs were rung out with the sound of "clashing steel and clanging trumpet." Then the men would come forward who had yarns or curious histories to relate—of sudden fortunes made or lost in commerce—of the vicissitudes of trade, bringing some men forward and ruining others, or of some of the darker tragedies which make up city histories. We would give the travelers an opportunity of again crossing the plains, shooting buffaloes while on horseback at full speed,

with arrows which would go *through*, or sometimes with guns—the slowest way where a man would use his mouth as a bullet-pouch, and ram down the ball without wadding, by striking the butt end of the gun on the pommel of the saddle. There would be some little badgering about some of these statements, and the “Old Soldier” (before referred to) resented these narratives as a special intrusion, by reciting his own adventures, say, among Mexican Indians, where every body was as virtuous as Hebe and as naked as Venus. Then there were singular gossiping stories which the men had picked up about some of the old houses or villages through which we had passed, which began to have a tendency to ghost spectres and apparitions, as the hours advanced.

One of the unflagging talkers of the occasion was a certain sergeant with a noble air and beautiful side whiskers, whose faults were not those which arise from over-shrinking modesty. He came by some of his sins honestly; he had been an old newspaper reporter, and it was not expected that he should come down to plain truth-telling the moment that printer's ink was beyond his reach. But there was another stirring young man present, of an imaginative turn (Joe L——) who was mixed up with half of the deviltry of the Batallion, and who (merely to show his style,) once sent half the population of Clinton to the woods, by riding through the town while on a furlough, and shouting out that the enemy were coming or just behind. Old Judge Semple, managing editor of the Crescent for many years, and at that time refugeeing, was one of his victims, and every one who remembers the Judge's girth, and knows the distance that had to be run, will admit that the Judge was quite right for abusing Joe for the balance of his days.

These two untiring talkers had been having a good deal to say, and the audience was looking for an avenger. This was found in the person of one of the smallest and most quiet of the group, George M——, who, with the wicked, cynical smile, which every one who knew him will remember, proceeded to relate an incident of the night before. George went on to state that after eating a very square meal, he had laid down to pleasant dreams until he should be called to go on guard. He had, however, not more than comfortably coiled himself in his blanket, before he was wanted. He got up, a little mad at the interruption, and found sitting on a log by the fire, what seemed some new non-commissioned officer—somebody that he had never seen before about the batallion. George started to let into the officer, with a good deal of bitterness, for calling him too soon, but there was something about the looks of the stranger that took him aback and repressed familiarity. Instead of so doing, he began staring very hard at the visitor, and wondering at what seemed a difference in his uniform.

Meanwhile the stranger lit his pipe very deliberately, taking the end of a burning fence rail to do so, and occasionally glancing at George in a way that made the latter feel uncomfortable and impatient.

“Well, what are you waiting for—what do you want?” said George, who began to feel nervous, his tone becoming coaxing instead of irritable, as he ended his inquiry.

The stranger went on puffing, with the immense coal near his cheek, which gave, as George expressed it, “a demoniacal look” to his face; he only, however, glanced furtively out of his eye as much as to say, “It’s strange you don’t know who I am.”

George answered his look rather than his words, and

inquired if he really knew him, or if he was down for any particular detail.

“Detail—I should think you were.” Here he took from his side pocket a queer looking roster, or muster roll, and commenced reading out the names of a good many men that had enlisted in Louisiana companies. This reading was listened to with great interest by George; for he began to remark as something singular, that after reading out the statements of age, nativity and other details placed upon muster rolls, the “Remarks” would invariably end with “died,” or “killed at Blackburn’s Ford, Manassas,” or other battle field. In other words, only those were read out who had died or been killed in some previous engagement. George began to think this sort of reading had an ugly look, and he waited and sat thinking that he had had a very strange visitor indeed.

However, the stranger at last came to his name, and began to run his forefinger slowly out to the end of the roll.

“Well, how does it all end?—you’ve got nothing to say about my name, have you?” said George, with a quavering voice.

The stranger passed his forefinger over his line twice, as if he had possibly made a mistake, and then added:

“No; you are right. The name is not fully run out. But now that I am here, I may as well tell you I’m around, and there is no telling when I’ll want you. All I care is to know where to find you, in case you should be called. And this reminds me that there are some others in this camp that I shall want to report right away, and whom I had perhaps better take in my rounds.”

The stranger inquired where some others were sleeping, made a sort of military salute, and stopped a moment to glance at the remaining names by the light of the fire.

Meanwhile George had dropped off, glad to find that he was not wanted, and more determined than ever to get a good night's rest.

He was again mistaken. Before George had fairly closed his eyes, the stranger was back to his tent, and again disturbing him.

"I beg your pardon for again bothering you, but the fact is your name *is* down on my detail, after all. I am afraid you will have to come along."

George's heart misgave him. He, however, concluded to crawl out of his blanket and fall in.

"Have you got many down on your list?" he inquired as they proceeded.

"Not so many as we have had—though there were a good many after the last battle, whom I carried off armed and equipped as the law directs."

"That must mean that a good many went to heaven with their boots on," as we say now, thought George, but he only inquired if any body else had been detailed from the battalion.

"Oh, yes! There's the Sergeant — and Joe L—, and notoriously hard cases they are too. They were detailed to go along too, and have already passed on. But here we are—we've got *two doors* by which we can now enter, and I hardly know which is the proper one for you."

"Do you know which one Joe and the Sergeant went in at?" anxiously inquired George, endeavoring himself to guess which would be the best one for him.

"Which gate? Why, the directions were plain enough in their case. They went in here—at the left. They are in there now, and likely to stay some time."

"In that case say no more. If men who never tell the

truth went in that way, I know I can't fare any worse, and probably will a great deal better, by taking the road that leads in the other direction."

And so the result would have turned out, if I had not at that moment been shaken up out of a sound sleep and told in good earnest to go on guard.

The point of the narrative, in spite of the clumsy way in which I have told it, would now appear so obviously to be at the expense of the two preceding truthful speakers, that the narrative ended in the indignant growls of the victims, and the laugh of the rest of the listeners. It was then too late to tell any more stories: besides half of the men had fallen asleep before it was concluded; and soon the whole camp was buried in profound slumber.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

We were suddenly marched off, late one night\* down to Drury's Bluff, and in anticipation of the coming up of the Federal monitors, placed in position upon the bank.

\*The following were the orders of our movements:

MAY 6.—Ordered to move at once to the forks of the road, near Forge Bridge. Camped in a beautiful pine grove at 5 P. M.

Enemy pursuing—infantry ordered back. We remain on account of the badness of the road.

7.—Ordered to cross the Chickahominy, at Long Bridge. March ten miles and bivouac.

8.—Marched at a little before 6 A. M. Camp at Blakey's Mill Pond at 12 M.; having made 23 miles in 6 hours—the quickest marching, with perhaps one exception, done during the war.

13.—Capt. Miller's 3d Company ordered to meet gun boats coming up the river at Drury's Bluff.

14.—The rest of the battalion march at 6 A. M. to Bottom's Bridge to report to Gen. Johnston. At 11½ A. M., ordered in camp. At 5 ordered by Gen. Johnston to go two miles back. Bivouac at Savage Station and rejoined by the 3d Co.

16.—Camp six miles from Richmond, at New Bridge.

17.—Back to Blakey's Mill Pond. Whole army in position and invested by McClellan.

I was placed on guard, on a high bluff overlooking the river, though it really was not necessary, as every one was awake and expecting every moment to open fire. The monitors were indeed so near, that we could hear their subdued puffing, and even see the gleam of lights or furnaces on board of the black hulls. Those were the days when the imagination of soldiers were greatly affected by the novelty of the danger we were called upon to meet, and it seemed more terrible, the idea of being killed by a shot as big as a water cooler, than by ordinary musketry fire. It is not a particularly pleasant business any way to be worn out with marching, and then to be forced to meditate upon your chances for the morrow's battle, especially as I can remember was the case at Gettysburg, when the dead and dying of the two days preceding fights are lying on every side of you; when you are compelled to witness every stage of the death saturnalia from the unhappy victim trembling with the last shiver of dissolution to that of the corpse who sits upright with staring eyes, or whose stiffened arm seems to point you yourself the road to perdition on the morrow. A corpse of the latter description passed by us in a wagon while we were at the Bluff, whose hand could not be forced down, and which the soldiers declared was protesting to heaven against the rations we were compelled to eat.

After waiting, or rather changing position twenty times during the following day and digging fortifications in the rain, the batteries were hurried off at midnight, fifteen miles back to Richmond, then down to Chickahominy Swamp, then back to the city again.

Thus we continued to move around the city\* with Gen.

\*MAY 31.—Battle of Seven Pines. Longstreet routes Gen. Casey; Capt. Miller brings off a battery of four Napoleons which we are allowed to keep. Capt. Dearing loses nearly all his horses and men.



Johnston's army, having sometimes to be under heavy fire as at Malvern Hill, but at the same time having to hold ourselves in readiness as reserve, to gallop off at the top of our horse's speed, as the tide of battle ebbed and flowed. I walked over nearly all of the battle-fields about Richmond, and found them as well, as those afterwards of North Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania—pretty much the same—bloated corpses and carcasses of horses—scattered commissary stores. The hotness with

JUNE 26.—Ordered to the Mechanicsville Road, and held in reserve while A. P. Hill drives the enemy. Standing in the road all day, ready at a moment's notice, and the men all impatient.

27.—Still in reserve.

28.—Move to Mechanicsville Bridge, on Chickahominy. 1st and 3d Company report to Longstreet, on the field. 2nd and 4th, bivouac at bridge. Desperate fighting day before.

29.—At Battery No. 3, Williamsburg Road. At 5 p. m. we (with the whole army) move down the Darbytown Road after McClellan. Bivouacked at night in rain.

30.—Marched at daylight—went into park in advance of Longstreet, who promises to put us in to-day.

JULY 1.—Hear the terrible guns pounding away at Malvern Hill. Order comes from Longstreet to come at once. Batteries galloped over four miles in less than half an hour afterwards. Parked in a field where shells whistle over our heads, and some fall about us; but not ordered to open fire, and otherwise doomed to disappointment. As we dashed down the road at full speed in the afternoon, we were cheered by the troops, as if they had been betting on us in a race; and in truth there are few finer things than to see 32 completely equipped guns and caissons, racing with the men on the seats to the battle ground, and stimulated by the smell of powder from the field.

2.—Move across the battle-field of yesterday; dead and wounded lying thickly around. One man was seen dead in a sitting posture, who had been skulking behind a great oak tree, and who was killed by a cannon ball penetrating through it. The enemy had a splendid position, and covered it with guns; but our troops instead of being hurled forward, were put in by Regiments, and cut to pieces in detail. Still in spite of the terrific fire, many of the Georgia and Alabama troops fell among the enemy's guns. The 8th Ga. and 3d Ala. from Mobile, were terribly mangled.

Bivouac in the rain, near Poindexter's House, which is used as headquarters by Lee. President Davis covered with a Mexican *serape*, which he perhaps captured in the war of '45, passed by amid great cheering.

3.—Move in pursuit, and bivouac on Waterloo Farm.

4.—1st and 3d Companies take position nearer the enemy. 2nd and 4th with Anderson. Capt. Squires, with 1st goes below McClellan's position, with S. D. Lee's Cavalry, and fire into the gunboats and transports. First instance of attack on gunboats by light batteries.

8.—Back to Richmond.

12.—Artillery of the right wing on Almond Creek. We call our camp, "Camp Longstreet." We rest and refit.

which the battle was contested, was of course to be judged by the number of dead and wounded, and their proximity to each other. About thirty feet apart meant heavy work, though where the breastworks had to be stormed, as was the case in some of Grant's battles, the dead would lie in piles. The most effective artillery firing done during the war, was in an artillery duel between our first company and an opposing battery of the enemy. In this, beside exploding the caissons and almost annihilating their enemy, they killed every horse on a piece. The unhappy animals were all tangled up by their harness, in one inextricable pile. One of the men came across a beautiful spaniel at Malvern Hill, whom it was difficult to persuade to quit his dead master's side. The offer of rations, however, finally triumphed over his virtue. The dog was alive at Richmond, and apparently infected with strong Confederate prejudices when last seen; though he made a narrow escape for having indulged in a vitiated taste for gnawing off all the buttons off a \$500 coat. This was the property of one of those fierce Majors, whose marches extended only through the streets of Richmond. The feelings of this gallant soldier may be imagined, when upon awakening the morning after a debauch, he discovered the extent of his misfortunes. His fury and agony of mind could only find relief by asking such questions, and failing to understand, "as what in the deuce anybody wanted to keep any such a d—d flop-eared hound around for anyhow."

There was another homely looking yellow dog on the same battle field (who might have been a relation of Tige's,) who could not understand how the battle had gone, or who had had no offers of bacon to corrupt his principles. In an evil moment he attempted to bite a

soldier, detailed to bury the dead, and the attempt cost him a bayonet thrust and his life. The soldier was too much exasperated, and out of humor at the heavy slaughter of our men, to waste any time "fooling around an old dawg."

We were given a number of new guns which had been captured in the fights around Richmond, and had to eat so much of dried vegetables, that the smell of soup *Julienne* to this day brings to mind the sight of swollen and blackened corpses scattered about for miles over a Virginia battlefield.

It was after McClellan had incautiously placed his army astraddle of *Chicahominy* swamp (where as Lincoln expressed it, he was like a bull caught on a fence who could neither kick nor gore,) and where the Federal army was bogged up like Captain John Smith, by a sudden rise in the stream—that the cautious General Johnston found his true chance. Here he hastened to deal his enemy a blow, which would have been much more staggering to the Federal general than it was, but for Johnston's having been severely wounded early in the action. The wound might have won promotion and honor for a soldier born under a more fortunate star; but it virtually ended his Virginia career, before he had a fair opportunity of developing his talents. Gen. Lee now came upon the scene with the startling and joyous intelligence that old *Stonewall* had outwitted his enemies in the Valley, and was on McClellan's flank.

I write the hero's name with pride, and am happy to remember our *Batallion* ever took orders from him. History will probably give *Stonewall* the reputation for more genius and achievement, than any general the civil war brought forth, and had he been at the head of affairs and

remained alive, the war would have ended differently. Our batteries reported to him at the battle of Manassas, and a crowd of us once sat upon the pieces watching him talk; once afterwards, for a half an hour, in consultation with Lee and Longstreet. Jackson was then dressed in a sort of grey homespun suit, with a broken-brimmed cap, and looked like a good driving overseer or manager, with plenty of hard, horse sense, but no accomplishments or other talent—nothing but plain, direct sense. It was because his manners had so little of the air of a man of the world, or because he repressed all expression, that he had the appearance of being a man of not above average ability. The remark was then made by one of us, after staring at him a long time, that there must be some mistake about him—if he was an able man, he showed it less than any man any of us had ever seen.

Gen. Lee first appeared before us in citizen's dress—that is in white duck, with a bob-tailed coat; jogging along without our suspecting who he was. We thought at first, he was a jolly, easy-going miller or distiller, on a visit as a civilian, to the front, and perhaps carrying out a canteen of whiskey for the boys. He showed himself always a good natured, kind-hearted man, as well as a great general—stopping once to reprove though very gently, the drivers for unmercifully beating their horses when they had stalled; and another day walking about and laughing over one of Artemus Ward's stories, and kept in a good humor about it, the rest of the day. He got put out one day, however, with one of our men who took possession of a shady spot, that had been previously occupied by the General; but which had been temporarily abandoned by him to hurry across the James. The young man was asked what made him appropriate his headquarters, and

what annoyed the General was, the idea that he had abandoned the place for good. As the result turned out, we fought more battles in that neighborhood, and stayed there longer than we had done about any other place in Virginia.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### THE DRUMHEAD.

SOMETIMES in the course of our marches our enterprising explorers would come across an odd volume, and for reading this in camp there would be abundant opportunity. For instance, if you were of an indolent turn, you could smoke and read by the tent fire-place, criticising the cook, who was working up to his elbows in dough, or watching the boiling and baking, between the interesting passages. The volume would pass from one mess or dirty hand to another, and the most unreading men in camp, as soon as they found that books were in demand and that they had it in their power to read a coveted volume, would violently claim the right, and set to work in good earnest to cry at or laugh, as the fashion was, over its sentiment or jokes; just the same as men did who never cared for the society of woman previously, or who never cared to drink liquor before entering the army. As soon as it was understood that a canteen, a book or a woman had its value, every body wanted them all; and would study up the art of acquiring them, the same as we did at making brier-root pipes afterwards.

On one of the battle fields about Richmond we came across a volume which had probably gone the rounds of the Federal camp as it did ours, and from one of its chap-

ters, with a view to escaping statistics, and with an object which will be explained further on, I propose to quote in substance, as remembered.

This chapter touched upon a very sensitive chord for a soldier—the fate of a regiment that had disgraced itself in battle, and by shameful cowardice and lack of discipline communicated their panic and exposed the other troops, thus converting a half won victory into a disastrous defeat. The time was in the Thirty Years War of Germany, and the name of the regiment was “Madelon’s Cuirassiers.” When the remnant of the beaten army had rallied under the walls of Prague, sometime after, the regiment which had lost the battle was seen to approach that city; but its ranks are thinned less by the sword than by desertion. It is understood among them that the matter will be inquired into, and as they come in view, deep shame sits upon the bearded faces of the men; the soldiers declaring that reform should commence at the top of the stairs; the officers conversing in low whispers as to how best to excuse their own conduct.

Arrived at the gates a message is received, ordering the men to dismount, lead their horses, and enter with lowered colors and without sound of trumpet. This ominous reception made the remainder of the regiment regret that they had not followed the example of desertion which had been abundantly set them at the close of the battle; nevertheless, with downcast eyes and with wide intervals between the files, they marched on through the narrow streets.

Suddenly, dismounted dragoons, with mousqueton, appeared behind them—the windows and balconies are seen to be lined with carabineers, who carry their weapons at the recover. In the public square they are ordered

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to "Halt;" "Draw swords." Then follows the command, "Ground arms." The hearts of the now disarmed men, who are formed up as prisoners, misgive them. The arms and colors are carried off, and every thing appeared ready for an approaching execution. For there in the centre of the square stands the solemn headsman, with his red cloak and black feather, with an iron vice upon one side and a pile of fagots upon the other. A glittering circle of bayonets appears all around, while on one side sit on horseback the military officers who are to try the offenders, if trial there be for men manifestly already condemned. There is but one question—whether the cowardice is the fault of the officers or men; and after the question has been debated violently for two hours, by officers and men, and the prisoners are coming to blows, the clamor of voices ceases, at the blast of the trumpet. The judges consult—the prisoners draw back, and an abrupt, uneasy movement commences among them—behind and in front. In a moment more the cause becomes evident to the spectators—the hands of the officers are being bound behind their backs—they are separating the soldiers by tens. While these latter are made to throw dice on drumheads for their lives, the executioner is burning at the stake the regimental flags and decorations, or snapping the sword blades in his iron vice. With mournful eyes and sad hearts they see their flags consumed and weapons broken at the hands of the headsman—they witness it with an agony to which death would have been sweet.

Meanwhile the soldier of the ten who has thrown the lowest die is being seized and bound and placed with the group of already handcuffed officers. And now comes the closing and most terrible act of all. The gallows

appears on the scene, and the unhappy tenth man and all the officers are strung up by their necks, on a scaffold made ready for the purpose, the balance being condemned to labor on fortifications; and the town-crier solemnly proclaims the whole regiment, from colonel down to the last dragoon, to be "Infamous Poltroons."\*

I have brought to mind this picture of a regiment which has disgraced its colors, by way of making those who have never thought of the subject, realize how great a misfortune a soldier considers it to be, to be disgraced in battle, and what dejection and downcast looks settle upon his face where the reputation of his regiment has in any degree been tarnished.

Some such picture, in many of its details as the one above given, was constantly coming before every soldier's imagination. He was hearing the words "miserable poltroons" pronounced in the shambling and straggling march of certain regiments who had been disgraced, in the

\*A similar scene is given in a number of the New York Tribune of 1861 of the mutiny of the 79th New York Regiment which will be suggested by the above. In this 400 men flatly refused to move from camp. The non-commissioned officers took from the men their arms. One hundred men alone stood firm, and kept the mutineers confined until surrounded by cavalry, infantry and artillery. The leaders were handcuffed, an act was read reciting their many instances of insubordination, and the leaders, some seventy in number, who were disarmed and marched to the guard house, declared amenable to the articles of war. The regimental colors were then taken away, and every man ordered to be shot down who refused to obey.

Another misunderstanding between officers and men is thus given in a letter of I. G., from Columbus, Kentucky, to the Crescent, in the same year:

"Serious difficulties have arisen in the — Artillery from your State. Owing to treatment, which is explained—they tore the initial of their Captain from their caps, whom they repudiated, and since this a difficulty has occurred with their new commander. The men complained of rough, unfeeling treatment; open expressions of dissatisfaction led to an altercation between the captain and one of the non-commissioned officers, which resulted in the latter drawing a dagger and the former using a sword. The non-commissioned officer had his hand badly injured in clutching the officer's sword, and is now under arrest. One hundred men made affidavit of grievance, which Polk refused to receive, but offered instead a transfer. This was declined, and a big trouble the consequence; though ultimately settled by a transfer of forty of the members to another artillery."



depressed looks of the men themselves, and in the free criticism of onlooking soldiers. He could see the words of disgrace betrayed in ambiguous reports of battles, where no amount of explanation could conceal what had been bad and cowardly conduct; and at night by camp fires he would hear discussed the reputation of those regiments who had first broken—at Gettysburg or elsewhere, and thus caused the loss of victory and death to the overwhelmed brigades who remained behind.

A company or regiment that once showed signs of weakness, makes its own soldiers ten times more distrustful of each other's valor in the next engagement, and unless the demoralization has been cured, and confidence restored, is a source of danger rather than of strength to an army, and will inevitably damn the reputation of any good men who happen to be connected with it.\* As I write this now, there rises before me the picture of a brave old friend from the 8th Georgia Regiment, who was half lamenting, half crying, over the repulse his command and the Confederate troops had met with at Malvern Hill, under the 150 guns with which McClellan on that day swept the Confederate line. "We had nothing but our reputation," said he, "and now we'll never want to go home, as we've lost that." In this latter statement he was mistaken. As for tears, a great many soldiers shed them at Gettysburg, though there had been no lack of courage,

\*In so speaking, I am far from recommending the frequent enforcement of the death penalty, as a remedy. Anthony Sambola, Esq., who was detailed from the Fifth Company of Washington Artillery, as clerk to a court-martial, tells me there were 150 men shot between Chickamauga and Atlanta. Desertions on a large scale showed the discontent or hopelessness of the troops from certain States, and wholesale shootings (as for instance, 22 at a time) only made the men more disaffected. My information is that Gen. Lee never signed the death penalty but once, and only then with the greatest reluctance. The penalty might have been just to the men who deserted, or to the officers who did not do their full duty; but at the same time it destroyed the *esprit* of the regiments from whom the men were taken.

and there were no dry eyes at all, though not from a sense of shame, on the day at Appomatox Court House, when General Lee, for the first time, dressed himself in full uniform, and told his few followers, good bye.

The trials which took place in the Confederate army, were mostly regimental, that is were trivial and for which no court-martials should have been ordered at all, and were much more merciful in their awards than the one above recorded—seldom amounting to more than extra guard duty or loss of pay for a month, and for offences, which were really crimes, to confinement at Castle Thunder, with the ball and chain. The only case I can now remember where the death penalty was inflicted, was in the time following the first battle of Manassas, when two of the “Tigers” were tried for insubordination, and for striking their officers. The finding of the Court was—Death.

And so death it was, the spot for the tragedy being but a little distance from our camp. At the appointed hour, a very large crowd of officers and men were there assembled. A hollow square had been previously formed of troops from the same brigade. At about 10, the prisoners who had been sustained in the previous interval by the consolations of liquor and champagne, contributed by generous comrades, were brought upon the field. They were dressed in striped blouse and white Zouave breeches, and in the full eccentric uniform of the Company—the whole command being similarly dressed. The arms of the condemned men were pinioned behind their backs; but their steps were elastic and showed no sign of dejection. Now the officer in command orders the finding of the court-martial to be read, and then the dramatic interest in the scene is increased, when the doomed prisoners are con-

fronted with their own coffins. The remaining details are very simple—bandaging their eyes, and causing them to get upon their knees, before the twelve motionless statues (or friends representing duty,) who stand with loaded guns. The command is given, “make ready, aim, fire,” and the strong men of the moment before roll back corpses.

I saw afterwards, several prisoners taken out and shot at Richmond, for various offenses. They were generally carefully dressed in black, and did not greatly differ in appearance from that of a man who is going to appear in public on a formal occasion—who is going to get married in his best suit, or who has some public duty to perform. We had too in our camp, a driver who had been at West Point, enlisted for his knowledge about driving battery horses; but who fell into disgrace. He however, had no greater misfortune than to be driven from camp, by order of court-martial, after having had his head shaved; or in other words, to be drummed out of the army. The man shortly after was elected or appointed major of a Battalion, and did good service. There were a great many more victims of war all through the South, than those who were killed in battles; for instance, those who gave all their time to drilling and equipping their men, who spent all their own fortunes in the work, and that of their friends, and who after all, were ruthlessly shoved aside for some new favorite, kept behind or constantly placed in obscurity. The South would have fared none the worse, if the men of education, who volunteered from duty, had been permitted to go home, and give their talents and experience as officers to new regiments. The fighting of the regiments raised towards the close of the war would have been much better, if such a rule had been adopted.

A tragic incident which awakened much less feeling, as

the guilty party was not one of our own men, occurred on our march after Pope in 1862.

During the march of the army, September 21, 1862, a spy dressed in Confederate uniform, or rather an imitation of it, rode up to Gen. D. R. Jones, commanding division, and told him he had been sent by Gen. Jackson, to tell him to halt his division where it then was. Suspicion was aroused, from the fact that Jones was under Longstreet, and cypher alphabets and memoranda were found upon his person. It was now remembered that one of Longstreet's couriers had been shot on the night previous, while carrying a dispatch, by a man answering the pretended messenger's description. It was now found too, on examination, that one of the barrels of his revolver was empty. A drum head court-martial was immediately called—papers examined, and his guilt clearly proved by his own confession. The unhappy wretch was taken into the woods—his hands tied behind him, and placed astride of a mule; a rope was then tied around his neck—the end thrown over a limb of a tree. Then the mule was struck with a stick by one of Longstreet's couriers; away went the mule, and with it went the soul of Charles Mason, spy, of Terryville, Pa. The column was detained by this interruption three hours. The body of the dangling corpse presented a ghastly spectacle, as we marched by; his boots had disappeared, and it was then said that these were the perquisites of the officiating Jack Ketch. The man died defiantly, claiming to have given his life for his country.

All further that need be said upon this head, is that the talents, or one talent of a great general, consists in knowing profoundly the character of his men—their prejudices and sympathies, and where discipline should be sternly enforced, or wisely relaxed. For instance, one of

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our Generals in a Western Army, was at one time immensely unpopular by allowing, as was reported in the army, soldiers to be shot for chicken and hog-stealing; though Cromwell, Napoleon, and other great and popular Generals had in the enforcement of discipline, inflicted equally great penalties. But the idea of shooting a soldier in North Georgia, or Tennessee, for hog-stealing, a crime to which the people of those States have the same sort of temptation that a Texan has to get away with a horse or cattle! Such a sentence, though there doubtless was great need of making private property respected, was absurdly unjust, in view of the fact that the army was nearly always half-fed and frequently starving. To shoot a man born on American soil, who has a natural tendency to steal, as a quartermaster or office-holder, but to die like a man when he is fed, was felt to be an outrage on every brave man who had given his life to the issue.

Of a similar character was much of the discipline enforced during the first year of the war. Until officers and men had come to understand each other, and were forced to accord esteem and respect to great qualities shown in battle, we were like animals badly broken or harnessed, galled jades wincing under needless restriction. The gentleman of the salon or parlor retains in the every day life of a camp, but little trace of breeding or civility, but his sensibilities and pride were very easily touched; and probably a stricter and more cheerful discipline would have been kept up, if careful attention had been paid to these facts. Probably, too, there would have been less of the weariness and heart sickness which made so many spirited men sink off, from a feeling that they had not elected rigid and just officers, but selfish and insolent oppressors. But this feeling died out as the war advanced

—the officers who were reserved, more because of their unfamiliarity with their new duties, than from being inflated with vanity, gradually learned their true duty to their men, and to retain at the same time their respect, while the soldiers were not slow in appreciating the deserving ones at their true worth.

It's human nature to abuse more or less, your privileges and advantages of fortune—by keeping the tit-bits for yourself, the soft places for your friends, and by putting on rough duty those whom you do not like; for instance, in putting one soldier to assist in making fortifications under heavy fire, with a spade (as I once saw one officer of the day do) in place of a lazier or more cowardly comrade. But on the other hand, selfishness would crop out just as often in the soldier, as already previously explained.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### BATTLE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

We laid around Richmond from the thirteenth to the twenty-fifth of July. The life would have been slow suicide a year previous; but after witnessing the desperate fighting at Mechanicsville and Malvern Hill, and seeing thirty thousand men killed, wounded and taken prisoners in the two armies in the Seven Day's Fight alone, we were contented to bide our time—to accept a sort of happiness similar to that of our battery horses, fully assured that we would not have long to wait for hot work.

On the 25th the 3d Company were ordered off with Gen. Anderson to New Market Heights; on the 5th of

August an attack having been made by the enemy on Malvern Hill we got ready to meet him. The First and Fourth Companies were at Laurel Hill Church.

Evans now commenced pressing McClellan and taking prisoners at Malvern Hill, which soon led to its abandonment, and our being sent back to camp (Longstreet.)

General Lee thinking that McClellan's army was no longer worth watching, commenced moving North, and our batteries received marching orders on the 10th. When we passed through Richmond, as an evidence of the change that had commenced, the people looked on Lee's army silently and a little sadly, dimly comprehending that in spite of recent victories many more hecatombs of bodies would be made before the end was yet to come, and that victory for us meant but little more than the showy uniforms in which the volunteer troops had first come on. Here were all the regiments marching through, except those already dead and crippled; and those still alive and now marching on would still have to furnish 100,000 skeletons, as if for a corduroy road, from Gettysburg to Petersburg. There were at any rate 500,000 corpses to be furnished to order as if on requisition from the two armies; and the number taken from those who died or were killed in Virginia would have exceeded Tamerlane's pyramid of 300,000 skulls.

We camped the first night out on the Chickahominy, 12 miles beyond Richmond, while the infantry were shoved forward to Gordonsville by rail. Jackson had been up to his usual thimble-rigging tricks upon Gen. Pope, (who was now trying to see what he could make out of the office of Federal Commander) holding before his blindly-groping enemy at one moment a Jack-o'-lantern light, and the next presenting him with a St. Anthony number of

temptations. The first of the military blunders into which Pope was invited, was to attempt attacking our railroad line of communication with Richmond. To do this he pushed Gen. Banks forward to Cedar Mountain, with the caution given many times, through Pope's Chief of Staff, according to Greeley, "that there must be no backing out *this* day." And so there was not to be, he found, when he started onward; for Lee's troops meanwhile arriving, Jackson stealthily pushed forward Ewell's Division, scattering the Federal cavalry, and creeping through the woods along the western base of Cedar Mountain. Having taken up a strong position, fixed his batteries, and generally made himself comfortable, there was nothing more to be done but wait until Banks should come along and carry out his intention of not backing out.

Banks' attack was, however, very heavy upon Early's brigade of Ewell's Division, who held the road, and Taliaferro was assailed at one time in flank and rear. "But the best Union blood," says Greeley, "poured like water; Gen. Geary was wounded, Price taken prisoner, Crawford's brigade was a mere skeleton, and the others lost half their number in killed and wounded—more than two thousand in all." After several day's maneuvering, Pope captured a letter which showed that Lee's whole army was upon him, and immediately struck the back track across the Rappahannock.

Meanwhile our batteries had marched to Montpelier—traveling early in the morning and late in the evening, on account of the heat, and bivouacking at Hope's Tavern. The next day carried us to Louisa Court-House, and the day after to Gordonsville.

We were ordered forward again when Pope fell back to Orange Court-House, (Aug. 16,) and found the enemy







directly in our front. On the following day at noon, we moved cautiously forward, and camped near midnight on the Rapidan. The companies were assigned, Eshelman's to Pickett's brigade, Richardson's to Toombs'.

On the night of the 2d it was understood that we were to prepare for hot work the next day, and at daylight the following morning, Col. Walton posted the guns on the South side of the Rappahannock, at the Railroad bridge, and at Beverly's Ford—the design being to threaten a crossing at these points, while the army meanwhile should move up the Rappahannock and get behind Pope's right. At 6.30, Capt. Miller of the 3d company, who had the strain of the firing upon him, discharged the signal gun, and before a third could be fired, obtained a reply from the enemy's batteries upon the opposite side. And a dreadfully hot reply it was. The enemy had as much the advantage in position and guns as Jackson had had at Cedar Mountain. Every shot they fired tore through our ranks, killing and wounding the men, and smashing the pieces. The fire became so hot that a battery who had been assigned position to the left of the Washington Artillery forgot to imitate the boy who stood on the burning deck, and moved off without awaiting orders. In the progress of the battle twenty-three of our horses were killed, and nine men killed and twelve wounded. Lieut. Brewer's horse went galloping back, with an empty saddle, (leaving his rider dying on the field) to the very officer to whom it had been promised that day, in case its owner should be killed; which arrival happened just as a shell exploded at the side of Col. Walton, killing the horse of bugler Frank Villasano, and wounding that of Adjutant Owen. Lieut. Brewer sent word to his friends at home that he had tried to live like a Christian and die like a

soldier. He was buried at night in St. James Church yard, with the bodies of other of our own men, who died on the same battle field.

Private R. T. Marshall was the brother of Gen. Lee's private secretary—the latter assisting at the funeral with a clergyman. The grave of the latter is now marked at Warrenton, with a piece of the Richmond-made gun which caused his death. The further details of this battle will be found in the following reports of the battle of the Rappahannock:

#### REPORT OF GEN. LEE.

On the 23d of August, Gen. Longstreet directed Col. Walton, with part of the Washington Artillery and other batteries of his command, to drive back a force of the enemy that had crossed to the South bank of the Rappahannock, near the railroad bridge, upon the withdrawal of Gen. Jackson on the previous day. Fire was opened about sunrise, and continued with great vigor for several hours, the enemy being compelled to withdraw with loss. Some of the batteries of Col. S. D. Lee's battalion were ordered to aid those of Col. Walton, and under their united fire, the enemy was forced to abandon his position on the north side of the river, burning in his retreat the railroad bridge and the neighboring dwellings.

#### REPORT OF GEN. LONGSTREET.

I had ordered Col. Walton to place his batteries in position at Rappahannock station, and to drive the enemy from his positions on both sides of the river.

The batteries were opened at sunrise on the 23d, and a severe cannonade continued for several hours. In about two hours, however, the enemy was driven across the river, abandoning his tête-de-pont. The brigades of Brigadier Gen. Evans and D. R. Jones, the latter under Col. G. F. Anderson, moved forward to occupy this position. It was found untenable, however, being exposed to a cross-fire of artillery from the other bank. The troops were therefore partially withdrawn, and Col. S. D. Lee was ordered to select position for his batteries, and joined in the combat. The enemy's position was soon rendered too warm for him, and he took advantage of a severe rain storm to retreat in haste, after firing the bridge and the private dwellings in its vicinity. Col. Walton deserves much credit for skill in the management of his batteries; and Col. Lee got into position in time for some good practice.

#### REPORT OF COL. WALTON.

HEADQUARTERS ARTILLERY CORPS, RIGHT WING, }  
*Dept. Northern Virginia, Aug. 25, 1862.* }

I have the honor to report that, in obedience to an order received from Major General Longstreet, on the evening of the 22d instant, accompanied by Major

J. J. Garnett, Chief of Artillery on the Staff of Brig. Gen. D. R. Jones, and Capt. C. W. Squires, commanding the first Company of Washington Artillery, I made a reconnoissance of the position of the enemy in the vicinity of Beverly's Ford and Rappahannock station, on the Rappahannock river, with the view, as instructed, to place the long-range guns under my command, in position to open upon the enemy's batteries early on the following morning. Having, during the night, made all necessary preparation, at daybreak, on the morning of the 23d, I placed in position on the left, at Beverly's Ford, Capt. Miller's battery Washington Artillery, four light twelve-pounder Napoleon guns; a section of two ten-pounder Parrott guns under Capt. Rogers, and one ten-pounder Parrott gun under Capt. Anderson; and on the right, Capt. Squires' Battery, Washington Artillery, four three-inch rifles; Capt. Stribling's Battery, one three inch rifle and three light twelve-pounder Napoleon guns; a section of Capt. Chapman's Battery, one three-inch rifle and one light twelve-pounder Napoleon gun under Lieut. Chapman, and two Blakely guns of Capt. Maurin's Battery under Lieut. Landry.

[ The heavy fog prevailing obscured the opposite bank of the river, and the enemy's positions entirely from view, until about six o'clock, A. M., at which hour, the sun having partially dispelled the fog, I opened fire from Capt. Miller's Battery upon a battery of long-range guns of the enemy, directly in front, at a range of about one thousand yards. By previous arrangements, the batteries on the right and left of Capt. Miller's position immediately opened, and the fire became general along the line. We had not long to wait for the response of the enemy, he immediately opening upon all our positions a rapid and vigorous fire from all his batteries, some in position, until then undiscovered by us. The battery of the enemy engaged by Capt. Miller, was silenced in about forty minutes. Notwithstanding the long range guns under Capt. Rodgers and Anderson, on the left, had, shortly after the commencement of the engagement been withdrawn from action and placed under shelter of the hill on which they had been posted. thus leaving the battery of the enemy, which it was intended these guns should engage, free to direct against Miller, and the batteries on the hill on the right, a most destructive fire. At this time Capt. Miller changed position and directed his fire against the opposing battery, when one on the right of that which had been silenced, opened upon him, subjecting him to a cross fire, and causing him to lose heavily in men and horses. The fire was continued by Miller's Battery alone on the left until seven o'clock, when after consultation with Gen. Jones, and the fire of the enemy having greatly slackened, I ordered him to retire by half battery, which was handsomely done, in good order.

At this time Lieut. Brewer fell, mortally wounded. The combat on the right was gallantly fought by the batteries there placed in position.

Capt. Squires assumed command of that part of the field, and won for himself renewed honors by the handsome manner in which he handled his batteries, and for the good judgment and coolness he displayed under the heavy fire of the enemy, to which he was subjected during four hours without intermission.

The object sought to be obtained by this engagement, I am happy to say was fully accomplished by driving the enemy from all his positions before nightfall, and causing him to withdraw from our front entirely during the night.

I have to lament the loss, in this engagement of a zealous, brave and most efficient officer in Lieut. Brewer, Third Company Washington Artillery, who fell at the head of his section at the moment it was being withdrawn from the field, and of many non-commissioned officers and privates. The officers and men in all the batteries engaged, are deserving the highest praise for their gallantry upon the field. The attention of the General commanding is respectfully directed to those named particularly in the reports of Capts. Miller and Squires. Too much praise cannot be awarded to Capt. Miller and his brave Company for the stubborn and unflinching manner in which they fought the enemy's battery in such superior force and position on the left, and to Capt. Squires and Stribling, and Lieuts. Landry and Chapman on the right. I am indebted to Capt. Middle-

ton, of Brig. Gen. Drayton's Staff, to Lieut. Williams, of Gen. D. R. Jones Staff, and to Lieut. William Owen, Adjutant, Washington Artillery, all of whom were constantly with me under fire during the engagement, for their valuable assistance and zealous conduct on the field—there are none more brave or more deserving consideration than these gentlemen. I annex a list of casualties, and have the honor to be,

J. B. WALTON,

*Col. and Chief of Art., Right Wing.*

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### REPORT OF CAPT. MILLER.

I proceeded with my battery of four smooth-bore 12-pound Napoleons to Beverly's Ford on the Rappahannock, 1000 yards from the river. My position, on a hill sloping towards the river, was not such a one as I would have desired, though doubtless the best the locality afforded. At sunrise I discovered a battery of the enemy in position, immediately in front of us, on a hill on the north side of the river, and I opened on it with spherical case. The enemy replied briskly, and for half an hour the firing was very spirited. During this time I was considerably annoyed by an enfilading fire of a long-ranged battery, posted to our right, and entirely beyond our range. After nearly an hour's engagement I was gratified to notice that the fire in our front had perceptibly slackened, indeed had almost entirely ceased. Up to this time but one of my men had been wounded, and two horses killed. The batteries supporting me at this time retired from the field, subjecting me to a galling cross-fire from the enemy's rifle battery in their front. I immediately changed front on the left and replied. The enemy having our exact range, replied with terrible precision and effect. For sometime we maintained this unequal conflict, when having nearly exhausted my ammunition, and agreeably to your orders, I retired by half battery from the field.

My casualties were: Killed—First Lieutenant Brewer, privates Thompson, McDonald, Jonbert (mortally wounded) and Dolan.

Wounded—Corpl. P. W. Pettiss; privates James Tully, Levy, Fourshee, Maxwell, Crilly, Kerwin, Lyoch—eight.

Twenty-one horses killed—356 rounds of ammunition expended.

I would be pleased to pay a tribute to the coolness and intrepidity of my command; but where all acted so well, it would be invidious to particularize. I should be wanting in my duty, however, were I not to mention Lieuts. Hero and McElroy, and my non-commissioned officers, Sergeants McNeil, Handy, Collins, Ellis and Stocker, and Corporals Coyle, Kremmelburg, Pettiss and DeBlanc, who by their coolness and close attention to duty, contributed not a little to the efficiency of my battery.

Respectfully,

M. B. MILLER,

*Capt. Commanding 3d Co. B. W. A.*

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### REPORT OF CAPT. SQUIRES.

Early on the morning of the 23d of August, the artillery, composed of the first company of Washington Artillery, (four three-inch rifles) and Captain Stribling's battery, (three Napoleon guns and one three-inch rifle) marched in the direction of the hill opposite to Rappahannock station. \* \* \* The batteries were formed in line from right to left in the following order: First Company Washington Artillery, four three-inch rifle guns; Dixie Artillery, one Napoleon gun and one three-inch rifle; Stribling's battery, three Napoleon guns and one three-inch rifle; this had scarcely been accomplished when the signal was given from your position to "commence firing," which was quickly res-

ponded to by the enemy. The combat was briskly carried on by the artillery directly in our front for half an hour, when the enemy placed a battery on the extreme left, and had partly succeeded in enfilading our batteries, when I withdrew the section of Lieut. Galbraith, and directed him to engage the enemy on the left. Lieut. G. accomplished this under a heavy fire, and was partly forced from his first position when Lieut. Landry, with a section of Capt. Maurin's Battery reported, and was sent to assist Lieut. G., the four guns being placed under Lieut. G., who managed to keep a heavy enfilading fire from the main batteries, by the coolness and bravery with which he manœuvred this battery. The fire on both sides now became general and rapid. The enemy placed more artillery in position, and for some time I thought I should have to retire; but the enemy soon after slackened his fire, and it was evident he was worsted by the projectiles with which our artillerists assailed him. An officer now came from the right and informed me that the infantry were preparing to charge, and to cease firing as soon as they appeared. I kept up the fire, returning shot for shot with the enemy, who appeared willing to give up the combat.

Seeing this, and being informed that Gen. Evans (commanding the infantry,) was advancing to attack the enemy, I ordered the four (reserve) guns of Lieut. Galbraith in position to engage the enemy's artillery, and draw his attention while our troops were advancing. The enemy finally gave up his position, retired across the Rappahannock, and only replied occasionally to our fire, and in an hour after ceased firing altogether.

It is with pleasure I am enabled to speak of the gallantry with which Capt. Stribling, officers and men, behaved on this occasion. Lieut. Chapman, with his section of Dixie Artillery, behaved with great coolness, and handled his guns with effect. To Lieut. E. Owen, J. M. Galbraith, and those under their command, I would especially call your attention. Both officers commanded full batteries, and handled them with coolness, bravery and good judgment, which has so often on previous occasions won the confidence of their men. Sergeants T. Y. Abby, C. L. C. Dupuy and L. M. Montgomery rendered me efficient service: the latter, on previous occasions, has placed me under many obligations for his voluntary services.

First Company, Battery Washington Artillery, killed: Privates, W. Chambers, R. T. Marshall, J. Reddington and H. Koss. Wounded, Corporal W. H. West, Privates, John R. Fell, T. S. Turner, M. Moutt and W. R. Falconer.

Dixie Artillery, wounded: Privates, John Eddins, Westley Pence, John Knight and Daniel Martin.

Stribling's Battery, wounded: Lieut. Archer, and one Private.

First Company Battery Washington Artillery, horses killed, 1, wounded, 1.

Stribling's Battery, horses killed, 4, wounded, 0.

Dixie Battery, horses killed, 1, wounded, 0.—Total, 6 killed, 1 wounded.

One three inch rifle gun exploded during action. The batteries were engaged from about seven o'clock, A. M., to eleven o'clock, A. M., and expended the following ammunition:

First Company Washington Artillery, 400; Section of Dixie Artillery, 209; Section of Maurin's Artillery, 119; Stribling's Artillery, 354; Leake's Artillery, one gun.—Total, 1,182.

Captain Leake reported after the enemy had retired with one rifle and three smooth-bore guns. He sustained no loss. About two o'clock, P. M., Major Garnett rode up and requested me to send four rifle guns to Col. S. D. Lee, who was on the right, near Central railroad. For this purpose I detached Lieutenant Owen with one section of the Washington Artillery, and one section of Mann's Battery. In obedience to your orders, at half past five P. M. I ordered all the guns back to their respective commands.

Very respectfully, Colonel, your obedient servant,

C. W. SQUIRES,

Capt. Commanding First Co. Bat. W. A.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

While Pope's attention was thus occupied with Longstreet, Jackson was pushing on up the Rappahannock to make a crossing at one of the upper fords, (Hinson's Mills,) move around Pope's army in the rear, and strike the railroad to Alexandria. The first day of his rapid march he reached Selma, and as McClellan was coming on from the Peninsula with more troops, and no time was to be lost, Jackson pushed on to Bristow Station, striking the railroad about dark—Hay's Brigade in the front, and Forno in command—capturing two trains of cars. He had thus forced himself between Pope and Washington without meeting any resistance, or without any suspicion upon Pope's part that so daring and dangerous a move would ever have been attempted. His position is now indeed critical—foot-sore and weary as his men are, he must divide off two regiments (21st Georgia and 21st North Carolina) and send them with Stuart's cavalry, seven miles further on to Manassas. This expedition crept cautiously through the dark and struck the place from behind. It might have been warned by the dashing by of an engine from Bristow, which soon after ran into a train of cars, but was not.

