

“I am filled with grief to hear that your son, WILLIAM H. CABELL, was among the slain at the late battle in the Valley. I write from a sick-bed to say how heartily you have my sympathy. You have lost a noble boy! While here at school he was all that teacher and parent could desire,—quick, studious, docile, apt to learn, and, for his age, far advanced, he certainly gave promise of usefulness and distinction; and that promise he *has redeemed!* Though a mere lad, he has illustrated by his sublime, self-sacrificing course, and by his noble death, the highest virtues of our nature. Do not think that your labors and care in raising him are lost. He has done as much as many great men do, in a long life, for his country and his race.”

The virtues of his heart attracted to him many friends, and no boy was more popular and beloved. In his studies he was a proficient; accomplished in Latin and Greek, he read in their original languages the classics for pleasure; and his mind, of a grave and investigating nature, delighted in metaphysics and the solution of abstruse problems in mathematics. To an intellect thus trained and disciplined, he added a moral elevation which was the charm of his character. He possessed an inflexible strength and determination of will which nothing could subdue. His affection and filial duty to his mother, whom he almost idolized, was evinced by an incident which occurred when he was not more than twelve years of age. Being very athletic, he distinguished himself in the gymnastic sports of youth, and, on one occasion, he unfortunately broke his arm. He was carried home by his companions in much alarm, and physicians were sent for to attend him. They found him with unusual composure, seated on a sofa in the passage, with his arm in a sling. It was suggested that he should be removed to his room, where he would be more comfortable, and where he could recline on his bed and be seen by his mother. To this proposal he at once positively objected, saying he feared its effect on his mother who was sick, and that he preferred to suffer additional pain where he was, rather than alarm and distress his mother by informing

her of the injury he had received. The bones of the fractured arm were then adjusted, splints and bandages applied, and the little boy submitted to the operation without a tear or a murmur of complaint. This is only one of many examples which might be adduced, illustrating in early life the predominant and peculiar traits for which he was afterwards noted. The same cool and dignified self-possession, manifested in boyhood, continued with him at College and the Virginia Military Institute, and did not desert him in scenes of danger and death, when with intrepid steps and bared breast he marched into "the Valley of the Shadow of Death" in defense of his country's honor, as dear and sacred to him as his own.

The events which occur in the domestic circle and in the life of a student are of a tranquil and contemplative nature, and possess little of brilliancy and *éclat*. They do not interest the public, but are cherished only by those to whom he is personally known and who cling to him from consanguinity and love. There are no dramatic exploits, no salient and romantic deeds to please the imagination and arrest attention, but along "the cool sequestered vale of life" the youthful student "keeps the noiseless tenor of his way" unheeded and unknown save only by those with whom he associates and by whom he is loved. But in Cadet CABELL there was a germ of independence, truthfulness, and honor which, like a halo of romance, during his whole life, distinguished him as a youth of no ordinary interest. His intellect was massive and of large proportions, his heart full of the tenderest sensibilities, with a courage which no danger could daunt, and a fortitude which no physical or mental distress could overcome. He was loved by a troop of friends, and from the achievements he made in his studies, the impression prevailed that he was destined to make his mark and attain renown in his future career.

The war for our independence commenced in 1861. The whole State was in a blaze of military ardor, and patriotism fired the heart and nerved the arm of every true Southern man. The youth particularly panted to enlist in the army of

the South, and every boy capable of bearing arms left the delights and comforts of home to defend the soil of his beloved State. At this time Cadet CABELL was fifteen years of age, and, participating in the enthusiasm of the times, he sincerely desired to join the company of volunteers of which his brother, James Caskie Cabell, was lieutenant, and, as a private in the ranks, do his part in defense of the Southern Confederacy. At the solicitation of his father, who told him that having one son only seventeen years of age in the army, he was unwilling that another, of tenderer years and unable to bear the hardships of war, should at that time become a soldier, he reluctantly continued his studies until he should reach maturer years. To prepare him for military