At this point he captured immense supplies of provisions, guns, engines, and other munitions of war, for which latter Pope's army will soon have sore need. But the alarm has been given now, and the enemy are closing around Jackson on every side. First, the little force at Manassas must beat off Scammon across Bull Run, and take his bridge away from him; then Stuart's cavalry must raid up and down and destroy everything about Fairfax



and Burke's station. Then (for the moments grow more and more precious) Jackson must push up his own and Hill's divisions from Bristow, and rout the Federal Taylor who goes one leg on the encounter, and has much difficulty in hobbling off on the other. But Pope's whole army is being spread out now, and they hold the gap by which Jackson came in. As the afternoon of this eventful day (the 27th) wears away, Hooker comes up on Ewell, (left behind at Bristow,) and after hard fighting Gen. Ewell\* burns everything behind—the Louisiana regiments being “hotly engaged”—and destroys the bridges. He must now rejoin Jackson, whose only chance is to move westward, towards Longstreet. There was not much sleeping that night for the weary soldier; and at 3 o'clock the next morning, (28th) Jackson makes a detour by way of Centreville and Sudley Springs, followed behind by great masses of the enemy, whom he impeded by de-

\*The following is extracted from the report of Gen. Early:

Hays' Louisiana brigade was on the right of the railroad, and my own brigade to the right of Hays' in a pine wood.

Col. Forno, with four regiments of Hays' brigade and one of Lawton's, and one piece of d'Aquin's battery, was then ordered to the front to reconnoitre and destroy the bridge over Kettle run, and tear up the track of the railroad. He found the enemy had brought up on a train of cars a body of infantry sufficient to fill nine cars; but having doubtless discovered our force to be larger than was thought, was re-embarking it. A few shots from the piece of artillery were fired at the train and it made its way back again, after receiving some damage. The 6th Louisiana, under Col. Strong, was left on picket two miles in front, on the railroad, and the 8th Louisiana was put to work destroying the railroad bridge and tearing up the track, and Col Forno returned with the rest of the forces.

The enemy was seen approaching on the right of the railroad and in front of Hays' brigade, the 6th and 8th Louisiana regiments falling back and taking position in a wood three or four hundred yards in front of the brigade. The enemy's force consisted of heavy columns of infantry, with artillery. As soon as the enemy came in range our artillery, from its several positions, opened on him, as did the 6th and 8th Louisiana. By this combined fire, two columns of the enemy, of not less than a brigade each, were driven back, and the 5th Louisiana regiment was sent forward to reinforce the sixth and eighth. At this time the Louisiana regiments were actively engaged, and a large body of the enemy was moving up, and the experiment had to be tried whether our troops could be withdrawn in good order. Gen. Ewell directed me to cover the retiring of

stroying the bridges and moving on back towards Sudley Mills Ford, where he must encounter in a sanguinary fight a fresh division, (King's) only to be terminated by darkness—Ewell and Taliaferro both being wounded.

It certainly looks as if the game for Jackson is ended now: so General Pope believes, for on the 29th Jackson will be assailed by 25,000 troops, and from every quarter, at the same time. But meanwhile Lee and Longstreet had been following Pope closely behind—so closely that at Jefferson, where we bivouacked about sundown on the 24th, the two hostile camps came in sight of each other, and the enemy commenced shelling our position. In crossing at Waterloo bridge, (26th) Longstreet had felt our need, and made our batteries follow immediately after him.

Moving through woods and fields to keep out of sight of the signal corps, through Annanville and over the Warrenton Turnpike, we crossed the Rappahannock and camped near Orleans. On the 27th, during a halt for rest near Salem, the town was suddenly dashed into by Federal Cavalry, and a number of stragglers absent for water or food barely escaped, came rushing back and gave the alarm, though it did not prevent Gen. Lee from great risk of capture. Our trouble was we had no cavalry at hand to give any news; and I remember seeing Gen. Lee enquire of us, so difficult was it to see or obtain information, whether some horsemen in front were the enemy or our own men. At any rate, the infantry with us were ordered into line—Gen. Anderson getting them stirred up with the cry of "Put on your shirts, men, there's no time to lose now."

The same night we marched to Thoroughfare Gap, a very narrow pass, with precipitous sides, and through

Bull Run Mountains. We were here delayed by the enemy in force, (McDowell) who, it seemed to us might have, with a hundred men, achieved among the gloomy precipices as much as Leonidas. The Persian king, however, did not have Hood's Texas Brigade to do his flanking over the mountains; and so Jackson, whose destiny now hangs on a thread, and the booming of whose guns our vanguard can hear, will soon be reinforced. At about mid-day, (29th) Longstreet, who had been pressing hotly forward, came in on the right of Jackson, and the crisis for him had passed. Pope's efforts to overwhelm Jackson had been a failure. There remained now nothing to do but to turn upon Pope, twine around his army although still the largest, and to leisurely beat him back in two days fighting, across Bull Run, to the heights of Centreville. The reports of our Commanders, given below, tells the rest of the story :

## REPORT OF COL. WALTON,

OF SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

HEADQUARTERS BATTALION WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, }  
November 30th, 1862. }

TO MAJOR G. W. SORRELL,

*Assistant Adjutant General, Right Wing, A. N. V.*

I have the honor to transmit the following report of the operations of the Battalion Washington Artillery of New Orleans, under my command, on the 29th, 30th, and 31st August last, at and after the second battle of Manassas. On the 29th August, 1862, the four batteries composing the battalion were assigned and served as follows: The fourth company, consisting of two six-pounder bronze guns, and two twelve-pounder howitzers, under Capt. B. F. Eshleman, Lieuts. Norcomb, Battles and Apps, with Pickett's brigade; the second company with two six-pound bronze guns, and two twelve-pound howitzers, under Capt. Richardson, Lieuts. Hawes, DeRussey and Britton, with Toombs' brigade; the first company, with three three-inch rifle guns, under Capt. C. W. Squires, Lieuts. E. Owens, Galbraith and Brown, and the third company, with four light twelve-pound guns, (Napoleons) under Capt. M. B. Miller, Lieuts. McElroy and Hero in reserve.

About noon on the 29th, the two batteries in reserve having halted near the village of Gainesville on the Warrenton and Centreville turnpike, were ordered forward by Gen. Longstreet, to engage the enemy then in our front, and near

position indicated by the General, and opened fire upon the enemy's batteries. Immediately in Captain Miller's front he discovered a battery of the enemy, distant about twelve hundred yards. Beyond this battery, and on a more elevated position, were posted the enemy's rifle batteries. He opened upon the battery nearest him, and after a spirited engagement of three quarters of an hour, completely silenced it and compelled it to leave the field. He then turned his attention to the enemy's rifle batteries, and engaged them until having exhausted his ammunition he retired from the field.

Capt. Squires, on reaching his position on the left of Capt. Miller's battery, at once opened with his usual accuracy upon the enemy's batteries. Unfortunately, after the first fire, one of his guns having become disabled by the blowing out of the bushing of the vent, was sent from the field.

Captain Squires then placed the remaining section of his battery under command of Lieut. Owen, and rode to the left, to place additional guns (that had been sent forward to his assistance) in position. At this time the enemy's infantry were engaged by the forces on the left of the position occupied by our batteries, and, while the enemy retreated in confusion before the charge of our veterans, the section under Lieut. Owen poured a destructive fire into their affrighted ranks.

Scots were seen to fall, until finally the once beautiful line melted confusedly into the woods.

The enemy's artillery having withdrawn beyond our range, the section was ordered from the field. Both batteries, the first and third, in this action, fully maintained their well-earned reputation for skilful practice and gallant behavior. With this duel ended the operations on the left of our line for the day.

The next morning, 30th August, the second company of Captain J. B. Richardson was ordered forward from its position on the Manassas Gap railroad, to join its brigade (Toombs') then moving forward towards the enemy. Captain Richardson pushed forward until, arriving near the Chinn House, he was informed that our infantry had charged and taken a battery near that position, but, owing to heavy reinforcements thrown forward by the enemy, were unable to hold it without the assistance of artillery. He immediately took position on the left of the Chinn House and opened on the enemy, who were advancing rapidly, in large numbers. After firing a short time, he moved his battery forward about four hundred yards, and succeeded in holding the captured battery of four Napoleons, forcing the enemy back, and compelling a battery immediately in his front, and which was annoying our infantry greatly, to retire. He then turned the captured guns upon their late owners, and at night brought them from the field with their horses and harness.

Captain Richardson, in his report, makes special mention for gallantry of privates J. B. Cleveland and W. W. Davis, who were the first to reach the captured battery, and with the assistance of some infantry, fired nearly twenty-five rounds before being relieved by their comrades. Lieutenant Hawes had his horse shot under him during this battle. While Richardson, with the second, was doing such gallant services near Chinn House, Esbleman, with the fourth, with his short range guns, was doing good work in the same neighborhood. Following his brigade, (Pickett's) he shelled the woods in their front, while they advanced in line of battle against the enemy, whose skirmishers were seen on the edge of the wood. Finding it would be impracticable to follow the brigade, owing to the broken nature of the ground, he passed rapidly to the right and front, going into battery and firing from every elevated position from which he could enfilade the enemy, until he had passed entirely to the right of General Jones' position, (overlooking nearly the whole space in front of Chinn House) from which his shells fell into the ranks of the enemy with great execution. A persistent attack on the front and flank drove the enemy back into the woods, and now the immense clouds of dust rising from Centreville road indicated that he was in full retreat. He was directed by General D. R. Jones to

move forward and shell the wood and road, which he continued to do until directed by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart to send a section of his battery to the hills in front of the Conrad House, and to fire into a column of cavalry advancing in his rear. The section under Lieut. Norcom was detached, took position on the left of the Conrad House, and fired into the enemy until directed to cease by Gen. Stuart, his object having been accomplished.

The remaining section of the battery, under Lieut. Battles, was then ordered by Captain Eshleman across the Sudley road, firing as it advanced, into the retreating enemy. At this time, Captain Eshleman's only support was one company of sixty men of Gen. Jackson's sharpshooters, under Capt. Lee.

After a short interval, the enemy again appeared in force near the edge of the wood. Capt. E. immediately changed his front to the left, and poured into the enemy's ranks two rounds of canister, with deadly effect. Those not killed or wounded ran in disorder. After throwing a few shells into the woods, Captain E. retired about two hundred yards to the rear, being unwilling to risk his section with such meagre support. In a few minutes an order was brought from Gen. Stuart directing the section to be brought again to the vicinity of the Courad House.

It was now dark, and Capt. E. kept up from this last position, a moderate fire until nine o'clock, in the direction of the Centreville road, when he was directed to retire, with Lieut. Norcom's section, that had joined him on the field, and rest his men. Capt. E., in his report, applauds highly the conduct of his officers, non-commissioned officers and men, to whose coolness and judgment he was indebted for the rapid evolutions of his battery and precision of his fire.

The next day, August 31, 1862, Lieut. Owen, with two guns of the first Company, accompanied Gen. Stuart, commanding Cavalry in pursuit of the enemy to and beyond Germantown. They came up with the enemy at several points, driving him ahead of them and capturing five hundred prisoners.

Capt. Squires on the same day, with one gun accompanied Col. Rosser, to Manassas, going in rear of the enemy, capturing a large amount of stores, (Quartermasters and Surgical) ambulances, horses, etc.

My casualties in this battle were one killed, Private, H. N. White, of second Company, and nine wounded.

Thus ended the operations of this batallion in this great second battle of Manassas, fought almost on the same ground and in sight of the field where our guns first pealed forth a little more than a year before.

I have the satisfaction in conclusion, to say that all the officers and men gave in this important battle renewed evidence of their devotion, judgment and cool bravery, in most trying positions. No eulogy of mine can add to the reputation they so worthily enjoy, earned upon bloody battle fields.

I am under obligations to Lieut. W. M. Owen, my always devoted and brave Adjutant, for distinguished services under fire. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

J. B. WALTON,  
*Col. Commanding.*

Gen. Longstreet, in his official report, describes the excitement of battle as giving new life to the men—says that the Washington Artillery was placed midway between Jackson and his line, “and engaged the enemy for several hours in a severe and successful artillery duel.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

To go a little more into detail, the turning point, on the 29th of August, of the battle on Jackson's flank was brought about by a heavy attack of Kearney upon that portion of the line, about 6 o'clock in the afternoon. For a while it was successful enough to double up Jackson's left upon his centre. Though the troops had been exhausted by many days previous fighting, by one attack after another during seven hours of struggle, and had hardly a round of ammunition, "Yet," says General Early in his report, "My brigade and the Eighth Louisiana advanced upon the enemy through a field, and drove him from the woods and out of the railroad cut, crossing the latter and following in pursuit several hundred yards beyond."

The lines of the two armies, however, were but little affected on the 30th by the battle of the 29th, but the fight of the last day was renewed by Pope under the absurd error that Lee was seeking to escape. McDowell was ordered to "press the enemy vigorously the whole day." But once the pressing process was commenced, it was very quickly shown what the supposed retreat amounted to.

"Line after line," says Swinton, "was swept away by the enemy's artillery and infantry fire; and so destructive was its effect that Porter's troops finally were compelled to withdraw. Porter's attack had been directed against Jackson; but Longstreet, on Jackson's right, found a commanding point of ground, whence he could rake the assaulting columns with an enfilading fire of Artillery." "From an eminence near by," says Gen.

Longstreet, "one portion of the enemy's masses, attacking Gen. Jackson, were in easy range of batteries in that position. It gave me an advantage I had not expected to have, and I made haste to use it. Two batteries were ordered for the purpose, and one placed in position immediately and opened.

"Just as this fire began, I received a message from the Commanding General informing me of Gen. Jackson's condition and his wants. As it was evident that the attack against Gen. Jackson could not be continued ten minutes under the fire of these batteries, I made no movements with my troops. Before the second battery could be placed in position, the enemy began to retire, and in less than ten minutes the ranks were broken, and that portion of his army put to flight."—*Longstreet's Report.*

*Batallion Journal*: We silenced the enemy's guns at 3:30 P. M., and broke up a line of advancing infantry. The practice was splendid—our batteries in time occupying the ground held previously during the day by the enemy. Gen. Jackson who served in the Mexican war with great distinction as an artillery officer, remarked while standing near Longstreet: "General, your artillery is superior to mine."

"The head of Longstreet's column having come upon the field, in the rear of the enemy's left, found the battle already opened with artillery on Jackson's right. Longstreet immediately placed some of his batteries in position; but before he could complete his dispositions to attack, the enemy withdrew; not however without loss from our artillery. The enemy now changed his position—Col. Walton placed a part of his artillery upon a commanding position between Jackson and Longstreet, by order of the

latter, and engaged the enemy vigorously for several hours.”—*Gen. Lee's Report.*

Gen. Warren, one of the best of Pope's Generals, “held on stoutly against fearful loss, till the enemy had advanced so close as to fire in the very faces of his men.”

The rest of the day's work consisted of an advance and pursuit by Lee—the remainder of Pope's army being saved by the resistance of a body of Regulars who held the Henry House Hill till Pope could cross his men in the darkness to the further side of Bull Run. The disordered masses of the Federal army presented the same scene that they did at the same river the year before; and the victory was just as complete—Lee capturing 9000 prisoners, 30 pieces of artillery, and 20,000 stand of arms, besides putting 40,000 of Pope's army *hors du combat*. This victory however was like the first in a still more important respect—it was no more decisive than any that preceded it, and the fighting and marching had to be commenced on the morrow the same as if nothing had yet been done.\*

\**Report of Colonel Stafford commanding Second Louisiana Brigade, of the Battles of the Second Manassas.*

“The Brigade, consisting of the first, second, ninth, tenth, fifteenth, and Coppins' bataillon Louisiana Volunteers, reported near Gordonsville, on or about the 12th August, 1862, and was assigned to duty in the division of Major General T. J. Jackson. Being the senior Colonel in the Brigade, the command devolved upon me. I had command but one week, when Brigadier General W. E. Starke, reported for duty and took command. Shortly after Gen. Starke's arrival, we took up the line of march and continued it until we reached the ford on the Rappahannock, near Brandy Station, on or about the 21st August, at which period we found the enemy strongly posted on the opposite bank. On the morning of the 22d we resumed the march, and crossed the Rappahannock at Major's Mill, on Hazel fork on the 25th; passed through Thoroughfare Gap on the morning of the 27th, and reached Manassas the same day. That night we fell back, and took position near the little farm called Groveton. On the afternoon of the 28th, the enemy appearing in sight, we formed our line of battle on the crest of the hill overlooking Groveton, and awaited his attack. The battle commenced at five o'clock, p. m. and lasted until nine o'clock, p. m. resulting in the repulse of the enemy, we holding the battle ground. In the engagement, the Brigadier General commanding the division, receiving a severe wound, the command devolved upon Brig. Gen. Starke, and the command of the brigade fell upon me. On the morning of the 29th being in reserve, we were not thrown forward until



The marches of Jackson and Longstreet afforded during this week a good idea of what soldiering was. It was hard work with all, but with the Louisiana troops under Jackson, it was 35 miles forced marching, for two days, from the Rappahannock to Manassas, rounded off with a fight and railroad burning, two or three fights the day after, and the same work continued for ten days—all of the time with almost certain destruction awaiting the corps.

It deserves also to be stated—with many members of the Washington Artillery, as soon as it was discovered that there was no immediate demand for their guns—from having exhausted their ammunition or other cause, that they went into the action with other batteries, and that their services were gladly received. At the second Manassas, some of the men were in action at three different points, and with three different batteries during the same day.

One of the horrors of such a system of ten days fighting, may be cited in what the troops suffered in the battles just alluded to.

They were all day exposed to a broiling sun, and to

about twelve o'clock, at which time we received an order to charge. Driving the enemy before us, we again fell back to our position, remaining in it during the night. On the morning of the 30th, Brig. Gen. Starke ordered me to send half of one of my regiments forward, and occupy the Rail Road ut cas a point of observation, to be held at all hazards. About eight o'clock in the morning, the enemy commenced throwing forward large bodies of skirmishers, into the woods on our left, who quickly formed themselves into regiments, and moved forward by brigade to the attack, and massing a large body of troops at this point, with the evident design of forcing us from our position. They made repeated charges on us while in this position; but were compelled to retire in confusion, sustaining heavy loss and gaining nothing. It was at this point that the ammunition gave out, the men procured some *from the dead bodies of their comrades*, but the supply was not sufficient, and in the absence of ammunition, the men *fought with rocks and held their position*. The enemy retreated, and we pressed forward to the turnpike road; then halted and camped for the night. On the 31st, we took up the line of march, and on the 1st of September at Chantilly, we again met the enemy and repulsed them.

great suffering from scarcity of water. Added to this, was the ghastly sight of the men slain in the previous day's fights, and, what was worse to a soldier, the intolerable stink emanating from 10,000 bloated and festering corpses.

On our march to the rescue of Jackson from Thoroughfare Gap, the men drank from stagnant pools, and their sufferings were so great, that Gen. Lee was heard to inquire of some of his officers, if there were no roads by which to save his poor soldiers in their forced marches, from so much dust and heat.

As showing what the slaughter of such a battle field is, I may mention that being detailed as a driver, when our artillery moved across the field, it was found impossible for the drivers to prevent their wheels from passing over more than one prostrate corpse, particularly over those of the red legged Zouaves, nearly annihilated on this field, by the Texas Brigade. It was just such a scene as the old pictures in republican Geographies used to represent of the carriage of the Emperors of Austria or of Russia, passing over the cripples and beggars who stood in the way.

Among other singularities of the First Manassas, was the fact that both armies were preparing to attack on their right at the same time. As the storm burst first upon the Confederate left flank, the consequence was that the battle was gained by the 7000 Confederate troops who could be brought to that wing—by their almost incredible stand against five times their superior force. In the Second Manassas, a year after, the two armies as if by mutual agreement had changed to opposite sides, as if to decide whether the first had been won owing to some advantage in the facings or the ground. In the first, the

hottest portion of the fight had been around the house of Mrs. McHenry, who was there killed and buried. In the following year, two soldiers were found stretched over her grave—as if to show that they had fought over some Belle Helene, or rather over an old woman's quarrel, and by some sort of retribution, after marching always in opposition over and around Virginia, had finally come back by a poetic coincidence, to die face to face over the grave of the first innocent victim of the war.

Practically stated, the Second Manassas may be defined as the culminating effort of Pope to capture Jackson, who in the moment his prey was completely in the toils, removed himself, his men from the entrance to the trap, and allowed Lee to come through Thoroughfare Gap\* to his assistance. The blunder here made, of which every battle affords instances on one side or the other, culminated in Pope trying to flank the right wing of Jackson, and never being able to find the end of it, for the reason that Lee and Longstreet had in the very nick of time been added on to it. Failing in capturing Jackson, his last blunder was his attempted pursuit of Lee.

\*The following is from the *Battalion Journal*, Aug. 29th: A little after the Texas and Georgia Brigades had taken possession of the cow paths of Bull Run Mountains, and driven the enemy therefrom, a squadron of horse emerged as we advanced, from the woods on our left, and caused a halt, and a momentary doubt was entertained as to whether it was friend or foe; but soon the red banner with the blue cross was discerned through a glass, and a horseman with flowing beard, (who turned out to be Gen. Beverly Robinson) advanced rapidly. "What of Jackson," said Lee. "He has fallen back and is holding the enemy at Sudley's Mills." "Let us press on to his assistance," said Lee; and the booming of Jackson's guns told us that we would be none too soon: we went on the battlefield of the 29th on the right flank of Jackson, at 11:30—six hours before Pope or Porter knew that Lee's army was present; the 3d Company being the first to be ordered in.

If Pope who had the superiority of men had held the gap, and kept his troops on the road therefrom, everything else being equal, he ought to have succeeded in crushing Jackson.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED AT THE BATTLES OF THE  
SECOND MANASSAS, 29TH AND 30TH OF AUGUST, 1862.

*Wounded*:—Third Company, Sergeant W. A. Collins. Private, E. Chapiandx, Driver, James Bloom.

SECOND COMPANY.

*Killed*:—Private, Henry N. White. *Wounded*:—Privates, A. R. Blakely, Douglas Ware, H. D. Summers.

FOURTH COMPANY, (Groveton).

*Wounded*:—Privates, Jos. W. Lescene, E. S. Burke, Driver, Davis Nolan. Battalion horses killed in the three battles—41.

Meanwhile, the head of the column was again to the front—Jackson once more creeping around and behind Pope with a drawn sword, or rather fixed bayonet, and appearing, for many a Federal regiment and division predestined to Hades, as the executioner of the Fates—little occupied as to what particular body of men to smite first. Marching north by Germantown, he struck the enemy at Chantilly, during a tremendous thunder storm, and the roar of the elements and the fall of the rain on that chilly afternoon was so great that the men could scarcely handle their guns, nor could the armies, three miles distant, distinguish the booming of the cannon. The number of killed and wounded was considerable upon both sides (among other dead was Gen. Kearney,\* of the United States Army, whose body was brought into our lines;) but the move otherwise bore no fruit, Pope retiring without further struggle within the lines about Washington.

Shortly after our army moved towards the Potomac, for which event we had been dreaming ever since the first Manassas.

On the 3d of September we marched with three days rations and bivouacked at Dranesville, with the whole

\*Gen. Kearney was once asked by the colonel of a re-enforcing regiment in one of the battles of '62 where to go in? "Oh anywhere!" was the answer, "anywhere! It's all the same. Lovely fighting along the whole line."

army. The order was given on the following day for Jackson to cross the Potomac, and the word was, "On to Maryland!"

On the 5th we marched through Leesburg and bivouacked in a half a mile of the Potomac, which stream was next morning crossed.

As full of hope as the soldiers of Hannibal going over the Alps—many of whose battles, by the way, those of Lee and Jackson resembled—the men splashed through the water, too happy to be moving forward to trouble themselves about wet clothing. The careful artillerists who were by the side of their pieces, mounted the caissons—the laggards behind shouted frantically for a little delay, and in vain attempted to obviate a wet skin by extra speed.

It was with a deep heaving of the chest and expansion of the lungs with us all that we stood at last upon the Maryland shore, and thought of the battle fields behind and before. At all of the farm houses near the river the people appeared hospitable and reb down to their boots, and crazy to see Lee. Adjutant Owen brought back a string of ladies, who overwhelmed the old man with kisses and welcomes.

On the following day we crossed the Monococy and camped near Frederick City. Jackson's troops had pretty much swept the town; but the troops were paid in Maryland, and grocers were found with sufficient sympathy to take Confederate money in return for a variety of eatables and drinkables. Our supplies were replenished and that night there was a Sardnapalan feast, on a limited scale, which effectually banished the memory of hard marches (however it might have been with headache) from every couch that night.

Our marches led us through Frederick City, Hagerstown, and Boonsboro. But little opportunity was afforded us for seeing the country, as hard fighting was evidently before us in the not remote perspective, and it was necessary that the men should stand close to their guns; besides we were in Maryland only two weeks. An advance after the First Manassas, (which there can be no question would have been made, if Gen. Lee had been in command) would have carried Maryland to the cause of the Confederacy, but it was now too late. Her refined population could only see as the result of long soldiering, rags and filth, and barefooted soldiers (totally indifferent or indisposed to the bright muskets,) and so the sentiment of "My Maryland" evaporated in poetry and paper. The number of recruits (300) did not begin to compensate for the heavy drain upon Lee's Regiments from forced marching; which cut the number of his men down one-half, and so there was to be no interest of any practical value felt in us—and but little enthusiasm; that is with a few very noble exceptions. One of these I now remember, was that of a kind-hearted woman who offered one of our weary soldiers some fruit. Before she had ended in making this good natured evidence of friendship, a mob of her own sex invaded her house and overwhelmed her with every reproach. The intelligent soldier whom she tried to benefit, seeing how the land lay, pretended to have taken the fruit without asking, and hastened to relieve his well-wisher of what must have been at the time embarrassing company.

To a soldier, whose pleasures like that of the clergy, are almost limited to eating and drinking, a rare opportunity of this sort was viewed by our Generals with an indulgent eye, and the men were allowed to forget, for at

least one day, wearisome marches, watches and privations, and the bloody tragedies which were looming up in the future.

During the short time that we were camped about the towns of Maryland, the streets were full of soldiers, not to say the drinking saloons, which from time to time would mysteriously open and shut, though contrary to orders, and the jingling of spurs, sabres and glasses, and the faint aroma of tempting drinks, would be borne to the senses of the envious lookers on, compelled to remain upon the outside. A hotel of limited accommodations was the great point of attraction. The guests, however, had only Confederate money, and the unpatriotic landlord (though he affected the very reverse) was unwilling to accept this currency in payment. Besides, he was completely overwhelmed by the number of his guests, whose appetites more than corresponded to the contents of his larder. A party of our men went there one day, fully determined to eat a square meal before going into another fight; but it soon became evident that if they did so, it would be without any assistance from our host, who affected the greatest pleasure in our company, but frankly told us that two hundred other guests stood a much better chance.

He however, did not hesitate to sell us our dinner tickets, while good naturedly laughing and telling us at the same time that there was no chance.

Once provided with these documents, there was only need for watchfulness and attention—the entrance of the select crowd beforehand, meaning of course no dinner for the balance of us. The danger was guarded against by dividing ourselves up into corps of observation, and keeping a bright look out, especially in the neighborhood of the kitchen.

Our vigilance met with its reward. We found out the precise moment for action—through the friendship of a French *chef* or waiter we discovered the secret entrance reserved for the favored few, and better than all the watchword that would permit us to pass the closely guarded door. To the infinite astonishment of our landlord, the soldiers of the Louisiana regiments went in with the first move, and some of their acquaintances among the officers and generals were indebted to our timely discovery to getting anything to eat at all.

I have always thought that the two hundred guests assembled that day, did the heaviest knife and fork work ever performed in that hotel, or indeed in the whole State.

In the careless meetings which took place between the higher officers on such occasions, and the soldiers whom they had previously known, the conduct of the former was always manly and good-natured, and an evident disposition was shown to forget their rank; whether it was at a way side dinner, or when a train of provisions or army clothing was struck, and every one with great glee, would rig himself out to his fancy, or according to the length of his arms or legs would cast the unsuitable clothing to his next friend, or some of his men. Some of us in the midst of one such toilette, were with Gen. Gordon, the most gallant and dauntless officer in the Confederate Army, and almost as popular with the Louisiana Brigades as Jackson; and a sudden alarm came very near causing him to lead his men into action, minus both his old costume and his new.

On one such occasion, Gen. Jackson had succeeded in getting hold of a rasher of bacon. One of his men who had bread, offered to divide with him, and the offer was accepted, on condition that he received half of the General's slice of meat.







It must be confessed that the fields of fruit and grain in our marches Northward, were of invaluable assistance to our army, as may be judged by a remark which I heard a soldier make when we afterwards invaded Pennsylvania, that he could not understand how the movement at that time could succeed, as it was too late in the year for green apples or roasting ears, to live upon during the march. But in the Rappahannock and Maryland Campaign, the man who owned a frying pan, was possessed of no little influence, and various sorts of flattery were frequently resorted to, to gain temporary possession of it. With this, in a half an hour, and with the aid of a few sticks or splinters from rails, and a small cut of bacon, an impromptu meal could be hatched up whenever the line halted. The owner of so useful an article was allowed to assume a certain dignity and style, somewhat comparable to that of the chief officer of a regiment, so long as the corn remained tender; but as all human honors are fleeting, he was afterwards forced to yield to the messmate who discovered a way of manufacturing a grater out of a canteen, and of thus making out of an otherwise indigestible food, a dish of first-class hominy.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### SHARPSBURG.

From that time until we had passed Boonsboro, we journeyed on quietly enough through a delightful mountain country, but finally halted about midday, as it seemed to us, in order to rest our horses. While we were quietly dozing by the side of these, the faint sound of cannon was

heard, which gradually increased in loudness, and it now became evident that an attack by the enemy was being made upon our rear column—upon the men who were holding the passes; now, as it seemed, with much less success than we had at Thoroughfare Gap. We formed the impression without being able to learn much about the matter, that fortune had suddenly given the enemy the trump card; and that so far from advancing, that we would have to turn back.

We subsequently learned that our success had been decided by an accident of the most trivial nature—by a scrap of paper, which falling in the mud and being left behind, had been picked up, after the Confederate army left Frederick city. The scrap contained the marching orders of Gen. Lee, and McClellan now knew the disposition of all his corps. The most important information he in this way gained, was that Jackson had branched off to swoop down on a depot of supplies, and 12,000 Federal troops who had been left behind, in spite of all the rules of war, at Harper's Ferry, and that Lee's forces were divided in the enemy's country.

By this time almost every soldier had acquired sufficient experience to know what the heavy prolonged firing to the rear meant. We did not hear of the captured letter, or the precise cause of our check, until years afterwards, but our faculties were sufficiently keen to couple the booming of the guns with the absence of Jackson, and to know what it meant.

If at that juncture McClellan had done what Jackson was doing, without any chance assistance from fortune—had pressed forward his troops through the passes or over the mountains, Gen. Lee's army would have been in a bad way. But instead, Lee held the Thermopylæ—time

was lost in making a wrong flanking movement by his enemies, and the few hours thus gained (at the cost of some desperate fighting by the small divisions left behind,) enabled Lee to regain the mastery of the situation. While the rear was holding its ground, Jackson, who conquered as much by the legs of his troops as by their arms, was returning.

Meanwhile, our retreat towards the Potomac had commenced a little after midnight—(on the 15th,) and part of our duties was to guard the rear of the army, by taking positions upon every commanding eminence, and preparing for an attack until the remainder of the troops had filed by. This operation was kept up till mid-day, at which time we took position definitely at Sharpsburg.

A little while after, while the men were cooking or sleeping, as we happened to be suffering most with hunger or lack of sleep, we were called to our guns and ordered to reply to some of the guns of position,\* in which we were always excelled by the enemy. It is needless to say that our firing was for the same object with which Lee had made an ostentatious display of his infantry—with a view of deterring the enemy, and gaining time until the arrival of Jackson. The firing did not amount to much, or rather was a sheer farce as Gen. Hill called it, and we were soon permitted to go back and prepare for the serious work before us. McClellan meanwhile lost his opportunity by postponing his attack until the 17th, though his fire continued during the 15th, and the following day.

\*Guns of position—viz. those of large calibre and long range. The enemy's plan of operations, as it was with the Russians in the Crimean War, who had confessedly the same superiority over the English and French, was to plant a number of guns upon some commanding forts or hills, and then open a converging fire, to which from lack of sufficient range and calibre, the Confederate Army could make no adequate reply. As to what our Artillery could do in a pitched battle, at Sharpsburg or elsewhere, even with badly made guns and ammunition, all of the reports are sufficient evidence.

Our line was about a mile from Sharpsburg, then undergoing shelling, and though a battle was obviously to be fought on the 17th, we were willing to visit the town in order to add to the scanty rations of camp. Soldiers being naturally of an indolent turn, it was easier to find volunteers who would encounter the danger, than those who were ready about bringing water, cooking, borrowing and washing our limited number of cooking utensils. Those who went into Sharpsburg, found much difficulty in coming across a store-keeper, sufficiently daring to do business under the circumstances, and only threats of helping ourselves, induced traders to return and receive our greenbacks.

Most of us wanted sugar, coffee, and similar supplies; but there was more than the average number, who hang around corner-groceries, ready to stand an unlimited quantity of shelling, provided they could thereby gratify what most soldiers acquire, a craving for liquor. But by this time we had all of us become so indifferent to balls, that the men of the two armies when picketed in sight of each other, and exposed to fire, would not only pay but little attention to the shots, but frequently be kind enough to point out to the enemy where their balls had gone to, and tell them to fire more to the right or left.

The duty of having the coffee now purchased ground at an adjacent house, brought me in company with an elderly Maryland lady, whose nature seemed to have become as much absorbed in the war, as that of Flora McIvor in the hopes of the Scottish Pretender. She sat softly singing before the fire as I entered, rocking herself to and fro in her chair, and apparently heedless of the shells which were passing over her house. When she ceased, it would be to launch out in fond praises of her son, whom she thought

the bravest man in Stonewall's army, and whose death she apparently regarded as certain—something to which she had long since made up her mind. While having a look of fixed despair and resignation at his probable fate, she never seemed to admit to herself that this only son and relative could be any where but in a soldier's place. No entreaties could induce her to accept any of the coffee, though she was evidently much affected by the smell, and if she had possessed any would have probably sent it off to her son.

The intensity of the devotion of this poor woman, was painfully brought to mind the next day, by the fate of a soldier who was killed before the battle had fairly commenced, and who from her description, might have been her son. This man was shot down right by the side of a surgeon, who was behind the crest of the hill to avoid the enemy's fire, and in the presence of a number of soldiers, this medical officer refused to dress the man's wounds, or give him a chance for his life because he did not belong to his regiment. The old woman and the Doctor were pretty good types of the noble class upon one side, and those whose cowardly or selfish instincts were always coming to the surface.

The principal battle of Sharpsburg, next to Gettysburg the hardest fought battle of the war, occurred the next day, Sept. 17th.

The following taken from Gen. Early's, report of the Battle of Sharpsburg, will show how it fared with the Louisiana Infantry :

“ About sunrise, the enemy advanced in line, driving in our skirmishers, and advancing to the edge of the woods. About this time, batteries opened in front from the woods with shell and canister, and these brigades were exposed to a terrible carnage. After a short time, Gen. Hays advanced with his brigade, to the support of Col. Douglas, under a terrific fire and passed to the front. About this time Gen. Lawton, who had been superintending the operation, received a very

severe wound and was borne from the field. Col. Walker by moving two of his regiments, 21st Georgia and 21st North Carolina, and concentrating their fire and that of the 12th Georgia upon a part of the enemy's line in front of the latter, succeeded in breaking it and as a brigade of fresh troops came up to the support of Lawton's and Hays' brigades just in time, Walker ordered an advance; but the brigade which came up having fallen back, he was compelled to halt, and finally to fall back to his first position. His brigade, (Trimble's,) had suffered terribly, his own horse was killed under him, and he had himself been struck by a piece of shell. Col. Douglas, whose brigade had been hotly engaged during the whole time, was killed, and about half the men had been killed and wounded. Hays' brigade, which had advanced to Col. Douglas' support, had also suffered terribly, having more than half killed and wounded, (both Gen. Hays and Staff being disabled); and Gen. Hood having come up to their relief, these three brigades which were reduced to mere fragments, their ammunition being exhausted, retired to the rear. The terrible nature of the conflict in which these three brigades had been engaged, and the steadiness with which they maintained their position, is shown by the losses they sustained. They did not retire from the field, until General Lawton had been wounded and borne from the field; Col. Douglas, commanding Lawton's brigade had been killed, and the brigade had sustained a loss of five hundred and fifty-four killed and wounded out of eleven-hundred and fifty, losing five Regimental Commanders out of six. Hays' brigade had sustained a loss of three hundred and twenty-three out of five hundred and fifty, including every Regimental Commander, and all of his Staff; and Col. Walker and one of his Staff had been disabled, and the brigade he was commanding had sustained a loss of two-hundred and twenty-eight, out of less than seven hundred present, including three out of four Regimental Commanders. I am sorry that I am not able to do justice to the individual cases of gallantry displayed in this terrible conflict.

"I deem it proper to state that all the killed and wounded of my own brigade were inside of my lines, as I established them after the fight, and that the killed and wounded of the enemy on this part of the field, were also within the same lines. All my killed were buried, and all my wounded were carried to the hospital in the rear."

One line of the enemy's infantry came so near us, that we could see their Colonel on horseback waiving his men on, and then even the stripes on the Corporal's arms. How it made our blood dance and nerves quiver as we saw their colors floating steadily forward, and how heroically and madly we toiled at and double-shotted our guns. Our men worked that day desperately, almost despairingly, because it looked for a time as if we could not stop the blue wave from coming forward, although we were tearing it to pieces with canister and shell. Longstreet was on horseback at our side, sitting side-saddle fashion, and occasionally making some practical remark about the situation. He talked earnestly and gesticulated to encourage us, as the men of the detachments began to fall



around our guns, and told us he would have given us a lift if he had not that day crippled his hand. But crippled or not, we noticed that he had strength enough left to carry his flask to his mouth, as probably everybody else did on that' terribly hot day, who had any supplies at command, to bring to a carry.\*

Finally the blue line disappeared from our front, and we managed to hobble off with our pieces, though with the loss of a good many men, horses, and some wheels to our gun carriages. Then we loaded our chests with

\*Gen. Longstreet says in his report, that the enemy on the 17th, renewed an attack commenced the night before on Hood's brigade—a handful compared with those before him. Hood fought desperately until Jackson and Walker came to his relief—the former soon moving off to flank the enemy's right. The enemy "now threw forward his masses against my left: met by Walker, two pieces of Captain Miller's battery of the Washington Artillery, and two of Biree's battery. The enemy was driven back in some confusion; an effort was made to pursue, but our line was too weak. From this moment our centre was extremely weak. The enemy's masses again moved forward, and Cook's regiment stood with empty guns, moving his colors to show his regiment was in position. The artillery played upon the enemy with canister—their lines hesitated and after an hour and a half retired.

"Another attack was quickly made a little to the right of the last, Capt. Miller turning his pieces upon these lines, and playing upon them with round shot (over the heads of R. H. Anderson's men) checked the advance, and Anderson's division, with the artillery, held the enemy in check until night. This attack was followed by the final assault, about four o'clock p. m., when the enemy crossed the bridge in front of Sharpsburg, and made his desperate attack upon my right. He drove back our right several times, and was himself made to retire several times—badly crippled; but his strong reinforcements finally enabled him to drive in my right, and occupy this part of my ground.

"Thus advanced, the enemy's line was placed in such position as to enable Gen. Toombs to move his brigade directly against their flank. Gen. Jones seized the opportunity and threw Toombs against the enemy's flank, drove him back and recovered our lost ground. Two of the brigades of Major Gen. A. P. Hill's division advanced against the enemy's front as Gen. Toombs made his flank attack. The enemy took shelter behind a stone wall, and another line was advanced to the crest of a hill in support of his first line. Capt. Richardson's, Brown's, and Moody's batteries, were placed in position to play upon the second line, and both lines were eventually driven back by their batteries.

"Before it was entirely dark, the hundred thousand men that had been threatening our destruction for twelve hours, had melted away into a few stragglers.

"In one month, these troops had marched over two hundred miles upon little more than half rations, and fought nine battles and skirmishes, killed, wounded and captured nearly as many men as we had in our ranks, besides taking arms and other ammunition of war in large quantities."

Gen. Toombs in his report, gives a very laudatory account of Richardson's battery of the Washington Artillery at Sharpsburg.

ammunition, and reappeared at two or three different points of the fray during the day. At one time about dusk, the hostile lines became so blended that no one could tell friend from foe, and we were afraid of firing for fear of doing harm to our friends.

The following is from Gen. Lee's report of the battle of Sharpsburg :

"The advance of the enemy [on the 15th,] was delayed by the brave opposition he encountered from Fitz Lee's cavalry. During the afternoon the batteries were slightly engaged.

"[On the 17th,] the firm front presented by the 27th N. C. standing boldly in line without a cartridge, and the well directed fire of the artillery under Capt. Miller of the Washington Artillery, and Capt. Bryce's S. C. Battery, checked the progress of the enemy. Another attack was made soon afterwards, a little further to the right, but was repulsed by Miller's guns of the Washington Artillery.

"Our artillery though much inferior to that of the enemy in the number of guns and weight of metal, rendered efficient and most gallant service throughout the day, and contributed greatly to the repulse of the attacks upon every part of the line."

We held our ground until darkness put an end to the fight; but the army had been hardly pressed, and we were not sorry when the night after, the order came for the army to recross the Potomac.

Now followed some of the most tiresome and fatiguing work it was ever the lot of an army to do—the getting across the immense train of commissary wagons, needlessly and perilously large, as was shown in the fact that it ultimately led to the capture of Lee's army itself, in the retreat to Appomattox Courthouse. Some overloaded wagon or leatherheaded mule driver (the M. D.'s as they were called,) was everlastingly blocking the road, until these conveyances would be compelled by impatient cursing from behind, to vomit up their contents. To see the road strewed with heavy old trunks and useless plunder belonging to a favored few, was very exasperating, and at the same time much enjoyed by every one, except the owners, especially when every one knew that

the critical position of the army was embarrassed by an already too long wagon train.

The scene on the Maryland side on the night of the crossing rivaled Bedlam. The wagon train had to go down a very high and almost perpendicular bank, and except for the still greater danger from behind, was such a descent as no prudent wagoner would ever have attempted to make. Although it was as precipitous as the road to perdition, the teamsters had to make an elbow half way down, at the imminent risk of an overturn—some of the wagons actually meeting with such a calamity. These were set fire to, partly for warmth, partly for the purpose of seeing; and these and the flaring torches held about by different hands, gave a weird Rembrandt touch to the scene. Then there was a large number of officers and men who had come forward from behind, and who had to stand around all night—the ground being too muddy to admit of seats.

Some who were mounted went to sleep in their saddles. All of this time there would be a confused shouting among the wagoners, and the cry of "Pull around to the right and then swing to the left," was to be heard with each descent.

One of the men who was holding a torch, who shouted out this explanation, was almost ridden down by an angry General who wanted to know who commanded that regiment—himself or some one else. The General was afterwards just enough to ride back and thank the soldier for saving his baggage. Then there were two batteries that approached the bank at the same moment, and who actually kept the army, worn down and in danger, as it was for some time, delayed, because neither would yield the precedence to the other. One rash headstrong General took possession

of the only wagon road, for his infantry men, who could have got down to the water's edge, any where else, and when the instructions were that they should cross at a ford a little below.

The strangest feature of the whole affair, was the grotesque appearance of our army who had stripped off most of their clothes, and who went shuddering and shivering in the cold water. Altogether, it was a torch-light procession of the most fantastic sort. Some hints were thrown out to the brass band to strike up a lively air as they marched through; but the musicians were very little in the humor for joking that night. Indeed, this was the case with most of us.

By daylight the next morning, we were all pretty well stove up and fagged out, and most of us felt that we had our belly-full of fighting for some time to come. That campaign certainly added pretty largely to the army of stragglers, (one-half of Lee's army in Maryland, though there the men had been simply marched to death,) who never cared about getting nearer than the baggage wagons to the front.

We marched through Bunkerhill to Winchester, Virginia, where we stayed forty days (to Oct. 30th, 1862.) The place must have been a delightful town, full of fine shade trees, tasteful gardens, old stone buildings, and with a very hospitable, easy going population. It came though, in course of time, with Jackson and Milroy always changing ownership, or with Lee marching through it, to have the hard, tarnished and jaded look which military quarters generally have. Fair faces were more meditative in the second year, than sympathetic—and thought rather of the probability of losing their spoons, or the price of a square meal, than over the pleasure inspired by soldiers'

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compliments. There was one noble exception however, (though exception is not the word, as the residents were after all right); this was a lady who came near to being a heroine in her way: nearer than any other whose name has yet been in print. I allude to Miss Josephine Carson, a lady of fine social position and many attractions, who merits mention on account of her devotion to the sick and wounded, who had been sent back from Sharpsburg, and who deserved the reputation of having won the admiration and good-will of our soldiers as much as any lady whom we met in Virginia; a reputation to which she was entitled, from her dignity of demeanor, and from a good nature and natural largeness of heart which interested her in every soldier who passed by her.

The truth is, the same might be said of a very large number of Virginia women, who almost every one of them did an incredible number of kindnesses to soldiers. The soldiers from Louisiana were ready to dispute the palm on the battle-field, with the troops from Virginia or any other State; but we all of us became infatuated with the patience and devotion of the ladies of that State—as well as of those who claimed no pretensions to that title; and I never heard a soldier worthy of that name, speak in other than tones of the highest commendation of the mothers and daughters of that State. None of us ever met with any other reception from the women of the South, who were always our best friends, and who would always realize and pity a soldier's misery a long time before it would occur to their male relatives or friends, and who when they did a kindness, did so in such a way as to mollify many proud spirits, who were unwilling to accept any evidences of good-will for doing only what they considered their duty.

Let us now return, while the soldiers and battery horses

of Gen. Lee's army are resting, after the fatigues of their past battles and long marches, to New Orleans, and relate what has meanwhile transpired at the old Washington Artillery Armory. For the chapter which follows, this work is indebted to the pen of one of the officers high in command of the Fifth Company.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### BATTALION WASHINGTON ARTILLERY—FIFTH COMPANY.

On the departure for the seat of war in Virginia, of the first four companies of the Battalion, on the 27th of April, 1861, the following order was promulgated by the Major Commanding, the last issued by him previous to mustering into the service of the Confederate States.

HEADQUARTERS BATTALION WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, }  
New Orleans, April, 1861. }

\* \* \* \* \*

VII—1st Lieut. W. I. Hodgson, of the 4th Company, is hereby specially detailed to remain in New Orleans on recruiting service, and will forward from time to time, to the seat of war, such recruits as may be required, and hold himself subject to any further orders from these headquarters.

\* \* \* \* \*

By order,  
WM. M. OWEN, *Adjutant.*

J. B. WALTON,  
*Major Commanding.*

A reserve force of about twenty men was all left behind of the original command, and Lieut. Hodgson, with their assistance, rapidly organized a Fifth Company; and in one month from the day of the departure of the Battalion, held an election for officers, casting over 150 votes, with the following result:

*Captain*—W. Irving Hodgson;  
*Senior First Lieutenant*—Theo. A. James;  
*Junior First Lieutenant*—Rinaldo Banister;  
*Senior Second Lieutenant*—Jerry G. Pierson;  
*Junior Second Lieutenant*—E. L. Hews.

When the batallion left for Virginia, they left the arsenal on Girod Street, in an unfinished condition, the roof not yet put on, the floors torn up, and everything in the way of camp and garrison equipage, artillery and ordinauce stores taken with them. Yet in order to supply their place, the reserves went to work with a will. They sent special committees to Baton Rouge to the Legislature, to the City Council of New Orleans, and the merchants and capitalists of the City and State. Through handsome donations from the former, a generous appropriation from the Council, and the unbounded liberality of the latter, (including the present of a piece of artillery and caisson complete from Governor Thos. Overton Moore, and a similar gift from John I. Adams, a prominent merchant of New Orleans,) they were able within ninety days to complete the arsenal, and pay for it.

They besides perfected the organization of six handsome brass field pieces, with limbers, caissons and harness all complete, with a serviceable and complete stock of camp and garrison equipage for 160 men; all this without owing a dollar.

From time to time during the first year of the war, they sent to their comrades in Virginia, reinforcements\* of men and drivers, artificers, etc., always forwarding under the command of an officer of the Fifth Company, and always sending them off fully clothed and equipped, free of expense to the batallion.

A semi-weekly mail was regularly sent also to the command in the field, the cases being packed not only with mail matter, but with clothing, edibles and everything intended for any member of the command, sent him by

\*Lieut. J. G. Pierson, came on in charge of two detachments consisting of about fifteen men each during the first year of the war.

his family or friends, and with no expense to the soldier of transportation.

Early in the year 1862, the members of the 5th Company exhibited much military ardor, and felt unwilling to remain longer at home, while their comrades, friends and brothers were sharing the dangers and toils of camp life.

In February of that year, Captain Hodgson addressed a communication to Brig. Gen. E. L. Tracy, commanding the 1st brigade, 1st division Louisiana State Militia, to which his battery was attached, asking for a new election of officers, intended for active service in field; in conformity to which, Gen. Tracy ordered an election on the 24th day of that month; and under the supervision and direction of Majors Ignatius Caulfield, and John B. Prados, of his staff, the election took place as directed. There were 185 votes cast, with the following result:

*Captain*—W. Irving Hodgson;

*Senior First Lieutenant*—Cuthbert H. Slocomb;

*Junior First Lieutenant*—Wm. C. D. Vaught;

*Senior Second Lieutenant*—Edson L. Hews;

*Junior Second Lieutenant*—J. A. Chalaron.

On the 1st day of March 1862, the following dispatch from Gen. G. T. Beauregard, was published in all of the New Orleans daily papers:

DISPATCH FROM GEN. BEAUREGARD.

JACKSON, *Tenn.*, February 28, 1862.

To Gov. THOS. O. MOORE:

Will accept all good equipped troops under the act of 21st August that will offer, and for ninety days.

Let the people of Louisiana understand that here is the proper place to defend Louisiana.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Captain Hodgson immediately called a meeting of his command, which was held on the 2nd day of the month, when it was shown that there was one unanimous voice



to at once offer their services for ninety days, or the war.

All necessary arrangements having been made for their immediate departure for the field, the following order was issued and published in the daily papers:\*

HEADQUARTERS 5TH Co., BAT. WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, }  
NEW ORLEANS, March 5th, '62. }

[Order No. 44.]

I—The officers and members of this corps are hereby ordered to appear at their Arsenal on Thursday morning, the 6th inst., at 10 o'clock, punctually, fully equipped, with knapsacks packed, for the purpose of being mustered into the Confederate States service.

II—Every member of the command is expected to be present. Those failing to appear will not be allowed to leave with the command.

By order of

W. IRVING HODGSON, *Captain.*

A. GORDON BAKEWELL, *O. S.*

On Thursday morning, March 6th, 1862, at 11 o'clock, the Fifth Company were regularly mustered into the service by the enrolling officer of Gen. Mansfield Lovell's staff, in Lafayette Square, with 166 men, rank and file; they left New Orleans for the seat of war in Mississippi and Tennessee via the N. O. J. & G. N. R. R. on Saturday March 8th, 1862, carrying with them their six guns, with everything perfect and complete, including their camp

\* Among the many flattering comments of the press, was the following, taken from the *Picayune* of March 3rd, 1862.

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY—The 5th Company of this fine battalion, Capt. W. Irving Hodgson, have with extreme unanimity determined on responding forthwith to the call of Gen. Beauregard, whom they go to join on Thursday next. The company is in perfect order for immediate and efficient service, and will take the field with their battery of six guns, with full ranks, and with every thing necessary in the way of equipment.

The Battalion of Washington Artillery, Major J. B. Walton, consisting of four companies, have been in the Confederate service from the commencement of the war, and have done good service in Virginia where they are still encamped, ready to do more, when called upon. The 5th Company, which, when the battalion left, was composed of some thirty members, now numbers in its ranks over a hundred young, vigorous and enthusiastic men, who have been sedulously fitting themselves for active duty. Emulating the zeal and promptitude of the four first companies, in responding to the call made upon them for their services, Company No. 5 have also entered the Confederate army, for ninety days, to "fight the battle of New Orleans," in the place where Beauregard tells us it is to be fought.

We doubt not they will prove worthy of their membership of a battalion which has been mentioned in Beauregard's general orders in terms of the highest eulogium.

and garrison equipage, and without the cost of one dollar to the general government.\*

The following is the "Roster" of the Fifth Company, as mustered, into service :

*Officers*—Capt. W. Irving Hodgson ; Senior 1st Lieut., C. H. Slocomb ; Junior 1st Lieut., W. C. D. Vaught ; Senior 2d Lieut. Edson L. Hews ; Junior 2d Lieut., J. A. Chalaron ; Assistant Surgeon J. Cecil LeGaré.

*Non-Commissioned Staff*—Orderly Sergeant, A. Gordon Bakewell ; Ordnance Sergeant, J. H. H. Hedges ; Quartermaster's Sergeant, J. B. Wolfe ; Commissary Sergeant, W. A. Barstow.

1st Sergeant J. W. De Merritt, 2d Sergeant B. H. Green Jr., 3d Sergeant A. J. Leverich, 4th Sergeant W. B. Giffen, 5th Sergeant John Bartley, 6th Sergeant Thos. M. Blair.

1st Corporal John J. Jamison, 2d Corporal S. Higgins, 3d Corporal W. N. Calmes, 4th Corporal R. W. Frazer, 5th Corporal Emmet Putnam, 6th Corporal N. L. Bruce.

1st Caisson Corporal D. W. Smith, 2d Caisson Corporal E. J. O'Brien, 3d Caisson Corporal A. S. Winston, 4th Caisson Corporal L. Macready, 5th Caisson Corporal Alf. Bellanger, 6th Caisson Corporal E. Charles.

Sergeant Drivers J. H. Smith, Corporal Drivers F. N. Thayer.

1st Artificer W. A. Freret, 2d Artificer J. F. Spearing, 3d Artificer W. A. Jourdan, 4th Artificer John Beggs, 5th Artificer John Davidson, 6th Artificer Fred. Holmes.

*Privates*—Alex. Allain, V. F. Allain, T. C. Allenn, C. A. Adams, N. Buckner, Jos. Banfil, Ben Bridge, A. T. Bennett, Jr., B. Boyden, A. J. Blaffer, John Boardman, Marcus J. Beebe, C. B. Broadwell, T. L. Bayne, Jas. Clarke, J. T. Crawford, W. W. Clayton, Joseph Denegre, J. H. Duggan, J. M. Davidson, A. M. Fahenstock, E. C. Feinour, E. Fehrenbach, John Fraser, Charles W. Fox, Robert Gibson, James F. Giffen, C. J. Hartnett, C. M. Harvey, W. D. Henderson, H. L. Henderson, Curtis Holmes, John B. Humphreys, Charles G. Johason, C. B. Jones, Gabriel Kaiser, W. B. Krumbharr, Minor Kenner, Jr., H. H. Lonsdale, H. Leckie, L. L. Levy, Martin Mathis, Lewis Mathis, H. G. Mather, E. Mussina, Eugene May, E. S. Mellbenny, Milton McKnight, H. D. McCown, J. C. Miller, W. R. Murphy, F. Maillieu, G. W. Palfrey, Robert Pugh, Richard L. Pugh, E. F. Reichert, S. F. Russell, E. Rickett, J. M. Seixas, W. W. Sewell, G. W. Skidmore, L. Seichrecht, George H. Shotwell, R. P. Salter, W. B. Stuart, Robert Strong, W. Steven, J. H. Scott, J. T. Skillman, John Slaymaker, Warren Stone, Jr., J. H. Simmons, R. W. Simmons, A. Sambola, E. K. Tisdale, Hiram Tomlin, C. Weingart, T. B. Winston, James White, John W. Watson, C. S. Wing, J. A. Walsh, Charles B. Watt, Charles Withan, Willis P. Williams.

*Drivers*—Byrnes Joseph, Bale James, Clayton John, Farrell Richard, Dooly William, Lynch Thomas, Long Patrick, Leary John, Moore Daniel, Jordan James, Davis Sam. J., Kelly Pat., Norris Robert, Turner Geo. A., White William, Williams Thomas, Young John, Farrel Michel, Abbott John, Leary Thomas.

*Bugler*—Carl Valanconi.

\* The following is from the Picayune of March 7th, 1862.

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, COMPANY 5.—This fine company, under Capt. W. Irving Hodgson, was mustered into the service of the Confederate States, yesterday, for ninety days. There were 160 men all told. They made, as usual, a most admirable appearance.

On Saturday next, (to-morrow) they leave for Jackson, Tenn., and will attend divine service to-day, at 11 o'clock, A. M., at the First Presbyterian Church, Dr. Palmer's, where they will be addressed by the eloquent pastor.

We have heard it suggested that on their arrival at the seat of war they will

The following was the organization of the other troops who left New Orleans under the same call :

*Crescent Regiment.*—Colonel, M. J. Smith; Lieut. Col., G. P. McPheeters; Major, A. W. Bosworth; Adjutant, Richard S. Venables; Surgeon, B. Stille; Assistant Surgeon, S. R. Chambers; Quartermaster, R. D. Gribble.

*Crescent City Guards, Company B.*—Captain, George Soulé; 1st Lieut., H. B. Stevens; 2d Lieut., B. E. Handy; Junior 2d Lieut., L. N. LeGay. *Crescent Rifles, Company D.*—Captain, A. F. Haynes; 1st Lieut., W. C. Claihorne, Jr.; 2d Lieut., C. G. Southmayd; Junior 2d Lieut., W. F. Howell. *Company C, Louisiana Guards.*—Captain, G. H. Graham; 1st Lieut., Wm. Bullit; 2d Lieut. Alex. Trelford; Junior 2d Lieut., C. A. Wood. *Beauregard Rangers.*—Captain, Jules Vienne; 1st Lieut., E. G. Meslier; 2d Lieut., ———; Junior 2d Lieut., N. C. Forstall. *Twigg's Guards.*—Captain, M. A. Tarleton; 1st Lieut., Thos. L. Airey; 2d Lieut., E. F. L'Hoste; Junior 2d Lieut., Eugene Holmes. *Crescent City Guards, Company C.*—Captain, W. S. Austin; 1st Lieut., Chas. Guillet; 2d Lieut., R. Green, Jr.; Junior 2d Lieut., A. H. F. Smith. *Ruggles Guards.*—Captain, Geo. W. Helme; 1st Lieut., G. H. Braughn; 2d Lieut., J. J. Mellon; Junior 2d Lieut., W. C. Shepperd. *Orleans Cadets, Company E.*—Captain, S. F. Parmele; 1st Lieut., H. Perry, Jr.; 2d Lieut., S. Fisher, Jr.; Junior 2d Lieut., T. A. Enderle. *Crescent Blues.*—Captain, John Knight; 1st Lieut., ———; 2d Lieut., W. H. Mackay; Junior 2d Lieut., W. H. Seaman. *Sumpter Rifles.*—Captain, C. C. Campbell; 1st Lieut., M. McDougale; 2d Lieut., J. E. Garretson; Junior 2d Lieut., David Collie. *Alexandria Rifles.*—Captain, J. P. Davidson; 1st Lieut., A. D. Lewis; 2d Lieut., R. Legras; Junior 2d Lieut., Jos Fellows.—Total, 945.

*Battalion Orleans Guards.*—Major, Leon Querouse. *Company A.*—Captain, Charles Roman; 1st Lieut., J. B. Sorapuru; 2d Lieut., Francis Moreno; Junior 2d Lieut. F. O. Trepagnier. *Company B.*—Captain, Eugene Staes; 1st Lieut., Emile DeBuys; 2d Lieut., O. Carriere; Junior 2d Lieut., P. O. Labatut. *Company C.*—Captain, August Roche; 1st Lieut., Fred. Thomas; 2d Lieut., Eug.

be divided into two companies, while, as we understand, there is material here almost sufficient for the formation of a third.

Also the following remarks from the same paper :

The Fifth Company of the Battalion of Washington Artillery attended divine service yesterday, at 11 o'clock, A. M., in the First Presbyterian Church, on Lafayette Square, where a very impressive and eloquent address was delivered to them by Rev. Dr. Palmer, the pastor of that church.

He vindicated, in the most able and convincing manner, the justness and righteousness of the cause in which this Confederacy in arms is now engaged. It is a war purely defensive, in resistance to an invasion by a foe that would subjugate us to his despotic will, and deprive us of all our dearest rights. Should the war, on our part, be hereafter aggressive, it would be equally a just and righteous one, as a means of depriving our enemy of the means of carrying into effect his hostile purposes. In this confidence of the rectitude of the cause in whose defence they are engaged, the reverend speaker bade the members of the Artillery to go forth in the trust of God. He bade them rely, too, on the fidelity with which the people of this city would care for their interests, as well as pray for their success, and contribute to their support and comfort while absent. He told them that they were going forth to discharge for Louisiana and this city the debt that, for nearly fifty years, has been due to Tennessee, for the prompt and efficient aid she rendered to both, on the plains of Chalmette. He concluded his eloquent address with an invitation to the corps and the congregation to unite with him in prayer, which being concluded, he dismissed them with a solemn benediction.

The services were exceedingly interesting, and were participated in by a large assemblage.

Tourné; Junior 2d Lieut., L. Charvet. Company D.—Captain, Charles Tertrou; 1st Lieut., Paul Declonet; 2d Lieut., Alfred Voorhies; Junior 2d Lieut., B. St. Clair, (from Parish of St. Martin).—Total, 411.

*Battalion Confederate Guards.*—Major, F. H. Clack; Captains, D. H. Fowler; G. P. McMurdo; 1st Lieuts., W. R. Macbeth, A. W. H. Hyatt; 2d Lieuts. H. H. Price, J. W. Bouner; Junior 2d Lieuts., R. H. Browne, J. W. Hardie.—Total, 201.

*Cavalry—Jefferson Mounted Guards.*—Captain, Gny. Dreux; Lieuts., B. Toledano, H. P. Janvier; Cornet, J. Chambers. Orleans Light Horse.—Captain, T. L. Leeds; Lieuts. W. A. Gordou and Geo. Foster; Cornet, Greenleaf.—Total, 150.

*Orleans Guards Battery*—Captain, H. Ducatel; 1st Lieut., F. Livandais; Jr. 1st Lieut., M. A. Calogne; 2d Lieut., G. Legardeur, Jr.; Jr. 2d Lieut., F. Lange.

Total number of soldiers who left New Orleans, under the 90 days' call, 1948.

The following notice of the departure of the command, appeared in the *Picayune* of Sunday, March 9th, 1862 :

“ OFF FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.—The vicinity of the Jackson Railroad Depot was yesterday afternoon the scene of intense interest. The 5th Company of the Washington Artillery, Capt. Hodgson, and four companies, forming the left wing of the Crescent Regiment, Col. Smith, left in a special train, and thousands of men, women and children literally thronged the streets on their march to the depot, and swarmed around the cars at the station to take leave of their friends and relatives and acquaintances. The scene was interesting beyond description. The brave fellows went off with buoyant spirits, though occasionally could be seen the starting tear in their eyes, as they took a farewell of some loved one, or some dearly attached friend. They looked in fine order, and will doubtless make a good report of themselves within a short time. Good luck, health, prosperity, victory and a safe and glorious return to them, one and all ! ”

Arriving at Grand Junction, Tennessee, on Monday evening, March 10th, 1862, the battery immediately went into camp, under the instructions of Gen. John K. Jackson, Commander of the Post. They were here supplied with their battery horses, and began drilling, and otherwise actively preparing for service. On the 27th day of March, the tents were struck, and the command started over land for Corinth, Mississippi, arriving there on the 1st day of April, 1862, and were immediately assigned to the Brigade of Brig. Gen. Patton Anderson, of Ruggles' Division, Bragg's (2d) Army Corps, and went into camp the same day.

On Thursday, the 3d day of April, the battery filed out through the fortifications with its brigade, and the army, destined for the battle field of Shiloh.

For the full details of this battle, reference can be

made to the "Confederate Reports of Battles," officially published by order of Congress, a few extracts from which are herewith appended, having special reference to the part taken by the Fifth Company Washington Artillery, and to the official report of Captain Hodgson, with reference to the same subject matter :

### OFFICIAL REPORT OF CAPTAIN HODGSON.

[Page 323 to 327.]

HEADQUARTERS 5TH CO., BAT. WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, }  
CAMP MOORE, *Corinth, Miss.*, April 9th, '62. }

TO BRIG. GEN. PATTON ANDERSON,

*Commanding Second Brigade, Ruggles' Division, Army Miss.*

GENERAL :—In accordance with usage, I hereby report to you the "action" of my battery, in the battles of the 6th and 7th instant.

My battery, consisting of two 6-pounder smooth bore guns, two 6-pounder rifled guns, and two 12-pounder howitzers,—total 6 pieces, fully equipped with ammunition, horses, and men, entered the field, just in the rear of the 20th Louisiana regiment, (the right regiment of your brigade,) on Sunday morning, the 6th inst., on the hill, overlooking from the Southwest, the encampments of the enemy immediately to the front of it, and to the Northeast, being the first camp attacked, and taken by our army.

At 7 o'clock, A. M., we opened fire on their camp, with our full battery of six guns, firing shell and spherical case shot, soon silencing one of their batteries, and filling the enemy with consternation. After firing some forty (40) rounds thus, we were directed by General Ruggles, to shell a camp immediately upon the left of the one mentioned, and in which there was a battery, from which the shot and shell were thrown on all sides of us.

With two howitzers and two rifled guns, under Lieuts. Slocomb and Vaught, assisted by two pieces from Capt. Sharp's battery, we soon silenced their guns, and had the gratification of seeing our brave and gallant troops charge through these two camps, running the enemy before them at the point of the bayonet.

At this point I lost your command, and on the order of General Ruggles to "go where I heard most firing" I passed over the first camp captured, through a third, and on to a fourth, in which your troops were doing sad havoc to the enemy.

I formed in battery, on your extreme left, in the avenue of the camp, and commenced firing with canister from four (4) guns, into the tents of the enemy, only fifty (50) yards off. It was at this point, I suffered most. The skirmishers of the enemy lying in their tents, only a stone's throw from us, cut holes through their tents near the ground, and with "white powder" or some preparation which discharged their arms without report, played a deadly fire in among my cannoniers, killing three men, wounding seven or eight, besides killing some of our most valuable horses, mine among the rest. As soon as we were well formed in battery, and got well to work, we saw them creeping from their tents, and making for the woods, and immediately afterwards saw your column charge the whole of them in ambush, and put them to flight.

A visit through that portion of their camp, at a subsequent hour, satisfied me from the number of the dead, and the nature of their wounds, that my battery had done its duty.

Losing you again at this point, on account of the heavy brushwood through which you charged, I was requested by Gen. Trudeau, to plant two guns further down the avenue, say two hundred yards off, to shell a fifth camp further on, which I did, and after firing a dozen or more shells, had the satisfaction of seeing the cavalry charge the camp, putting the enemy to flight—killing many, and capturing many wounded prisoners.

Being again without a commanding General, and not knowing your exact position, I received and executed orders from General Hardee and his aid, Col. Kearney, also from Col. Chisholm of Gen. Beauregard's Staff, and in fact from other aids, whose names I do not know, going to points threatened and exposed, and where firing was continued, rendering cheerfully all the assistance I could with my battery, now reduced in men and horses—all fatigued and hungry.

At about 2 o'clock, *v. m.*, at the instance of Gen. Hardee, I opened from the fifth camp we had entered, firing upon a sixth camp, due north. Silencing the battery and driving the enemy from their tents—said portion of the army of the enemy, were charged and their battery captured—afterwards lost again—by the Guard Orleans and other troops on our left, under Col. Preston Pond, Jr.

This was about the last firing of my battery on the 6th instant. Taking the main road to Pittsburg Landing, we followed, on the heels of our men, after a retreating and badly whipped army, until within three fourths of a mile of the Tennessee River, when the enemy began to shell the woods from their Gunboats. General Ruggles ordered us to the enemy's camp, where we bivouacked for the night.

I received orders on the morning of the 7th, at about half-past five o'clock to follow your command with my battery, and at six o'clock being ready to move, could not ascertain your position—so took position on the extreme right of our army, supported by the Crescent Regiment, of Col. Pond's Brigade, in our rear, and an Arkansas Regiment on my front, and I think the 21st Tennessee Regiment on my left flank; all under Gen. Hardee, for in fact, he seemed to be the master spirit, giving all orders and seeing that they were properly executed.

At about 9 o'clock, Gen. Breckenridge's command, on our extreme front had pushed the enemy up and on, to within several hundred yards of our front, when we opened fire with shell and shot with our full battery; after firing some (70) seventy rounds, we took position further on, just on the edge of the open space ahead, and with our full battery, assisted by two pieces from McClung's battery, we poured some sixty (60) rounds into the enemy, who continued to advance upon us, until within some (20) twenty yards of us, when Col. Marshall J. Smith, of the Crescent Regiment, gallantly came to our rescue, charging the enemy at the point of the bayonet, putting them to flight, and saving our three extreme right pieces, which would have been captured but for them.

It was at this point, I again met with some losses. Lieut. Slocumb, Sergt. Green, several privates, and many horses fell at this point, either killed or badly wounded.

After the enemy had retreated well in the woods, I had my guns limbered and taken from the field. My men broken down, my horses nearly all slain, ammunition out, and sponges all broken and gone, I was in the act of making repairs, and preparing for another attack, when I was ordered by Gen. Beauregard to retire in order, to Monterey, which I did that evening—and afterwards to this point, arriving last evening, with my battery all complete, with the exception of three (3) caissons, a battery waggon, and forge, which I had to abandon on the road, for want of fresh horses to draw them in.

At the request of Gen. Beauregard, I detailed from my command, twelve men, under a non-commissioned officer, to remain and act with Capt. Byrne's (or Burns') battery, on a prominent hill on the Pea Ridge road, overlooking the battle field, to cover the retirement of our army. They all came in to-day, safe and sound.

We captured two stands of United States colors, which were handed over to

Gen. Beauregard; we also captured several U. S. horses and mules, some of which we have now, others we have lost.

I cannot close this report, without again calling to your favorable notice, the names of my Lieuts. Slocomb, Vaught and Chalaron, for their coolness and bravery on the field. Their conduct was daring and gallant, and worthy of your consideration.

I have the honor to be,  
Yours, very truly,  
W. IRVING HODGSON, *Captain.*

SUPPLEMENTARY REPORT OF CAPTAIN HODGSON.

[Page 326 and 327.]

HEADQUARTERS 5TH CO., BAT. WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, }  
CAMP MOORE, *Corinth Miss.*, April 11th, '62. }

TO CAPT. WM. G. BERTH,

*Acting Asst. Adjutant General :*

CAPTAIN :—I herewith tender to you a supplemental report, in regard to matters connected with the battles of the 6th and 7th inst.

My battery fired during said actions, from the six guns, seven hundred and twenty-three (723) rounds, mostly from the smooth bore guns and the howitzers, a large proportion of which was canister. Some of our ammunition chests, being repacked from a captured caisson, and other canister borrowed from Captain Robertson's battery, which he kindly loaned.

The badly torn wheels and carriages of my battery from minie balls, will convince any one of the close proximity to the enemy in which we were. I had twenty-eight (28) horses slain in the battery, exclusive of officers' horses.

I cannot refrain from applauding to you, the gallant actions of the rank and file of my command, all of whom behaved so gallantly on these occasions, that it would be invidious to mention names, suffice it, they all remained at their posts during the action, and behaved most gallantly, many of them, for the first time under fire, conducted themselves as veterans.

I have the honor to be,  
Yours, very truly,  
W. IRVING HODGSON, *Capt.*

In connection with the battle of Shiloh, the following extracts are taken from the same work :

*Extract from official report of Col. Marshall J. Smith, Commanding Crescent Regiment of La.—page 344.*

\* \* \* \* \*

As the army advanced, the forces in front of us retired, and the Washington Artillery, Captain Hodgson, forming his battery in front of us, we supported him. This battery gallantly maintained their position, dealing destruction upon the foe, until the artillery on their left retired, leaving them alone.

At this moment, the enemy advanced in heavy force, and the artillery properly fearing such odds, limbered up and filed off to our left. We then advanced, covering the movement of the artillery, saving several of their pieces, and driving the enemy before us.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Extract from official report of Col. W. A. Stanley, Commanding 9th Texas Infantry—page 312.*

\* \* \* \* \*

On the morning of the 6th, we advanced in line of battle, under a heavy fire

of artillery and musketry, from the enemy's first encampment. Being ordered to charge the enemy with our bayonets, we made two successive attempts, but finding as well as our comrades in arms on our right and left, it almost impossible to withstand the heavy fire directed at our ranks, we were compelled to withdraw for a short time, with considerable loss. Being then ordered, we proceeded immediately to the support of the Washington Artillery which, from their battery's well directed fire, soon silenced the battery of the enemy.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Extract from official report of Col. Daniel W. Adams, Commanding 1st Regiment La. Infantry—page 243.*

\* \* \* \* \*

During this time, the enemy opened upon us again with their artillery, when I directed Captain Robertson to return their fire, which he did with great effect. Capt. Hodgson's battery of artillery also came up and rendered valuable services and assistance.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Extract from official report of Brig. Gen. Patton Anderson, Commanding 2nd Brigade, Ruggles' Division, 2nd Corps, Army of the Mississippi—page 300.*

\* \* \* \* \*

The 5th Company Washington Artillery, 156 men, commanded by Captain W. Irving Hodgson, following the centre, as nearly as the nature of the ground would permit, ready to occupy an interval, either between the Florida Battalion and the 9th Texas, or between the 9th Texas and 20th Louisiana, as necessity or convenience might require; the whole composing a force of 1634 men.

\* \* \* \* \*

The most favorable position attainable by our field pieces, was selected, and Capt. Hodgson was directed to open fire upon the enemy's battery, (now playing vigorously upon us) with solid shot and shrapnel, and when occasion offered without danger to our own troops, to use canister upon his infantry. This order was obeyed with alacrity. Taking advantage of this diversion in our favor, the infantry was directed to pass through the swamp and drive the enemy before it, until Capt. Hodgson could either silence his battery, or an opportunity be presented of taking it with the bayonet.

The movement was made with spirit and vigor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Page 302. The perceptibly diminishing fire from the enemy's battery, was soon, by Capt. Hodgson's superior practice, entirely silenced.

\* \* \* \* \*

Page 304. Gen. Ruggles had now placed our battery in position. Col. Smith, of the Crescent Regiment, had driven the enemy's sharpshooters from the cover of a log cabin, and a few cotton bales on the extreme left and near the road, and the enemy was being sorely pressed upon the extreme right by our columns upon that flank, and I felt the importance of pressing forward at this point. The troops too seemed to be inspired with the same feeling. Our battery opened rapidly, but every shot told. To the command "Forward," the infantry responded with a shout, and in less than five minutes after our artillery commenced playing, and before the infantry had advanced within shot range of the enemy's lines, we had the satisfaction of seeing his proud banner lowered, and a white one hoisted in its stead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Page 309. Captain W. Irving Hodgson, commanding the Fifth Company Washington Artillery, added fresh lustre to the fame of this already renowned corps. It was his fine practice from the brow of the hill overlooking the enemy's first camp, that enabled our infantry to rout them in the outset, thus giving confidence to our troops, which was never afterwards once shaken.

Although the nature of the ground, over which my infantry fought, was such as frequently to preclude the use of artillery, yet Captain Hodgson was not idle.



I could hear of his battery whenever artillery was needed. On several occasions I witnessed the effect which his canister and round shot produced upon the enemy's masses, and once saw his cannoniers stand to their pieces under a deadly fire, when there was no support at hand, and when to have retired, would have left that part of the field to the enemy.

When a full history of the battles of Shiloh shall have been written, the heroic deeds of the Washington Artillery will illustrate one of its brightest pages, and the names of Hodgson and Slocomb, will be held in grateful remembrance by a free people, long after the sod has grown green, upon the bloody hills of Shiloh.

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*Extract from official report of Brig Gen. Daniel Ruggles, Commanding Ruggles' Division, 2nd Corps.*

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Page 281. The Washington Artillery, under Captain Hodgson, was then brought forward, and two howitzers and two rifled guns commanded by Lieut. Slocomb, and two guns under Major Hoop were put in position on the crest of a ridge near an almost impenetrable boggy thicket, ranging along our front, and opened a destructive fire in response to the enemy's batteries then sweeping our lines at long range. I also sent orders to Brig Gen. Anderson to advance rapidly with his 2nd brigade, and as soon as he came up, I directed a charge against the enemy, in which some of the 6th Mississippi and 2nd Tennessee joined; at the same time I directed other troops to move rapidly by the right to turn the enemy's position beyond the swamp, and that the field artillery follow, as soon as masked by the movement of the infantry.

Under these movements, vigorously executed, after a spirited contest, the enemy's whole line gave way, and our advance took possession of the camp and batteries against which the charge was made.

\* \* \* \* \*

Page 282. The enemy's camps on our left, being apparently cleared, I endeavored to concentrate forces on his right flank in this new position, and directed Captain Hodgson's Battery into action there; the fire of his battery and a charge from the 2nd brigade, put the enemy to flight. Even after having been driven back from this position, the enemy rallied and disputed the ground with remarkable tenacity for some two or three hours, against our forces in front and his right flank, where cavalry, infantry and artillery mingled in the conflict.

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*Extract from official report of Major General Braxton Bragg, Commanding 2nd Corps, Army of the Mississippi—page 232.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Brig. Gen. D. Ruggles, commanding second division, was conspicuous throughout both days, for the gallantry with which he led his troops. Brig. Gen. Patton Anderson, commanding a brigade of this division, was also among the foremost where the fighting was hardest, and never failed to overcome whatever resistance was opposed to him.

With a brigade composed almost entirely of raw troops, his personal gallantry and soldierly bearing, supplied the place of instruction and discipline.

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*Extract from official report of Gen. G. T. Beauregard, Commanding Army of the Mississippi.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Page 215. For the services of their gallant subordinate commanders, and their officers under them, as well as for the details of the battle-field, I must refer to the reports of corps, divisions and brigade commanders, which shall be forwarded as soon as received.

\* \* \* \* \*

*List of killed and wounded at the battles of Shiloh, fought on the 6th and 7th days of April, 1862, in the Fifth Company Washington Artillery.*

KILLED—1st Sergeant, John W. Demerith; 2nd Sergeant, Benj. H. Green, Jr.;

4th Sergeant, Wm. B. Giffen; wounded in leg, suffered amputation and died; Private, C. J. Hartnett; Drivers, John Leary, Patrick Long, John O'Donnell—total, 7 killed.

WOUNDED—1st Lieutenant, C. H. Slocomb, shot in breast; 2nd Corporal, S. Higgins, spent ball in neck; 6th Corporal, W. L. Bruce, spent ball in side; 4th C. Corporal, L. Macready, shot in the leg; 5th C. Corporal, Alfred Bellanger, lost left hand; Corporal Drivers, F. N. Thayer, injured in hand; Privates, Thos. L. Bayne, shot in right arm; J. M. Davidson, shot in thigh; Octave Hopkins, Curtis Holmes, Milton McKnight, wounded; Robert Strong, William Steven, John W. Watson, John A. Walsh, wounded in leg; Drivers, Jas. Byrnes, Wm. Dooley, Samuel J. Davis, M. Campbell, John Clayton—total, 20. Killed, 7, wounded, 20—total casualties, 27.

After the battle of Shiloh, the following men were honorably discharged from the service :

Second Lieutenant, Edson L. Hews, resigned; 6th Corporal, W. L. Bruce, doctor's certificate; 5th C. Corporal, Alfred Bellanger, wounds received; 5th C. Corporal, F. N. Thayer, doctor's certificate; Privates, T. L. Bayne, wounds received; W. W. Clayton, doctor's certificate; J. M. Davidson, wounds received; J. M. Seixas, by order Gen. Bragg; Robert Strong, wounds received; Middleton Eastman, by order Gen. Bragg; John A. Walsh, wounds received; C. S. Wing, H. H. Lonsdale, doctor's certificate.

The resignation of Lieut. Ed. L. Hews, having been accepted, Gen. Bragg attached to the battery Mr. J. M. Seixas, and appointed him Lieut. in the 5th Company, to fill vacancy.

The following names were added to the roll of the battery, after it left the City of New Orleans, and previous to the battle of Shiloh, and were regularly mustered into service :

Privates: Middleton Eastman, Octave Hopkins, Wallace Ogden, Henry V. Ogden, Dr. John Pugh, George Pugh, William Pugh.

Drivers: M. Campbell, and John O'Donnell.

#### EVACUATION OF CORINTH, MISS.

On the 30th day of May, 1862, the army of the Mississippi evacuated Corinth, the 5th Company Washington Artillery, with its brigade, covering the retreat of the army.

The retrograde movement began at about 8 o'clock. P. M., continuing during that night, and by 3 o'clock, A. M. the last of the troops had passed through the town, on

their way to Tupelo, Miss., via Clear Creek, a point about 40 miles south of Corinth, which latter place they reached on the morning of June the 1st, and immediately went into temporary camp.

The enemy did not pursue the retreating Confederate army more than 10 or 15 miles south of Corinth, and finding the Confederate forces ready to give battle, they returned to Corinth and went into camp.

On the 5th day of June, ascertaining the Federal army would not pursue or risk a further engagement in this vicinity, the Confederate army, now under the command of Gen. Braxton Bragg, determined to change their base to Chattanooga, Tennessee, for a resumption of hostilities, resulting in the famous Kentucky campaign—with a view to a long overland march. The army fell back to Tupelo, where there was an abundance of good water and forage, and went into regular camp, preparatory to said grand movement.

On the eve of the departure from Clear Creek, an order was issued from the Headquarters of the Army, that all officers and men, who were unable to march 20 miles a day, would go to Okalona, Miss., on surgeon's certificate, into the general hospital at that point by a special train, at 5 o'clock the following morning.

It was at this point, that Captain Hodgson, who had been sick and confined to his bed for some days, turned over the command to Lieut. Vaught, as Senior Lieut., (1st Lieut. Slocomb, being absent on sick leave, from wounds received at the battle of Shiloh,) and went to Okalona.

It was while the battery was in camp at Tupelo, (June 6th, 1862,) Capt. Hodgson, then in hospital at Okalona, forwarded his resignation to Gen. Bragg, commanding the

army, which was accepted, and Lieut. C. H. Slocomb, was appointed Captain in his stead.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

We spent a pleasant month and over at Winchester, during the period of the Indian summer, living on bacon and autumn corn, getting new clothing—reading books aloud, or telling camp-fire stories, and generally enjoying the superb climate of Virginia, as much as if there were no bloody battle-fields to dream of in the future. But the boots-and-saddle call came at last; and having welcomed the bugle blast with a shout, and packed up, there was nothing to be done but stretch out, Oct. 30th, in the direction of the Richmond Capitol. The most singular event that happened at this camp, was the killing of two of the 3rd Company, who had escaped all of the perils of battle, by the falling of a tree.

The move southward ended at Culpepper C. H., and was intended to meet a feint made in that direction by the Federal army; but their real intention having soon after been discovered, we continued our march, (Nov. 19th,) down the plank road to Fredericksburg, and appeared upon the south bank simultaneously with their arrival upon the right.

*Adjutant's Journal.*—Nov. 20. Cold rain all day. Forged Rapidan, at Raccoon Ford. Camped on Mine Run, at Bartely's Mill. Dreadful night and impossible for the men to sleep dry.

21. Rained in torrents all night. Camp at Chancellorsville.

22. Reached Fredericksburg.

As we moved down the dreary plank road—past the old Chancellor Hotel or Mansion-house, around which

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only wounded guests linger—past the gloomy wilderness in whose depths the Federal army will soon be entangled and leave behind half its number for corpses or spectres, we met the inhabitants of Fredericksburg pouring out, and each one bearing in his or her arms, what was considered most valuable. The advances of the two armies already confronted the doomed city, and the inhabitants fled from it as if stricken with the plague. Delicate women who had been frightened from their homes, half clothed and badly shod, were trudging along, wondering where they would find shelter for themselves and little ones for the coming winter. The men gazed at them with great pity, and doubtless the same feeling was entertained by them for us; seeing that many times their number of soldiers would take their places in the town—that is in the cemeteries.

On our arrival there, I mean at Fredericksburg, many stores and houses were found abandoned—one of them containing fruit, fish, and barrels of oysters, which some of us felt ourselves after a long march, and under the circumstances justified in consuming. An occasional shell from the enemy which came crashing in, gave some little interest to the scene; but otherwise the sight of the crowded resorts of business abandoned and unoccupied, awoke a very melancholy feeling. The place seemed enchanted or cursed by a spell, and reminded us of Hood's Haunted House. We conversed in low tones while we remained inside of the town, and curious sight-seers did not think it worth risking their lives to prolong the visit.

Our appearance, it is now proper to state, in this neighborhood, was accounted for by the fact that McClellan had been removed as too slow a coach, and Burnside assigned the duty of trying to wriggle into Richmond, by some new

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and unguarded route. With great secrecy, he had transported his army to Fredericksburg, to cross at that point before Lee could discover his profound strategy. His feelings may be imagined, when after many days hard marching, he found his old enemy quietly on hand, on the opposite heights, with the air of having come there by appointment. This air of quiet expectation was sufficiently exasperating, to cause Burnside to open on us a few shots, very much as if inquiring through the cannon's mouth—"Who in the deuce would have ever thought you were there?"

Still as Lee would not go away, and something was expected to be done, Burnside finally resolved to cross the river, and either persuade Lee to change his mind, or go to Richmond without his consent. It was an unfortunate conclusion, as the result turned out, for the Federal General, and still more for some 20,000 of his troops, who in consequence of this decision were soon after left behind, dead or wounded, on the battle plain.

Blundering along with this idea, Burnside spent a day and a half, (the 11th,) in trying to get down his pontoon boats, and when the Confederate sharpshooters picked off his engineer corps, he bombarded Fredericksburg with one hundred guns, and set it on fire, though without incommoding the skirmishers on the river banks, or effecting much else than give warning and concentration to the Confederate army. A subordinate Federal General at night-fall, finally suggested the happy idea of crossing a regiment in boats, and thus capturing or driving in the picket line. This plan was carried out a little before day-break, on the 12th, after his design in crossing had become known, and there was no earthly chance of executing it. Both armies bivouacked on the cold ground—preparatory

to the final and eternal rest on the morrow. At 3 o'clock, P. M., Stafford's heights were seen to be covered with troops, who moved to the pontoons under our heavy fire. Our batteries dispersed a mass of troops near the gas works.\*

On the 13th Burnside had thrown over Franklin still lower down, who with one half of the Federal army attacked Lee's right, under Jackson, and at the time resting on Massaponax Creek.

Here the enemy had at first borne back a part of our lines; but he was met further back by a withering fire from Gregg's S. C. Brigade, and by a double quick charge from Early with the La. troops, which according to Northern historians "instantly turned the tide." "Early pursued with great slaughter," says the Federal General Birney, "to within 50 yards of my guns." The Federal army lost 40 per cent. of its men in this portion of the battle.

But meanwhile through a dense fog their advance also is on the 13th made—12:30 P. M.—upon Longstreet, up the steep plain upon whose top rested the Confederate batteries. The advance was made in fine style, the walls and fences falling before it like paper or frostwork.

"The Washington Artillery," says Gen. Lee "under Col. Walton, occupied the redoubts on the crest of Marye's Hill—the heights to the right and left being held by the reserve. The Washington Artillery here sustained the heavy fire of artillery and infantry with unshaken steadiness." About 11 A. M. says Gen. Longstreet, "I sent orders for the Washington Artillery to play upon the streets and bridges beyond the city, by way of a diversion to our right. The batteries had hardly opened when the enemy began to move out towards my line. Our pickets, in front of the Marye house were soon driven

\*Sergeant Woods was wounded by this fire.

in, and the enemy began to deploy his forces in front of that point. Our artillery opened fire upon them as soon as the masses became dense enough to warrant it. This fire was very destructive and demoralizing in its effects, and frequently made gaps in the enemy's ranks that could be seen at the distance of a mile. The attack was again renewed and again repulsed. Col. Walton was particularly distinguished." Conspicuous among the enemy were the green flag of Meagher's Irish Brigade and the red bag breeches of the Zouaves. We hammered away at them as fast as we could load and fire, but on they came. They became confused as they advanced and when in range of the Georgians and Mississippians under Gen. Cobb, wheeled about and fled in confusion to the town. The attack lasted an hour. At 2 P. M. another line came on with deafening firing; line after line was pushed forward only to be mown down. We remained firing at our guns until 5 P. M. A note from Longstreet declared the firing of the batallion to be splendid.

Loss during the day, three killed and twenty-four wounded. The position was a very hot one, the minies flying around like hail. A brick house which was white at the commencement of the fight was red at its end. Ruggles received his mortal wound while ramming his piece. He exposed his body at the embrasure in spite of caution, and soon fell. Out of eight men at that embrasure, six were killed or wounded: infantry volunteers then assisted in manning the guns.

Maj. Gen. Ransom, says in his report, that "the gallantry and efficacy of the famous Washington Artillery\*

\*The report of Col. Cabell and several other Confederate officers, not to mention those published at the time in leading journals, assign equal importance to the work done by the Washington Artillery, or as Col. Cabell expressed it "the gallant corps who occupied the crest of Marye's Hill."



who drove back the enemy in triple lines, fighting heroically and under a heavy fire, is worthy of all praise.”\*

The force of the enemy at Marye's Hill was 30,000. There were only two brigades of 1500 men, who can be said to have taken part in this battle—on the Confederate side—that of R. R. Cobb, (the brother of Howell and a noble representative of Georgia in every way, who here lost his life) and Ransom's. These, placed behind a stone wall on the Telegraph road, constituted the advanced line. The honor of the fight on Marye's Heights, or what was the principal part of the battle of Fredericksburg, were yielded without any dissent to the artillery. The first who came under their fire, was French's Federal Division, who went down under a frightful fire, and close behind came Hancock, who left two men behind of every three; and then three other divisions. Lastly, about nightfall, Hooker led his men up the same avenue of death—only suspending his attack when he “had lost as many men as he was required to lose.”

The Federal loss (by actual count there were 1500 bodies immediately around our pieces,) was more than 12,000; on the part of the Confederates on both wings, it was a little more than a third of that number.

In this battle Lieut. W. J. Behan, who had won his spurs at Sharpsburg, and who had since commanded one of the fine volunteer regiments of the city, first assisted in the command of the fourth company. Besides being a good officer, he enjoyed the honor of never having missed a roll call, or battle during the war.

\*Lieut. Landry, of Capt. Maurin's battery, (the Donelson (La.) Artillery) took his piece from behind the epanlment to dislodge a body of the enemy. Most effectually he performed this service; but in doing so, lost several of his men, and had his piece disabled. His conduct was admirable, for during the time he was exposed to a direct fire of six and an enflade fire of four guns. *Ransom's Report.*

*Adjutant's Journal*—December 16. Enemy abandoned the town, leaving their dead in our hands. Prisoners estimate their entire loss as 20,000. An Irishman of Meagher's Brigade fell nearest to our line.

17th. To-day a detailed Federal regiment came over from the enemy to bury the dead. The 1500 bodies were all thrown into a long trench with no more ceremonies than to so many brutes. The ice house on the edge of town was full of dead. These were temporarily laid in rows and covered with earth.

19th. Big jollification over captured supplies; all hands jolly; war dance, and songs.

31st. Battalion goes to Pole Cat Creek. Ordered with Col. Walton, to go to Mobile to recruit.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### WINTER-QUARTER AMUSEMENTS—INCIDENTS OF A VISIT TO RICHMOND.

We went into winter-quarters—always a terrible drag to the men, a short distance from Chesterfield Station, in Caroline County, most of us having no other shelter than canvass or tarpaulin tents (with fire places at one end) affording the best of ventilation, and a rather too free an entrance for rain and snow. There was a charm about living under canvass which made them preferable with many to occupying a badly lighted log house, with a dozen others, which in reality were but little superior to negro quarters on a plantation.

We would have been happier if the talents of the men had been employed, as was the case with the Roman, and is to-day with the Spanish armies, in some sort of way where skill would have increased our scanty rations. Failing however in this, the men who did not contrive, under some excuse or leave of absence to get to Richmond, a not very difficult affair, were mostly occupied in building a theatre. The walls of this were composed of pine tree branches, and in representing on the stage some of the popular farces and dramas, every one was suited to his bent, and was detailed to some appropriate duty.

Dempsey, one of our Artificers, who had previously had some experience as a stage carpenter, and Nugent, who is now regarded as the best blacksmith in the city, made what was under the circumstances an admirable stage, and the accessories of light, scenery and artificial thunder, were all ingeniously provided for. The audiences from surrounding corps, including in many cases distinguished Generals and their staff, were as large as those gathered together in a city theatre on a benefit night, and probably more delighted.\*

\*We had in this camp but little to do or talk of except of the eccentricities which soldiering had begun to develop, peculiarities to which every one was keenly alive, except their possessor. The musical genius for instance, was Otto Frank—the traditional German professor in every respect—gold spectacles, a touch of sentiment and bad English, a fondness for ladies' society, and a general impatience (though a good soldier,) of the harsh outlines of camp life. Otto was constantly falling into the hands of the tormentors, who would beguile him into an artless recital of his impressions of war by the show of a grave and melancholy interest which awoke no suspicion of treachery in his manly bosom. Another victim was a *naveï* soldier who became vain of his talents for shaving. His vanity was still further stimulated one day by bets as to the number of chins he could scrape in a given time. The consequence was that he had the batallion on his hands. It was not a little amusing to hear him bawling out the name of every one to "Come and get shaved—*viens donc*." A young lawyer was one day overheard relating some curious facts about the only client he had ever probably had—Joins, or (as he called him) *Jines*. The boys betrayed great interest in the history of this wonderful suitor, and the point or *pint* would be to make him pronounce *Jines'* name and words with similar diphthongs, as often as possible. A young soldier was detected later along, writing verses—which were highly complimented by some of our generals, but at the same time would perhaps have been improved by fuller rations and the burning sky of Louisiana. The poetic spirit had long since died out in camp. What increased the enormity of the offence of a poetical description was, that the author read some of his lines—he, a young recruit—to old veterans, about patriotism and glory. The thing could not be passed by. A court-martial was convened with John Porter, presiding judge, Sam Bland, as prosecutor, (representing an old farmer, whose chickens had been stolen,) and severe jurors, sheriff's officers and clerks, in proportion.

The poet in vain endeavored to prove that he was meditating about and gazing at the stars, and not chickens, and it was not until he had consented to buy up the jury with a promise to pay for the "incidental expenses" that a verdict was found of "not guilty." Previous to Fredericksburg, the fancy seized us to make all the talking men step forward on a given night and say what they had got to say before a formal audience. Noble (afterwards of the Legislature,) was in this way embarked in a metaphysical lecture on the Diaphanous Properties of Mud, or something similar, and no one at its conclusion could tell whether the joke was on the speaker or the audience. They gave him a historic cane with a flourish. Cleveland, (one of the men who captured the battery and worked it on their own hook, but who had the least conception of

I succeeded in escaping most of the monotony which attended the long months in winter and the opening of spring, by a short detail from the medical board to Richmond. The order from the Department came at night, just as we had concluded a march of thirty miles, and while the men were lying in front of their bivouac fires, awaiting supper. But as no soldier cares to lie rotting around camp, where dysentery and weariness carried off more men than battle, or when he knew the dangers to which such furloughs were liable, I lost no time the night the order from the Secretary was handed to me, in immediately rolling up my blankets and limping over the same wearisome thirty miles at night, in the direction of the Gordonsville R. R. that I had just passed over. I might have taken the cars at Fredericksburg, the next morning; but the travel on a terribly cold frosty night was nothing to the happiness of feeling a little sooner, that you were your own master, and of knowing that a military order could scarcely reach you. As showing how such instructions were respected in Bragg's army, an order from the Secretary was repeated three times, and the messenger was then recommended to keep out of the way if he did not wish to be shot.

My journey back, therefore, though I would frequently fall down with fatigue, hunger and weakness, and I might too have perhaps frozen, but for the way side bivouac camp fires, was under the actual circumstances, the hap-

a joke of any man in the battallion) was suddenly confronted with a long series of adventures, which could not have happened inside of a hundred years, and was offered a discharge, as too old for military service. The bores, after the musicians and humorous talkers had been disposed of, were summoned forward for judgment, and not allowed to go unpunished.

The success of this impromptu gathering, led to the organization of a theatrical corps, which first performed a little before the battle of Fredericksburg—one of the leading characters (Spearing,) losing his life in the battle which followed shortly after.

piest march I ever made. No ceremony would be used in stepping in between the sleepers and the burnt down fires of glowing coals. The only objections in such cases raised by the courtesy of camps, was when the sleeper turning over uneasily, and becoming indignant at the coldness of his feet, would complain that you were outstaying your welcome. It would then be necessary to trudge on to the next glowing log fire, and so on through the night and following morning. There were several similar adventures—one that of traveling, Mazeppa-like, on one of a body of horse, (without bridle or saddle,) which was being carried back to the rear at a slapping pace. When I reached the train, I had to rely more upon my skill in elbowing past sentinels, than upon the order of the Secretary of War; and before entering Richmond, preferred, with other soldiers, to be shot at rather than be marched off to some rough camp or hospital, where you would be placed with bounty jumpers, or small-pox patients, and be pulled and jerked around by any idle officer who had nothing else to do.

Once in the city, I proceeded with a very serious fear about quarters to the room of a friend from the army, already mentioned, but had scarcely entered and commenced undressing, which I did very quickly, before a feminine scream warned me of my error. My next attempt was something more successful. After getting confused in marching about in a blinding snow storm, and mistaking a statue of Washington, for an evil-disposed sentinel, I at length entered my friend's room. But this was full of beds, in each of which there was a couple of immense soldiers from Hood's Brigade, I believe, with arms, legs, and mouths spread open to their widest extent, and with bowie knives and revolvers half concealed by the pillows.

I struck a match, but the light went out—the prospect

did not look encouraging. I determined to grope my way out as silently as I came in. Unfortunately a chair was knocked over.

"Who's there?" shouted a voice. "What in the h—l are you doing with them clothes?" Before I could explain a pistol was discharged.

"Kill 'em as you catch 'em!" cried another voice, and off went another barrel.

Supposing that these might be followed by others, I took the prudential step of crawling under a bed and awaiting till the barrels were all emptied.

Another startled inmate, thinking the Federals had reached the city, jumped out of a window—I believe into a cistern. When the firing had at length ceased I made an explanation which was accepted without gainsaying.

Half of the inmates were now sitting up in bed; a light was again struck. There were the remains of a fire still burning in the fire place, and two or three getting out of bed in their night blouses, stirred up the chunks, and resting their tremendous limbs upon the mantle-piece, began to meditatively squirt tobacco juice at the flames. It struck me at the time as being a queer crowd altogether, although I had become so accustomed to new sights, and ways of thinking and acting, that I was prepared for almost anything.

"I wish you d—d fellers would quit your foolishness and go to bed," here sung out a petulant voice; "I always save one or two barrels in case of accident, and if you don't dry up and go to bed, hang me, if I don't blaze away right in the crowd."

But the complaint was unheeded. One of the watchers gave me permission, or rather ordered me off to his bed, perhaps as occupying too much of the fire. A pack of

cards was produced, a bottle of liquor and a plug of tobacco, the table was covered with corns for counters—and I dozed off into an uneasy slumber. The game, however, I imagined, was fiercely contested; and each player, as he led a strong card, would bring his fist down with a blow which would make the glasses jingle. When the hands were particularly good, they fell thick and fast. I could not help regarding the table in the morning, and was not surprised to see its leg looking rickety.

About day-break I woke up with a sudden start caused by a tremendous thump. The tobacco had almost disappeared, the bottle was empty, and one of the players was sweeping up a pile of Confederate bills into his handkerchief. The rest of the inmates now commenced dressing, or gazed from beneath the bed clothes with a half sleepy, half sullen expression, preparatory to doing the same. They were all soldiers on furlough, and I need not say we had a pretty wild, rattling set in that room; every body was on the hurrah-style, and lived as recklessly as if pay day in greenbacks came every day, and there was to be no to-morrow. Especially was this the case with a brave captain from North Louisiana, who had just bought a \$500 coat, as gorgeous as gold lace could make it. He played on a guitar, and affected a pensive style of singing, which was somewhat interfered with by the loudness of his voice and the prominence of his jaw, and he told all manner of impossible and fearful stories. At breakfast he made love to the landlady's daughter, and would have been helped doubtless to the best dishes, if there had been anything to eat but fried bacon and corn coffee.

At the same table, was another lady who came from New Orleans, and after getting sent out of the city by Butler, was equally unfortunate in being taken for a

Federal spy. However, she had been allowed to go to Richmond on parole, and had become not a little soured at the number of visits necessary to be made before obtaining her release. She gave the Captain who consoled with her, a beautiful lace handkerchief to bathe in somebody's blood, on the battle-field. The Captain, however, never got much closer to the enemy, than the nearest faro-bank, and in that classic quarter, boasted of the gift in a manner which would hardly have pleased its fair donor had she heard it.

My first day in town brought me in contact with the Provost Marshal, who treated me with American civility, but allowed his eyes to droop when speaking of the necessity of reporting for detail duty, and the sentinels too, began to find fault with my pass.

Under such pressure, I soon found myself making out pay rolls, or following rather humbly behind a paymaster with bundles of Confederate shinplasters, and assisting him in paying off the various hospitals about Richmond.

This brought me acquainted with the matrons, who at that day represented as much address, experience of the world, knowledge of human nature, personal attraction, and kind-heartedness, as any other class of southern women who came to the surface. They were by no means the ideal of the domestic woman, and sometimes were possessed of much more wit and liveliness of manner than refinement; but they were better adapted to taking care of soldiers, than ladies with less restlessness, vanity, jealousy, and love of power; a class with which every soldier during his time of sickness or wounds became familiar. As an illustration of this, I may mention what happened at my boarding house, to the brave Captain. He had been going about a good deal, boasting of his



handkerchief, and generally carried things with rather a high hand in the parlor.

One day as I passed by the door, I found him talking in his usual loud, hectoring, pleasant manner to two ladies. By way of giving animation to the scene, he would walk up and down the floor, singing "I'm the boy that's gay and happy." One of the ladies had once traveled in our ambulance wagon, and as the principal part of my costume was an old blanket with a hole cut in the middle, (except about dinner time when it was a dressing gown,) it was with much distress, that I saw that I could not escape bowing and speaking. I arrived just in time to see that the Captain was not received with much favor—that he had encountered a Tartar in the second of the two ladies. She had become weary with his freedom of manners, and was now turning on him a very handsome, satirical face, vicious black eyes, and the keenest tongue that any camp absentee had ever heard wagged at his expense. She snubbed him still further, after a dubious glance at my costume, by inviting me, instead of the Captain, to escort her home; and to add still more to his discomfiture during a momentary absence, I contrived to become possessed of one of his beautiful blue and gold coats which he had rashly left in our room unguarded. My new acquaintance after a rather liberal abuse of the Captain, whom she thought not worthy to look a lady of education in the face, allowed me to assist her in an ambulance which was in waiting. Entering after her she proceeded to inform me that there was but one thing that ladies in the South could do who were not of a domestic turn—become officers of the government—devote themselves to wounded soldiers, learning how to command in their departments and to defend themselves from

imposition. She thought there was especial danger from the Doctors, whom she maintained could boast of but little more knowledge than that of knowing how to potter at simple pills, and whose services were counterbalanced by drinking up most of the medical supplies when so permitted. She had lived very gaily in New Orleans society, she told me; but a hospital and soldiers was now the thing for a lady who had always been accustomed to a stirring and exciting life—books, society, dancing being out of the question. However the denial on her part did not prevent her from showing by her gestures that her arms were still finely shaped, that her back hair, which she moved, grew on her head as in the antique models, and that her shoe, which she took off (probably from pride at that day in having a new pair) was of the smallest pattern. She now took a philosophical tack, and told me her character grew out of the war like everything else—that the soldiers she met were frequently the first gentlemen in the land, and having no competition they admired her as much, if not more, than she had been in ten years previous. She couldn't be a *rivandière* as they had in French armies, or ride about from one line in male attire like Bell Boyd, or fight with a musket in a soldier's uniform, as some heroines were doing—so long as they behaved themselves; or do as Gen. Gordon's wife did, rally his brigade when her husband was absent; but she had traveled hundreds of miles as a refugee through the lines, without money and friends; sometimes in a soldier train where she would be concealed in the mail car and surrounded with mail matter for days and so on. The ambulance stopped at the house of one of the secretaries with whom she was staying, and as the ground was covered with snow, I had the courage, instead

of putting her on the ground, to carry her to the doorsteps. The result was that it fared worse with me in the way of epithets and abuse, than it had with the Captain. However, when I went with the paymaster, she gave me a laughing invitation to take dinner with her, to the great indignation of the local doctors, whom she wanted to feel miserable—in the very room that contained the envied stores.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### CHANCELLORVILLE.

The spring of '63 has meanwhile passed, and the roads have commenced to harden. The men absent from camp have grown weary of cities, and the old soldiers about winter-quarters, shout lustily when a popular general passes by—a sure sign that they have regained their old combative feeling, and a sign, too, that they will soon be called upon, to make use of it. The battery forges are kept constantly busy, and the ringing of Callahan's blacksmith's hammer in his labors, for the benefit of the battery horses, and the flying sparks which gayly shoot upward, begin to intoxicate the blood of men.

During the close of April, the rumbling of the artillery wheels, and the weary tramp of the infantry are once more heard. Hooker has daringly thrown his army across the Rappahannock, and waded them through the Rapidan, a deep tributary, and has made a move which causes Lee rather to open his eyes. However, the advantage lasts but a moment. The Confederate troops are promptly gathered up, and boldly moved forward—Jackson being thrust out in the same way, on the enemy's

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flank, as the one-armed Captain Cuttle would his hook—to drag the enemy in. Hooker, meanwhile, has occupied the ground, which, if he only knew it, and would hold on to it, would gain him the battle; but he becomes timid, with a greatly superior force, as Lee becomes daring, and meanwhile, his army is like one of those read of in the classic page, which gets bogged up in a swamp, or trembling prairie, or overwhelmed by the Lybian or Arabian sands; or as in the “Shipwreck,” where the whole of the Duke’s Court are wandering about on an unknown land, encountering enemies, and coming across friends—in all manner of fantastic ways. At one end of the line—Hooker’s left, which faces towards Richmond, is the old Chancellor House. It will soon be dripping with more blood than ever was put in a sensational tragedy or novel. Against one of its pillars Hooker is leaning in the battle, when stunned by the concussion against it of a shell.

On Friday morning, (May 1st,) the opposing columns began to jostle each other, and Hooker now can emerge from the tangled thicket in which he has been so far groping; but it is his last chance. It is one thing to mark out a campaign brilliantly, and to execute it unflinchingly, with new difficulties to be provided for on the battle field, at every step. As the Irish duelist explained it, to hit the stem of a wine glass with a bullet, is not difficult—provided the wine glass has no pistol.

Hooker once had emerged from his dangerous position, where his army could not manœuvre, but was either driven back, or took up from choice, according to Northern accounts, a line with rising ground in front, and with impenetrable thickets behind, from which the Confederate attacks could readily be formed. The night which fol-

lowed, passed silently in both armies—silently, so far as the guns were concerned; but faint noises told of the shoveling up of rifle pits; thousands of midnight woodcutters, as if suddenly possessed with a superstitious fancy for making a clearing, were causing the Wilderness, on both sides, to resound with their blows, or bringing to the ground some of the huge trunks, with a noise equal to cannon.

The falling of these trees meant for Hooker, that he would await an attack; for Lee that he knew Hooker's plan, and would go off and make an attack somewhere else. He will act upon Jackson's last and most brilliant idea, and send the latter around by an obscure farm road on Hooker's right, between him and his river communications. This move of Jackson, thought to be a retreat to Richmond—strikes the Federal right at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of May 2nd, and by dark it has put a whole corps to utter route. Jackson has got on the reverse side of the enemy, to within half a mile of headquarters. He is now about to deal his finishing blow, and while anxiously seeking the precise situation of the enemy, gets his death wound in the dark, at the hands of some of his own pickets. His loss left the battle incomplete, in spite of its stunning blow, and the melancholy news affected the Confederates in the same way that the fulfillment of the various omens predicted, before Troy could be captured, affected that city's defenders. On the other hand, if Jackson had not been wounded, as he said on his dying bed, "the enemy would have been obliged to surrender or cut his way out."

On the next day, Stuart, in Jackson's place, bore down and pressed back the Federal right wing, while Lee on the opposite side, hammered away at Hooker's centre and

left—forcing back two corps; or as a Northern\* historian expresses it, “the line melted away, and the front appeared to pass out.” Hancock, who alone held out, began to waver at 10 A. M., when “the Confederates sprang forward, and seized Chancellorville.”

Fredericksburg during this time had been left with a small force of five brigades, including the 1st and 2d La., and three companies of the Washington Artillery, who had been ordered from Chesterfield three days before, to the crest of Marye's Hill—their old battle ground. Barksdale was still with us. The latter, Sunday morning, in view of a movement by Sedgwick's corps, on this part of the line, were reinforced by Hays' Brigade. After three failures in other directions, a powerful assaulting column was formed to carry the hill by storm, which feat was finally achieved, though “under a very severe fire that cost Sedgwick a thousand men. The Confederates made a savage hand-to-hand fight on the crest, and over the 8 guns.” As there was only in reality two regiments, (less than 2000 men) assigned to the support of our artillery, and the attack was made by twenty-two thousand of the enemy, (according to Sedgwick's report,) it will not appear surprising that the works were finally captured. The guns were worked desperately to the last, and were faithfully manned by their cannoniers, when six pieces were surrounded, and the guns and cannoniers made prisoners—most of them under the command of Capt. Squires and Lieut. E. Owen. A large proportion of the gallant 18th and a part of the 21st Miss., were taken prisoners at the same time.

Sedgwick now commenced moving on the slender brigades who had been retained here by Lee to make up a show

\*Swinton's History of the Army of the Potomac.

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before the enemy, and retain his line of communications with Richmond—Early meanwhile retreating slowly towards Lee. He did not do so long—before the day was over, a sufficient force, McLaw's and Anderson, were promptly sent back to Early's support. The shock occurred at Salem Chapel, and all that need be said about it, was that Sedgwick was checked that day, "with a total loss of 5000 men."\* Marye's Hill was re-occupied the next day without any difficulty by its former possessors.

On Monday night, May 4th, Sedgwick being surrounded on three sides, and hard pressed as to his communications with the river, took advantage of the darkness, and was fortunate enough to safely withdraw his troops.

Lee having cleared, as it were, the brushwood from his path, was now (May 6th) with the troops whom he had recalled, prepared to attend to the case of Hooker; but that General was found to have lost all stomach for a fight, and had put the Rappahannock between himself and the enemy.

The result of the matter, and this was about the whole result, except that new material for powder had to be provided—was that the Union loss was 17,197, and the Confederate, 10,281. All of the spoils in the way of artillery, prisoners, and 20,000 stand of arms, fell to the Confederate army. The victory in short, was a glorious one, but really amounted to nothing, as Jackson disappeared from the scene, at the moment when most needed, and the result was incomplete.

\*Swinton, page 299.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE STORMING OF WINCHESTER BY GEN. HAYS' BRIGADE.

There being no other work before him, the army of Gen. Lee began to stretch out and lengthen towards the Potomac. Longstreet came up from the James.

A dim suspicion of some move on foot led to an attack on Stuart's cavalry, which was in the advance, at Brandy Station, and led to one of the few regular cavalry engagements which took place during the Confederate war—the loss being something between five and eight hundred on a side. This engagement, where the men remained on horseback, and used their sabres, instead of dismounting and “grabbing hold of roots,” as the infantry would sometimes derisively speak of what they called the “Butter-milk Rangers,” did much to raise the popularity of the cavalry, though it waned afterwards in spite of hard and arduous service, with the wearing out of horseflesh and the increase of Company Q.

Our line having meanwhile lengthened until it reached from Fredericksburg to the Valley, Ewell suddenly pounced down on Winchester and stormed its heights, taking 4000 prisoners, and a large amount of war material.

The way in which this was accomplished, according to Gen. Early's report, was by an assault made on a hill to the Northwest of the enemy's works. A position having been selected—that is, the side from which the attack should be made, Early led his guns and infantry by obscure paths to within a short distance of the hill to be stormed. His movements thus far had been concealed by the woods, and he had been fortunate enough to miss meeting any of the enemy's scouts. Meanwhile Gordon



had been making an advance from the opposite side of the town.

Jones' Artillery (twenty guns) were now put in readiness to support the charge on the storming side, and Gen. Hays' Louisiana Brigade, which had many times before enjoyed the honor of being selected for similar work, was put under cover, and allowed to gaze at the hill in front, covered with recently felled timber, at the bastion works with which the fort was crowned, and at the two lines of breast work further beyond.

It was now an hour by sun, and the men were burning with impatience. Twice Gen. Hays made ready to move, and was detained by Early's orders; a third time the detaining order was sent to him by Early, who could not believe but what the enemy were keeping a better look out than they did. But finally the twenty guns opened simultaneously, which was the *laissez faire* for action, and the next moment, before the enemy had recovered from his astonishment at seeing troops in this direction, and in spite of orders, Hays and his men were crawling through the brushwood, and up the steep slope. "He drove, says Gen. Early, the enemy from his fortifications in fine style," and with some of his infantry who had been purposely for such occasions, trained as cannoniers, he opened with the enemy's own rifled pieces, thus preventing all efforts at recapture. The enemy abandoned the whole town the next morning—Gordon's Ga. brigade being the first to reach the main fort, and pull down the flag flying over it. The infamous Milroy fled towards the Potomac, but too late to save his infantry, who now found themselves intercepted by Johnson's division. Twenty-five guns were captured, and only a few horsemen, who were with Milroy, succeeded in reaching

the opposite side of the Potomac. Gen. Early justly speaks of it, as "a most brilliant exploit."

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

Meanwhile, our batteries remained a few days at Stannard's Farm, grazing the horses. We then marched (5th,) past the old Wilderness Tavern, and crossed the Rapidan at Racoon Ford, with Gen. Longstreet's corps. Our road led us on towards Woodville and Winchester, and through Sperryville and Little Washington. After then crossing the Blue Ridge at Chester Gap, we passed through Front Royal, to the banks of the Shenandoah. Meanwhile, rumors of another invasion campaign were daily increasing in probability, which the victory at Winchester tended to confirm. After crossing at Morgan's Ford, we remained at Millwood, which was with the surrounding scenery the paradise of all camps, and soon after took up the line of march through Bunker Hill, and again into Maryland. The move north of the Potomac, was regarded with much questioning by the army, though its danger gave it a risk that soldiering on a worn out soil, did not possess. At any rate, we crossed the river in *sans culotte* style, like so many King Dagoberts, and then marched through Hagerstown, to Greencastle, Penn.

It was difficult to say which was the most surprised, the farmers who scarcely knew of the war, or the Southern army, at the worldly thrift, agricultural comfort, and at the same time thoroughly Bœotian spirit of these (as we then called them,) "Pennsylvania Dutchmen." There was nothing of course to correspond with the magnifi-





cent cotton and sugar plantations of the South, which sometimes were tilled by a thousand hands before the war; nor, with those old plantation chateaux, which the traveler on the Mississippi sees nestling among orange groves and tropical foliage. But the farmers we now saw, though not possessed of great means, had excellent habitations. Their ignorance of anything but tilling the soil, to a soldier appeared astonishing; it was however exceeded by their prejudice and bitterness.

Lee's orders, much to the disgust of the army, were not to plunder or in any way destroy private property, and passes when we reached the neighborhood of Chambersburg, which we did the next day, were now not easy to obtain. It need not however be stated that all of the cheese, whiskey, and other articles with which the country abounded, were not entirely left behind. For several days indeed, our commissaries tolerably well supplied us with food.

It was raining torrents all day, on the 30th, as we marched over splendid roads, and through fine mountain scenery; but on the first of July, we followed Hill and Ewell towards Gettysburg, who were then driving the enemy through the town, and while awaiting orders, our men watched with great anxiety the battle, which we could partially see, in front of us.\*

\*Extract from the note book of one of our men: "Part of the time during our halt, I was talking to a scowling farmer. He asked me in response to some remark about climate or health, if I knew anything of medicine, and when I shook my head, he attributed my denial to unwillingness to do him any service. I then, observing his disappointment, told him what was the truth, that I had read medicine to some extent, but was no practitioner, and asked him what he wanted done. He led the way silently to a room where a young lady was reclining, and asked me to assist her, if I knew how. Both the young girl and the old man himself were obviously only half dead with terror, and I thought it most good-natured to assume all the dignity of an experienced M. D., and in this way endeavor to alleviate her terror. I accordingly examined her tongue with great importance, felt of her pulse, and talked learnedly about valerian and *digitalis*,

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## THE DECISIVE STRUGGLE.

The battle of Gettysburg was brought on without being anticipated by either of the contending Generals. It was like an accidental fight which starts at a street corner, and which becomes "free" all around. It was decided opportunely, though with but little in the way of result, by the lucky arrival of Hays' and Gordon's Brigades, under Ewell, from Yorktown, when affairs were in a very critical condition. By their desperate charge, and by the penetration of a weak point in the Federal line, they with Rhodes' Division captured or totally routed all the Federal troops on hand. Those who escaped, were driven back and huddled together on the heights, north of Gettysburg.\* This was the first feature of the fight. The most important consequences, the fruits of most value, which should have been gathered, were lost by a neglect to seize the Cemetery Ridge, which commanded the situation, and which was the turning point of the battle.

neither of which I knew was in the house; and as a last resource I suggested, like David Copperfield's housekeeper, to restore her forces, with a little weak brandy and water. The old man hunted up the brandy with alacrity, while I meanwhile showed the young lady that she was in no danger, either from the balls or the rebels themselves. I think I proved to both that I was an excellent physician, and to show that I had confidence in my remedy, I very readily consented to drinking myself what remained.

\*The following is from Gen. Ewell.

The enemy were moving large bodies of troops from the town, and affairs were in a very critical condition, when Maj. Gen. Early coming up, ordered forward Gordon, who broke Barlow's Division, captured Gen. Barlow, and drove the whole back in a second line, when it was halted. Gen. Early now ordered up Hays' and Hokes' Brigades, on Gordon's left, and then drove the enemy precipitately towards and through the town, just as Ransom broke those in his front. Three hundred dead were left on the ground, passed over by Gordon's Brigade. Early and Rhodes together, captured 4000 prisoners; two pieces of artillery fell in the hands of Early's Division. No other troops than those of this corps entered the town at all. [See Gen. Ewell's report of the second army corps, Gettysburg Campaign.] His statement about Cemetery Hill, and the reason why the attack was delayed, is substantially the same as is here given further on, excepting in not mentioning the earnest appeal made by Hays, for a prompt attack.

This halt and neglect to take the afterwards so famous crescent-shaped ridge, after Hays had marched straight into the town, when fifteen minutes further of advance would have finished the business at a blow, is thus explained :

Hays had received orders through Early from Ewell (though Lee's general instructions subsequently were the reverse,) to halt at Gettysburg and advance no further than that point, in case he should be successful in capturing the place. But Hays now saw that the enemy were coming around by what was known as the Baltimore road, and were obviously making for the strong Cemetery ridge, immediately north of Gettysburg. The ridge in question meant life or death, and for the mastery of it, the battles of the 2nd and 3rd of July, the days following, will have to be fought. The Baltimore road referred to ran at the foot of the hill for several miles. Consequently, owing to the long detour which the enemy were compelled to make, it was obvious that they would not be able to get their artillery in position on Cemetery Hill for one or two hours. The immediate occupation of the hill by the Confederate army, who were in a position to get there at the time referred to, without much opposition, was a matter of vital importance. Hays recognized it as such, and promptly sent word to Early. The latter thought as Hays, but declined to disobey orders. At the urgent solicitation of Gen. Hays, however, he sent for Gen. Ewell: when the latter arrived, many precious moments had been lost. But the enemy who did not see its value until the arrival of Hancock on the scene, had not yet appeared in force.

If Gen. Ewell will now act, the Confederates will have the frowning hills, against which brave men may throw

away their lives by the thousands without success, for their own fortifications, and the two days of bloody fighting, will either take place at Philadelphia or Harrisburg, the Capital of Pennsylvania; or the result will be on the Gettysburg ground a certain victory. If Ewell makes the right decision, there will be an overwhelming feeling in favor of allowing the Southern States separation, without further war.

Unfortunately, Gen. Ewell, while sharing Hays' convictions, thought it better to wait a little, until Johnson came up, and meantime the precious moments, whose value Jackson knew better than any man, are flying.

Johnson gets up finally, and Lee is pressing for an attack. But now, there is a new delay: the enemy appear to be making a demonstration, to one side or the other. At last, this is discovered to amount to nothing. Still the evening has come, and so the attack must be postponed until to-morrow.

Ewell laughed at Hays, when he appeared so anxious to make the attack, and wanted to know if his men would never have their bellyful of fighting—if they could not wait a day. Hays' answer was, that it was with a view to prevent the slaughter of his men, that he wanted to make the attack at once—and was unwilling to throw away their lives if the heights were allowed to be defended by guns and breastworks. But so it was to be. That very night, the Louisiana Brigade, as the men threw themselves despondingly on the ground, (for soldiers know now as well as their generals, when a point is lost or made,) were startled by a rumbling noise, faint at first, but which comes nearer. The heavy guns are being dragged up to the crest of the hill, and will tell their own tale on the morrow. The sound of the pick-



axe and spade are heard—the enemy are shoveling up breastworks and trenches, which will protect those who are to live. Still useful, when the battle is over, these trenches will answer equally well for the graves of those who are to be left behind.

The following day, (July 2d,) dragged on: it was the last for many thousands, and they waited impatiently to know their fate. An unbroken stillness prevailed until late in the afternoon. But the loss of opportunity yesterday, must now be replaced, and great masses of men are to be put in motion.

The result of this day's struggle, (the 2d,) was an attempt to repair the mistakes made the day before, by a desperate charge of the whole of Longstreet's line. The Texas brigade, sweeping back from Peach Orchard to Round Top, succeeded by a quick movement, in wedging itself in between the Federal left and the latter mountain—thus cutting off the Federal line of retreat, and enfilading the enemy's line, if the brigade could have been sustained. The position was however saved to the Federal army, by a bayonet struggle, led on by Warren Hood who did not see that Round Top itself was unoccupied, was forced to give back. Longstreet wedged into every crack and crevice of the enemy's ranks, and gained ground; but the result was unsatisfactory. Meanwhile, at the opposite end of the line, the same attack and repulse were being repeated by Hays' brigade, as will now be shown in detail:

The attack on this wing commenced about dusk, Hays' and Hokes' Brigades being assigned to the work in hand, and moving directly forward against Cemetery Hill in their front.

Hays thereupon charged over a hill, into a ravine,

where they broke a line of the enemy's infantry, posted behind a stone wall—up the steep face of another hill, and over two lines of breastworks, capturing several batteries of artillery. These works were held until finding that no attack was made on the right, and heavy masses of the enemy advancing, they reluctantly fell back, bringing away with them, 75 to 100 prisoners, and four stands of captured colors.

Gen. Lane, commanding Pender's Division on the right, was asked by Ewell, at this juncture, to co-operate, but made no reply. Maj. Gen. Rhodes "did not advance for reasons given in his report." Had it been otherwise, from the eminent success attending the assault of Hays and Avery, (though that latter gallant commander of Hokes' Brigade, was the only one of his command, according to his own statement, who went into the enemy's works,) the enemy's lines would have been carried. The above statements are from Ewell's report.

The truth about the charge on Cemetery Hill, on this part of the line, was that Hokes' Brigade advanced only a few hundred yards, breaking on the first hill under an almost infernal fire, in spite of the gallant efforts of Col. Avery to lead them on. Avery himself went into the enemy's lines and said to Gen. Hays: "I am here without my command. I wish you to remember that I at least have reported in person."

This position was finally yielded to superior numbers.

About the hour this attack was made, a little after dusk, the batteries of the Washington Artillery were sent for in hot haste, and as soon as the order was received, we went tearing to the front, over trees and stumps, and with imminent risk to the cannoniers, mounted on the seats, of being crushed. We were not, however, ordered

to open fire. Although the enemy had been taught his weak points, and had shown unusual readiness in getting to the point assailed, which was in reality easy to be done with a line of only two miles in length to six on the part of the assailant, yet as the Confederates had driven back the enemy and all the trophies of victory were with them, it was resolved to make one more final throw of the die, and to renew the fearful assaults of the two preceding days. The point aimed at now—the attack on the wings having failed of decided results—was to pierce the enemy's centre.

At two o'clock on the morning of the eventful day, (July 3d) our batteries were ordered to take what proved to be our final position for the great battle. The ground was covered with the slain of the preceding days' fights, who had been left behind in the forcing back of the Federal army, and their groans would have been enough to have disturbed the consciences of even those who had no risks themselves on the morrow to encounter.

One of the statements made to me afterwards, by Lieutenant H—, of the way in which he passed the night, was that having no blanket, he had concluded to crawl, as was frequently done, under the covering of another soldier. He remarked during the night, that the man seemed very cold blooded, and the next morning when he woke up and looked around, he thought so more than ever. He understood the situation at a glance. He had been sleeping all night with a corpse.

The fight commenced in the morning, at an early hour, with the roar of artillery from the enemy's guns, and was as hot as any we had ever previously encountered—the more so because our own guns meanwhile remained silent.

In a few moments, two of the Third company's finest

horses, and Smith, their driver, were killed.\* Joe Norcomb of the Fourth, was wounded. The fence behind us was finally torn down, and the internals of the caissons and pieces widened. At a given signal, it was arranged about 1 o'clock P. M., that all the guns of Longstreet's corps, (135) should open, and that Pickett's Virginia Division, supported by Heath Wilcox, and Pettigrew *en echelon*, were to storm the enemy's work, while the latter, meanwhile, would be demoralized by our artillery fire.

At 1:30 Longstreet ordered Col. Walton (now chief of his artillery,) "to open fire with all the guns from right to left." The signal guns previously agreed upon—"two fired in rapid succession by the Washington Artillery," were now discharged, and were promptly answered by the roar of 220 others—one of the greatest cannonades ever made in the world's history, and the greatest on this continent. The enemy's fire slackened after thirty minutes from the number, as officially reported, of caissons and ammunition wagons we exploded; but shells still ploughed through our ranks with terrible effect, one of them setting fire to a hospital and burning up in the flames a great many wounded. Many of their guns were disabled, and soon the blinding battle-smoke gave place to the stillness of death. Now had come the decisive moment when the gloomy presentiments which had been pressing upon Gen. Lee's men were to become facts, or be dissipated like the sulphurous wreaths above us.

I speak of presentiments, because the night before, when we had taken our place for bivouac on the corpse-covered battle field, there rose before us, what we at first thought was a cloud, black and threatening, but which we soon

\*Later in the day Adolphe Duprè was carried back wounded, and the two cannoniers, who gave him their places, were killed simultaneously by the same shell.

discovered were the mountains behind, or on which the Federal left was posted; protected, we discovered, too, on the morrow, by breastworks. In regarding this we stared at each other in amazement. Still the men believed so much in themselves, that when the storming divisions moved off, we did not fear the treachery of fortune.

As Pickett's Division pressed on by us, or rather along side of us part of the way, the men realizing the certain death that awaited them, and too proud to falter in doing what they considered their duty, were heard some of them, saying "good-bye" and the fixed look in their face, showed that they had steeled themselves to certain death. Then the flag station signaled, and the whole lined moved. McDonald at Wagram, was eclipsed. There was a mile of ground to get over, and the storm of lead from their enemies in the breastworks, laid them down by scores. Meanwhile what was the most extraordinary feat of the war, the third company battery charged as far as the ground admitted, with Pickett, finally maintaining a position far in advance of any other Confederate guns.\*

Heath's Division emerged from the woods, *en echelon*, as was ordered, just as we heard a yell which told that our colors had been successfully planted over the enemy's fortifications, and eleven captured cannons. At that moment, Pettigrew's men, who were raw troops, and soon after, Heath's Division, broke under a flank fire, and retreated in confusion. Pickett's position, which is now being charged by a fresh division of the enemy becoming critical, and his men being unable to hold their ground fell back by order.

This settled the day, and the hopes of many of the

\*A battery from another State moved with us, but soon left both the Third company, and their own guns.

Confederate army. The crest of the hill soon became almost deserted—there being present only four pieces of cannon from the Washington Artillery which still retained their original position. These about dusk fired a shower of shots at what appeared to be an advance movement of the enemy—the last shots that were fired upon that fatal day.\*

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE RETREAT.

During the whole of this memorable day, and part of the preceding, the men had nothing to eat, and were very often without water. I succeeded at one time, in satisfying the pangs of hunger; by eating the fruit from a cherry tree, which either hung close to the ground,

\*At 6 P. M., we heard a long and continuous Yankee cheer, which we at first imagined was an indication of an advance; but it turned out to be their reception of a general officer, whom we saw riding down the line, followed by about thirty horsemen. Soon afterwards I rode to the extreme front, where there were four pieces of rifled cannon, almost without any infantry support. To the non-withdrawal of these guns is to be attributed the otherwise surprising inactivity of the enemy. I was immediately surrounded by a sergeant, and about half-a-dozen gunners, who seemed in excellent spirits, and full of confidence, in spite of their exposed situation. The sergeant, [Corporal Coyle] expressed his ardent hope that the Yankees might have spirit enough to advance and receive the dose he had in readiness for them.

Whilst we were talking, the enemy's skirmishers began to advance slowly, and several ominous sounds in quick succession told us that we were attracting their attention, and that it was necessary to break up the conclave. I therefore turned round and took leave of these cheery and plucky gunners.

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 It was difficult to exaggerate the critical state of affairs as they appeared about this time. If the enemy or their general had shown any enterprise, there is no saying what might have happened. Gen. Lee and his officers were evidently fully impressed with a sense of the situation.

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 Gen. Longstreet said the mistake they had made, was in not concentrating the army more, and making the attack on the 2d, with 30,000 men instead of 15,000. The advance had been in three lines, and the troops of Hill's corps, who gave way, were young soldiers who had never been under fire before. The enemy would have attacked, had the guns been withdrawn. Had they done so at that particular moment, immediately after the repulse, it would have been awkward.

—*Fremontle.*

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or whose boughs had been struck off by the bullets and shell. The last bread we tasted was obtained by some of us who, to preserve the strength of the men, were detailed by Capt. Hero to gather food from the dead Federal infantry, whose haversacks were furnished with three day's ration. It was not the kind of food that fastidious stomachs could endure. But a soldier's first motto is to take care of his material wants, and the men who resolutely satisfied the cravings of nature, probably did the best service in marching and fighting, and preserved longest their health.

The day altogether, was productive of different emotions, from any ever experienced on any other battle field. The sight of the dying and wounded, who were lying by the thousand between the two lines, and compelled amid their sufferings, to witness and be exposed to the cannonade of over 200 guns, and later in the day, the reckless charges, and the subsequent destruction or demoralization of Lee's best corps—the fury, tears or savage irony of the commanders—the patient waiting, which would occasionally break out into sardonic laughter at the ruin of our hopes seen everywhere around us, and finally, the decisive moment, when the enemy seemed to be launching his cavalry to sweep the remaining handful of men from the face of the earth: These were all incidents which settled, and will forever remain in the memory. We all remember Gettysburg, though we do not remember and do not care to remember many other of the remaining incidents of the war. Of this latter kind, were for instance, our marches a short time afterwards from the Potomac, the campaign on Mine Run, the battle of Bristow Station, (or the third Manassas, as it might be more properly called.)

But to return to the battle field, from which at a little distance we bivouacked that night. It is true that many of us shed tears at the way in which our dreams of liberty had ended, and then and there gave them a much more careful burial than most of the dead received; yet when we were permitted at length to lie down under the caissons, or in the fence corners, and realized that we had escaped the death that had snatched away so many others, we felt too well satisfied at our good fortune—in spite of the enemy still near us, not to sleep the soundest sleep it is permitted on earth for mortals to enjoy.

On the following day during a heavy and continuous rain, the army commenced its retreat to the Potomac.\*

Gen. Imboden was put in the van, in charge of the immense amount of captured plunder, and the many thousand prisoners who had been taken, and our batteries were temporarily assigned to his command. His duty it need not be said, was a very arduous one, as it exposed us constantly to a sudden swooping down of the cavalry. Once they actually dashed down on us, and compelled us

\*July 4th. The army commence moving this evening from want of ammunition. It was hoped that the enemy might attack during the day, especially as this is the 4th of July, and it was calculated that there was still ammunition for one day's fighting. The ordnance train had already commenced moving back towards Cashtown, and Ewell's immense train of plunder had been proceeding towards Hagerstown by the Fairfield road ever since an early hour this morning.

July 5th, Sunday.—The night was very bad—thunder and lightning, torrents of rain—the road knee deep in mud and water, and often blocked up with wagons “come to grief.” I pitied the wretched plight of the unfortunate soldiers who were to follow us. Our progress was naturally very slow indeed, and we took eight hours to go as many miles.

At 8 a. m. we halted a little beyond the village of Fairfield, near the entrance to a mountain pass. No sooner had we done so and lit a fire, than an alarm was spread that Yankee cavalry were upon us. Several shots flew over our heads, but we never could discover from whence they came. News also arrived of the capture of the whole of Ewell's beautiful wagons. At 6 o'clock we traveled on again (by the Hagerstown road). The road was full of soldiers marching in a particularly lively manner—the wet and mud seemed to have produced no effect whatever on their spirits, which were as boisterous as ever. The same old chaff was going on of “Come out of that hat—I know you're in it—I sees your legs a-dangling down,” &c. When we halted for the night, skirmishing was going on in front and rear—Stuart in front and Ewell in rear.



to get our pieces unlimbered. Never had the men and horses been so jaded, and stove up. One of our men who dropped at the foot of a tree in a sort of hollow, went to sleep, and continued sleeping until the water rose to his waist. It was only then that he could be awakened with the greatest difficulty. Battery horses would drop down dead. So important was our movement that no halt for bivouac, though we marched scarcely two miles an hour, was made during the route from Gettysburg to Williamsport—a march of over 40 miles. The men and officers on horseback would go to sleep without knowing it, and at one time there was a halt occasioned by all of the drivers—or at least those whose business was to attend to it, being asleep in their saddles. In fact the whole of the army was dozing while marching and moved as if under enchantment or a spell—were asleep and at the same time walking.

Over the rocky turnpike road some of us had to march barefooted, our shoes having been destroyed by the rough Macadamized road, or the heavy mud; and those were especially sufferers whose feet, my own among the number, were inconveniently larger than those of the passing Dutchmen whom we would meet on the road.

Scarcely had we arrived at Williamsport, before we were attacked by Kirkpatrick with a body of Federal cavalry who had already harrassed us at Hagerstown, on our retreat, and captured some of our wagons. At Williamsport, the morning after our arrival, there was a sudden dash and hotly contested fight. These assailants were however, ultimately driven off, with the assistance of the wagoners, who now shouldered the muskets they had been hauling, and fought like Trojans. In this teamsters' fight, the enemy were driven away without doing any serious damage.

Lee's army a few days after reached the Potomac without opposition, and although his pontoons were destroyed, and the Potomac unfordable, a bridge was constructed, and the army on the 13th of July, passed over very quietly—the bridges having been covered with bushes to prevent the rumbling of the wheels. Ewell's corps by this time had managed to ford the river.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### CAPUA.

The events that now need only be glanced at in this narrative, are, that large detachments were taken from the Federal army of the Potomac, to reinforce those of the West, and to assist in the North, in making the draft. On the other hand, the climate of Virginia, not allowing a very active campaign, induced Lee, following this example, to send Longstreet South. This general took part in the battle of Chickamauga, with our 5th Company of Washington Artillery, and his troops greatly contributed to the victory at that time gained. The strategical movement that followed in Virginia, resulted only in showing either that none of Jackson's brilliant flank movements could now be aimed at, or that the times and the hopes of the Southern people had changed, and that Lee's army never replenished, and always decreasing, could, henceforth, hope for but little, in the way of an aggressive movement. Lee's subsequent defense of Richmond, formed the brightest part of his military reputation, but it differed essentially in its character, from that of the preceding campaigns.

With the coming of Grant into power, it became

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obvious that some new movement to Richmond would be attempted, and the defence of that city and of Petersburg, from attack by way of the James, became a matter of increasing importance. It was with a view to this, and to the preservation of our horses that our Battalion was ordered to Richmond, and subsequently to Petersburg. Our campaigning, henceforth, until the following June, alternated from one side of the James to the other—from Richmond to Petersburg, and finally to the various forts or breastworks of that closely guarded town. Previous to going to the Cockade City, we were detailed around Richmond a few days, not for the purpose of refreshing the men, but of resting the battery horses, which became appreciated with their scarcity, and whose good condition was a matter of much more consideration than that of a private. In spite of this depreciation, the old soldiers improved what little opportunity was afforded them to renew their friendships, and to affect as much style in eating, living and dressing, as their somewhat limited opportunities admitted. To show how times changed men's conduct, I may mention an incident which happened to an old soldier, whose courage was only exceeded by his vanity. He cared as little for being complimented for the former quality, as Richelieu, or Frederick the Great did, for being flattered as statesmen. When it came however, to his dress, he was vulnerable as Achilles. What pleased him best of all, was to be promenading the streets with a neat walking cane, and to be reproached as a hanger-on about Richmond, who had not sufficient manhood to do his duty. The more he was cursed by sentinels or mud-covered soldiers, who did not know him, the more he was delighted.\*

\*A—, one of the recruits who had recently joined us and who came to the surface

Our camp life at Petersburg was a new revelation to nearly all of us. The place had not yet seen soldiering, and we were so many Telemachus welcomed by Calypsos. One of the latter, a tall fine-looking young lady of Petersburg, was enthusiastic enough to take the baggage from the weary back of a poor soldier, and to insist upon carrying it upon her own ivory shoulders. It was thought among us for a little while that this romantic acquaintance would terminate in marriage; but perhaps it was just as well that she married instead one of the first Federal officers who came into the city, after its capture.

We were very advantageously placed, upon our arrival, in a camp a mile east of town, and which commanded a very large extent of turnip producing country. The influence this fertile region and short rations exerted on the principles of some of the younger and less scrupulous members may be guessed at from the fact that one of them declined joining the church, during a religious revival, on account of the too great temptation exerted upon his morality by a neighboring vegetable garden.

The citizens all received us with great hospitality, not only at this camp but when we were moved four miles

during this short stay, put in an equally magnificent appearance, and developed a different sort of talent. He dressed in what was considered gorgeous raiment at the time, and secured a table at the best restaurant in the town. At one time he was upon the point of marrying a beautiful girl who heard with rapture of his plantation, where the flavor of pork was improved by feeding a hog on oranges; so much so that she was ready to agree to live forever, upon such remarkable breakfast bacon. But the order for the battalion came to move to Petersburg—and the marriage was postponed, the fascinating recruit lingering so long in the lap of beauty that he scarcely had time to return his borrowed suit, much less pay his restaurant bill. He however lingered long enough for both parties to discover there was some mistake not only about the orange-fed hogs, and the plantation, but about the character of the lady. During the march to Petersburg, he consumed his time in swearing he would get even with the wags of the battalion who had introduced him and let him so badly in, if it was the last military act of his life; and his excitement and the condition of the roads may be judged of when it is stated that, by actual count of time, he and two or three similar characters, shook the Richmond dust off their feet at the rate of 20 miles, for four hours marching.

further away—that is received those who had horses and could come frequently to town. Ultimately we were encamped at “Model Farm,” though it might have been the model of almost anything else, at the time we occupied it.

Our life here in these winter quarters, barring short commons, was the pleasantest experience we had yet had of soldiering. Petersburg was large enough to admit of every variety of society, embracing, as Pierre Soulé once declared, some of the most beautiful ladies he had ever seen anywhere. Richmond too was but a little ways off, and there was an excellent public library. Lastly, the amateur performers gave an entertainment—“Pocahontas” and “Toodles” in the theatre of the town, which drew a packed house, ladies not only from Petersburg, but Richmond; and such was the preternatural splendor of the occasion, that one of the ushers refulged through the evening in a pair of \$150 white kid gloves.

What great places of resort were the two hotels and one or two coffee houses, the bridge and river bank; and towards the last, some of the noble residences richly furnished, which a few of us from time to time were permitted to roam through and enjoy—not in any wise to molest or disturb; simply by staring very hard at the carved oak, carpet and curtains, to bring to our minds that we had once led some other life, than the one under canvass or in bunks.

The winter months passed away, with some disagreeable work in the shape of guard mounting and wood cutting, and in the labor of getting the latter to the camp habitations. The men did not much like the idea of carrying great logs over steep or rugged ground on their shoulders, and besides were thinking of the pleasant times they might

have had in elegant society in Petersburg. Disagreeable contrasts were naturally enough instituted between the bruised muscles and blistered hands of one existence, and the refined drawing rooms, abounding with gay company, music and dancing on the other. We had become such sybarites before the winter passed, not only with our own batallion, but with Pickett's Division, and a few other old veterans who were thus afforded a month or so of rest, that what with church going, visiting or reading by the pleasant fires of winter-quarters, we began to imagine, (after one or two little interruptions towards North Carolina and Lynchburg) that our Capua would last forever. It was true that the rations from week to week became scarcer, and that anything like hospitality became from day to day of more difficult occurrence.

One day there was what might be called, for the times, a grand carousal, a sort of one-horse Belshazzar's display, made up mostly of brilliant officers from the army, and at which the display of demijohns was as great as in the Irish hospitality described by Lever. A distinguished hospital surgeon from Georgia, was the worst victim; so much so, that he was stretched upon the table, the cloth thrown over his motionless body, and the burial service read and chanted over him with great emphasis and ceremony. We had not seen enough of that sort of thing in reality, and had to do some of it as a joke, by way of refreshing our recollection. Besides, we were half inclined, on general principles, to send the doctor to keep company with a good many of his patients. However, nothing in the way of reminders was needed long. Couriers, as the spring advanced, began to arrive in camp, and the men were put through, though not without loud growling and swearing, a regular course of inspection and drill.

Suddenly, at all sorts of hours, we began to be called upon to "hitch up" to cross the Appomattox or the James. We could hear, too, the faint booming of the guns of Lee's and Grant's armies, who were now starting up from their winter-quarters north of Richmond, and swinging around towards Petersburg—smiting and rending each other as they marched, and making ready for the final death grapple which was to be completed during the following year.

With the first guns that were fired about Petersburg, the brilliant society which had hitherto remained about that city commenced to melt away. But it was not until the small trenches had become great mounds and had been lengthened into miles of fortifications—and until the shot from the enemy's guns began not only to deafen the population by their roar but to penetrate their houses, that the streets became altogether deserted by their former gay frequenters. The spurs of brilliant horsemen ceased to echo so frequently through fashionable church aisles; and about the only resort for which soldiers showed much predilection, was one of the old finely furnished saloons. The traditional coffee-house pictures, with their voluptuous and impossible beauties still hung on the walls; the glasses and bottles still glittered; and it is pleasant to reflect that during all of those long months of bombardment one man still remained behind the counter with neat cuffs and hair parted in the middle, ready to administer to the wants of his thirsty fellow-man.

Nevertheless, the supply of stimulants was at a low ebb; and it was only in the days when there did not seem to be a hundred people in the streets, or under circumstances of the most mysterious secrecy, that one could penetrate into the spirituous twilight of the inner side, and only one or two at a time. It was like waiting at

the pool for the troubling of the waters; and once the visitor had paid his two or three dollars, and swallowed the moderate amount of *Nepenthe* allowed him, a door in the rear opened and he was expected to foot it back or gallop back to camp forthwith. It might perhaps be thought that the necessity of passing over a field a mile wide, in which shells and bombs were constantly exploding, would have some influence in keeping the men from having such longings. Such however was not the case.

One of the most singular features about Petersburg, as month after month passed on, and the anaconda-folds of Grant's army hugged closer and closer the doomed city, was the way in which the hill-side embankments would be honeycombed into human dens and places of shelter and refuge. In one place it was like a glimpse of *Petrea*, with the houses excavated in rock; in another the ground would be cut up with such a maze of alleys and streets of trench work, that as you went through them, crouching down and with bent shoulders, you could never tell at what end you would come out of this *Dædalus* labyrinth. What made the matter more difficult, was that a regiment of soldiers, with fireplaces and cooking utensils, would be sometimes encamped inside of these narrow avenues, whose heads, if they ever stood erect, were certain marks for the Federal sharpshooters. Stumbling or falling over men who were wasting away under a siege that was kept up more than a year, all of the finer and nobler traits of the old soldiers seemed to disappear, and their thoughts to be only occupied by their ever present misery and wretchedness. But the roll of the drum, or the order "Fall in men," would waken them, and as General Longstreet recently told me in conversation, he believed they steadily improved in soldiering to the end of the war.



## CHAPTER XXX.

## THE LAST YEAR.

But notwithstanding the spirit of the men, it would have seemed, at first blush, after the decisive battle of Gettysburg, the loss of Vicksburg, with the South doomed to certain starvation, in a fixed time, and opposed by a pertinacious general having absolute power over 1,200,000 troops, that the leaders of the South would have sought to hedge in or compromise, and preserve to the land some little vestige of property. Considering that the loss of the game was now absolutely certain in a given number of moves, the question was whether it was worth while to play it out and submit to the brutality of a checkmate; or to get at once the best terms the situation admitted. It is very probable that the latter was what Gen. Lee thought about the matter, and it is certain from his statements to Gen. Gordon, that he had ceased to see any hope, some time before retreating from Petersburg.

But another year of hard fighting was to be gone through with, and Lee will now have to keep Grant's main army from Richmond by the overland route, and at the same time defend that city on the South from an approach of Butler in that direction with 30,000 men.

The struggle between Lee and Grant opened with the battle of the Wilderness, which was fought on nearly the same ground as that of Chancellorville. In this, Lee attempted to shut up the Federal army, consisting of 100,000 men, in the forest well described by its name, where movement was as difficult as in a cane brake. Lee succeeded to the extent of putting 30,000 of the enemy *hors du combat*.

It was here, where the enemy, by the suddenness of his

attack, had broken the line of Hill, that Gen. Lee temporarily closed up the breach by leading on the Texas Brigade in person, riding himself in front of the lines. It was not until the men dragged his horse back by the bridle, and until the brigade shouted that they would do the fighting if he would stay in the rear, that Lee consented to remain behind. The brigade was cut to pieces, but Longstreet now had time to get up, and the line was saved. The movements of both armies were thoroughly aggressive, and as the ground admitted of no manœuvring, Grant's orders were substantially to fight it out as if in a promiscuous row, to strike at everything going. The log breastworks in front of Hancock caught fire, and the fight had to be continued through smoke and flame, the crippled and wounded being many of them burnt to death or suffocated before they could escape. The fight lasted two days and Lee's loss was 8,000.

Grant's second encounter (May 12th, Spottsylvania) was still less fortunate for the Federal Commander. Its general character was the same, in the nature of the ground, as that of the Wilderness. Here too the woods caught fire, and the direction of advance through the forest could only be told by compass. One line of Lee's works having been taken, was in turn re-assaulted by him in five terrific charges. Confederate bodies bayoneted in these assaults, lay piled upon each other, so Federal accounts say, and the woods were black with corpses. The fight at Spottsylvania was of twelve days' duration, at the end of which time, Grant who had now lost 40,000 men, gave it up in despair, of here making an impression on Lee, and commenced flanking towards Richmond.

After thirty days' marching, flanking, racing and fighting, Grant's army attempted to drive Lee back, June 3d,

from the Chickahominy. His plan was simply an attack along the whole line. His troops having lost 15,000 men in a short time at this battle, and his men remembering that they had now lost 60,000 by this free-fight system of tactics, stood still in ranks when ordered to advance. Grant's loss in this campaign was greater than what the whole force of Lee amounted to. Still Lee lost 18,000 men, and there was no way of filling up his ranks.

Our victories, brilliant as they were, did not deceive old soldiers. They were sometimes compared to the winnings of a poker player, who, in those days, was heard growling at his luck, because, after winning \$3,000 in Confederate money, he lost twenty-five cents in silver.

On the night of the 12th of June, the movement to the Southern side of the James was begun.

Having said this much by way of general explanation, I shall here introduce the concise record of Lieut. Col. Miller Owen, (whose former place was supplied by Adjutant E. J. Kursheedt,) of the military movements made by the Washington Artillery, for the following year :

*Battalion Journal*: APRIL 15. The command has had no service since August last, and things have gotten a little loose and rusty. Winter quarters near such a pleasant place as Petersburg, has demoralized the boys a little. They are now well clad in gray jackets and pants, and every one has at least one sweet-heart among the pretty girls of the city. Trust a W. A. for that.

Horses and harness in miserable order; drills and inspections have been neglected all winter. Too much leisure in camp will spoil the discipline of the best soldiers. The men are not disposed to have what they consider needlessly, their liberty restricted, but are all anxious to join Gen. Lee at Gordonsville—Lieut. Col. Eshleman in command, in place of Col. J. B. Walton, resigned.

April 16. In camp at Model Farm, drilling commenced, bugle and roll call resumed. Tall swearing among the men who regard all this as an outrage.

21. In Richmond. Hotel board \$50 a day. A month's pay can be eaten up in three days.

23. Mr. Davis will not let us go to Gordonsville, but suggests that we be placed in the works around Richmond.

25. Drilling and putting everything in order.

May 4. Looking for the Yankees to begin operations every day.

5. Action at last. Ordered by Gen. Pickett to move our guns to City Point road. All the horses in the city are pressed and sent to us to be converted into

battery horses; buggy horses, express horses, in fact trotters and all are made to do service.\*

30. Transport full of Federals and five Monitors are reported at Bermudas Hundreds. Butler in command; we can look for hot work now. After much trouble with our new horses, we go into position north of the Appomattox, as follows:

3rd Company, in Battery No. 2, City Point Road.

2nd Company, in Battery No. 5, City Point Road.

1st Company, in Battery No. 8, City Point Road.

The Fourth Company under Norcom and Behan were placed with the 2nd.

May 6. Enemy reported coming up the City Point Road. 1st Company ordered back to Petersburg with his four guns.

5 P. M. Firing heard North of the Appomattox river. Enemy have landed on the south bank of the James, pushed out to Walthal Junction on the Richmond Railroad, and have been attacked and repulsed. Six guns placed opposite them in position on the Prince George road and Lieut. McElroy in command.

The enemy is in great force, and we have nothing to support our guns except the militia from the town of Petersburg, and a portion of the 31st Regiment, North Carolina troops.

The militia are jolly cases and have plenty to eat and drink; they seem to look upon the whole thing as a good joke.

May 7. All quiet along the lines this morning. Grant is reported fighting Gen. Lee somewhere near the Rappahannock. We are going to have it now "hot and heavy." Placed at 12 M. two guns under Lieut. Britton, on the Baxter road; two under Richardson on Jerusalem road. 1 P. M. two Companies Militia sent to Batteries 9, 10, 11. N. C. troops to Baxter and Jerusalem roads.

May 8, 2 A. M. Two guns in battery 16, under Lieut. Britton, removed to battery 40. 5 P. M. Go on reconnoissance towards Broadway. No signs of the enemy.

Monday, May 9, 2 A. M. One section under Captain Hero of the 3rd Company, is ordered to report to Capt. Sturtevant, to attack gunboats on the Appomattox River. 1 P. M. heavy firing in the direction of Fort Clifton.

Col. Jones placed in command of the Washington Artillery and Reid's Battalion, by order Gen. Beauregard.

May 10. Gen. Beauregard arrives at Petersburg from battle Drury's Bluff.

May 14, 2 A. M. Our whole force falls back to second line of works.

Gen. Beauregard, with Colquitt's Brigade and Macon Battery, arrives from Petersburg. Heavy skirmishing all day along the lines, 4 cannooiers killed, 4 wounded.

May 14. President Davis rides down from Richmond this afternoon and visits Beauregard.

May 15. Skirmishing all day along the lines. The enemy have occupied our outer abandoned works, and keep our lines completely swept with sharp-shooting. Assault made on 4th Company's position repulsed.

May 16, 5 A. M. Artillery opens all along our lines. At 5:45 A. M. our infantry advance over our works and fall upon the enemy all along the line.

May 16. The 1st Company, Capt. E. Owen, sent down the turupike in rear of B. Johnson's Brigade, and engage the enemy's batteries in the road. Enemy badly whipped.†

1 P. M. With horses belonging to 1st Company Washington Artillery, 1 brought in the battery captured by Haygood's S. C. Brigade in the Turupike, and presented by Gen. Haygood to Capt. Owen, three 20-pounder Parrotts, two

\*An ingenious lady of Petersburg who could not make up her mind to part with a fine pair of carriage horses had them hid in her dining room or parlor until the danger had passed. It was the first time probably since Nero—if then, that horses have been accommodated with Brussels carpets.

†The fight here referred to was one of the hottest engagements of the war—the guns being separated by a very small interval, and the battery horses of the enemy killed in heaps.

12-pounder Napoleons. General Beanregard commanded in person. 1600 prisoners taken.

Enemy retreat to Bermuda Hundreds, leaving their dead and wounded on the field, baggage wagons and arms. President Davis visits the field.

[Losses at Drury's Bluff, on the 13th, 14th and 15th of May: 1st Company, Killed—H. Peychaud, Geo. Chambers, T. G. Simmons. Wounded—Capt. E. Owen, slightly; Lieut. J. M. Galbraith, mortally; Corporal S. Turner, Ed. Peychaud, J. J. Norment, C. Russiter, T. J. Wilson, Jos. Myers, Captured—Sergt. P. O. Fazende.\* 2d Company, Wounded—M. J. Lapham, Geo. Gessner, J. N. Greenman. 3d Company, Killed—H. Madden. Wounded—G. Guillotte, A. Guillotte, A. Leefe, Jas. Crilly. 4th Company, Killed—R. G. McDonald, John Faulkes, E. A. Mallard, Ed. Condon. Wounded, Sergt. John B. Valentine, J. S. Hood, A. Norcomb, Wm. Martin.—Total loss, 30. The above is the official report of Adjt. C. J. Kursheedt.]

May 17, 8:30 a. m. Pursuit begins. We march towards Petersburg. Counted twenty-five dead horses in front of position occupied yesterday by the 1st Company Washington Artillery. Bivouacked eight miles from Petersburg; Wise and Martin's Brigades join us to-day, commanded by D. H. Hill.

May 18. Heavy skirmishing in front.

May 19. Ordered to construct works, put guns in position, and shell out enemy's skirmish line.

May 20. Assault made on enemy's line to-day. First line of fortification carried.

May 21. The 2d, 3d and 4th Companies relieved from duty on the lines, and sent back to the rear.

May 22, 10:30 a. m. Monitors shelling again.

May 22, 5 p. m. Flag of truce to bring in the dead lying between the lines.

28. Return to Petersburg.

June 2. Reported that Grant was repulsed yesterday by Gen. Lee.

1:15 p. m. Whole command ordered to Richmond by Secretary of War to report to Gen. Ransom.

3. Ordered to Bottom's Bridge, Chickahominy.

4. Third anniversary of our arrival in Virginia. All quiet on the lines.

15. We apply to Mr. Davis to go over to Petersburg.

16. Firing in the direction of Petersburg. Reported that the enemy carried the outer line of works last night.

\*The latter made his escape from a northern train, while in rapid motion.

At that time in June, Gen. Wise was in command at Petersburg—2200 troops. Bushrod Johnson was guarding Bermuda Hundreds' line from Howletts' on the James to the distance of four miles. The Petersburg line was then seven miles long.

On the 15th of June, Gen. Baldy Smith attacked Petersburg from the south, and meeting but slight resistance would certainly have taken it, but for his lack of enterprise and loss of time. The attack was renewed the next day—40,000 troops against 11,000, the latter commanded by Gen. Beauregard. Petersburg could still have

been taken, if Smith had divided his troops and attacked on the unguarded Confederate right. The Federals now brought up a third corps and broke like an avalanche through Johnson's lines, which had been placed on the Confederate left. He was here met by Gen. Gracie's Brigade who, by Beauregard's order, had left the Bermuda Hundreds line abandoned. It was while Gracie's Brigade was forming about sundown, that they found the Federals sweeping down upon them, and Beauregard "now thought" according to his own statement "that the last hour of the Confederacy had arrived." But the orders of Gracie "forward" and "charge," were never given to a braver set of men. They routed everything before them, and captured twice their own number of prisoners, which was 2300. The battle raged furiously until 12 o'clock at night, and meanwhile the road to Richmond at Bermuda Hundreds was left unguarded. At that hour the three Federal corps, according to captured dispatches, were *hors du combat*. Beauregard had previously seized the opportunity to mark out a new line, 500 yards to the rear, with white stakes so that the brigades could find it, and this became the celebrated line of fortifications which were defended to the end of the war. "The enemy in this days' fight," says Gen. Beauregard, "lost 13,000 men, or more than I had in my whole force."

A fourth corps under Warren had arrived, when Gen. Lee started his whole army forward. Kershaw's Division coming up first, such a warm reception was given to the Federals, that they commence forthwith the siege of Petersburg.

Beauregard then wanted to push Grant into a corner of the Appomattox and James; but Lee after almost consenting to this plan, decided to let Grant wear himself out

by a costly series of attacks. Grant's previous experience however prevented him from doing anything of the sort. His quickest method would have been to have continued his wheel around Richmond, destroying the railroads, by which, with the utmost difficulty, Lee's army obtained its supplies. But Grant who had not forgotten Lee's strategy, decided on the wearing out and attrition process, involving the construction of regular breastworks and forts, and a steady firing and bombardment which lasted a year.\*

A chance, which was lost at this time to the Confederate arms, was the neglect of Early, who made a diversion into Maryland, to capture Washington. "Early had then," says Swinton "an opportunity to dash into the city, the works being very slightly defended. The hope at headquarters, that the capital could be saved from capture, were very slender. But his conduct was feeble. Lee founded his hopes on the menace he supposed this move to Washington would have." In spite of the opportune arrival of the 19th Corps at Washington, it required all of Grant's moral firmness to withstand the severe pressure brought upon him to remove his army to Washington.

June 17. Nine Federals came into camp this morning—all German, French and Irish.

18. Ordered to South side of the James. Reach Petersburg on 19th, and put in position in the works at batteries, 34 to 38, on the 20th.

25, 10 p. m. Enemy shelling the city; several women reported killed. Many buildings struck. No notice was given of the shelling of the city.

27. Rain. Enemy continues shelling the city.

June 28, to July 3. Sharp-shooting and shelling has been going on. Women and children nearly all left. Hospitals have been removed. Our horses have not had a feed of corn this week.

July 4. Enemy in our front display all their flags along the lines, shelling the city at intervals.

July 9. Morgan Harris, 1st Company, mortally wounded.

\* Letter of Gen. Beauregard to Gen. C. M. Wilcox.

24. Kremelburg, 3d Company, killed last night while sleeping in the works.\* 30, 5 A. M. Mine sprung on the line, blowing up Pegram Battery, four guns, twenty men and eighteen of the S. C. Regiment. Enemy makes an assault and occupies our line. We took ten stands of colors and many prisoners, black and white. Whitcomb and Maines, 1st Company, and O. J. Toledano, 3d Company, killed.†

[The casualties along the line to the close of 1864, were: 1st Company, Killed—M. E. Harris, H. Whitcomb and W. Maines. 2nd Company—Wm Almindinger. 3d Company—Sergt. Kremelburg, O. Toledano. Wounded—Corporal Grimmer, D. Kobleur. 4th Company—Died, P. Munney.

Murville, the twin-brother of Lecestiere Labarre, (both of the 3rd,) died about this time. He was a good soldier, and his mental attainments made him charming company in spite of a slight impediment in his speech. Another young soldier greatly regretted, and of more than ordinary promise, was Henry Peychaud.]

August 1st. Gen. Lee allows Gen. Grant an armistice of three hours to bury his dead, lying between the two armies.

Estimated loss of the enemy 4000; walked over to the Crater, and met the flag of truce. The Federal officers bring out plenty of good wine and brandy, luxuries unknown to us poor Confederates in the trench. Negro prisoners bury the dead in the trench between the lines.

Flag withdrawn and all retire to respective posts, and bang away again.

August 3. W. M. Owen, was shot in the face by sharpshooters, while directing the charging of a gun.

Oct. 12. One-half our artillery drivers are armed with muskets, to put on duty at Fort Gregg. Our supernumeraries will help in the same way, defend the lines if attacked.

Oct. 27. Fighting on our right; heavy fighting all day. At dark, a regiment of Federals, that our men on the lines took for our relief picket, entered—a bold move—the line at our left gun, nearest the Crater, and for a time created some little excitement. They were soon driven out.

Oct. 28. The attack yesterday by the enemy was evidently intended as a *coup de main* to gain the Southside railroad and the Appomattox river. Northern newspaper correspondents say the troops carried six days' rations and plenty of ammunition. It proved a failure; so Grant of course calls it a "Reconnoissance"; dead and wounded Federals left on the field.

March 29, 1865, 10 P. M. Heavy firing in front of Petersburg. Our lines are very weak, having a front of forty miles to cover; our men in the trenches.

\*Kremelburg was one of the most honorable men and best soldiers we had. A short time before lying down for the last time, he had borrowed a spade from an infantryman. Without knowing of this circumstance, the same spade was taken to dig K.'s grave, and never afterwards came to hand. When the thick-headed owner came to inquire for it, we never could, after two hours explanation, get it into his head that our dead comrade could have borrowed a spade for shoveling out his own grave, or why he or his ghost, after showing so much foresight in borrowing, could not have been equally thoughtful about returning.

†Oswald Toledano, was a mere stripling when he with his father, old Ben Toledano, joined the battalion—very amiable and faithful to his duties, as a messmate and soldier. On the morning of the crater explosion, the heat had been so great in the trenches, that some of the men though exposed to an enfilading fire, went back to get under shade. I was sitting down under a tent shelter when a shell tore through it, killing T. who was standing, almost instantaneously. He had but time to make the sign of the cross and utter a half finished word of a prayer, before falling lifeless into my arms. He was much attached to a lady of this city, of whom he was never tired of speaking, and whose ring he wore upon his finger. After his death, faithful to his memory, she entered a religious order and died a few months after, in the performance of her new duties.



## CHAPTER XXXI.

## THE GAME ENDED.

The buoyant, hopeful tone of the army has now disappeared. Short rations and the conscript law have done their worst; most of the old leaders are dead, and no one could discover in Lee's old veterans, more than the smouldering embers of their former fire.\*

The 2nd of April, 1865, virtually ended the Confederate war, though the surrender of Lee was not made until eight days after.

The concluding battle had been brought on near Petersburg, by a desperate and last effort on the part of Gen. Lee to assume the offensive. The movement was entrusted at the time to Gen. Gordon, and was spoken of by both leaders as almost hopeless, and the last that could in any case be made without extraordinary success. It was probably a reconnoissance, or intended to open the road to North Carolina for a retreat, by causing Grant to withdraw from Lee's right flank.†

\*Gen. Longstreet says, the men improved in fighting qualities to the end of the war. My own observation was, that they were pretty well starved and fought out. The high strung young men who went out with picked companies, went into the fight with just as much determination to acquit themselves with credit, and do themselves justice, as in their maiden fight.

† The account of Lee's last attack at Petersburg has been given so variously, that I cannot do better here than to record what Gen. Gordon once told me of an interview which passed between himself and Gen. Lee, some time preceding the attack.

Gordon having been sent for, was asked, when he reached Lee's quarters, what he thought of the chances for the Confederate cause. He told Gen. Lee frankly, that he could see no chance at all. Lee admitted that he was equally hopeless. Gordon then inquired why, if he held these convictions, he did not urge them upon Mr. Davis. Gen. Lee replied that he was then about to visit Richmond, and left the impression that Mr. Davis would be made to understand what were the convictions of the army. When Gen. Lee returned, Gen. Gordon in his next interview, inquired if he had told Mr. Davis, of the true condition of affairs. Gen. Lee said no, and in further conversation, gave as an excuse—"You know what sort of man Mr. Davis is"—referring doubtless to the well known impossibility of shaking Mr. Davis in any of his convictions. Gen. Lee then inquired if he could see no loop-hole where an advantage could be gained, or a blow

The move was attempted by a midnight attack with two divisions, who succeeded in capturing the abattis of the enemy, for the distance of a quarter of a mile without loss. This opportunity was not improved, either on account of the darkness and the difficulty, from the disappearance of scouts, the Confederates had of discovering their way, or from natural weakness. While the latter were hugging the captured picket line in disorder, the artillery in the forts to the right and left opened on them, fresh troops were brought up, and the storming party were compelled to take refuge under the breastworks they had captured.

The decisive battle which followed two days after, was precluded with firing of cannon on the extreme right and left, and by the buzz and hum of arriving reinforcements, and a great addition to their drum corps and trumpeters. Every available man from the Confederate left and centre was hurried to the right, leaving only artillerymen in the trenches and pickets in front. The firing grew hotter—the water batteries on the left boomed incessantly, and the earth shook under the jar of the sound. This booming signified that Grant had opened his formal attack, March 27th, on our lines, and it caused Lee to send large bodies of troops to the aid of Gens. Pickett and Johnston. The old spirit of the men flamed up, and Lee now dealt Grant's Brigades, in their advanced positions on his left, a staggering blow, and at one moment there was "a great fear of another Chancellerville disaster in the Federal lines." \*

dealt. Gordon was more than ever convinced that any advantage gained would be only momentary, but at last entered into the spirit of leading the assault on the enemy's net work of entrenchments on the 29th.

The object of this was doubtless, if it had succeeded, to cause Grant to leave a road open for Lee to concentrate with Johnson, in North Carolina.

\*Greeley.

In the next, Lee was repulsed, and Sheridan\* who had coveted Five Forks, and several times been repelled in trying to seize it, made the most of his opportunity. Pickett and Johnston were now overwhelmed by double their force, losing heavily in killed, wounded and prisoners, when their flank was turned.

The night which followed was made lurid with death-dealing missiles, and the earth shook under the jar. The next day (April 2d) decided the fate of Richmond and the Confederacy. At 3:30 o'clock in the morning, the firing commenced from one end of the line to the other. Then ensued desperate charges from Grant's line. The attacking force here, Parkes' 9th Corps, succeeded in taking a portion of the breast-works to the right of the Crater; a capture which was really of no advantage as our men could retreat into a line of breastworks a few yards beyond, and an individual warfare was kept up until dark.†

\* Sheridan's presence at the time on Lee's right flank was one of the curious accidents of the war. In a fight in the Valley the Federal troops had been dispersed by Early with a greatly inferior force with the exception of one corps; just as Early began to lose ground and in turn be hard pressed, Sheridan arrived on the field by making the famous ride of which so much has been heard, and was just in time to receive the credit of Early's defeat. He continued a riding expedition towards Lynchburg which did not succeed, and having nothing else that he could well do, he came in by the only route open to him which was on Grant's left; the second time arriving just at the lucky moment which makes reputations.

†The following is the narrative of the occurrences of April 2nd by a member of the Battalion: I was in bed about 9 o'clock when I heard the order given to the infantry to sleep on their arms, as there might be a fight at any moment. I became so much impressed by this, that I immediately folded up my blanket, and made preparations for what I regarded as certain, the evacuation of Petersburg. I had scarcely done so, when a shot burst through my house, and the cry of "To arms—get to your pieces" was heard. The firing lasted from about midnight until next morning, our cannoniers replying.

About day-break we began to see the enemy and their flag, the latter on our front and flanks waving unsteadily, as if the color sergeant found difficulty in advancing or getting into lines of breastworks. All the time the firing continued. By this time we had two pieces disabled in the third company, Lieut. Stocker was knocked senseless, and shortly after Capt. Hero had been shot from the top of the breastworks by a ball in his leg. A piece was now taken from the embrasure and fired at the enemy who had already penetrated our line, or were

The Federal Army in advancing upon Petersburg found our artillery corps in the various places that had been assigned them, doing their duty probably a little more steadily, from the force of habit, in their last field fight, than ever before, repelling charges—arming their spare men with muskets, and each man working with the same pride and conviction as when first mustered in. But the time had now come for us to abandon the underground bomb-proofs that had been built; or the tents and huts which would every night be filled with a new supply of bullets.

The Federal right, as already stated, had struck the Confederate line on the western side of Petersburg. Meanwhile, the next corps (Wright's 6th,) swept, after a hard struggle, the scanty brigades before them, turning to the right, and then with Ord's Corps, who had also penetrated, swung to the left nearly up to Fort Gregg, a half a mile in front of the main line of Petersburg entrenchments. The small force towards Hatch's Run had been driven back and into the Appomattox. Besides the Federal Corps already mentioned, Humphrey entered still further to the Confederate right. There is some severe fighting in front until 2 o'clock P. M., at which time

coming over the breastworks. We had now become reduced to only two rounds of ammunition, and as the enemy were within fifty yards of us, our case seemed hopeless. Just then a fresh supply of ammunition arrived, which lasted until dark, at which time the firing gradually ceased. About that time, the order was given to leave the breastworks with as much secrecy as possible—which was done. The bodies of our dead, Coyle, and some others whose names are not now remembered, were placed upon the caissons, and as we passed through Petersburg interred in the Cemetery. The last rations I ever drew were cooked while the firing was going on, the latter being so long and continuous that the men would take turns, except when hotly pushed, and relieve each other at the guns. If anything else was given to us to eat until the surrender, I do not now remember it. A handful of corn, or a scrap of almost anything to eat that we found by the way was all I saw. The sheet-iron crackers that we found on the Yankee dead at Gettysburg, and which some of us then disdained to eat, I thought of with envy now, the more so, as, during the time when we were in the trenches, rations were so scarce that many of the men made themselves sick by swallowing tobacco, in order to experience nausea or indifference to food.





the enemy are seen to be advancing upon Fort Gregg and Whitworth. There will now be no further opposition to their forward move than can be made by a very small body of men in these two fortifications.

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## CHAPTER XXXII.

### WHAT TWO HUNDRED MEN CAN DO.

A dramatic interest attached to the defence of the forts, aside from the fact that here was to be the last stand for Petersburg. This was because of the necessity of here detaining the enemy, who were advancing, wave after wave around the works, until Longstreet could get across the James; secondly, the attack on Gregg was followed by a lull along other portions of the line, and the men rested upon their weapons to witness, as at a spectacle of great national interest, the struggle of Secessia, and the last angry glare of her guns on a formal field of battle. The number of men on the two sides, 214 in Fort Gregg, about the same in Whitworth, and 5000 advancing against them, illustrated the comparative strength of the combatants. Fort Gregg was the Confederate LaTourgue. When it falls all of the old traditions and usages of the South fall with it; when the Federal standards wave over it, there is then to be centralization, negro government, and four times the ruin inflicted on the South, as was put by Germany on France.

The two forts stand 250 yards in the rear of the captured line, and were built for precisely such an occasion as is suggested by the cheers of the advancing enemy, namely, for use as an inner defence when disaster should overtake the Confederate line. Fronting Gregg, is

a little fort, the last built by Lee, and called by the men Fort "Owen," after the Lieut. Col. of that name from the Washington Artillery, who was assigned to the command of Fort Gregg, and the surrounding works. Lieut. Battles of the W. A. is in "Owen" with two guns, and Lieut. McElroy of the same battalion has charge of a company of 62 artillerymen who have been doing duty here most of the winter.

The night had been strangely quiet upon this portion of the lines, but towards daybreak the silence gave place to a little touch of skirmishing to the right of Gregg—sufficient to cause the ordering of the infantry and artillerymen into Fort Owen, although it was then so dark that scarcely anything could be seen. Our infantry there could be barely detected moving in the trenches, towards what seemed to be the picket firing. As the men peered into the darkness in the direction of the flashes, solid shots commenced to plough up the earth—the infantry began quitting the trenches and taking to the fields, leaving the cannoniers under the impression that the troops were chasing small game of some sort.

Lieut. Col. Owen, in his report says he gave orders to withdraw to Fort Gregg, and hurried off to rally fugitives—a no easy matter—who had already been dispersed by the Federal attack. McElroy reached the latter with his men, but Battles not receiving his horses in time, found himself suddenly surrounded, and his command captured by the enemy. McElroy immediately opened fire from Fort Gregg with his artillery-infantry, drove them away, and then turning his infantry once more back to artillery, ran down into Fort Owen and opened fire with the recaptured pieces on the enemy, two hundred yards to his right. Horses having been procured, the pieces by order





"The 19th and 48th were placed in Whitworth. In Gregg there was a section of the 3d Company Washington Artillery, commanded by Lieut. Frank McElroy. Preparations were now made by the enemy for the assault, and this time Capt. Walker, A. and I. G. of Gen. Walker, Chief of Artillery, came with orders to withdraw the artillery, and against this I most earnestly protested.

"The four guns were withdrawn from Whitworth under protest; but the enemy were too close to permit the withdrawal of the guns from Gregg. Perceiving the guns of Whitworth leaving, the enemy moved forward to assault us in both works. He assaulted in columns of brigades, completely enveloping Gregg, and approaching Whitworth only in front. Gregg repulsed assault after assault; the two remnants of regiments, which had won glorious honor on so many fields, fighting this, their last battle, with most terrible enthusiasm, as if feeling this to be the last act in the drama for them; and the officers and men of the Washington Artillery fighting their guns to the last, preserved untarnished the brilliancy of reputation acquired by their Corps. Gregg raged like the crater of a volcano, emitting its flashes of deadly fires, enveloped in flame and cloud, wreathing our Flag as well in honor as in the smoke of death. It was a glorious struggle. Louisiana represented by these noble artillerists, and Mississippi by her shattered bands, stood there side by side, together, holding the last regularly fortified lines around Petersburg."

While Gregg and Whitworth were holding out, Longstreet was hastening with Fields' Division, from the north side of the James, to form an inner line for the purpose of covering Gen. Lee's withdrawal that night. As soon as Harris heard of the formation of that line, he withdrew with his little band, cutting his way through.

At 12 o'clock that night the last man and the last gun of the brave army that had defended the lines of Petersburg for one year, passed over the Pontoon Bridges, and the march commenced, that ended at Appomattox Court House. I have been induced to write the foregoing, of which I was an eye witness, in the hope of *correcting History*. Many accounts have been published of the defence of Fort "Gregg," but all that I have seen have been generally far from the truth. Pollard, who showed but little disposition to waste compliments on the troops from the Gulf States, says, Capt. Chew of the fourth Maryland Battery of Artillery was in command of the work, and his account is reiterated by many others. If he was, it is strange we did not know it. A battery of Marylanders had in reality been disbanded a short time before the fight, their time having expired, and they were awaiting their discharge papers to enable them to go to their homes. If Capt. Chew was in the fort at all, he was simply there as a volunteer or a spectator.

We should give the honor to those who earned it in this fierce fight of three hours against such fearful odds. Swinton, in his "Army of the Potomac," in his description of the breaking through the lines on this historic Sunday, says:

"On reaching the lines immediately around Petersburg, a part of Ord's command under Gibbon, began an assault directed against Fort Gregg and Whitworth, two strong enclosed works, the most salient and commanding south of Petersburg. The former of these redoubts was manned by Harris' Mississippi Brigade, numbering two hundred and fifty men, and this handful of skilled marksmen conducted the defence with such intrepidity, that Gibbons' force surging repeatedly against it, was each time thrown back; at length a renewed charge carried the work, but not till its two hundred and fifty defenders had been reduced to thirty. \* \* Gibbons' loss was four hundred men"

Swinton does not mention the Washington Artillery in the fort: he also errs in putting the number of Mississippians at 250. Gen. Harris says there were 150, these with the 64 artillerists make a total of 214 men, and these men put *hors du combat* 500 of the enemy, or an average of more than two men each.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## FIRING THE LAST GUN.

The close of the day (April 2nd,) the most anxious that most of the men had ever passed, found Grant's lines touching on both sides of the Appomattox, and Lee completely hemmed in.\* A retreat from Petersburg north of the Appomattox, which all feel is a foregone conclusion, is now necessary, and Longstreet's troops can only be useful in covering Lee's flank, while he withdraws from his breastworks. The firing meanwhile continues during the night from the Federal batteries. At 9 P. M. all of the guns were ordered to be moved across the Appomattox,† and this was done without any delay, and as quietly as if the skeleton army had been one of spectres and phantoms. The whole of the night was spent in getting out wagons, artillery and infantry, and a large

\*As soon as Gregg was captured, the Federal signal corps were at work, and the cannonading and sharp-shooting were renewed on the other part of the line. In a moment heavy bodies of cavalry were seen emerging from the Federal's former lines, moving rapidly over the captured works and galloping in squadrons towards the Appomattox, which was some four or five miles off. Their track could be traced by the heavy columns of black smoke that rose from the various farmhouses on their route, which had been set on fire. The infantry who had succeeded in capturing the fort formed line fronting the Confederates' right flank, and looked as if they intended marching by the rear into Petersburg. New dispositions were also made along the Confederate front. Regiments were detached from their positions along the line (whose place had to be filled by deployment of those remaining) and sent to the right flank and rear, confronting the new line of the Federals. Artillery galloped into position, and soon Fields' Division, with the Texans in the lead, joined the right flank and formed a defensive line in the rear towards the river. A narrow creek only divided the opposing forces, but the Federals seemed satisfied with their success now and did not advance. *Lee's Last Campaign, Capt. J. C. Gorman.*

†Lieut. John R. McGaughy, of the first company, was captured while working away at his gun when our lines were broken. John was a strongly made, manly looking soldier, never absent from battle, and always popular with the men. Among some of our worthiest and most kindhearted officers, and whose consideration for their men deserve mention, before this narrative is concluded, were Lieut. Stocker, DeRussy, Apps, Britton, Battles, and Brown. During all of our long four years of fighting and hard marching, I do not remember the time when they did not show themselves more thoughtful for their men, than their own comfort. Britton was wounded at Sharpsburg, DeRussy at Chancellorville. and all received honorable mention in various battles.

mass of army plunder, which as the result showed would have been much better left behind.

The Washington Artillery crossed at midnight, Gordon bringing up the rear. The crossing of the bridge occupied three hours—quick time, and no delay was given to stragglers, before applying the torch. Petersburg had been previously almost abandoned; but a few sad faces appeared at the windows, and sent out sorrowful adieus—to the men who had so long remained about the city, that seemed almost their home. To the despondent reflections which the midnight retreat suggested, the flame and smoke which hung over the depots and warehouses, and the glare from the exploding magazine, gave an additional sombre tint. Still the men experienced a sense of relief—that of getting rid of some hideous dream, in leaving behind the trenches, and once more moving in column on the road.

The most singular feature of the retreat, was the noiseless manner in which Lee's army moved from the works, and the fact that the withdrawal was not known until revealed, as it were, to the world, by the blowing up of the siege guns and batteries, which had protected Richmond, and which by innumerable explosions proclaim, as with an Apocalyptic emphasis, that the Confederate Capital was and is, but shall be no more.\*

\* According to Pollard, Gorman, and "An Officer of the Rear-guard," a similar scene was meanwhile transpiring at Richmond, which, so tranquil when Mr. Davis receives the fatal dispatch, and walks composedly out of Church, will in a few moments be perturbed from top to bottom, and a few hours later be wrapped in flames. Late in the afternoon, wagon loads of Confederate boxes and trunks reach the Danville depot—bangers on imitating the example set them; \$100 for a wagon, in gold. All over the city, hurrying fugitives. Confederate money is destroyed—gold removed, the liquor is poured out as on board of a sinking ship—the gutters running with it. Still retreating stragglers, and roving pillagers get hold of it—open stores, and cover the side-walk with glass. Ewell is firing the four principal quarters, or as might be said the four tobacco warehouses—and the rams and shipping are blown up or scuttled; the bridges are burnt. Rioters are plundering, and despairing women shrieking,

The army, now pushed through the darkness in the direction of Amelia C. H.—the different army corps making good progress by different roads, though the wagon loads of plunder when united on one road almost destroyed all movement. One ominous feature was, that there was nothing to eat for man or beast, and occasionally pieces of artillery showed that the horses were giving out. Another thing to be noted was, that upon our arrival at Amelia C. H., the enemy's cavalry commenced dashing upon our wagon trains, whose canvass covers they readily ignited. Their plan of operation, was to strike the train, several miles long, fire a number of wagons, and then making a circuit, strike it again. Three hundred cavalymen supported by large bodies moving parallel, thus destroyed or confused the whole train. The burning caissons which had been sent on in advance of the artillery, were anything but pleasant neighbors.\*

while at the government stores such a break is made upon the provisions, as causes the building to totter to its foundations.

Then the Federal General Weitzel, who in addition to the other horrors of the situation, had been playing "Yankee Doodle" and similar airs, was startled at last by the tremendous explosions of powder magazines; and like Blue Beard and some other historical characters, made his sentinel ascend his seventy feet watch tower, to see what it was all about. A great light in the direction of Richmond, is the answer. A rebel picket was now captured who could tell nothing about his commander—then a contraband, and finally, after daybreak with a sharp lookout for torpedoes, and amid exploding shells, Weitzel, on the 3rd rode into Richmond, just as the last rebel soldiers were going, and Butler's flag, which he had planted over the St. Charles Hotel of New Orleans, was now placed over the Confederate Capitol. President Davis had left with the Confederate Congress at 10 A. M., though why he thought it worth while to carry them off has never been ascertained; and meanwhile, as if to mark the commencement of a new regime, the fire is burning out the city, that is one-third of old Richmond.

It was Babylon the Great fallen, for the North, when the telegraph flashed the news. "No unmanly exultation was indulged in over those who had so nearly destroyed the Republic." Greeley here paid a tribute to a noble touch of feeling on the part of the North—one that he had not always previously been careful to observe.

\*The Falling Flag. "By the road-side was a lady from Mississippi, who had been in our ambulance wagon, and whose horses had been carried off. She was more mad than scared as she stood there in the mud—young, pretty, and gesticulating, and she made a picture striking and peculiar. As the advance

Reaching Amelia, it was discovered that the provisions which should have been in readiness for the army, were missing. They had, by some accident, been carried on to Richmond, and the army was now without food. Besides, the great wagon train sent by a different road was destroyed. Our doom was now staring us in the face. Instead of halting to give battle to Grant, there was nothing that could be done, but push on and try to reach Danville.

Demoralization, which the accursed slow wagons were enough to have effected alone, had now begun; the men straggled off to get something to eat at the farmhouses, and the commands had dwindled to hundreds;\* while at night as if to increase the desperation of the situation, the strains of triumphant music would float over from the enemy's brass bands. As we proceeded into the hilly country, it began to be hoped that the many fine military positions on either side, would afford us some chance of escape; and so (April 6th,) we marched all day and all night. It was a race for life, for men who were hungry, and for gaunt-looking horses who were dropping by the road side; but we had to push on. Still the enemy was all the time close behind. The rear guard commanded by Gen. Lee in person is attacked, while cavalry are formed in front and a few shots are fired. Gen. Rosser

guard rounded the bend of the road, it was swept by the enemy who wheeled as soon as he delivered fire. Four out of five were hit—one of them, an approved scout, in the spine; throwing his arms over his head, with a yell of agony wrung from him by intense pain, he pitched backwards off his horse which was going at full speed. When I saw him again, years afterwards, he was a preacher.<sup>17</sup>

\* At one of the burnt down bivouac fires, two men attracted by its warmth were discovered sitting, cold and weary. One was a colonel of Pickett's Division and another a lieutenant, and the destruction of this famous fighting command may be guessed at when a regimental officer did not know where to look for his standard. \* \* \* When the troops passed on, a number of tender girls stood gathered in a piazza, and greeted us with waving handkerchiefs and moist eyes, while cheer after cheer arose from the men.—*The Falling Flag.*

(one of our W. A. captains of the first year,) who meanwhile was ahead guarding Longbridge, at Farmville, here succeeded in capturing 800 men.

The column had now to keep up a retreating fight to Farmville, impeded by wagons which hurried forward regardless of contents. Ewell was cut off. The roads were axle-deep with mud. A *triste noche* for Lee's army was the night which followed. We reached Farmville early on the 7th, and bivouacked, after crossing the bridge with some show of provisions. But by some misfortune, the bridge over the Appomattox was not destroyed after us, and the enemy's cavalry followed closely. We were soon ordered to get under way, and the Federal cavalry, who were now becoming rampant, were taught a lesson which they were in no haste to forget. The cavalry charged them at a double-quick and captured 200 prisoners. Gen. Lee took off his hat, at the spirit shown by the men as he passed, and was in turn welcomed with one of the rousing cheers of old.

The wagons were then devoted to destruction, and the Chief Q. M. had the heart to apply the torch himself. The whole army were now marching by an out-of-the-way path, and fooling any longer with wagons was out of the question. If Gen. Lee had never sent his last dispatch to Richmond and given them timely notice, he would have succeeded in gaining the mountains. We made rapid progress; but matters were very blue indeed.

Late in the afternoon, horsemen from the front announced the rapid approach of the enemy. We quickly threw the guns in position, and gave the enemy such a reception as induced him to wheel and not stand on the order of his going. Our cavalry gave chase, and Gen. Gregg, of the U. S. A., was brought in prisoner. And

now comes the hour when our artillery fires the last gun, and ends its military record. The account which follows is substantially taken from the excellent narrative of a S. C. officer of the Rear Guard, entitled the "Falling Flag :"

The army lay down to rest, and to watch—a very interesting process to a hungry man—a little modest cooking. Sleep was the great thing in view. We woke in a half hour, to eat what there was, and were about tumbling over again, when an officer came around, in a quiet way, and ordered us to be ready to move. Now for a weary march that ends only at Appomattox !

The line of retreat had been changed—a push was being made for the mountains at Lynchburg. On before us was a long line of wagons and artillery, splashing through ruts and mudholes. Pickets were posted under the immediate direction of Gen. R. E. Lee. When we moved again, time was lost in watering the horses—the wagons moved in double files. The order now was, to get on past Appomattox, a little village of three or four houses, a mile from the Lynchburg railroad. The regiments were closing up, when suddenly the scream of a shell developed artillery practice in the neighborhood of the depot.

It was hammer and tongs down there—shell at short range. Custar was after the artillery train in advance, sixty pieces, and the three batteries left to hold it were the La. Washington Artillery; the Donaldsonville cannoniers, Creoles, exclusively of La., and a Virginia battery attached to our brigade.

The roar of the batteries was incessant. They were holding the dismounted cavalry in check. By the light of the moon there seemed to be a lull in the attack; but before our men could get to the guns, the enemy charged among them suddenly, but were driven back by the fire and rush, though taking some of our men prisoners—among others, Capt. Hankins of the Va Battery, who got away. Our men fell in between the guns, and then begun one of the closest artillery fights for the number engaged and the time it lasted, that occurred during the war. The guns were fought literally to the muzzles. It was dark by this time, and every cannon was ablaze from touch hole to mouth, as well as the small arms of some three or four hundred men packed in among the guns, in a very confined space. It seemed like the very jaws of the lower regions. They made three distinct charges, precluding always with the bugle on the right, left and centre, and thus confusing the point of attack; then a cheer and up they came. It was too dark to see anything under the shadows of the trees, but the long dark lines. They would get within thirty or forty yards from the gun and then roll back, under the deadly fire that was poured upon them from the artillery and small arms. In addition to the other extraordinary and infernal noises of the occasion, the scream of an engine was heard as a train rushed up almost among us, and sounded on the night air as if the devil himself had come up, and was about to join in what was going on. Then came a lull; our friends in front seemed to have had the wire edge taken off.

The great object that remained for us, and was to draw off the guns, if possible, now night had set in, from the depot, and get them back with the rest of the train, in the line of retreat.

The guns were limbered up and moved off at once, it being but a few hundred yards to the main road. The silence of the guns soon told the enemy what was going on, and they were not long in following after; our men facing to the rear, delivered their fire steadily, effectually keeping off a rush; they pressed us, but cautiously. The darkness concealed our numbers.

We were going through an open field, and came now to a road through a narrow piece of woods, where we broke from line into column, and double quicked



it through the woods, so as to get to the road beyond. Before we got to the turnpike, we heard the bugles of the enemy down it, and as the head of our column came into the road, their cavalry charged the train, some two or three hundred yards below us.

Sixty pieces of cannon (the remainder of Lee's guns,) were at the point when we came into the road. The drivers were attempting to turn back towards the Court House—had got entangled with one another, and presented a scene of utter confusion.

In passing from the old field, where the guns had been at work, into the woods that separated it from the turnpike, two men were walking just in front of me, following their guns, which were on before. I heard one say, "*Tout perdu.*" I asked at once "What battery do you belong to?" "Donaldsonville." It was the Creole Company: and they might well have added the other words of the great Francis, after the battle of Pavia, "*Tout perdu fors l'honneur,*" all lost but honor; for well had they done their work from sixty-one, when they came to Virginia until now, when all was lost, "*Tout perdu.*" It was the motto of the occasion.

The stag was in the toils, but the end was not yet: we would hear the rush, the shouts and pistol shots, when the enemy mounted and in force had attacked the train; the artillerymen having no arms could make no fight, as they could not use their pieces. We could do nothing (being closely pressed by a superior force of their dismounted men,) but fall back upon the town toward our main body, making the best front we could, leaving the road and marching under cover of the timber on the side. Being on foot, gave us a better position to resist any attack that might be made upon us by the cavalry.

The following, is from Lt. Col. W. M. Owen's Journal from which much of the preceding details of the retreat, has already been drawn:

On the 8th, we halted just before day, to rest an hour or two, near New Store—in road to Lynchburg. We resumed march at day light, and camped at night on Rocky Run, one mile from Appomattox. C. H.

At Amelia Court House, most of the Army was sent off by another road, under charge of Gen. Walker, Chief of Artillery, to try to reach Danville to recruit horses.

This afternoon, heavy firing heard in the direction of Appomattox Station. After bivouacking—Lieut. Norcomb, 4th Co. Washington Artillery, and other officers of same Battalion, rode up and reported the whole artillery reserve under Walker, cut off and destroyed near Appomattox Station. The Washington Artillery have buried and destroyed their guns, and gone to the mountains. No formal surrender of the men with Gen. Lee took place. Some of them succeeded in reaching President Davis, and acting as his body guard.\*

The names of the Louisiana Artillery, who acted as Presidential body-guard, were; C. H. C. Brown, Lieut. Commanding; Sergeant, W. G. Coyle, 3rd Company; Corporals, J. F. Lilly, 4th Company; W. A. McRay, 1st Company; L. D. Porter, La. Guards Artillery; W. R. Payne, C. A. Longue, La. Guard Artillery; G. A. Weber, 2nd Company; T. J. Lazzare, 4th Company; T. J. Domerty, La. Guard Artillery; R. Wilkerson, J. B. McMullun, 1st Company; McDonald, Webster, Davis, 4th Company.

\* WASHINGTON, GA., May 3rd, 1865.

LIEUT. BROWN, *Washington Artillery.*

MY DEAR SIR,

The President directs me to return to you his heartfelt thanks for the valuable services rendered him, by yourself and the gallant men under your command, as part of his escort.

Very Truly Yours,

WM. PRESTON JOHNSTON,  
Col. and A. D. C.

We fired our last shot to day, after three years nine months service, since the first shot was fired at Bull-Run.

Gen. Gordon is fighting the enemy in front. We are massed in a sort of natural basin. High land encircles us.

Gordon captures two Napoleon Guns from the Federals.

Gordon can't hold out any longer, and Lee orders the token of surrender, the "white flag," to be raised.

The Army of Northern Virginia is no more.\*

Lee had but 8000 men with arms in their hands this morning. We are surrounded by more than 100,000 of the enemy.

\*The Louisiana troops at the surrender, were extremely reduced in number, as indeed was the case with every other brigade. This was owing partly to the many desperate charges which they had made, partly to having once neglected while on picket duty on the Rapidan, the etiquette of retiring when confronted by the enemy in overwhelming forces. The picket line was overrun, held by them and N. C. troops after they had been cut off from the pontoon bridge, and the men were all gobbled up who could not swim back. Hays who had been presiding at a court-martial, galloped over the pontoon, under a heavy fire, just at the right moment to be regularly in for it. His horse had become meanwhile so frantic, from the bullets, or from the sword in Hays' hand, that he could not have surrendered if he would. There was nothing left him but to pop spins to the east and ride through the enemy's line and over the bridge, which was now in the enemy's hands. His escape from the volleys fired at him was almost miraculous. Col. Eugene Waggaman, who marched straight up to the enemy's batteries at Malvern Hill, was in command on the day of Lee's surrender, and the addresses of Gen. Gordon and Evans, made to the command through him were extremely touching.

To show what service these troops did, it may be stated, that about 16,000 men all told, followed the brigade colors. Of those who can now be found in the city, it is thought that 800 would be a large estimate. Lt. Col. L. Power of that command, has kindly furnished the subjoined additional list of names—all he could remember, ten years after the Brigade's disbandment, of those who followed its marches: Col. Monaghan, killed; Col. Jos. Hanlon, since dead; Col. D. B. Penn, Col. James Neligan, since dead; Col. Noland, killed; Col. T. G. Hunt; Col. Henry Forno, since dead; Col. Peck; Col. Alcibiade DeBlanc; Capt. Louis Prados, commanding much of the time from loss of life of regimental and brigade officers of 2nd Brigade; John M. Leggett, killed; Lt. Col. H. D. Monier, Adjutant Mills, 10th; Adjutant A. Marks, now pastor of Trinity Church; Capt. Wm. P. Harper, Adjutant General; Capt. Dave Merrick, Adjutant General; Major New; Capt. Jos. Witherup, since dead; Capt. Levi T. Jennings, since dead; Capt. McClellan, killed in battle; Major Andrew Brady; Lieut. Col. R. A. Wilkinson, killed in battle; Brig. Gen. Nichols; Brig. Gen. Stafford, killed in battle; Col. Williams of 2nd Regiment, killed in battle; Capt. Ashbridge; Capt. Bowman; Lieuts., Condon, Lockwood, Cady; Capt. McChesney; Capt. W. T. Scovell; Lieut. Crain; Capt. Brigham; Lieut. Davenport; Capt. Jonte, killed in battle; Col. Zebulon Yorke, afterwards Brig. General; Col. V. Zulakowski; Capt. Thomas G. Morgan, and George Morgan; Major Toler; Capt. John Leach, Egan, and Murphy.

# MUSTER ROLL

OF THE

# WASHINGTON ARTILLERY

OF THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

*From May 27th, 1861, to April 8th, 1865.*

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## STAFF.

- J. B. Walton, Major; promoted to Colonel; made Chief of Artillery Army of the Potomac; Nov. '61, Chief of Artillery Longstreet's Corps; appointed by Secretary of War Inspector-General of Field Artillery; recommended twice by Generals Beauregard and Longstreet for promotion to Brig. Gen. of Artillery; resigned July, 1864.
- B. F. Eshleman, Captain Fourth Company; May, 1861, wounded at Bull Run; promoted Major of Artillery, 1863; promoted Lieut. Colonel of Artillery, vice Colonel Walton, April, 1864.
- W. M. Owen, Adjutant First Lieut.; promoted Major of Artillery, August, '63; assigned Chief of Artillery Preston's Division, Army of Tennessee; re-assigned to Washington Artillery, April '64, as second field officer; wounded at Petersburg, August, 1864; promoted to Lieut. Colonel, '65.
- M. B. Miller, Captain Third Company; May '61, promoted to Major of Artillery; assigned to Va. Battalion; re-assigned to B. W. A. January, 1864.
- E. J. Kursheedt, promoted Adjutant B. W. A.
- E. S. Drew, Surgeon, present with the command in all its marches and battles to the close of the war
- Thos. Y. Aby, promoted Assistant Surgeon, Feb., '63.
- C. H. Slocomb, Q. M. May, '61; resigned Nov., '61; Captain commanding Fifth Company W. A. of Western Army.
- H. G. Geiger, A. Q. M. May, '61.
- C. L. C. Dupny, Sergt. Major; May, '61, promoted to Lieut. of Artillery at Vicksburg.
- W. A. Randolph, promoted Sergt. Major.
- B. L. Braselman, Ordnance Officer, May, '61.

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 ROLL OF FIRST COMPANY.
 

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Captain Harry M. Isaacson, resigned August, '61. First Lieutenant, C. W. Squires, promoted to Captain, September, '61; to Major, January, '64. First Lieutenant, John B. Richardson, promoted to Captain; assigned to Second Company, June, '62. Second Lieutenant Geiger, detailed in Q. M. Dept. First Sergeant, Ed. Owen, promoted to First Lieut. September, '61; promoted to Captain, January, '64. Sergeant John M. Galbraith, promoted to Second Lieut. Nov. '61; promoted First Lieut. December, '61; died of wound received at battle of Drury's Bluff, May, '61. Sergeant C. H. C. Brown, promoted to First Sergeant, October, '61; to Second Lieut., May, '61. Sergeant C. L. C. Dupuy, promoted Sergeant-Major, May, '61. Corporal Frank D. Ruggles, killed at Fredericksburg, Dec. '62. Corporal E. C. Payne, Jr., promoted Second Sergeant, Oct. '61; discharged Feb. '62. Corporal Wm. Fellowes, Jr., returned to his ranks at his own request, Aug. '61. F. F. Case, returned to his ranks at his own request, Oct. '61; promoted to Corporal, April, '63; to Sergeant, October, '64. Private Thos. Y. Aby, promoted to Corporal, Oct. '61; to Sergeant, Oct. '61; to First Sergeant, July, '62; to Assistant Surgeon, Feb. '63. Richard Aby. Saml. Aby. R. H. Alsobrook, blown up on a caisson in Maryland, Sept. '62, severely wounded. Jos. H. Berthelot, discharged Feb. '64. R. J. Ball, transferred to McGregor's Hose Artillery, Nov. '64. S. A. Baillio. H. P. Bayley. W. H. Blount, promoted to Corporal, Oct. '64. Jno. Bozant. L. L. Brown. Jno. Bare. W. Chambers, killed at Rappahannock Station, Aug. '62. H. Chambers, died at Camp Hollins, Va., Dec. '61. C. Chambers, wounded at Sharpsburg, Sept. '62; lost portion of his hand. Geo. Chambers, killed at Drury's Bluff, May, '64. A. F. Coste, wounded at Fredericksburg; died Dec. '62. E. A. Cowen, promoted Capt. Q. M., B. W. A. Nov. '61; resigned, June, '62. J. B. Cleveland, transferred to Second Company, Dec. '61. S. M. D. Clark. W. L. Clark. W. T. Cummings, detailed in Richmond. E. Collins. Thos. Carter, captured at Petersburg, Sept. '64. C. E. Caylat. Geo. B. DeRussy, promoted to Sergeant, Oct. '61; to Second Lieut. July, '62; transferred to Second Company. R. N. Davis, Jr., transferred to Fourth Company. Geo. Dupré. C. W. Deacon, transferred from Third Company, April, '62; promoted to Q. M. Sergeant, and captured June, '64, at Petersburg. C. A. Every, wounded at Fredericksburg, Dec. '62; at Fredericksburg, May, 1863; at Drury's Bluff, May, 1864. L. G. Elfer, transferred to Third Company. W. R. Falconer, promoted to Corporal, April, '62; transferred to Second Louisiana Cavalry, February, '64. C. A. Falconer, transferred from Third Company, June, '61; killed December, '62, at Fredericksburg. P. O. Fazende, transferred from Third Company, June, '61; promoted to Corporal, April, '63; to Sergeant, July, '63; captured at Drury's Bluff, May, 1864; returned having escaped, November, '64. John R. Fell, wounded at Rappahannock, Aug., '62; discharged. H. C. Florence. J. E. Florence, killed at Fredericksburg, May, '63. F. H. Fowler, wounded at Sharpsburg, Sept., '62; detailed, Q. M. Dept. M. Fisher. J. Frolick, jr. Paul Grima, G. B. Genin, promoted to Corporal, April, '64. D. H. Garland. Wm. H. Hardie, promoted to Corporal, Oct., '61; to Sergt., July, '62; to First Sergt., Sept., '64. S. Harrison, promoted to Corporal, Oct., '64. J. R. Harby. T. P. Hall. E. Morgan Harris, killed at Petersburg, July, '64. J. Horrock. G. M. Judd, promoted to Sergt., Oct. '61; killed at Sharpsburg, Sept., '62. J. E. Jarreau, discharged, Feb., '62; J. U. Jarreau. H. O. Janin, wounded at Fredericksburg. G. D. P. Jones. Thos. P. Jones. E. T. Kursheedt, promoted to Corporal, Oct., '61; to Sergeant-Major, April, '63; to Adjutant, with rank of Lieutenant. J. W. Kearny, discharged, April, '62. Herman Ross, killed at Rappahannock, August, '62.

E. F. Keplinger. D. Kilpatrick. L. Labarre, transferred to Third Company. Frank Lobrano. T. J. Lutman, promoted to Corporal, April, '63; killed at Fredericksburg, May, '63. A. M. Lappington, detailed in Montgomery, Alabama. E. Levy. P. Leahy. John R. McGaughey, promoted to Sergeant, March, '62; to First Sergeant, April, '63; to Second Lieutenant, September, '64. S. M. G. Mount, caisson ran over his leg, August, '63; retired by Medical Executive Board, October, '64. J. P. Manico, discharged, January, '62. J. Muntinger, wounded at Sharpsburg, September, '62; died October at Winchester. A. M. Moore. R. F. Marshall, killed at Rappahannock, Aug. '62, by explosion of his gun. Geo. Maxent. Geo. W. Muse, killed at Bull Run, July, '61. W. Moran. P. A. J. Michel, wounded at Sharpsburg. T. M. McRobert, discharged Aug. '62. W. Mains, killed, July, '64. A. Micou, promoted to First Lieut. on Gen. Fry's Staff, May, '64. H. H. Marks. J. L. Mathews, detailed to Med. Dep. B. W. A. N. Milhardo, discharged July, '62. Jos. Meyers, detailed to Med. Dep. B. W. A. J. McCormick. W. J. McLean. J. B. McCutcheon, wounded at Sharpsburg, lost his arm. W. P. McGehee. J. B. McMillan. H. C. McClellan, died at Petersburg, Nov. '64. A. G. McCorkle. W. A. McRae, promoted to Corporal, Oct. '64. C. M. McIntire. W. T. Norment, promoted to Sergeant, April, '63. E. S. Ogden, promoted Second Lieutenant First La. Artillery, April, '64. J. W. Outlaw, captured at Gettysburg, July, '64. W. F. Perry, discharged by Medical Board, April, '64. J. N. Payne, promoted to Sergeant, July, '62; transferred to Major Byren's Battalion Artillery, March, 1864. L. Parson. N. B. Phelps, detailed Nov. '64. D. Pendegrass. R. Pollard, detailed Nov. '64. E. Peychaud, wounded at Drury's Bluff, det. in Richmond. H. Peychaud, killed at Drury's Bluff. C. Peychaud, detailed by Med. Board. C. Rossiter, wounded at Drury's Bluff, retired by Medical Board, Oct. '64. J. E. Rodd, wounded at Fredericksburg, detailed. M. Ranch. E. Niviere, captured at Gettysburg. John Richardson, det. Q. M. D. Jas. Reddington, killed at Rappahannock, Aug. '62. R. McK. Spearing, promoted to Corporal, '62; killed at Fredericksburg, Dec., '62. F. A. St. Amant, discharged, July, '61; disability. W. T. Saul. C. N. B. Street, transferred to Moody's Battery, July, '62. Ph. Seibrecht. P. D. Simmons, killed at Drury's Bluff, '64. W. W. Spencer. Frank Sagee. T. S. Turner, promoted Corporal, '63. S. Turner, promoted Corporal, April, '64; wounded at Drewry's Bluff. John A. Tarleton, discharged, July, '62, special order Secretary war. J. M. Turpin. W. E. Fowles, killed, Railroad accident, March, '63. F. Villasana. Van Vinson, promoted to Corporal, July, '63; to Sergt., April, '64. H. Whitcomb, killed, July, '64. E. V. Wiltz, discharged. C. R. Walden, killed at Drury's Bluff, May, '64. W. H. West, promoted to Corporal, May, '62; to Sergt., April, '63; killed at Fredericksburg, May, '63. John A. Wayne. J. V. Webb, discharged, May, '62. T. J. Wilson. B. Woodward. J. P. Woodward. H. S. Wilkinson. J. N. White, detailed. H. L. Zebal, discharged by Med. Board, May, '64. L. E. Zebal, discharged, furnished a substitute. S. G. Stewart, J. Scott. J. A. O'Neal, discharged, April, '64. John Charlesworth. H. Collins. John Eshman. John Earls, died in hospital. John Farrell. W. Farrell. E. Gallagher. J. L. Hock, promoted to Quarter Master Sergeant, September, '64. M. Hock, detailed in Ord. Department. J. Hammel, discharged, June, '62; Surgeon's certificate. J. Jacobs, detailed Medical Department. Jas. Kinney, died from wound received at Fredericksburg, December, 62. John Krafts, detailed to Ordnance Department. F. Lester. J. S. Lehman, transferred to Second Company. J. Lenon, transferred to Second Company. B. D. F. McKesson. J. A. McCormick. Wm. Oliver. Chas. Rush, transferred to Second Company. E. W. Smith. Jas. Smith. A. Szar. F. Schmarbeck. H. L. Allain. John Bachr. J. J. Norment, promoted to Corporal, October, '64; wounded at Drury's Bluff.

*Names of Wounded omitted in above Roll.*

Captain E. Owen, at Sharpsburg and Drury's Bluff. Lieutenant C. H. C.

Brown, severely wounded, left on the field, and captured at Gettysburg. W. R. Falkner, at Rappahannock and Fredericksburg. W. R. Fell, at Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg. W. H. Hardie, at Fredericksburg. J. R. Harby, at Fredericksburg. C. J. Kursheedt, Sbarpsburg, '62. A. Micon, Fredericksburg, '62. Jos. Myers, Drury's Bluff. N. B. Phelps, at Drury's Bluff. C. Rossiter, Fredericksburg and at Drury's Bluff. P. S. Turner at Rappahannock Station. Van Vinson, at Gettysburg. T. J. Wilson, at Drury's Bluff. H. S. Wilkinson, Drury's Bluff. A. L. Zebal, at Bull Run and at Williamsport, Md. John Charlesworth, at Fredericksburg, '62. C. Rush, Fredericksburg, '62.

The above statement has been taken from the Historical Record furnished to the War Department C. S., January 1st, 1865, and is correct and as full as can possibly be made from that Record.

LT. C. H. C. BROWN,  
*Ranking Officer 1st Co. B. W. A.*

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 2d, 1874.

## ROLL OF SECOND COMPANY.

Lieutenant C. C. Lewis, commanding Company, May, '61; resigned, Aug. '61. Capt. Thos. L. Rosser, promoted to Lieutenant Colonel of Artillery; wounded at Mechanicsville. Captain J. B. Richardson, assigned to Company, June, '62. First Lieutenant Sam. J. McPherson, resigned August, 1861. Cuthbert H. Slocomb, promoted to First Lieutenant; resigned November, 1861. Second Lieutenant Samuel Hawes, promoted to First Lieutenant, December 1861. Second Lieutenant J. D. Britton, wounded at Sharpsburg, September; 1862. Second Lieut. Geo. B. DeRussy, promoted from Sergeant First Company, and assigned by Col. Walton, July, '62; wounded at Chancellorville, May, 1863. (Cadet) F. H. Wigfall, relieved from duty with company, June, 1862, by order No. 137. First Sergeant Jos. H. DeGrange. First Sergeant A. A. Brinsmade, promoted to Second Lieut. of Artillery. First Sergeant A. G. Knight. Serg. Gustave Aime. Sergeant H. C. Wood, discharged October, 1861, by order of Secretary of War. Sergeant C. Huchez. Sergeant Charles E. Leverich, appointed First Lieutenant P. A. C. S. July, 1863, by order of Secretary of War. Sergeant Jules Freret. J. W. Emmett, appointed First Lieut. P. A. C. S., July, '63, by Sec'y of War. A. G. Knight, promoted to Orderly, Nov. 1863. Geo. E. Strawbridge, appointed Second Lieutenant P. A. C. S., March, '68, by Sec'y of War. Sergeant W. A. Randolph, promoted to Sergeant Major, Sept. '63. Sergeant Walter J. Hare, wounded at Sharpsburg. Sergeant Ed. L. Hall. Sergeant Thos. H. Fuqua. Sergeant John W. Parsons. Corporal James D. Edwards, discharged December, 1861. B. N. L. Hutton, discharged July, 1861, by order of Gen. Beauregard. Samuel Hawes, promoted Second Lieut. Nov. '61. Corporal T. B. White, discharged Nov'r '62. A. G. Knight, promoted to Sergt. Feb., '62. W. A. Randolph, promoted to Sergt., April, '63. Ed. L. Hall, promoted to Sergt., August, '63; wounded at Williamsport, July, '63. Thos. H. Fuqua, promoted to Sergt., Nov., '63. Jno. W. Parsons, captured at Gettysburg, July, 5th, exchanged; promoted to Sergt., Nov. '63. S. Isaac Meyers, killed at Petersburg, August, '64. E. J. Jewell, wounded at Williamsport, July, 6th, '63; died at Williamsport, July, 19th, '63. Stephen Chalaron, wounded at Gettysburg, July, '63; captured, exchanged; promoted to First Lieut. in Nit. & Min. Bureau, May, '64. L. C. Woodville, wounded at Petersburg, June, '64. Jno. Howard Goodin, wounded at Drury's Bluff, May, 1864; promoted to Ordnance Sergt., June, '64. C. C. Twichell. Thos. H. Suter. J. F. Randolph. E. D. Patton.

Phil. A. Clagett. John C. Woodville. G. W. Humphries. Q. M. Sergeant Job DeMeza. J. S. Bradley. Artificers—Leonard Craig. James Keating. Jno. W. Dempsey, transferred to Third Company, June, '63. Privates—Fred. Alewelt, wounded at Sharpsburg, died at Shepardstown, Sept., '62. Randolph Axon, detailed in Richmond, Oct., '62. E. D. Augustus. Geo. Alpin. — Almundinger, killed at Petersburg. F. P. Buckner, transferred to Fifth Regiment, April, '62. A. R. Blakely, wounded Second Manassas, August, 30th, '63; captured August, '63; exchanged and detailed in Treasury Department. R. J. Banister, wounded at Williamsport, July, '63; captured, exchanged; drowned while on furlough in Mississippi River, February 8th, '64. J. T. Brentford. E. M. Bee, discharged, Oct. '62. James Brown. James Byrnes. Joe Barr. Patrick Brooks, wounded at Sharpsburg, July, '63. Frank Baker. John S. Bradly, promoted Q. M. Sergt. April, '61. John A. Bloom. Henry Brooks. Stephen W. Britton. J. B. Cleveland, transferred from First Company, appointed Second Lieutenant, P. A. C. S. March, 1863, by Secretary War. W. P. Curtis, discharged. H. D. Coleman, captured at Chancellorville, May, '63; exchanged. Phil. A. Clagett, promoted to Corporal, Oct. '63. H. S. Carey, detailed in Ordnance Department. John A. Coakley, wounded at Williamsport, July, 1863. J. W. Cross, wounded at Williamsport, July, 1863; died August, 1863. W. H. Cantzon, detailed clerk, Gen. Lee's Headquarters, Nov. '64. N. J. Clark. C. A. Dnyvall, transferred from Fourth Company, July, '61; appointed Second Lieutenant P. A. C. S., March, 1863. A. DeValcour. Wm. Davis, honorable mention at Second Manassas, August, 1862; wounded at Williamsport, July, 1863. Theo. O. Dyer. Charles Dougherty. Dan J. Driscoll. Thos. W. Dyer. W. E. Florance. Wm. Forest, wounded at Williamsport, July, 1863. Thos. H. Enqua, transferred from Third Company, July, '61; promoted to Corporal, Nov. '62. L. C. Fallon, wounded. Geo. A. Frierson, wounded at Williamsport, July, '63. Armand Freret, wounded at Sharpsburg, September, 1862; died at Winchester, September, 1862. Jules Freret, wounded at Gettysburg, July '63; died same place. John H. Forshee. Wm. M. Francis, transferred from Watson's Battery, July, '64. Wm. C. Giffen, captured at Chancellorville, May, '63; exchanged. John H. Goodin, promoted to Corporal. August, '63. John M. Greenman, wounded at Bermuda Hundreds, May, 1864. John F. Giffen, wounded at Williamsport, July, 1863. D. Gleason. Geo. Gessner, wounded at Drury's Bluff, May, '64. F. M. Gillespie. Hugh S. Gookin. E. E. Gookin. Jas. A. Hall. Geo. Humphrey, wounded at Williamsport, July, '63; captured, exchanged May, '64. S. C. Hartman, discharged, Oct., '62. J. Heffleigh. Chas. Harris. Chas. Hurley. Alex. Anderson. C. M. Harvey. I. Ichstien. O. Jewell, died, February, 1863. J. Jackson, detailed, May, 1864. D. E. Gigaretts, discharged by order, May, 1864. B. C. Jacques. T. R. James. M. Kelly, discharged, May, 1862. B. F. Kirk, wounded at Chancellorville, May, 1863. Wm. Kirk, transferred, June, 1864. R. H. Knox, appointed cadet, P. A. C. S. November, 1864. T. F. Land, discharged. Wm. Little. B. Lynch, discharged, December, 1861. W. Layman, wounded at Gettysburg, died. L. S. Lehman. James Lennon, transferred Feb. '64, A. G. Lobdell, retired December, 1864. M. P. Lapham, wounded, and died at Drury's Bluff, May, '64. P. B. Lynch. J. S. Meyers. J. R. McGowen. W. Mills, detailed Oct. 1863. John Meux, transferred from Fourth Company, July, '61. W. Maroney. J. McCormack. D. T. Moore, died Aug. '64. J. Madden, detailed Feb. '65. L. Miller. B. A. McDonald. W. O. Mallory. W. E. Maynard. H. McGill. H. M. Payne, retired Aug. '64. A. H. Peale, discharged Nov. '61, by order of Gen. Beauregard. William Palfrey, promoted Second Lieut. First Louisiana Artillery. J. C. Purdy, appointed Second Lieut. P. A. C. S., March, '63. W. A. Perrin. J. H. Peebles. I. H. Randolph, killed at Williamsport, July, '63. W. Roth, discharged August, '61. Wm. Rockwell, discharged Dec. '61. J. W. Ridgill. A. G. Ridgill. W. G. Raoul, appointed Capt. A. Q. M., March, 1864. J. L. Richardson. H. D. Summers, captured at Chancellorville, detailed with wounded' captured at Williamsport; exchanged May, 1864. W. D. Sayre. A. D. R. Sutton. D. Self. W. H. Simpson. H. C. Twichell, discharged October, '61.

C. C. Twicbell, wounded at Williamsport, promoted Corporal, August, 1863. C. A. D. Theineman, discharged, Aug. '62. G. J. Thomas. R. Urquhart, wounded at Petersburg, June, 1864. P. Von Colln, wounded at Chancellorville. L. C. Woodville, promoted to Corporal, April, 1863. W. H. Wilkins. J. Weber. F. Wilson. H. N. White, killed at Second Manassas. T. B. White, promoted to Corporal, December, 1861. F. M. Williams, appointed Second Lieutenant, P. A. C. S. April, 1863. B. Ward, wounded Second Manassas, captured; exchanged. G. Watterston, wounded at Williamsport, captured and died, August, 1863. T. E. Williams, wounded at Gettysburg. G. A. Webre. Chas. Waterson. D. P. White, wounded at Williamsport. — Winter. F. H. H. Walker. H. Berthelot. F. H. Sawyer.

The above statement has been taken from the Historical Record furnished to the War Department C. S., January 1st, 1865, and is correct and as full as can possibly be made from that Record.

JOHN B. RICHARDSON,

*Captain Commanding at surrender.*

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 5, 1874.

## ROLL OF THIRD COMPANY.

Merritt B. Miller, Captain, May, '61; promoted to Major of Artillery, Feb. '64. Andrew Hero, jr., Second Serg. May '61; First Serg. Nov. '61; Second Lieut. May '62; First Lieut. Aug. '62; Capt. Feb. '64; wounded at Sharpsburg, Sept. '62; at Petersburg, April, '65. Jos B. Whittington, First Lieutenant, resigned Louis A. Adam, Second Lieut. resigned Aug. '61; re-enlisted as private. Aug. '61. James Dearing, Second Lieut., promoted to Captain Art'y, April 8, '62. J. J. Garnet, First Lieutenant, assigned to Company July, '61; transferred to Signal Corps, June, '63. Isaac W. Brewer, First Lieutenant, killed at Rappahannock Station. Frank McElroy, First Lieutenant; Geo. McNeill, Second Lieutenant; Charles H. Stocker, Second Lieutenant, wounded at Petersburg, April, '65. First Sergeant John T. Handy. Sergeant Louis Prados, promoted to Lieut. La. Brigade. Sergeant W. A. Collins. Sergeant R. Maxwell, discharged from command. Sergeant W. H. Ellis. Sergeant O. N. DeBlanc. Sergeant W. G. Coyle. Sergeant F. Kremelberg, killed at Petersburg. Sergeant P. W. Pettis. Corporal Ed. J. Jewell. Corporal A. H. Peale. Corporal C. E. Fortier, discharged. Corporal E. W. Morgan. Corporal R. P. Many, died of wounds. Corporal W. Leefe, died in Louisiana Hospital. Corporal A. E. Grimmer. Corporal N. Bartlett. Corporal T. Ballantine. Corporal Samuel Bland. Corporal R. Ballauf. Corporal M. B. Cantrelle. Corporal I. C. Dick. Corporal John R. Porter. Corporal H. J. Phelps. William A. Collins, wounded at Second Manassas, August, 1863. E. Avril, wounded at Sharpsburg, Sept. 61; discharged Dec. '62. John Anderson, transferred from First Company, July, '61. Henry J. Atkins, killed at Sharpsburg, Sept. 1862. Frank M. Andress. J. A. Adde. S. S. Andress. B. L. Braselman, promoted to Ordnance Sergeant Battalion. Robert Bruce, discharged April, '64. Samuel C. Boush, on duty in Quarter Master's Department. J. D. Blanchard, died March, 1864. James C. Bloomfield, promoted to Lieut. in Magruder's army. Michel A. Becnel, discharged December 1861, by order of Secretary of War. Geo. Bernard, detailed with ambulance. M. Burke. J. P. Benton, captured by enemy, June, '64. Samuel Bland, wounded at Rappahannock, Aug. '62. James



S. Behan, died at Mobile, Ala. Wm. Barton. Jos. Bloom. Rudolph Ballauf, promoted to Corporal, April, '64. Geo. Brady. Geo. B. Behan, died at Culpeper, Sept. '62. C. Bush, injured by falling of a tree, Oct. '62; detailed in Richmond. Ernest Beyer. Charles Brady. Henry G. Brooks. John H. Benton, wounded at Petersburg, Sept. '64; died Sept. '64. Geo. H. Bryens, killed at Gettysburg, July '63. Lawrence Berry. Richard Bryens. Wm. P. Brewer, promoted to Assistant Surgeon. B. F. Bryan. Robert J. Ball, transferred to First Company. Steve Burke. F. A. Carl, died May 27, 1861. M. W. Cloney, wounded at Sharpsburg, Sept. '62; captured at Gettysburg, July, '63. John H. Colles, discharged Nov. '61, by order Secretary of War. Ernest Charpieux, wounded at Manassas, August 1862; detailed Q. M. Dept., April, '64. W. G. Coyle, promoted to Corporal, Nov. 1861; to Sergt., Oct. 1863. Stephen Chalaron, transferred to Second Company, July, 1861. Wm. Casey, transferred from Second Company, July, 1861. James Crilly, transferred from Second Company, wounded at Rappahannock Station, August, 1862. Frank E. Coyle, wounded at Gettysburg, July, 1863; killed at Petersburg, April, '65. W. Campbell. Geo. W. Charlton. L. W. Gressy, killed by falling of a tree at Winchester. C. W. Deacon, transferred to First Company. Edward A. Clark. W. W. Charlton. T. S. Collins. J. F. Clark, killed at Gettysburg, July, '63. Jos. H. DeMeza, transferred to Second Company, July, '61. Edward Duncan, captured at Petersburg and exchanged. Fred. Douber, killed at Sharpsburg. J. F. Davis. A. Dumas. James Dolan, died from wound at Rappahannock. August DeBlanc, Isaac C. Dick, promoted to Corporal, October, '64. H. Dietz. Benj. E. Dick, captured at Fredericksburg and exchanged. Arnaud DeBlanc, discharged May, '63. W. Dennison. Wm. DeLacy. Honoré Doussan. Adolphe Dupré, Jr., wounded and captured at Gettysburg. Louis G. Elfer. Edgar D. Evans. P. O. Fazende. Charles E. Fortier, promoted to Corporal, July, '61; discharged, Sept. 1861. F. P. Fourshee, wounded at Rappahannock. T. H. Fuqua, transferred to Second Company. Otto Frank, wounded at Fredericksburg. René Faisans. Auguste Faisans. Louis E. Guyot. A. E. Grimmer, wounded at Fredericksburg; promoted to Corporal November, '63. Fred. W. Gras. Jno. W. Gore. J. B. Gretter. C. A. Gough, wounded at Gettysburg, and died. S. R. Givens, discharged January, '63. Leon M. Gerard. Philibert Gerard. G. A. Grimes. Henry Guillote. F. L. Hubbard, right arm injured, and discharged October, '61. C. Hart, discharged February, '62. John Holmes, jr., wounded at Sharpsburg, and discharged May, '64. John Huisson. John G. Hottinger. Ed. D. Hubbell. Wm. Jones. Wm. N. Johnson. Eugene Joubert, wounded at Rappahannock, and died. Jos. H. Jagot. F. Jourdan. John Jones, captured and escaped July, '64. Joseph Kinslow. S. Kennedy, transferred to Twenty-eighth Louisiana Regiment; resigned, '64. Tbos. Kerwin. Damas Kobleur, wounded at Petersburg, October, '64. W. H. Kitchen. R. H. Kitchen. M. Kent. Wm. Leefe, promoted Corporal April, '63; died October, 1864. Ed. Loftus, died February, '63. M. F. Lynch. James Little, died June, '62. G. Leytze, missing after battle of Gettysburg. S. Levy, wounded at Rappahannock; discharged September, '62. J. T. Luddy. John Land. Geo. Land. Gustave Leclere. Eugene Leclere. Charles Lombard, transferred to Fourth Company June, '63. T. Lazzar, died at Petersburg, December, 64. Murville Labarre, died at Petersburg, December 31, '64; E. Labarre, discharged October, '63. Lacestiere Labarre, transferred from First Company September, '63. P. E. Laresche. A. Leefe, wounded at Drury's Bluff. N. Lighthouse. T. M. McFall, promoted to Q. M. Sergeant April, '63. O. McDonald, killed at Rappahannock. J. H. McCartney, wounded at Sharpsburg. J. H. Moore, transferred to 7th Brigade. W. Mills, transferred to Second Company. E. W. Morgan, discharged July, 1861. Robert Maxwell, promoted to Sergeant November, '61; wounded at Rappahannock and discharged '63. A. B. Martin. G. H. Meek, promoted to Ord. Serg. Nov., '63. R. P. Many, Corporal, April, '63; wounded, captured and died at Fredericksburg, May, '63. C. B. Marmillon, discharged '62, by Secretary of War. G. W. Massy, wounded at Sharpsburg; died September, '62. John C.

Murphy. Henry A. Maddeu, killed at Drury's Bluff, May, '64. E. L. Mahen. S. W. Noyes. Albert Norcom, transferred to Fourth Company. J. S. Nesbitt, discharged May, '62. L. T. Noyes. W. P. Noble. T. Nulty. F. Ozanne, captured and escaped at Hagerstown, '63. Peyton W. Pettis, promoted Corporal July, '62; wounded at Rappahannock and Sharpsburg; promoted Sergeant, '64. Jno. R. Porter, promoted Corporal August, '64; wounded at Petersburg, Oct. '64. H. J. Phelps, Corporal, April 1863; wounded at Fredericksburg, 1862. Abraham B. Philips. Geo. A. Peirce. Paul T. Patin. Jas. W. Price. Wm. F. Pinckard, wounded at Petersburg. Wm. M. Pinckard. C. P. Russell. Sam'l Rousseau, wounded at Petersburg. J. F. Randolph, transferred to Second Company. Charles Raymond. H. Rideau, killed at Gettysburg. F. Ruleau, wounded and died at Gettysburg. E. Riviere. Jules A. A. Rousseau. G. D. Robinson, severely wounded by capsizing of a cannon, fourth of July, 1863. Frank Shaw, jr., discharged by Secretary of War. Chas. H. Stocker, promoted Corporal. June, 1862; Sergeant, July, 1862; captured at Gettysburg, July, '63; elected Second Lieutenant, March, '63. S. G. Saunders, wounded at Sharpsburg. Charles Smith, captured at Petersburg, June, 1864. A. Seicshnaydre, Leon Seicshnaydre. S. B. Slade. C. G. Smelser. T. W. Smith. R. Smith. H. D. Summers, transferred to Second Company. Wm. S. Toledano, discharged September, 1861. E. Toledano, discharged September, 1861. Howard Tully, wounded at Bull Run and Fredericksburg. Ralph Turnell, discharged November, 1862. Hugh Thompson, killed at Rappahannock. James Tully, wounded at Rappahannock. G. J. Thomas. Walter A. Tew. Victor R. Tisdale. John Trémé. Oswald J. Toledano, killed at Petersburg. Ernest Vidal. J. W. White. Thos. E. Williamson. W. Williamson. W. J. B. Watson, transferred to Fourth Company. J. N. White, transferred to Fourth Company. J. W. Dempsey, transferred to Second Company. Geo. Pielert. W. D. Holmes, transferred to Second Company. Tom Nugent. James Keating, transferred to Second Company.

The above roll is copied correctly from the historical records of the Third Company of the Washington Artillery, and contains all details as to members of the Company.

A. HERO, Jr.,  
*late Capt. Com'd'g 3d Co. B. W. A.*

## ROLL OF FOURTH COMPANY.

Captain Jos. Norcom; First Lieut. H. A. Battles; Second Lieuts., G. E. Apps, W. J. Behan; Sergeants—1st, J. S. Fish; 2d, J. C. Wood; 3d, J. W. Wilcox; 4th, B. F. Weidler; 5th, J. B. Valentine. Quartermaster—S. T. Haile. Corporals—F. A. Brode, O. S. Babcock, B. Hufft, J. F. Lilly, Geo. Montgomery. R. S. Burke, F. W. Ames, Geo. E. W. Wilkinson. Privates—Geo. Anderson, J. S. Allen, Jos. Adams, O. W. Adams, P. M. Baker, Lewis Baker, H. H. Baker, A. Banksmith, Jas. Bateman, F. A. Behan, Jas. Borland, Chas. M. Byrne, A. Boucher, J. W. Burke, L. W. Clayton, W. P. Creecy, O. E. Cook, Thos. Carey, Wm. Cary, Wm. Curley, J. M. Cox, Denis J. Crouan, E. Condon, A. S. Cowand, Chas. Cowand, B. Chapman, R. N. Davis, W. Deninson, W. R. Dirke, R. Davidson, Jas. D. Edwards, Jno. Fowlkes, Jno. Fagan, W. S. Fell, J. J. Farrell, R. H. Gray, G. C. Gregory, E. F. Gubernator, J. G. Hood, Thos. Herbert, Sam'l E. Holt, W. McC. Holmes, W. W. Jones, A. C. Jones, I. Jessup, F. Jordan, M. J. Kinney, M. Keegan, F. Langdon, Chas. Lake, J. R. Land, Theo. Lazzarre, Dupre Lazzarre, P. J. Lavery, C. W. Marston, E. A. Nellard, Wm. Martin, R. F.

F. Moore, R. McDonald, Jno. McManus, B. Marisoli, H. Mayer, C. McGregor, A. Norcom, D. Nolan, Thos. Norris, A. L. Plattsmier, Chas. Palfrey, D. W. Pipes, H. T. Peak, Jno. Pfeiffer, J. M. Rohbock, M. J. Ryan, G. Reynolds, W. Redmond, L. Reney, Louis Rocsch, J. H. Smith, J. H. Stone, Jno. Schekler, A. Soniat, Chas. Smelzer, A. Shew, W. N. Stuart, E. Terrebonne, A. F. Vass, H. F. Wilson, Geo. Walker, G. W. Wood, P. N. Wood, J. J. Wall, Jno. Wilson, W. J. B. Watson. Artificers—Levi Callahan, J. McDonald.

The above roll has been taken by me from the records of the Washington Artillery, and I certify that the same is as full and correct as it can be made.

WM. J. BEHAN,

*Ranking Officer of 4th Co. B. W. A.*

For the muster roll of the Fifth Company, see p. 150. Of the remnants of the four companies in Virginia, forty-five escaped under Major Miller, (the horses having been cut from their harness,) by way of Lynchburg and the mountains, to Johnston's army in North Carolina, Capt. Chas. A. Green, of the Louisiana Guard Artillery, and some of the Donaldsonville Artillery, under Lieutenant Prospere Landry, among the number. Major Moses says, in reference to the Confederate gold which was placed in his hands, and which had followed President Davis to Washington, Ga.: "I employed four young men of the Washington Artillery, to guard the gold and accompany me to Augusta. There were a great many cavalry and straggling soldiers prowling about, and on the train they made what was then called several 'charges' upon the gold, which, with the assistance of Col. Sanford, of Montgomery, and Private Shepherd, of Texas, were successfully resisted." Whatever became of the gold, after it was honorably placed by Major Moses in Federal hands for the relief of wounded soldiers, has never yet been ascertained.

The very last battle fought, or regular engagement during the war, took place on the night of the 16th of April, at Columbus, Ga., at which time that town was captured and 1,200 Confederate soldiers made prisoners. Three of the Washington Artillery, \* Adams, Cummings and Bartlett, the first and last of whom had fired the first guns at Bull Run, were present at the night attack, and made prisoners, the last named three times during the night.

\* The following is one of the orders still in existence :

HEADQUARTERS CAMP RENDEZVOUS, BATTERY DIVISION, }  
COLUMBUS, GA., April, 16th, 1865. }

Corporal N. Bartlett, having reported to me for duty, will hold himself subject to my orders, mounted.

V. H. TALIAFERRO.

*Colonel Commanding.*



# REPORT TO THE LOUISIANA LEGISLATURE

OF

## ADJUTANT GENERAL M. GRIVOT,

UPON STATE TROOPS,

FOR THE YEARS 1860, '61 AND '62.

1860.

*Abstract Statement of the Officers in Commission preceding the War.*

### FIRST DIVISION.

Major General John L. Lewis, Commanding; Col. L. E. Forstall, Division Inspector; Lieut. Colonel Chas. A. Labuzan, Division Quartermaster; Lieut. Colonel Thomas Cripps, Division Paymaster; Major W. P. Williams, Division Surgeon; Major E. L. Forstall, Aid; Major U. Lavillebeuvre, Aid; Major A. Trudeau, Aid; Major N. Gunari, Aid; Major L. Stein, Aid; Major L. Lay, Aid; Major Jos. M. Kennedy, Jr., Aid.

### LOUISIANA LEGION BRIGADE.

Brigadier General H. W. Palfrey, Commanding; Major J. F. Chatry, Brigade Inspector; Captain R. Beltran, Aid; Captain P. O'Rorke, Aid; Captain W. B. Cook, Aid; Captain Chas. A. Janvier, Aid.

### ORLEANS BATTALION OF ARTILLERY.

*First Company*—Captain, F. Gomez; Senior First Lieutenant, A. D. Garcia; Junior First Lieutenant, P. A. Gomez; Second Lieutenant, P. Marrero.

*Third Company*—Captain, F. Stromeyer; Senior First Lieutenant, G. Berlu-chaux; Junior First Lieutenant, A. A. Canon; Second Lieutenant, Alexander Diogenes.

*Sixth Company*—Senior First Lieutenant, Theo. Morano, Commanding; Junior First Lieutenant, N. Rivera; Second Lieutenant, Jean Schweitzer.

*Fourth Company, attached to Legion*—Captain, J. L. Lamothe; Senior First Lieutenant, A. Abadie; Junior First Lieutenant, G. Raymond; Second Lieut. I. Erard.

### REGIMENT OF LIGHT INFANTRY.

Colonel Chas. F. Sturcken, Commanding; Lieutenant Colonel, C. L. Mathes; Major, H. Blaize; Lieutenant E. H. Boelitz, Adjutant; Lieutenant Herdsfelder, Quartermaster; Lieutenant G. Lugenbuhl, Paymaster; Lieutenant Loisenger, Surgeon.

### CHASSEURS, 1814-15.

First Lieutenant, F. Ecrot, Commanding; Second Lieutenant, L. Honidobre.

## YAGERS.

Captain, F. Peters; First Lieutenant, Henry Fasshinder; Second Lieutenant, Jacob Huth.

SHARPSHOOTER.—Captain F. Christen.

FUSILIERS NO. 1.—Captain, F. Sievers; First Lieutenant, H. Gerdes.

FUSILIERS NO. 2.—Second Lieut., Henry Wallhrech.

## LAFAYETTE GUARDS.

Capt. F. Koenig; First Lieutenant, G. Hollenbach, Second Lieutenant, A. Frideback.

JEFFERSON GUARDS.—Captain, F. Wollrath; Second Lieut., G. Lehman,

BATTALION CHASSEURS A PIED DE LA LOUISIANE.—Major — —

*First Company.*—Captain, Henry St. Paul; First Lieutenant, Oscar Aleix; Second Lieutenant, Nemours Lanve.

*Second Company.*—Captain, Simeon Meilleur; First Lieut., Isidore Esclapon; Second Lieutenant, Raphael Painpare.

## FIRST BRIGADE.

Brigadier General, E. L. Tracy, Commanding; Major Thomas F. Walker, Brigade Inspector; Captain R. Hooper, Aid; Captain I. J. Daniels, Aid; Captain J. G. McLearn, Aid; Captain J. F. Caldwell, Aid.

## WASHINGTON ARTILLERY.

Capt. J. B. Walton; Senior First Lieutenant, O. Voorhies; Junior First Lieutenant, Theo. A. James, Second Lieutenant, R. Bannister.

WASHINGTON REGIMENT.—Major John Cavanagh.

LOUISIANA GREYS.—Capt., Edmund Kennedy; First Lieut., A. D. Caulfield.

REGIMENT NATIONAL GUARDS.—Colonel, H. Forno; Major, G. Stith.

## COMPANY C., NATIONAL GUARDS.

Captain, Charles D. Drew; First Lieutenant, J. P. Nesbit.

CITY GUARDS.—Captain, W. T. Dean; First Lieutenant, C. R. Fagot.

## ORLEANS RIFLE GUARDS.

Captain, John A. Jacques; First Lieutenant, Erastus Stevens.

CONTINENTAL GUARDS.—Capt. George Clark; Second Lieut., A. W. Merriam.

## MISSISSIPPI RIFLES NO. 2.

Captain, F. Camerden; First Lieutenant, Chas. C. Campbell; Second Lieut., Lea F. Bakewell.

## FIRST REGIMENT.

*First Brigade.*—Colonel Louis Lay.

SECOND REGIMENT.—Colonel J. J. Daniels.

FOURTH REGIMENT.—Colonel John Price.

## EIGHTH REGIMENT.

Colonel, Chas. De Choiseul; Lieutenant Colonel, James De Baum.

NINTH REGIMENT.—Colonel, R. Hooper; Lieut. Colonel, C. C. Miller.

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 SECOND BRIGADE.

Brigadier General, D. Cronan; Major, John Stroud, Brigade Inspector.

## FOURTH REGIMENT.

Colonel, Daniel Edwards; Lieut. Colonel, Samuel McBurney; Major, Chas. J. Murphy.

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 SECOND DIVISION.

Major General, R. C. Camp.

FIRST BRIGADE.—Brigadier General, R. C. Martin.

## PARISH ST. CHARLES REGIMENT.

Colonel, Ezra Davis; Lieut. Colonel, Ad. Rost, Jr.

## PARISH ST. JAMES REGIMENT.

*Company Chasseurs de St. Jacques.*—Captain, Alfred Roman; First Lieutenant, Camille Mire; Second Lieut. K. Gaudet; Cornet, Florent Fortier.

*Company Chasseurs St. Michel.*—Captain, Narcisse Landry, Jr.; First Lieutenant, Francis L. Haydel; Second Lieutenant, Emile Jacobs; Cornet, Nicholle Tecle,

ASCENSION REGIMENT.—Colonel, John S. Minor.

## DONALDSONVILLE ARTILLERY.

Captain, V. Maurin; Senior First Lieutenant, J. C. Dannequin; Junior First Lieutenant, Villeor Dugas; Senior Second Lieutenant, L. D. Nicholls; Junior Second Lieutenant, Lestang Fortier.

## LAFOURCHE REGIMENT.

*Company Lafourche Dragoons*—Captain, R. G. Darden; First Lieutenant, Ed. Cross; Second Lieutenant, John A. Collius; Cornet, M. King.

SECOND BRIGADE.—Brigadier General, C. N. Rowley.

## TERREBONNE REGIMENT.

Colonel, Albert G. Cage; Lieutenant Colonel, F. S. Goode; Major, James Daspit.

## HOUMA RIFLES.

Captain, Joseph Aycock; First Lieutenant, V. A. Righter; Second Lieutenant, Sulakoski.

## ST. MARY REGIMENT.

Colonel, A. L. Tucker; Lieutenant-Colonel, H. C. Wilson; Major, R. N. McMillan.

## TECHE GUARDS.

Captain, W. F. Haifleg; First Lieutenant, Louis F. Smith; Second Lieut., Newman Trowbridge.

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 THIRD DIVISION.

Major General, George W. Munday.

FIRST BRIGADE.—Brigadier General, W. E. Walker.

SECOND BRIGADE.—Brigadier General, R. Barrow.

PARISH EAST FELICIANA REGIMENT.—Colonel, Preston Pond.

EAST BATON ROUGE REGIMENT.

Colonel, Louis Hébert; Lieutenant Colonel, F. M. Kent.

EAST BATON ROUGE DRAGOONS.

Captain, H. M. Pierce; First Lieutenant, Chas. Chenette; Second Lieutenant, Thomas Gilbert.

PELICAN RIFLES.

Captain, W. F. Tunnard; First Lieutenant, H. B. Monteith; Second Lieut., Ernest Gourier.

COMPANY C.—Captain L. J. Freemaux.

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#### FOURTH DIVISION.

Major General, L. G. De Russey; Lieut. Colonel, Oscar Chaler, Paymaster; Major F. Johnson, Surgeon; Major W. H. Levy, Aid.

##### FIRST BRIGADE.

Brigadier General, P. Keary; Captain D. C. Goodman, Aid.

PARISH ST. LANDRY REGIMENT.

Colonel, A. M. Perrault; Lieut. Colonel, André Meynier; Major, Lewis Stagg.

OPELOUSAS RIFLES.

Captain, J. D. Israel; Second Lieutenant, J. J. Beauchamp.

SECOND BRIGADE.—Brigadier General, Alfred Mouton.

PARISH RAPIDES REGIMENT.

Colonel, B. F. Fulton; Lieutenant Colonel, A. N. Ogden; Major, Louis Stafford.

PARISH NATCHITOCHEES REGIMENT.

Colonel, Thomas Herzog; Lieutenant Colonel, Thomas C. Hunt; Major, Felix Metoyer.

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#### FIFTH DIVISION

Major General, Jacob Humble; Major Newton Guice, Aid.

##### FIRST BRIGADE.

Brigadier General, F. A. F. Harper; Major G. W. Hendrick, Brigade Inspector.

TENSAS REGIMENT.—Colonel, L. V. Reeves.

PARISH FRANKLIN REGIMENT.

Colonel, Asa Hawthorn; Lieutenant Colonel, Isaac Doyal.

SECOND BRIGADE.—Brigadier General, Felix Lewis.

PARISH CLAIBORNE REGIMENT.

Colonel, James W. Berry; Lieutenant Colonel, John W. Hays; Major, James Duke.

PARISH BOSSIER REGIMENT.

Colonel, E. W. Herring; Lieutenant Colonel, Austin Miller; Major, David J. Elder.



**ANNUAL REPORT MADE NOVEMBER 22, 1861.**

## CONDENSED MEMORANDA.

Feb. 5, 1861. Two regiments of regulars of the State army organized.

March 13. Transfer made of these to Provisional Army of the Confederate States. Artillery stationed in the State forts: infantry at Pensacola. The Colonel of the latter, A. H. Gladden, made Brigadier General, and succeeded by Col. Daniel W. Adams. The regiment was suddenly called to Pensacola.

Dec. 14, 1861. Volunteer companies ordered to organize into regiments.

To complete the companies, it became necessary to call upon volunteers. Five companies tendered their services and were accepted: The Orleans Cadets, of New Orleans, Captain C. D. Dreux. The Louisiana Guards, of New Orleans, Captain S. M. Todd. The Crescent Rifles, of New Orleans, Captain S. H. Fisk. The Grivot Guards, of Lafourche, Captain V. G. Rightor. The Shreveport Greys, of Caddo, Captain J. H. Beard. They were with the regiment stationed at Warrington, up to June last, when the regiment, having received its complement of regular companies, these companies were relieved from duty at Warrington. They formed themselves into a special battalion, under the command of Lieut. Colonel Charles D. Dreux, and Major V. H. Rightor, and were ordered to Yorktown, Virginia. Lieutenant-Colonel Dreux was killed whilst in the performance of his duties, and the battalion is now under the command of Lieut. Colonel V. H. Rightor.

18th of April, 1861 requisition from the Secretary of War, for three thousand infantry for twelve months service, received.

As soon as this made its appearance, in all parts of the State companies were organizing and tendering their services in less than five days, the number of troops offering exceeded five thousand.

This requisition did not state whether they were to be received by companies, battalions or regiments; a subsequent requisition for 5000 additional troops, received on the 21st April, 1861, gave the authority to organize them into battalions and regiments.

The troops were arriving rapidly; it was found expedient to establish a camp in the neighborhood of the City, and by order No. 188, issued on the 29th April, 1861, Camp Walker was established on the Metairie Course, under the command of Brigadier General E. L. Tracy, first Division Louisiana Militia, detailed for that purpose. The number of troops increasing, the fear of disease in camps, and owing to the scarcity of water, it was deemed advisable to transfer the camp to Tangipahoa, on the Jackson Railroad. This camp was called camp Moore.

The 1st Regiment Louisiana Volunteers was organized on the 25th of April by the election of Albert G. Blanchard as Colonel, Wm. G. Vincent Lieutenant-Colonel, and Wm. R. Shiver as Major, and transferred to the Confederate States on the 29th April and ordered to Virginia. Col. Blanchard has since been appointed Brigadier General in the Confederate Army, and Lieutenant-Colonel Vincent elected Colonel of the Regiment.

The 2d Regiment was organized with Lewis G. DeRussy as Colonel, John W. Young as Lieutenant-Colonel, and J. T. Norwood as Major, mustered into the service on the 11th May, 1861, and ordered to Virginia. Colonel DeRussy having resigned, Captain Wm. M. Levy was elected to fill the vacancy.

The 3d Regiment organized with Lewis Hebert as Colonel, S. M. Hyams as Lieutenant-Colonel, and W. F. Tunnard as Major; was mustered into service on 11th May, ordered to Arkansas, and from thence to Missouri. It participated in the battle of Oak Hill, performing deeds of valor.

The 4th Regiment organized with R. J. Barrow as Colonel, H. W. Allen as Lieutenant-Colonel, and S. E. Hunter as Major.

The 5th Regiment organized with Theo. G. Hunt Colonel, Henry Forno as Lieutenant-Colonel, and W. T. Dean Major.

At this period, whilst other regiments were in process of organization, the companies having mustered into the State service, to be transferred to the Confederate States, for the period of twelve months, under the Proclamations, after the transfer of the 3d Regiment, a communication from the War Department was received, declining to accept any more regiments unless for the term of the war. To this communication the governor earnestly protested, and urged upon the Secretary of War the necessity of accepting the regiments already organized for twelve months service, but with no success.

This act of the Secretary of War created considerable excitement both at the camp and in the country. The men who had volunteered, sacrificing their all, believed they were being trifled with, and had the effect of disorganizing the whole system for awhile.

After some difficulty, the 4th Regiment was accepted for the twelve months service, and was transferred on the 25th May, 1861. All the influence that could be brought to bear upon the War Department was exercised by your Excellency to obtain the acceptance of the 5th Regiment, and all the corps at Camp Moore, for the twelve months service, but with no success. Still entertaining hopes that the Secretary of War would reflect upon the injury about to be inflicted upon the troops, by not accepting their services except for the war term, would reverse and order them to be received, as originally mustered in, for twelve months, granted a delay in which the companies were to decide whether they would volunteer for the war or be disbanded. This delay was extended to the 25th May. This delay having expired, and the companies still refusing to muster in for the term of the war, were disbanded. On the 26th May, the governor received a dispatch from the War Department announcing the fact that the regiments and companies would be accepted for the twelve months term. It was received at a late hour—the morning train of the Jackson Railroad had left. Upon application to Capt. J. S. Williams, Superintendent of the road, he kindly offered his services to convey, by an express train, to Camp Moore, the orders countermanding the disbanding of the troops, but it was too late, the mischief had been done. A large number of companies had been disbanded, and were on their way home.

Shortly after it was ascertained that twelve months troops would be received, both in the country and city, the organization recommenced with redoubled vigor. The 5th Regiment, which had received a check, completed its organization, and was mustered into service on the 25th May, 1861, and was immediately ordered to Virginia.

The 6th Regiment, organized with I. G. Seymour as Colonel, Louis Lay as Lieutenant-Colonel, and S. S. James as Major, was mustered into service on the 4th June, 1861, and ordered to Virginia.

The 7th Regiment, organized with Harry T. Hays as Colonel, Charles De Choiseul as Lieutenant-Colonel, and D. H. Penn, Major, was mustered into service on the 5th June, 1861, and ordered to Virginia.

The 8th Regiment, organized with Henry B. Kelly as Colonel, F. T. Nicholls as Lieutenant-Colonel, and J. B. Prados as Major, was mustered into service on the 15th June.

The 6th, 7th and 8th Regiments were engaged in the memorable battles of Bull Run on the 18th, and of Manassas on the 21st July, 1861, and rendered important service.

The 9th Regiment, organized with Richard Taylor as Colonel, E. G. Randolph as Lieutenant-Colonel, and N. J. Walker, Major, was mustered into service on the 6th July, 1861, and ordered to Virginia.

The 10th Regiment, organized with Maudeville Marigny as Colonel, J. C. Denis as Lieutenant-Colonel, and Felix Du Monteil as Major, was mustered into service on the 22d July, 1861, and ordered to Virginia.

The 11th Regiment, organized with S. F. Marks as Colonel, Robert H. Barrow as Lieutenant-Colonel, and E. G. W. Butler as Major, was mustered into service on the 18th August, 1861, and ordered to Columbus, Kentucky. This regiment

was in the battle of Belmont, and was mainly instrumental in gaining the victory. Major Butler fell while gallantly leading his men.

The 12th Regiment, organized with Thomas M. Scott as Colonel, Wade Hough as Lieutenant-Colonel, and John C. Nott as Major, was mustered into service on the 13th August, 1861, and ordered to Columbus, Kentucky.

The 13th Regiment, organized with R. L. Gibson as Colonel, Aristide Gerard as Lieutenant-Colonel, and A. P. Avegno as Major—transferred to the Confederate service on the 9th September, 1861, stationed for a long time at the fortifications below the city—and on the 22d November was ordered to Columbus.

The 14th and 15th Regiments, were so designated by the War Department, and are composed of the troops known as the Polish Brigade. They were not mustered into service of the State and transferred to the Confederate States, and consequently I have no record of the names of the companies or officers, or number of men composing it.

The 16th Regiment was organized with Preston Pond, Jr., as Colonel, Enoch Mason as Lieutenant-Colonel, and Daniel Gober as Major; was mustered into Confederate service on the 29th September, 1861.

The 17th Regiment, organized with S. S. Heard as Colonel, Charles Jones as Lieutenant-Colonel, and R. B. Jones as Major, mustered into the Confederate service on the 29th September, 1861, and is now at Camp Moore.

The 18th Regiment, organized with Alfred Mouton as Colonel, Alfred Roman as Lieutenant-Colonel, and Louis Bush as Major, was mustered into Confederate service on the 5th October, 1861, and is stationed above Carrollton.

The 19th Regiment, organized with B. L. Hodge as Colonel, D. M. Hollingsworth as Lieutenant-Colonel, and ——— Major, and is stationed at Camp Moore.

Five companies in May last organized as a special battalion with C. R. Wheat as Major, was accepted and mustered into service on 6th June, 1861, and ordered to Virginia. This battalion was in the battle of Manassas, and is reported as having performed deeds of valor.

The foregoing regiments and battalions have been fully armed and equipped.

The regiments and battalions mustered into the State service and transferred to the Confederacy, with the names of the companies, the parishes from which they come, the names of the officers and number of men of each company, amounted to a total of 19,152 men.

The President having the appointment of Surgeons and Quartermasters, the names of these do not figure therein. The names of some officers of companies do not appear on the list owing to the fact that changes being made by promotions or otherwise, the officers to fill the vacancies were elected after the transfer to the Confederate States.

On the 19th April, 1861, the Secretary of War made a requisition for the 1st Company Louisiana Foot Rifles, under command of Capt. Henry St. Paul.

The parishes bordering on the Gulf coast were unprotected, and the enemy's fleet had been committing depredations, and threatening attack. Maj. Gen. Twiggs, commanding the Department, deemed it necessary to call for troops, to be stationed at the forts and at various points, so as to guard and protect the coast. Eighteen companies transferred for that purpose.

Companies have been mustered for service within the State. Camp of Instruction near Carrollton, on the Carrollton Railroad, under the command of Brigadier General C. A. Labuzan.

A recapitulation of the forces as above stated shows :

Regiment of Artillery (Regulars.) .....	740
do. " Infantry " .....	1,033
1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th, Regiments of Louisiana Vol- unteers .....	14,949
Wheat's Battalion.....	415

Drenx's Battalion.....	480
14 Companies transferred to the Confederate service, for State service.....	1,231
4 Companies of Orleans Artillery.....	304
	<hr/>
Number of troops in service of the Confederate States..	19,152
13 Companies for service within the State, at Camp Lewis.....	1,050
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Total number of troops thus far organized by the State	20,202
1 Company Orleans Chasseurs .....	95
Sonlakouski's Regiment, (14th Regiment.) .....	850
Lieut. Col. Bradford's Regiment, (15th Regiment.).....	450
Point Coupee Light Artillery.....	90
Washington Artillery.....	320
Crescent Blues.....	80
Donaldsonville Artillery .....	85
Marion Infantry .....	129
Watson's Artillery .....	100
Carroll Guards.....	76
Jackson Regiment.....	450
Zouaves .....	650
	<hr/>
	3,375
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Force in the field from Louisiana, Nov. 22d, 1861.....	23,577

To prevent trafficking between the enemies fleet and a large number of small boats and luggers trading in the various bays, bayons, lakes, etc., in the parishes bordering on the sea-shore, order issued to arrest all offenders 12th June. Captain A. O. Murphy appointed and placed in charge of the schooner Antonio with full authority to arrest all persons dealing with the enemy, or persons of a suspicious character found within the limits of Barrell Keys and Texas, and who could not prove themselves loyal to the government

Similar authority given to Captain R. G. Darden, of Thibodaux, and Captain Murphy, who made some important arrests.

14th of January, 1861, an order issued for the organization of the militia throughout the State; considerable opposition made thereto,—officers met with serious difficulties in compelling attendance to drills and obedience to their orders, and organization turned into a farce. In many parishes no objections raised, and militia organized.

September 28th, 1861—stringent order issued from Gov. Moore, regulating, organizing and drilling militia. Black List ordered for shirkers and permanent Court Martial for trial of military offences. Drills ordered after 3 o'clock twice a week.

First Division returns.....	30,499
Confederate Guards.....	752
	<hr/>
Total.....	31,251

The following parishes have made their returns, to-wit:

Parish of Iberville .....	634
“ Natchitoches .....	1,031
“ Livingston .....	754
“ St. Tammany .....	442
“ St. Charles .....	210
“ Washington .....	441
“ Carroll .....	691
“ East Baton Rouge.....	1,200
“ East Feliciana .....	495
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	5,898

17th November, 1861, order issued for a review of all the volunteer and regular militia of the 1st Division, under command of Major General John L. Lewis.

The troops assembled on Canal street, on Saturday the 23d November, 1861, were passed in review by Gov. Moore, accompanied by Major General M. Lovell, commanding Department No. 1 C. S. A., Brigadier General Ruggles, C. S. A., and staffs. This assemblage was the largest and most imposing that had as yet taken place. The force out on that occasion numbered 24,551; absent 6402.

## REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY.

*Colonel*—P. O. Hebert, (appointed Brigadier General C. S. A., 14 August, 1861.)

*Lieut. Colonel*—C. A. Fuller, (promoted to Colonel, vice P. O. Hebert, 14th August, 1861.)

*Major*—D. Beltzhoover, (promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, vice Fuller, 14th August, 1861.)

*Captains*—H. A. Clinch, (promoted to Major, vice Beltzhoover, 14th August, 1861; F. B. Brand; J. B. Anderson; Ed. Higgins; W. C. Capers; R. L. Gibson, (elected Colonel of 13th Regiment Louisiana Volunteers;) E. W. Rawle; M. T. Squires; R. C. Bond; W. B. Robertson; J. B. Grayson, Jr., (promotion from 1st Lieutenant; J. B. Lamon, (promoted from 1st Lieutenant, 6th September, 1861.)

*First Lieutenants*—J. B. Grayson, Jr., (promoted to Captain, vice Church, Major; J. H. Lamon, (promoted to Captain, vice Gibson, elected Colonel) R. J. Bruce; E. G. Butler; L. P. Haynes; E. W. Baylor; A. V. Ogden; J. H. Stith; W. H. Holmes, resigned 24th June, 1861; Carlton Hunt; Wm. C. Pinckney; Claude Gibson; H. W. Fowler; W. C. Ellis; L. V. Taylor; J. M. Johnson, resigned; G. R. Wilson; R. Agar; C. A. Conrad; J. F. Fuller; Jno. G. Eustis, rank 13th July, 1861; Bev. C. Kennedy; J. W. Gaines, rank 14th August, 1861; Jno. G. Devereux, rank 6th September, 1861.

*Second Lieutenants*—John G. Eustis, promoted to 1st Lieutenant, 13th July, 1861; Bev. C. Kennedy, promoted to 1st Lieutenant; R. M. Hewitt, resigned, June 9th, 1861; J. W. Gaines, promoted to 1st Lieutenant; C. H. Sanford; J. G. Devereux, promoted to 1st Lieutenant; G. M. Tureaud, resigned; W. M. Bridges; B. M. Harrod; C. N. Morse; George Crane, appointed 5th July, 1861; A. J. Quigley, appointed 5th July, 1861; Francis McManus, appointed 5th July, 1861; Richard Charles Cammack, appointed 13th July, 1861; Wm. Bullitt Jones, appointed 27th Aug., 1861; Wm. Taylor Mumford, appointed 27th August, 1861.

## REGIMENT OF INFANTRY.

*Colonel*—A. H. Gladden, appointed Brigadier General C. S. A.

*Lieut. Colonel*—D. Adams, promoted to Colonel, vice Gladden.

*Major*—C. M. Bradford, resigned, 23d July, 1861.

*Captains*—J. A. Jacques; promoted to Major, vice Bradford, resigned, thence to Lieut. Colonel, vice Adams; F. H. Farrar, promoted to Major, vice J. A. Jacques; Wm. H. Scott; F. M. Kent; James Strawbridge; J. T. Wheat; Thos. Overton, resigned, 27th May, 1861; S. S. Batchelor; Douglas West; C. A. Taylor; P. H. Thompson; J. H. Trevezant, appointed 23d July, 1861; Taylor Beatty, appointed 30th September, 1861.

*First Lieutenants*—P. H. Thompson, promoted to Captain, 1st June, 1861; J. S. Hyams, resigned; J. H. Trevezant, promoted to Captain, 23d July, 1861; Taylor Beatty, promoted to Captain, 30th September, 1861; James Cooper; E. Preston; W. H. Sparks; J. W. Stringfellow; W. N. Starke, B. C. Cenas; Thomas Butler, promoted from 2d Lieutenant, 21st May, 1861; C. H. Tew, promoted from 2d Lieutenant, 1st June, 1861; Louis Gunion, promoted from 2d Lieutenant, 23d July, 1861; W. A. Reid, promoted from 2d Lieutenant, 30th September, 1861.

*Second Lieutenants*—Thos. Butler, promoted to 1st Lieutenant, 21st May, 1861; C. H. Tew, promoted to 1st Lieutenant, 1st June, 1861; L. Gunion, promoted to 1st Lieutenant, 23d August, 1861; W. A. Reid, promoted to 1st Lieutenant, 30th

September, 1861; C. R. Benton; L. N. Olivier; R. C. Kennedy; Wm. Quirk; G. W. Simpson; G. W. Mader; R. Marston; James Goode; J. C. Stafford; A. Kent; E. Eastman, elected Captain in Louisiana Volunteers; S. E. Semmes; James Nelson; John E. Austin, resigned, July 25th, 1861; T. W. Behan; G. L. Bond; Louis West, appointed 21st May, 1861; M. Caruthers Gladden, appointed 1st June, 1861; Paul Wm. Barbarin, appointed 30th June, 1861; Wm Paul Grivot; appointed 23d August 1861; Alfred Joshua Lewis, appointed 21st October, 1861; John C. Golden, appointed 21st October, 1861.

#### FIRST REGIMENT OF LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

A. G. Blanchard, Colonel; W. G. Vincent, Lieut.-Colonel; W. R. Shivers, Major.

Montgomery Guards.—Michael Nolan, Captain; M. B. Gilmore, First Lieut.; Wm. Hart, Second Lieut.; Sam. McLelland, Jr. Second Lieut.

Louisiana Guards Co. B.—C. E. Girardey, Captain; Edgar Daquin, First Lieut.; S. McC. Montgomery, Second Lieut.; V. Murphy, Jr. Second Lieut.

Davis Guards.—Ben. W. Anderson, Captain; Robt. L. Vanortern, First Lieut.; J. E. Burthe, Second Lieut.; A. G. Duncan, Jr. Second Lieut.

Louisiana Guards, Co. C.—Frank Rawle, Captain; H. W. Montgomery, First Lieut.; R. H. Kenna, Second Lieut.; P. W. Semmes, Jr. Second Lieut.

Caddo Rifles.—C. Dailee, Captain; C. W. Lewis, First Lieut.; J. Kashmore, Second Lieut.; A. Brannon, Jr. Second Lieut.

Orleans Light Guards, Co. A.—Chas. E. Cormien, Captain; E. Cncnllu, First Lieut.; H. C. Parker, Jr. Second Lieut.

Orleans Light Guards, Co. B.—T. M. Dean, Captain; E. D. Willet, First Lieut.; A. Blaffer, Second Lieut.; E. A. Chadwick, Jr. Second Lieut.

Orleans Light Guards, Co. C.—Chas. N. Frost, Captain; Sam. R. Harrison, First Lieut.; W. C. Tavener, Second Lieut.; A. A. Cummings, Jr. Second Lieut.

Orleans Light Guards, Co. D.—P. O'Rourke, Captain; W. L. Randall, First Lieut.; Hortaire Andry, Second Lieut.; J. T. Molaire, Jr. Second Lieut.

Emmet Guards.—James Nelligan, Captain; Geo. M. Morgan, First Lieut.; A. A. Wilkins, Second Lieut.; P. Bedell, Jr. Second Lieut.

#### SECOND REGIMENT OF LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Louis G. De Russy, Colonel; John Young, Lieut.-Colonel; J. T. Norwood, Major.

Pelican Greys—A. H. Martin, Captain; E. B. Stubbs, First Lieut.; S. D. Mc Enery, Second Lieut.; H. B. Holmes, Jr. Second Lieut.

Vienna Rifles—H. W. Perrin, Captain; J. J. Neilson, First Lieut.; J. Henry, Second Lieut.; A. G. Cobb, Jr. Second Lieut.

Moore Guards—Jno. Kelso, Captain; W. A. Croghan, First Lieut.; W. L. Ridge, Second Lieut.; J. Delahauty, Jr. Second Lieut.

Vernon Guards—Oscar M. Watkins, Captain; Nat. Rives, First Lieut.; E. Davis, Second Lieut.; H. H. Stevens, Jr. Second Lieut.

Claiborne Guards—Jno. W. Andrews, Captain; J. B. Parham, First Lieut.; Isaac L. Leonard, Second Lieut.; Jno. L. Young, Jr. Second Lieut.

Floyd Guards—Jno. W. Dunn, Captain; G. W. Dougherty, First Lieut.; D. W. Kelly, Second Lieut.; W. A. Draughton, Jr. Second Lieut.

Greenwood Guards—Wm. Flournoy, Captain; Alfred Flournoy, Jr., First Lieut.; S. D. Waddell, Second Lieut.; Lucien Flournoy, Jr. Second Lieut.

Lecompte Guards—Wm. M. Levy, Captain; Ross E. Burke, First Lieut.; J. F. Scarborough, Second Lieut.; S. B. Robertson, Jr. Second Lieut.

Atchafalaya Guards—R. M. Boone, Captain; John J. McRae, First Lieut.; J. T. Norwood, Second Lieut.; T. P. Harmanson, Jr. Second Lieut.

Pelican Rifles—Jno. M. Williams, Captain; R. W. Ashton, First Lieut.; L. C. Furmau, Second Lieut.; J. S. Ashton, Jr. Second Lieut.

## THIRD REGIMENT OF LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Louis Hebert, Colonel; Sam'l M. Hyams, Lieut.-Colonel Wm. F. Tunnard, Major.

Pelican Rifles—J. B. Viglini, Captain; John B. Irving, First Lieut.; F. D. Tunnard, Second Lieut.; Felix Brunot, Jr. Second Lieut.

Pelican Rangers No. 1—Winter W. Breazeale, Captain; W. Overton Breazeale, First Lieut.; Geo. Holloway, Second Lieut.; L. Caspri, Jr. Second Lieut.

Pelican Rangers No. 2—J. D. Blair, Captain; S. D. Russell, First Lieut.; Wm. E. Russell, Second Lieut.; J. M. Hyams, Jr., Jr. Second Lieut.

Caldwell Guards—W. L. Gunnell, Captain; J. T. Evans, First Lieut.; L. B. Fluitt, Second Lieut.; Thos. J. Humble, Jr. Second Lieut.

Iberville Greys—C. A. Brusle, Captain; Thos. C. Brown, First Lieut.; Thos. G. Stringer, Second Lieut.; T. R. Verbois, Jr. Second Lieut.

Winn Rifles—D. Pierson, Captain; Asa Emanuel, First Lieut.; Wm. Strother, Second Lieut.; W. C. Lunny, Jr. Second Lieut.

Morehouse Fencibles—J. F. Harris, Captain; P. C. Bringham, First Lieut.; P. Brooks, Second Lieut.; W. D. Bringham, Jr. Second Lieut.

Morehouse Guards—R. M. Hinson, Captain; W. S. Hall, First Lieut.; D. C. Morgan, Second Lieut.; J. H. Bringham, Jr. Second Lieut.

Shreveport Rangers—J. B. Gilmer, Captain; W. A. Lacy, First Lieut.; Oscar J. Wells, Second Lieut.; A. Wall Jewell, Jr. Second Lieut.

Monticello Rifles—John S. Richards, Captain; W. D. Hardeman, First Lieut.; W. C. Corbin, Second Lieut.; C. A. Hearick, Jr. Second Lieut.

## FOURTH REGIMENT OF LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Robert I. Barrow, Colonel; H. W. Allen, Lieut.-Colonel; S. E. Hunter, Major C. Becher, Adjutant.

Beaver Creek Rifles—J. H. Wingfield, Captain; R. M. Amaker, First Lieut.; R. H. Turnbull, Second Lieut.; R. Y. Burton, Jr. Second Lieut.

St. Helena Rifles—J. B. Taylor, Captain; H. M. Carter, First Lieut.; J. B. Corkern, Second Lieut.; Thos. Spiller, Jr. Second Lieut.

Hunter Rifles, Co. A—E. J. Pullen, Captain; Geo. A. Neafus, First Lieut.; N. B. Barfield, Second Lieut.; Henry Marston, Jr., Jr. Second Lieut.

Hunter Rifles, Co. B—John T. Hilliard, Captain; J. P. Adams, First Lieut.; E. C. Holmes, Second Lieut.; F. F. Huston, Jr. Second Lieut.

West Feliciana Rifles—Chas. E. Toorean, Captain; J. S. Wooster, First Lieut.; Wm. Hearsy, Second Lieut.; James Read, Jr. Second Lieut.

Lafourche Guards—Thos. E. Vick, Captain; C. Belcher, First Lieut.; H. Dansereau, Second Lieut.; John S. Billieu, Jr. Second Lieut.

W. B'n Ro'e Tirailleurs—F. A. Williams, Captain; J. A. Levesque, First Lieut.; A. J. Bird, Second Lieut.; B. Landry, Jr. Second Lieut.

Delta Rifles—H. M. Favrot, Captain; O. M. Leblanc, First Lieut.; L. S. Hereford, Second Lieut.; N. W. Pope, Jr. Second Lieut.

National Guards—H. A. Richman, Captain; J. S. Woolf, First Lieut.; A. Blum, Second Lieut.; Ed. Riedel, Jr. Second Lieut.

Lake Providence Cadets—F. V. Whicher, Captain; W. F. Pennington, First Lieut.; D. C. Jenkins, Second Lieut.; C. R. Purdy, Jr. Second Lieut.

## FIFTH REGIMENT OF LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Theodore G. Hunt, Colonel; Henry Forno, Lieut.-Colonel; W. T. Dean, Major; J. B. Norris, Adjutant.

Bienville Guards—Mark L. Moore, Captain; Jas. M. Coffee, First Lieut.; Thos. J. Williams, Second Lieut.; James C. Wilson, Jr. Second Lieut.

Orleans Cadets—Chas. Hobday, Captain; Alex. Hart, First Lieut.; J. T. Beach, Second Lieut.; J. B. Norris, Jr. Second Lieut.

La. Swamp Rangers—E. J. Jones, Captain; C. H. Allen, First Lieut.; A. A. Bredow, Second Lieut.; F. Wary, Jr. Second Lieut.

Orleans Southrons—O. F. Peck, Captain; Fred. Richardson, First Lieut.; N. A. Caulfield, Second Lieut.; D. M. Sory, Jr. Second Lieut.

Crescent City Guards—John A. Hall, Captain; R. G. Wingate, First Lieut.; W. W. Marsh, Second Lieut.; L. Sawyer, Jr. Second Lieut.

Perret Guards—Arthur Connor, Captain; Rufus A. Hunt, First Lieut.; Thos. F. Evans, Second Lieut.; A. J. Laughlin, Jr. Second Lieut.

Chalmette Guards—A. E. Shaw, Captain; Alex. Rionffé, First Lieut.; John McGurk, Second Lieut.; W. H. Pendall, Jr. Second Lieut.

Carondelet Invincibles—Bruce Menger, Captain; J. S. Charles, First Lieut.; Geo. F. White, Second Lieut.; J. H. Haworth, Jr. Second Lieut.

DeSoto Rifles—W. B. Koontz, Captain; Geo. Seymour, First Lieut.; W. S. E. Sevey, Second Lieut.; A. H. Jones, Jr. Second Lieut.

Monroe Guards—Thos. Dolan, Captain; T. H. Biscoe, First Lieut.; Geo. H. Hinchey, Second Lieut.; R. B. Watkins, Jr. Second Lieut.

#### SIXTH REGIMENT OF LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

I. G. Seymour, Colonel; Louis Lay, Lieut.-Colonel; S. L. James, Major.

Irish Brigade, Co. A—James Hanlon, Captain; B. Walsh, First Lieut.; J. B. Bressman, Second Lieut.; W. C. Quirk, Jr. Second Lieut.

Irish Brigade, Co. B—Wm. Monahan, Captain; Michael O'Connor, First Lieut.; James O. Martin, Second Lieut.; John Orr, Jr. Second Lieut.

Mercer Guards—Thos. F. Walker, Captain; Robert Lynne, First Lieut.; Geo. M. Brisbin, Second Lieut.; John G. Rivera, Jr. Second Lieut.

Violet Guards—W. H. Manning, Captain; Geo. P. King, First Lieut.; Sam. O. Kirk, Second Lieut.; Edward Flood, Jr. Second Lieut.

St. Landry Light Guards—Nat. Offut, Captain; H. Hickman, First Lieut.; H. B. Ritchie, Second Lieut.; J. D. McCawley, Jr. Second Lieut.

Orleans Rifles—Thos. F. Fisher, Captain; W. H. Butrick, First Lieut.; Lewis Graham, Second Lieut.; C. M. Pilcher, Jr. Second Lieut.

Tensas Rifles—Chas. B. Tenney, Captain; David F. Buckner, First Lieut.; T. P. Farrar, Jr., Second Lieut.; Isaac A. Reed, Jr. Second Lieut.

Pemberton Rangers—Isaac A. Smith, Captain; Geo. W. Christy, First Lieut.; Frank Clarke, Second Lieut.; W. P. Brewer, Jr. Second Lieut.

Union and Sabine Rifles—Arthur McArthur, Captain; D. M. Calliway, First Lieut.; J. F. Phillips, Second Lieut.; J. F. Smith, Jr. Second Lieut.

Calhoun Guards—Henry Strong, Captain; Thos. O'Neil, First Lieut.; J. Hogan, Second Lieut.; G. J. Summers, Jr. Second Lieut.

#### SEVENTH REGIMENT OF LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Harry T. Hays, Colonel; Chas. De Choisenl, Lieut.-Colonel; D. B. Penn, Major.

American Rifles—W. D. Rickarby, Captain; Sam. Flower, First Lieut.; Samuel Brewer, Second Lieut.; Jno. Rowan, Jr. Second Lieut.

Livingston Rifles—T. M. Terry, Captain; A. G. Tucker, First Lieut.; Wm. Patterson, Second Lieut.; W. F. Ogden, Jr. Second Lieut.

Virginia Guards—Robert Scott, Captain; H. Doussan, First Lieut.; P. Grandpre, Second Lieut.; L. H. Malarshé, Jr. Second Lieut.

Virginia Blues—D. A. Wilson, Jr., Captain; C. E. Bellinger, First Lieut.; H. C. Thompson, Second Lieut.; E. A. Brown, Jr. Second Lieut.

Sarsfield Rangers—J. Marc Wilson, Captain; West Steever; First Lieut.; Henry Carthy, Second Lieut.; T. G. Morgan, Jr., Jr. Second Lieut.

Crescent Rifles, Co. B—G. T. Jett, Captain; W. P. Harper, First Lieut.; Andrew E. Knox, Second Lieut.; Henry Grimshaw, Jr. Second Lieut.



Crescent Rifles, Co. C—S. H. Gilman, Captain; W. C. Driver, First Lieut.; J. H. Dawson, Second Lieut.; Conrad Green, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Continental Guards—George Clark, Captain; A. W. Merriam, First Lieut.; E. McFarlane, Second Lieut.; Aaron Davis, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Baton Rouge Fencibles—Andrew S. Herron, Captain, J. Duncan Stuart, First Lieut.; Oscar H. Foreman, Second Lieut.; Jno. H. New, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Irish Volunteers—W. R. Ratliff, Captain; L. N. Hewit, First Lieut.; S. Reynaud, Second Lieut.; Thos. Kenegan, Jr. Second Lieut.

## EIGHTH REGIMENT OF LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

H. B. Kelly, Colonel; F. T. Nicholls, Lieut.-Colonel; J. B. Prados, Major.  
 Rapides Invincibles—Lee Crandell, Captain; Henry Hine, First Lieut.; A. W. Davis, Second Lieut.; W. K. Johnson, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Phoenix Company—L. D. Nicholls, Captain; Vr. St. Martin, First Lieut.; W. W. Martin, Second Lieut.; Wm. Simms, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Bienville Rifles—Aug. Laroze, Captain; Wm. Crayon, First Lieut.; P. L. Mailloux, Second Lieut.; F. Borges, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Creole Guards—J. L. Fremaux, Captain; A. L. Gusman, First Lieut.; T. D. Lewis, Second Lieut.; G. W. McGimsey, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Franklin Sharp Shooters—G. A. Lester, Captain; Newton Z. Guice, First Lieut.; Robt. Montgomery, Second Lieut.; Jos. Bryan, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Sumter Guards—F. Newman, Captain; F. M. Harvey, First Lieut.; Wm. DeBolla, Second Lieut.; F. F. Wilder, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Attakapas Guards—Alex. DeBlanc, Captain; E. LeBlanc, First Lieut.; Geo. N. Stubinger, Second Lieut.; Chas. Duchamp, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Cheneyville Rifles—P. F. Keary, Captain; J. M. Burgess, First Lieut.; W. H. Oliver, Second Lieut.; Jno. M. Murphy, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Opelousas Guards—James C. Pratt, Captain; John Taylor, First Lieut.; G. W. Hudspeth, Second Lieut.; Albert Dejean, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Minden Blues—Jno. L. Lewis, Captain; B. F. Simms, First Lieut.; J. B. Tompkins, Second Lieut.; W. C. Rockwell, Jr. Second Lieut.

## NINTH REGIMENT OF LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Richard Taylor, Colonel; E. G. Randolph, Lieut.-Colonel; W. J. Walker, Major;  
 Bossier Volunteers—John H. Hodges, Captain; F. Y. Hughes, First Lieut.; R. T. Crawford, Second Lieut.; R. J. Hancock, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Bienville Blues—W. B. Pearce, Captain; J. Cronan Eagan, First Lieut.; C. W. Ardis, Second Lieut.; J. C. Theus, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Brush Valley Guards—W. F. Gray, Captain; Grove Cook, First Lieut.; J. W. Milton, Second Lieut.; John Potts, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 DeSoto Blues—H. L. Williams, Captain; W. F. T. Bennett, First Lieut.; P. F. Jackson, Second Lieut.; N. A. Sutherland, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Colyell Guards—J. S. Gardner, Captain; J. B. Dunn, First Lieut.; A. A. Schneltory, Second Lieut.; P. S. Gardner, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Jackson Greys—J. R. Cavanaugh, Captain; G. W. McCranie, First Lieut.; M. B. Kidd, Second Lieut.; G. S. McBride, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Washington Rifles—Hardy Richardson, Captain; Jno. J. Slocomb, First Lieut.; Flut Magee, Second Lieut.; John Wadsworth, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Moore Fencibles—R. L. Capers, Captain; Alfred Blackman, First Lieut.; R. Grigsby, Second Lieut.; Wilber F. Blackman, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Stafford Guards—L. A. Stafford, Captain; Smith Gordou, First Lieut.; C. D. Waters, Second Lieut.; W. T. Cummings, Jr., Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Milliken Bend Guards—W. R. Peck, Captain; Geo. D. Shadburne, First Lieut.; R. G. Reading, Second Lieut.; Z. C. Williams, Jr. Second Lieut.

## TENTH REGIMENT OF LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Mandeville Marigny, Colonel; J. C. Denis, Lieut.-Colonel; Felix DuMonteil Major.

Shepherd Guards—Alex. Phillips, Captain, Jacob A. Cohen, First Lieut.; Morris Greenwall, Second Lieut.; Isaac L. Lyons, Jr. Second Lieut.

Hewitt Guards—R. M. Hewitt, Captain; L. L. Conrad, First Lieut.; Patrick Woods, Second Lieut.; Thos. N. Powell, Jr. Second Lieut.

Confederate States Rangers—W. H. Spencer, Captain; M. J. Prudhomme, First Lieut.; L. Prudhomme, Second Lieut.; E. A. Seaton, Jr. Second Lieut.

Louisiana Rebels—John M. Leggett, Captain; J. E. Cuculu, First Lieut.; E. Miltenberger, Second Lieut.; Albert Pagnier, Jr. Second Lieut.

Orleans Blues—W. B. Barnett, Captain; Chas. Roussell, First Lieut.; E. A. Bozonier, Second Lieut.; B. Clague, Jr. Second Lieut.

Derbigny Guards—L. T. Bakewell, Captain; E. W. Huntington, First Lieut.; E. Fellows, Second Lieut.; H. C. Marks, Jr. Second Lieut.

Louisiana Swamp Rifles—D. W. Dickey, Captain; Albert Fabre, First Lieut.; P. K. Merrill, Second Lieut.; S. Cucullu, Jr. Second Lieut.

Tirailleurs d'Orleans—Eugene Waggaman, Captain; Alph. Canonge, First Lieut.; H. Monier, Second Lieut.; Paul Forstall, Jr. Second Lieut.

Orleans Rangers—Edward Crevon, Captain; G. A. Renand, First Lieut.; J. P. Montamat, Second Lieut.; L. A. Revolte, Jr. Second Lieut.

Hawkins Guards—Chas. F. White, Captain; J. H. Williams, First Lieut.; Ernest Webre, Second Lieut.; W. L. Hawkins, Jr. Second Lieut.

## ELEVENTH REGIMENT OF LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Samuel Marks, Colonel; Robert H. Barrow, Lieut.-Colonel; E. G. W. Butler, Major.

Cannon Guards—J. E. Austin, Captain; R. J. Alexander, First Lieutenant; James Lingan, Second Lieut.; Robert L. Hughes, Jr. Second Lieut.

Dillon Guards—M. W. Murphy, Captain; J. P. Fallon, First Lieut.; A. F. Martin, Second Lieut.; R. K. Broderick, Jr. Second Lieut.

Holmes Light Guards—J. H. McCann, Captain; J. G. White, First Lieut.; M. Cunningham, Second Lieut.; John Cunningham, Jr. Second Lieut.

Rosale Guards—John J. Barrow, Captain; G. M. Miller, First Lieut.; C. J. Johnson, Second Lieut.; O. B. Haynes, Jr. Second Lieut.

Point Coupee Volunteers—Willie Barrow, Captain; T. J. Bird, First Lieut.; C. D. Favrot, Second Lieut.; A. LeBlanc, Jr. Second Lieut.

Westbrook Guards—W. Westbrook, Captain; A. Cazebat, First Lieut.; Ben Turner, Second Lieut.; Rob. R. Dennison, Jr. Second Lieut.

Labauve Guards—J. A. Ventress, Jr. Captain; J. R. Mims, First Lieut.; John Marcot, Second Lieut.; Jos. Warro, Jr. Second Lieut.

Shreveport Rebels—A. Schafner, Captain; L. L. Butler, First Lieut.; J. R. Hyams, Second Lieut.; Jos. Strauss, Jr. Second Lieut.

Continental Guards Company C—J. G. Fleming, Captain; T. W. Peyton, First Lieut.; F. H. Babin, Second Lieut.; L. M. Sones, Jr. Second Lieut.

Catahoula Greys—Alex. Mason, Captain; Richard H. Harris, First Lieut.; S. F. Routh, Second Lieut.; A. N. Spencer, Jr. Second Lieut.

## TWELFTH REGIMENT OF LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Thos. Moore Scott, Colonel; W. H. Hough, Lieut.-Colonel; J. C. Knott, Major.

Claiborne Guards—Isaiah Lennard, Captain; Noel L. Wilson, First Lieut.; R. Evans, Second Lieut.; R. A. Crow, Jr. Second Lieut.

Independent Rangers—D. L. Hicks, Captain; J. W. Dutz, First Lieut.; T. C. Johnson, Second Lieut.; E. McN. Graham, Jr. Second Lieut.

Jackson Sharpshooters—J. H. Seale, Captain; J. S. Reno, First Lieut.; J. W. Jackson, Second Lieut.; W. P. Garr, Jr. Second Lieut.

Farmer Guards—C. W. Hodge, Captain; J. E. Woodward, First Lieut.; E. T. Sellers, Second Lieut.; W. L. Amonett, Jr. Second Lieut.

North Louisiana Cadets—J. T. Jourdan, Captain; H. J. Chapman, First Lieut.; J. W. Sandeford, Second Lieut.; J. N. Atkins, Jr. Second Lieut.

Arcadia Invincibles—C. T. Standifer, Captain; B. W. Glover, First Lieut.; D. S. Butler, Second Lieut.; J. D. Givens, Jr. Second Lieut.

Caldwell Invincibles—James A. Boyd, Captain; F. A. Blanks, First Lieut.; T. C. Hill, Second Lieut.; Jno. Myers, Jr. Second Lieut.

Southern Sentinels—John A. Dixon, Captain; J. R. Bevell, First Lieut.; Thos. J. Tiddie, Second Lieut.; Wm. Miles, Jr. Second Lieut.

Beauregard Fencibles—Henry McCain, Captain; B. H. Meam, First Lieut.; Jno. F. Brantley, Second Lieut.; Isaiah H. Lacey, Jr. Second Lieut.

Farmer Rangers—B. D. Owen, Captain; W. M. Fuller, First Lieut.; W. A. Ponder, Second Lieut.; G. T. Johnston, Jr. Second Lieut.

### THIRTEENTH REGIMENT OF LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Randall Gibson, Colonel; Aristide Gerard, Lieut.-Colonel; Anatole P. Avegno, Major.

First Company Governor Guards—Auguste Cassard, Captain; Chas. Richard First Lieut.; Victor Mossy, Second Lieut.; Victor Olivier Jr. Second Lieut.

Second Company Governor Guards—J. Fremaux, Captain; B. Bennett, First Lieut.; C. H. Luzenburg, Second Lieut.; Chas. Hephurn, Jr. Second Lieut.

Third Company Governor Guards—Bernard Avegno, Captain; St. Leon Deetez, First Lieut.; Henry Castillo, Second Lieut.; Eugene Lagarique, Jr. Second Lieut.,

Fourth Company Governor Guards—M. O. Tracy, Captain; Hugh H. Bein, First Lieut.; Eugene Blasco, Second Lieut.; Geo. W. Boylon, Jr. Second Lieut.

Fifth Company Governor Guards—F. Lee Campbell, Captain; John M. King, First Lieut.; J. B. Sallaude, Second Lieut.; Norman Story, Jr. Second Lieut.

Sixth Company Governor Guards—E. W. Dubroca, Captain; John McGrath, First Lieut.; A. M. Dubroca, Second Lieut.; Robert Cade, Jr. Second Lieut.

St. Mary Volunteers—Thos. G. Wilson, Captain; James Murphy, First Lieut.; H. H. Strawbridge, Second Lieut., Adolph Dumartrait, Jr. Second Lieut.

Gladden Rifles—Wm. A. Metcalf, Captain; John W. Labuisse, First Lieut.; Walter V. Crouch, Second Lieut.; E. B. Musgrove, Jr. Second Lieut.

Southern Celts—Stephen O'Leary, Captain; John Daly, First Lieut.; E. J. Connolly, Second Lieut.; John Dooley, Jr. Second Lieut.

Norton Guards—Geo. W. Norton, Captain; M. Hunly, First Lieut.; A. S. Stuart, Second Lieut.; Geo. Cammack, Jr. Second Lieut.

### SIXTEENTH REGIMENT OF LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Preston Pond, Jr., Colonel; Enoch Mason, Lieut.-Colonel; Daniel Goher, Major.

Caddo Fencibles—R. H. Lindsey, Captain; C. Ford, First Lieut.; T. G. Pegues, Second Lieut.; P. H. Kyes, Jr. Second Lieut.

East Feliciana Guards—James O. Fuqua, Captain; L. G. Chapman, First Lieut.; Oliver O. Cobb, Second Lieut.; Thos. J. Fuqua, Jr. Second Lieut.

Edward Guards—M. S. Edwards, Captain; S. A. Haden, First Lieut.; A. A. Harvey, Second Lieut.; Isaac Roberts, Jr. Second Lieut.

Pine Wood Sharp Shooters—Calvin E. Hosea, Captain; L. J. Seawell, First Lieut.; Neal C. Regan, Second Lieut., Adam G. Johnson, Jr. Second Lieut.

St. Helena Rebels—D. W. Thompson, Captain; E. J. Ellis, First Lieut.; J. F. Kent, Second Lieut.; W. G. Williams, Jr. Second Lieut.

Walker Roughs—W. E. Walker, Captain; J. W. Addison, First Lieut.; Horner E. Cozzens, Second Lieut.; Hiram Tumage, Jr. Second Lieut.

Rapides Tigers—F. L. Ragsdale, Captain; J. M. McFeeley, First Lieut.; Stephen Lynck, Second Lieut.; J. McArthur, Jr. Second Lieut.

Castor Guards—W. T. Mahry, Captain; K. E. Cockerham, First Lieut.; J. A. Kooner, Second Lieut.; J. W. Noling, Jr. Second Lieut.

Big Cane Rifles—Wm. G. Ellerbe, Captain; Louis Stagg, First Lieut.; John P. Davis, Second Lieut.; Paulin Stagg, Jr. Second Lieut.

Evergreen Invincibles—Fred. White, Captain; R. P. Oliver, First Lieut.; W. T. Fuqua, Second Lieut.; Cephus Thompson, Jr. Second Lieut.

#### SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT OF LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

S. S. Heard, Colonel; Charles Jones, Lieut.-Colonel; B. B. Jones, Major.

Sabine Rifles—D. W. Self, Captain; L. J. Nash, First Lieut.; M. A. Thompson, Second Lieut.; S. T. Sibley, Jr. Second Lieut.

Catahoula Guards—W. A. Reddett, Captain; T. O. Hynes, First Lieut.; J. S. Jones, Second Lieut.; Wm Scott, Jr. Second Lieut.

Phoenix Rifles—J. G. Taylor, Captain; S. Sawyer, First Lieut.; S. W. Taylor, Second Lieut.; R. W. Futch, Jr. Second Lieut.

Morehouse Southrons—W. M. Otterson, Captain; F. M. Grant, First Lieut. R. J. Stevens, Second Lieut.; M. S. Hunter, Jr. Second Lieut.

Catahoula Rebels—R. H. Cuny, Captain; J. Q. A. Talliaferro, First Lieut.; Carter Beaman, Second Lieut.; A. Whitehead, Jr. Second Lieut.

Simmons Stars—T. P. Richardson, Captain; W. A. Simmons, First Lieut.; W. Raymond, Second Lieut.; G. W. Webb, Jr. Second Lieut.

Ouachita Southrons—M. Rogers, Captain; B. W. Burrough, First Lieut.; D. M. Garlington, Second Lieut.; S. G. McGuire, Jr. Second Lieut.

Caddo Lake Boys—J. A. Jeter, Captain; F. G. Sperman, First Lieut.; F. G. Bickam, Second Lieut.; J. C. Allen, Jr. Second Lieut.

Landrum Guards—Thos. A. Sharp, Captain; T. H. Triplet, First Lieut., J. C. Kenney, Second Lieut.; H. E. Allen, Jr. Second Lieut.

Claiborne Invincibles—W. A. Maddox, Captain; Jno. G. Heard, First Lieut.; G. M. Killgore, Second Lieut.; J. A. Simmons, Jr. Second Lieut.

#### EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT OF LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Alfred Mouton, Colonel; Alfred Roman, Lieut.-Colonel; Louis Bush, Major.

Chassens St. Jacques—E. Camille Mire, Captain; L. L. Armand, First Lieut.; S. Alex Poche, Second Lieut.; Ben S. Webre, Jr. Second Lieut.

St. James Rifles—Jules A. Druilhet, Captain; Emile Jacob, First Lieut.; C. M. Shepperd, Second Lieut.; Oct. Jacob, Jr. Second Lieut.

Arcadian Guards—Wm. Mouton, Captain; A. P. Bailey, First Lieut.; F. T. Comeau, Second Lieut.; O. Broussard, Jr. Second Lieut.

St. Landry Volunteers—H. L. Garland, Capt.; Chas. D. Ballard, First Lieut.; Jacob Anselm, Second Lieut.; Ad. Debaillon, Jr. Second Lieut.

Natchitoches Rebels—J. D. Wood, Captain; W. P. Owens, First Lieut.; Theo. Lettier, Second Lieut.; Emile Cloutier, Jr. Second Lieut.

Lafourche Creoles—J. K. Gourdain, Captain; John A. Collins, First Lieut.; J. B. Tucker, Second Lieut.; C. Gautreau, Jr. Second Lieut.

Hays Champions—J. D. Hayes, Captain; R. M. Sanders, First Lieut.; J. D. Elic, Second Lieut.; Dudley Avery, Jr. Second Lieut.

Confederate Guards—Henry Huntington, Captain; Paul B. Leeds, First Lieut.; B. S. Story, Second Lieut.; A. J. Wall, Jr. Second Lieut.

#### NINETEENTH REGIMENT OF LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

B. L. Hodge, Colonel; J. M. Hollingsworth, Lieut.-Colonel.

Yance Guards—Richard W. Turner, Captain; E. C. Anderson, First Lieut.; A. B. Broughton, Second Lieut.; M. C. Cavett, Jr. Second Lieut.

Henry Marshall Guards—H. J. Fortson, Capt; H. H. Handley, First Lieut.; J. H. Eastham, Second Lieut.; W. H. Turill, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Keachi Warriors—D. S. Wells, Captain; George Headrick, First Lieut.; E. M. Woodruff, Second Lieut.; J. W. Jones, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Robins Greys—Loudon Butler, Captain; E. E. Robins, First Lieut.; J. L. Mapples, Second Lieut.; A. B. Skannal, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Claiborne Volunteers—H. A. Kennedy, Captain; Jno. P. Spears, First Lieut.; S. A. Hightower, Second Lieut.; J. W. Obanivore, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Stars of Equality—H. H. Ham, Captain; J. B. Sanders, First Lieut.; Toddy Robison, Second Lieut.; W. R. Robert, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Caddo 10th—W. P. Winans, Captain; Camp Flournoy, First Lieut.; J. P. Bridges, Second Lieut.; Silas Flournoy, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Claiborne Greys—W. B. Scott Captain; R. P. Webb, First Lieut.; C. L. Weldin, Second Lieut.; J. N. Leverett, Jr. Second Lieut.

## WHEAT'S SPECIAL BATTALION LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

*Major*—C. R. WHEAT

Walker Guards—Robt. A. Harris, Captain; E. B. Sloane, First Lieut.; W. H. Kernaf, Second Lieut.; Jno. Coyle, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Old Dominion Guards—O. P. Miller, Captain; W. D. Tobin, First Lieut.; A. C. Dickinson, Second Lieut.; A. E. Read, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Tiger Rifles—Alex White, Captain; T. W. Adrian, First Lieut.; Edward Hewitt, Second Lieut.; Sam P. Duchene, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Delta Rangers—H. C. Gardner, Captain; T. A. Ripley, First Lieut.; M. Eastman, Second Lieut.; C. A. Petman, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Catahoula Guerrillas—J. W. Buhoup, Captain; J. W. Spencer, First Lieut.; Wm. Guss, Second Lieut.; M. J. Liddell, Jr. Second Lieut.

## FIRST SPECIAL BATTALION LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Orleans Cadets—Charles D. Dreux, Captain; H. F. Bond, First Lieut.; W. R. Collins, Second Lieut.; Theo. Zacharie, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Shreveport Greys—J. H. Beard, Captain; George Williamson, First Lieut.; Leon D. Marks, Second Lieut.; B. L. Hodge, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Grivot Guards—V. H. Rightor, Captain; F. S. Goode, First Lieut.; D. B. Dunn, Second Lieut.; Jos. A. Gagné, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Crescent Rifles, Co. A—S. F. Fisk, Captain; Thaddeus Smith, First Lieut.; W. T. N. Robertson, Second Lieut.; Thos. A. Farris, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Louisiana Guards—S. M. Todd, Captain; Chs. E. Fenner, First Lieut.; Henry Pierson, Second Lieut.; V. J. B. Girardey, Jr. Second Lieut.

## BATTALION OF INFANTRY,

*Commanded by Major A. REICHARD, for 12 Months Service (at Camp Lewis.)*

Turner Guards—Fred. Bahucke, Captain; Thos Von Arnulinsen, First Lieut.; Th. Eicholz, Second Lieut.; Th. Schneider, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Steuben Guards—F. Burger, Captain; G. Kehrwald, First Lieut.; S. Rosenbaum, Second Lieut.; Jno. Hausner, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Reichard Rifles—F. Reitmeyer, Captain; Otto Weise, First Lieut.; Charles DePetz, Second Lieut.; F. H. Müller, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Louisiana Volunteers—Chas. Assenheimer, Captain; P. Ruhl, First Lieut.; L. VonZinken, Second Lieut.; Julius Durrel, Jr. Second Lieut.

## BATTALION OF ARTILLERY,

*For 12 Months State Service.*

First Co. Orleans Artillery—F. Gomez, Captain; P. A. Gomez, First Lieut.; E. R. Lehman, Second Lieut.; P. Marrero, Jr. Second Lieut.

Second Co. Orleans Artillery—Jas. P. Merlot, Captain; Fred. Latil, First Lieut.; Geo. F. Brnthe, Second Lieut.

Third Co. Orleans Artillery—G. Stromeyer, Captain; A. A. Canon, First Lieut.; C. R. Fagot, Second Lieut.; A. Selle, Jr. Second Lieut.

Fourth Co. Orleans Artillery—J. T. Theard, Captain; E. Volaire, First Lieut.; L. E. Lemarie, Second Lieut.

#### COMPANIES FOR ACTIVE STATE SERVICE.

Perseverance Guards—John Rareshide, Captain; Henry L. Blow, First Lieut.; Henry Rareshide, Second Lieut.; E. P. Rareshide, Jr. Second Lieut.

Black Yagers—C. Rabenhorst, Captain; J. Hullet, First Lieut.; H. Miller, Second Lieut.; H. B. Chandler, Jr. Second Lieut.

Co. A. Sappers and Miners—John Ryan, Captain; Geo. Nungesser, First Lieut.; Geo. H. Moran, Second Lieut.; Thos. J. Royster, Jr. Second Lieut.

Washington Light Infantry—James T. Plattsmier, Captain; A. A. Plattsmier, First Lieut.; James L. Lambert, Jr. Second Lieut.

Co. C. Orleans Cadets—Joseph Collins, Captain; John T. Savery, First Lieut.; Jno. G. Wire, Jr. Second Lieut.

Co. A. Screwmen Guards—Sam. G. Risk, Captain; James Gihney, First Lieut.; Wm. McGregor, Second Lieut.; Nicholas Phelan, Jr. Second Lieut.

Marion Guards—R. L. Robertson, Jr. Captain; W. H. Wells, First Lieut.; Ben. Oppenheim, Second Lieut.; C. Fitzenreter, Jr. Second Lieut.

Yager Company—F. Peters, Captain; D. Simon, First Lieut.; Chas. Wermes, Second Lieut.; C. Jacobs, Jr. Second Lieut.

Scotch Rifle Guards—George Purvis, Captain; J. L. Henderson, First Lieut.; J. R. Dickson, Second Lieut.; Thos. Fraser, Jr. Second Lieut.

Co. B. Screwmen Guards—J. C. Batchelor, Captain; R. W. Stanley, First Lieut.; D. O'Sullivan, Second Lieut.; A. R. Sellars, Jr. Second Lieut.

Allen Guards—S. Jones, Captain; Thos. K. Pearson, First Lieut.; W. S. Jones, Second Lieut.; Robert Manser, Jr. Second Lieut.

Twiggs Rifles—D. H. Marks, Captain; Henry T. Hepp, First Lieut.; W. C. Morrell, Second Lieut.; Lewis L. Ellis, Jr. Second Lieut.

St. Mary Cannoniers—F. O. Cornay, Captain; Jules G. Olivier, First Lieut.; Geo. O. Foote, Second Lieut.; M. T. Gordy, Jr. Second Lieut.

Co. A. Orleans Blues—Richard Herrick, Captain; E. F. Stevens, First Lieut.; S. L. Bishop, Second Lieut.; A. Bohet, Jr. Second Lieut.

Florence Guards—H. Brummerstadt, Captain; E. Lachenmeyer, First Lieut.; B. Wasserogel, Second Lieut.; Ed. Warburg, Jr. Second Lieut.

McCall Guards—Chas. H. Herrick, Captain; Emile Bloom, First Lieut.; J. D. Scott, Second Lieut.; Leon LeGardeur, Jr. Second Lieut.

Co. B. Orleans Blues—Sam. Boyd, Captain; Robt. R. Breeden, First Lieut.; Jno. Baker, Second Lieut.; Patrick Clarke, Jr. Second Lieut.

Tirailleurs d'Orleans—A. Tissot, Captain; P. Canonge, Jr. First Lieut.; Louis Barron, Second Lieut.; J. L. Bargae, Jr. Second Lieut.

Co. B. Twiggs Rifles—Washington Marks, Captain; Oliver Locke, First Lieut.; M. H. Marks, Second Lieut.; Sam. Barnes, Jr. Second Lieut.

Ventress Life Guards—Jos. Goldman, Captain, Ed. Thomas, First Lieut.; Wm. Sylvester, Second Lieut.; Chas. Calhoun, Jr. Second Lieut.

#### ANNUAL REPORT MADE DECEMBER 10, 1862.

January 27th, 1862.—Gov. Moore issues an order for the celebration of the anniversary of the day the State seceded (27th Jan., '61), by military and civil authorities.

February 17th.—First and Second Brigade, volunteer troops, ordered to be ready for marching on twenty-four hours notice.

February 23d.—First Brigade, volunteer troops, and Second La. Militia, ordered to report to Gen. Lovell.

March 4th.—Captain W. G. Mullen, stationed near the forts to harrass the enemy and furnished with pirogues for penetrating lakes and bayous.

The resident foreigners formed into the European and French Brigades—numbering altogether 5138 and 3804 men, who did duty when the city fell, and for several days afterwards maintained peace and order.

Sanitary corps of 800 men organized under Dr. W. E. Stone.

March 24th, 1862.—A regiment of free colored natives, tender their services to the State, and are accepted. Gen. Butler, subsequently, after the fall of the city, attempted to revive it, but prior to Dec. '62, only fifty of the old organization responded to the call. A call made for shot guns and other fire arms, which was responded to. Chains, cables and anchors seized from extortioners' for making rafts near the forts, under order by L. E. Forstall and Thos. E. Adams, and Geo. H. Bier, of C. S. Navy. A large number exempted by the State from military duty for government work—the contractors for these works using freely the right of exempting all persons in public employ, especially those building the Louisiana and Mississippi.

February 24th.—Gen. Lovell has the Galveston and Charles Morgan which have been seized, fitted out as gunboats, and named respectively the Gen. Quitman and Gov. Moore, Beverly Kennon, Commander of the latter, James Duke, and Fred. Frame, officers. Engineers: G. Wetter, R. P. Fortune, A. Gleason, B. O. Brien, of the Gen. Quitman; A. Grant, jr. Commander, S. Marcey, First Officer; W. J. Irvine, Second Engineer; H. Behrens, A. Smith, P. Thompson, J. Smith; these participated in the naval battle and behaved gallantly.

Judge J. W. Andrews, Major John Stroud, jr., Maj. E. C. Hancock, and Ph. B. Boisfontaine, put in charge of the Passport Bureau. Lieutenants U. Lewis, W. E. Gordon, R. L. Butler, R. E. McKreevy, A. Chalaire, jr., J. H. Bernos and F. Toca, were appointed to examine passports on the different roads.

March 15th.—Martial law proclaimed in Orleans, Jefferson and St. Bernard. Crescent Artillery, Company A, placed on the Louisiana.

April 11th.—The enemy with a large fleet have crossed the bar off the Balize and are operating with gunboats and mortar fleet. Bombardment continued without cessation, until April 25th, and subsequently thereto. The troops in the fort act heroically. The Ram Mississippi—a mystery thus far, was not finished.

April 24th.—Three gunboats have passed the forts and are on their way up. The people have not anticipated the event, and the excitement is great. Militia placed under arms—the city filled with startling rumors, as to whether the advance would be made by water or land. Gov. Moore left with the archives. Militia, in the midst of great consternation and excitement, detached to perform police duty.

April 25th.—Twenty Federal gunboats at Packwood's Plantation, 20 miles below the city. Gen. Lovell calls at 9 o'clock, and invites Gens. Lewis and Grivot, to proceed to the fortifications. Before reaching there the enemy make the attack, and the State troops forced to abandon the guns. An order was now given to evacuate the city, and State troops were making their way out. The Federal gun boats reach the city; the rain meanwhile pouring down in torrents. All of the drays and carts impressed to ship off to stores to Camp Moore and Monroe. All cotton ordered to be destroyed and few bales escaped.

April 30th.—State government fixed at Opelousas, which place Gov. Moore and Gen. Grivot, reached on the 18th of May.

May 19th.—Gen. John G. Pratt, in command at New Iberia. Enemy in possession of the road from Algiers to Berwick's Bay.

Sixty-four of the 21st Indiana, take a schooner in the Grande Caillou with arms. The Colonel of the Terrebonne Regiment called a meeting, and proposed

an attack, which was not made. Seven or eight young men captured a wagon with Federal soldiers, two of the latter killed, and two wounded. The following day four-hundred of the 21st Indiana, commanded by Col. Keith, seized fourteen citizens, and in front of their prison a rope was suspended. J. B. Bond, 60 years of age, and an invalid, together with his family was driven from his house, which was then burned. The jail was burned, and the property of Dr. Jenning.

May 25th—Capt. E. W. Fuller, of the St. Martin Rangers, to get rid of them, captured a train at Brashear, and immediately put his men on board, and moved towards New Orleans. He captured an uptrain at Raceville, and another at Des Allemands. There still remained one locomotive in Algiers, opposite New Orleans. To prevent this from leaving, Capt. Fuller double-quickened ten miles to Jefferson, and cut a 100 foot crevasse, took up the rails of the track and carried them off. He also burned the bridges, doing much of his work in sight of an armed vessel. The enemy again appearing at Thibodeaux.

June 3d—Lieut. Colonel V. A. Fournet with the Yellow-Jacket Battalion, laid in wait for their train and killed 60, causing them to retreat. Large numbers of river boats, which in ordinary times ran up and down the Mississippi and its innumerable tributaries, took refuge by way of Red River and Aehafalaya, in the innumerable net work of lagunes and bayous, whose names and course were hardly well-known, even by hunters and fishermen. Among other boats was the Tow Boat, J. L. Webb, fitted out as a sea-going Steamer, at that time hidden back, and stealthily taking on board 300 bales of cotton. She was seized, and afterwards kept the bayous back to Red River, clear of any Federal Boats, drawing only  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet of water. Capt. Jas. McCloskey, and subsequently Major A. W. McKee, were her commanders.

June 4th—Lieut. Woods, the only person who could be found who had any practical knowledge of the matter employed at the Franklin Foundry to make shot and cannister. Agents sent out to hunt rifle powder. An impromptu battery rigged out from a few old howitzers damaged about the rims, which have been picked up from various points, and which only want harness and carriages to be made useful in the field. They can also be made serviceable by dismounting them as occasion may demand for the boats. The greatest trouble was to find an officer who could organize and drill a company. Major Octave Vobries, formerly of the Washington Artillery, and Buisson's Brigade, and Lieut. Ed. Crow, of De Clout's Regiment were recommended by Gen. Pratt to this work.

May 10th—The Conscript Act of April 10th, ordered to be put in force. Foreigners and Partisan Rangers exempted. Camps of instruction at Monroe and Opelousas.

Thirty-eight parishes have reported a force of 8,690 Conscripts. The parishes of Plaquemine, St. Bernard, Orleans, Jefferson, St. Charles, St. John the Baptist, West Baton Rouge, Madison, Carroll and Caldwell not reporting—say ten parishes.

*Returns of Conscripts between the ages of 18 and 35 years, made to the Office of the Adjutant and Inspector General of the State to 1st December, 1862.*

#### EASTERN LOUISIANA.

Camp of Instruction, Camp Moore, Parish of St. Helena.—East Baton Rouge, 79; East Feliciana, 37; West Feliciana, 92; Livingston, 102; St. Helena, 26; Washington, 11; St. Tammany, 54. Total, 401.

#### WESTERN LOUISIANA—SOUTH RED RIVER.

Camp of Instruction, Camp Pratt, Parish St. Martin.—Assumption, 636; Ascension, 170; Avoyelles, 476; Calcasieu, 340; Iberville, 252; Lafayette, 343; Lafourche, 559; Natchitoches, 446; Pointe Coupee, 376; Rapides, 536; St.



Mary, 202; St. Martin, 196; St. James, 262; St. Landry, 1,148; Sabine, 125; Vermillion, 367; Winn 141; Terrebonne, 501. Total, 6,876.

#### WESTERN LOUISIANA—NORTH RED RIVER.

Camp of Instruction, Monroe, Ouachita Parish.—Bossier, 179; Bienville, 32; Caddo, 191; Claiborne 150; Catahoula, 235; Concordia; 46; DeSoto, 9; Franklin, 87; Jackson, 00; Morehouse, 59; Ouachita, 212; Tensas, 89; Union, 124; Total, 1,413.

#### RECAPITULATION :

Eastern Louisiana—7 parishes, 401. Western Louisiana—S. Red River, 18 parishes, 6,876. Western Louisiana—N. Red River, 13 parishes, 1,413. Total 38 parishes, 8,690.

No returns from Plaquemine, St. Bernard, Orleans, Jefferson, St. Charles, St. John the Baptist, West Baton Rouge, Madison, Carroll and Caldwell—10 parishes.

June 20th, 1862.—Traffic with the enemy or any attempt to get out cotton or sugar furtively, or travel to or from New Orleans, made amenable to Court-Martial. River steamboats ordered to be burned when in danger of capture. Mail facilities extremely difficult from the Trans-Mississippi to Richmond.

Applications made for the formation of Partisan Rangers. A few companies formed under command of Simeon Belden, A. L. Hayes and others.

A large amount of specie belonging to the Bank of America, \$700,000 or upwards had been transferred from the vaults and brought out from New Orleans upon the approach of the Federal fleet. After some adventures, it was determined by those having it in charge to carry it back to New Orleans. As soon as this determination was ascertained orders were issued to Lieut. Col., Cheney, of Avoyelles, Ralph Smith, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of Public Safety of Alexandria, and a company under command of Capt. S. M. Todd, [not the officer of the same name from New Orleans] who were sent to seize the parties ostensibly conducting it to New Orleans. The order however was not delivered to Mr. Smith before the specie had reached Alexandria, and had been carried off on the Steamer Moro. [Whatever became of it afterwards is still involved in mystery].

The Steamer J. A. Cotten seized, and with the Anna Perret mounted with two guns assisted in protecting the movement, and after driving the enemy captured a large number of prisoners.

October 22.—Seven deserters executed. Sundry goods and a lot of beeves brought towards New Orleans, seized and confiscated. The enemy make an incursion up to Lake Charles and are opposed by Col. W. W. Johnson. 40,000 troops up to date, sent from the State all armed, with no assistance whatever from the Richmond government.

#### TWENTY-SIXTH BEGIMENT LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Alexander DeClouet, Colonel; D. S. Cage, Lieut.-Colonel; Winchester Hall, Major.

Allen Rifles—Caleb J. Tucker, Captain; L. A. Webre, First Lieut.; Clay Knoblock, Jr. Second Lieut.

Assumption Creoles—W. Whitnel Martin, Captain; L. Himel, First Lieut.; Numa Arrieux, Secoud Lieut.; Leon Achee, Jr. Second Lieut.

Bragg Cadets—Cleaphas Lagarde, Captain; Lewis Guion, First Lieut.; Sylvere Navarre, Second Lieut.; M. Aug. Legendre, Jr. Second Lieut.

Grivot Guards, Co. B—W. A. Bisland, Captain; Joseph Aycock, First Lieut.; Homer Lirette, Jr. Second Lieut.

Grivot Guards, Co. C—J. J. Shaffer, Captain; J. A. Leonard, First Lieut.; Thos. J. Shaffer, Second Lieut.; E. L. Aycock, Jr. Second Lieut.

Lovell Rifles—W. W. Bateman, Captain; A. S. Lawes, First Lieut.; D. C. Daniels, Second Lieut.; J. Y. Sanders, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Grivot Fancy Guards—W. C. Crow, Captain; E. B. Crow, First Lieut.; James C. Rice, Second Lieut.; Jos. Louviere, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Prudhomme Guards—Octave Metoyer, Captain; G. W. Cobb, First Lieut.; S. Pace, Second Lieut.; S. W. Bossier, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Lafayette Prairie Boys—Eraste Mouton, Captain; Hazard Easten, First Lieut.; Wm. Campbell, Second Lieut.; F. Martin, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Pickett Guards—C. O. Delahoussaye, Captain; Aubin Bourg, First Lieut.; Thos. J. Hargis, Second Lieut.; B. Cooper, Jr. Second Lieut.

#### TWENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Leon D. Marks, Colonel; L. L. McLaurin, Lieut.-Colonel; Geo. Tucker, Major.  
 Skipwith Guards—A. S. Norwood, Captain; Thos. L. East, First Lieut.; L. P. Talbert, Second Lieut.; J. A. Norwood, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Iberville Guards—E. W. Robertson, Captain; E. D. Woods, First Lieut.; F. Arbour, Jr., Second Lieut.; Victor Blanchard, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Caddo Pioneers—C. D. G. Williams, Captain; J. M. Christen, First Lieut.  
 Spencer Guards—John T. Spencer, Captain; T. O. S. Robertson, First Lieut.; W. K. Strickland, Second Lieut.; Abner Womack, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Rapides Terribles—Jos. T. Hatch, Captain; W. M. McCormick, First Lieut.; A. J. McCranie, Second Lieut.; A. G. Baillio, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Sparta Guards—R. W. Campbell, Captain; J. P. Webb, First Lieut.; T. E. Paxton, Second Lieut.; R. S. Allums, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Winn Rebels—J. R. Cooper, Captain; W. B. Stovall, First Lieut.; J. W. Cockerham, Second Lieut.; F. L. Gregg, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 McLaurin Invincibles—J. H. Garret, First Lieut.; J. B. Davenport, Second Lieut.; A. J. Gibson, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Dixie Rebels—O. L. Durham, Captain; C. J. Foster, First Lieut.; J. H. Tucker, Second Lieut.; G. W. Graves, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Caddo Confederates—T. C. Lewis, First Lieut.; J. B. Smith, Second Lieut.; Saml. Beckwith, Jr. Second Lieut.

#### BATTALION LOUISIANA DEFENDERS—LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Juan Miangolara, Major; E. Basseli, Adjutant.  
 First Company—T. Viade, First Lieut.; Jose Ferry, Second Lieut.; T. Alberti, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Second Company—Arthur Picolet, Captain; E. N. Ganucheau, Second Lieut.; J. D. Sourdes, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Third Company—Jose Domingo, Captain; Leon Prats, First Lieut.; Jose Mora, Second Lieut.; J. Roses, Jr. Second Lieut.

#### BATTALION YELLOW JACKETS—LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.

V. A. Fournet, Lieut.-Colonel; G. A. Fournet, Major; E. DeBlanc, Surgeon; L. A. Laloire, Quartermaster; L. P. Briant, Adjutant.  
 Company A—Alex. Thibodeaux, Captain; Valery Thibodeaux, First Lieut.; Leon Gillard, Second Lieut.; Omer Martin, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Company B—Desire Beraud, Captain; Arthur Simon, First Lieut.; Alcee Castille, Second Lieut.; Alf. Gradenigo, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Company C—C. DeBlanc, Captain; Nicolas Cormier, First Lieut.; Pierre Lasalle, Second Lieut.; L. T. Smith, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Company D—B. D. Dauterive, Captain; Louis Fournet, First Lieut.; J. Z. Boute, Second Lieut.; V. Dauterive, Jr. Second Lieut.  
 Company E—A. Berard, Captain; Mozart Bernard, First Lieut.; Jos. Nunez, Second Lieut.; V. Lemoine, Jr. Second Lieut.

*Forces Volunteer State Troops transferred to Major Gen. M. Lovell. Commanding Department No 1, C. S. A.*

### FIRST BRIGADE VOLUNTEER TROOPS.

*Brigadier General*—BENJAMIN BUISSON.

Orleans Guards—Numa Augustin, Colonel; Charles Massieu, Lieut.-Colonel.  
Chasseurs-a-Pied—J. Simon Meilleur, Colonel; \*Chas. A. Janvier, Lieut.-Colonel; \*H. J. Rivet, Major.

Chalmette—\*Szymanski, Colonel; \*Geo. W. Logan, Lieut.-Colonel; \*Eugene Soniat, Major.

Cazadores Espagnoles—Nelvil Soule, Lieut.-Colonel; G. Marzoni, Major.

### SECOND BRIGADE VOLUNTEER TROOPS.

*Brigadier General*—E. L. TRACY.

Beauregard—\*F. A. Bartlett, Colonel; Geo. S. Lacey, Lieut.-Colonel; \*Geo McKnight, Major.

Jeff Davis—Alex. Smith, Colonel; \*W. P. Freret Lieut.-Colonel; \*Jno. B. Cotton, Major.

Continental—\*Geo. Clark, Colonel; \*A. W. Merriam, Lieut.-Colonel; \*Geo. W. Hynson, Major.

Sumpter—\*G. A. Breaux, Colonel; \*T. H. Shields, Lieut.-Colonel; — Bell, Major.

*Battalions*—Johnson Special.—W. W. Johnson, Lieut.-Colonel; \*W. H. Winn, Major.

*Battalions*—King's Special—\*J. E. King, Lieut.-Colonel.

### THIRD BRIGADE VOLUNTEER TROOPS.

*Brigadier General*—S. M. WESTMORE.

Confederate Guards—\*J. F. Girault, Colonel; C. R. Railey, Lieut.-Colonel; J. J. Noble, Major.

Louisiana Irish—P. B. O'Brien, Colonel; W. J. Castell, Lieut.-Colonel.

Leeds Guards—Chas. J. Leeds, Colonel; E. Grinnell, Lieut.-Colonel; A. G. Brice, Major.

### RECAPITULATION OF FORCES.

First Brigade, 2815; Second Brigade, 3818; Third Brigade, 2480. Total 9113.

These regiments were mustered into Confederate States Service, and when the gunboats passed the forts and Lovell carried off all transportation, were disbanded by Gen. Tracy. When Butler arrived, the officers and men were arrested as prisoners of war, paroled, and those who did not take the oath, were exchanged on the 8th of October following, being delivered at Vicksburg. Those marked thus\* are known to have been exchanged, and did good service afterwards.



# COMPLETE ROLL

OF

# FENNER'S LOUISIANA BATTERY,

*From the time of its Organization, May 16th, 1862,*

**UNTIL THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL TAYLOR, AT MERIDIAN,  
MISSISSIPPI, MAY 10, 1865.**

---

Charles E. Fenner,\* Captain; Thos. J. Duggan,\* 1st Lieut.; W. T. Cluverius,\* Jr. 1st Lieut.; E. Montgomery,\* 2d Lieut.; G. P. Harris, Jr. 2d Lieut., discharged for disability; C. J. Howell,\* Jr. 2d Lieut.; Frederic Ernest,\* 1st Sergeant; S. R. Garrett, 2d Sergt., commissioned as Lieut. in Faries Louisiana Battery; J. F. Early,\* 3d Sergeant; S. H. Copeland, 4th Sergt., discharged Aug., 1864; A. P. Beers, 5th Sergt., commissioned Lieut. in Gibson's Louisiana Brigade; E. W. Finney, 6th Sergt., transferred to Richmond Howitzers; R. Woest,\* 7th Sergt. Promoted to Sergeants—L. John Gill,\* J. Carley,\* C. Young,\* R. Howe.\* Quartermaster Sergeants—L. Steadman, discharged for disability, H. C. Walker,\* G. Sumerall; W. Woelper,\* 1st Corporal; J. K. Renaud,\* 2d Corporal; J. H. Kennard, 3d Corporal; P. T. Minor, 4th Corporal, commissioned Lieut. in Gibson's Brigade; H. W. Palfrey, 5th Corporal; W. M. Brunet, 6th Corporal, killed at New Hope, May 25th, 1864. Promoted to Corporals as vacancies occurred—P. J. McGrath, wounded New Hope, May 25th, 1864; J. H. McDaniel, Commanding Lieut. in Gibson's Brigade. Corporals, J. H. Holmes,\* D. B. Rindle,\* F. M. Hall,\* B. Cosby, discharged on disability; R. W. Benbury, wounded at Atlanta, (disabled); J. T. Davis, transferred to the Navy; B. N. McCarty,\* J. F. Muse,\* J. McGregor, W. J. Salter, wounded July 2d, 1864, disabled; A. David, A. H. Clark,\* T. Murphy, killed, February, 1865. Privates, H. S. Addison,\* C. Ahern,\* J. Augustin,\* T. J. Beck,\* Baggett, discharged on disability; J. S. Beers,\* C. Buhler,\* C. A. Bessac, on detached duty time of parole; T. B. Bodley,\* A. Bowman,\* E. A. Brandao,\* R. A. Bridgins, killed at New Hope, May 25th, 1864; Jos. Bridgins,\* John Bridgins,\* A. Britton, discharged for disability; B. T. Brunet,\* R. H. Brunet,\* T. W. Buddecke,\* W. W. Bufford, C. C. Burns, L. Burnel,\* R. H. Burton, detached; F. W. Bartels, detached; T. W. Brammes, supposed to have been killed; J. Beylle,\* P. Callahan,\* W. Campbell, detached Ord. Sergeant and Artillery; W. S. Campbell,\* F. Carroll,\* J. P. Casey,\* F. S. Carey,\* G. P. Childress,\* M. B. Childress,\* A. B. Clark,\* R. R. Conningworth,\* J. D. Conway,\* W. Conrad,\* W. H. Cook,\* W. B. Cooper,\* J. B. Cooper,\* J. J. Corprew, detached, wounded May 25th, 1864; W. Corprew, detached to Ordnance Department at Resacca; S. W. Cotton, discharged for disability; J. Crawford, discharged over age on expiration of term; R. H. Crawford, detached; W. S. Crawford,\* T. Cusack,\* J. S. Clark, sick in hospital; P. C. Clark,\* E. David, discharged for disability; L. Desforges, detached; G. W. Dicks,\* J. Dirker,\* G. Douglass,\* J. Duggan, commissioned as

\* Paroled at the general surrender.

Quartermaster; W. Chap. Duncan,\* G. T. Dunbar, detached; E. O. Eaton, wounded May 25th, 1864, New Hope, paroled at Selma; J. T. Eggleston, commissioned Lieut. of Marine; F. Enders, detached; R. Erichson,\* H. W. Fairchild,\* G. M. Fisher,\* Chas. V. Fisher,\* wounded at Resacca; C. N. A. Fitz-riter,\* T. Flanagan, detached; F. G. Folger, detached; G. L. Folger,\* N. C. Folger, on furlough time of parole; R. B. Ford,\* R. P. Ford, missing, (supposed to have been killed); G. W. Fry,\* J. J. Gidiere, detached; H. R. Giffney, H. Guider, detached and after commissioned; J. J. Goode, P. Graham, killed May 12th, 1864; A. Grivot,\* S. B. Gill,\* S. Green, commissioned Lieut. in Forrest's Cavalry; T. F. Gwathmey, detached; G. E. Haller,\* A. E. Hammond,\* J. B. Hayes, detached; G. H. Helm, transferred; A. D. Henriquez,\* H. H. Hester,\* J. Henley,\* J. Hibben,\* J. H. Hollingsworth,\* G. Horton,\* W. F. Hosmer,\* Jos. P. Hornor, J. S. Hudnal,\* D. Hughes, sick in hospital; A. H. M. Hunter,\* L. C. Ivy,\* B. F. Jonas,\* F. P. Jones, A. P. Joyner, E. Judice, killed at Mt. Pleasant; J. F. Kay, died in hospital; W. H. C. Laade,\* C. A. Lagroue,\* W. H. Layton, killed at Jackson; L. C. Levy, on sick furlough; W. Lindsay, J. J. Link,\* R. Little, discharged over age; J. O. Locke, died at Marietta; J. L. N. Logan,\* L. P. Long,\* C. Lauber, wounded at Resacca; W. Lockett, A. Magnon, B. Maguer, died at Marietta; G. Mather,\* H. C. Martin,\* E. T. Manning, discharged for disability; H. L. Manning, transferred to navy; A. D. Macaulay, discharged for disability; A. McCartney, A. McLean, paroled Richmond March 2d, 1865, drowned attempting to cross Lake Pontchartrain in an open boat; P. J. McGuire, wounded at Atlanta and detailed; R. McNair, sick in hospital; G. Miller, John Miller, died at Jackson, Louisiana; J. E. B. Miller, transferred to the navy; H. G. Morgan,\* T. C. Morrison,\* C. Mount, discharged under age; F. Mullen, killed at Resacca; L. P. Murphy, detailed on secret service; John Murphy, killed at Port Hudson; D. M. Murphy,\* Jos. Murphy, wounded at New Hope, disabled; J. Hyes Myers, W. R. Norcom, commissioned Lieut. on Barton's Staff; T. C. Newcomer, detached; J. W. Noyes,\* S. J. Pecot,\* J. T. Pecot,\* wounded; G. S. Petit,\* C. M. Perrin,\* H. Pearson,\* J. L. Pierson,\* T. Porteous,\* J. W. Person, commissioned Lieut. of Privateer; J. T. Preston, killed at Murfreesboro; L. Prophet,\* J. W. Ramsey, transferred to the navy; T. C. Raby,\* T. Reid, W. E. Rees,\* J. G. Reeve, J. R. Redmond, absent, sick; J. L. Risk, absent, sick; W. N. Rogers, detached; E. D. Ross, commissioned Lieut. in Gibson's Louisiana Brigade; Ross, discharged for disability; T. Scaton,\* H. Seibert,\* J. L. Simmons,\* W. H. Shaw, J. F. Shaw,\* J. Lewis Sharkey, J. J. Sharkey,\* W. Sharkey,\* T. L. Shute, transferred to Bradford's Scouts; W. R. Skelton,\* E. Smith,\* M. Smith,\* A. B. Sparks, killed at Jackson; H. C. Stannard, sick in hospital; H. St. Germain, prisoner of war; G. M. Steirer,\* T. J. Stewart, detached; F. M. C. Swain,\* L. Skeels, commissioned Lieut. in Gibson's Louisiana Brigade, killed; H. S. Smith, transferred to the navy; W. W. Thompson, M. L. Thompson,\* Mac. Thompson, H. J. Thomas, N. N. Trotter,\* W. T. Vaudry,\* G. Voorhies,\* P. J. Vigo, prisoner; H. D. Wall,\* L. H. Walker, Q. Waterman, transferred to the navy; S. Waters, detached; O. Weise, E. G. Wells, sick in hospital; Wilson, discharged for disability; S. Wilkins,\* A. L. White,\* T. J. Wells,\* T. McK. Whiteman,\* P. Wark, discharged for disability; Artificers—J. Weingartner, sick in hospital; H. C. Kennedy, detached; W. T. J. Kerwish, transferred to the navy; H. Nathan, sick in hospital; Private—W. H. Renaud,\* Artificers—J. W. Steele,\* C. A. Smith.\*

*List of men temporarily assigned to duty in Fenner's Battery, paroled at Meridian, Mississippi, May 10th, 1865.*

C. Bevans, N. Burns, J. Curran, J. Cowan, H. Folwell, A. V. Gusman, J. Moran.

\* Paroled at the general surrender.

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9 Approximations of 100	each for the nine remaining units of the same ten of the No. drawing the	5,000	Prize are	900

**270 Prizes amounting to.....\$80,400**

**Whole Tickets \$10: Halves \$5: Quarters \$2.50:  
Eighths \$1.25.**

**PRIZES PAYABLE IN FULL WITHOUT DEDUCTION.**

ORDERS TO BE ADDRESSED TO

**Louisiana State Lottery Co., Lock-box 692, N.O.—N. O.**

Send P. O. Money Order, or Register your Letter.













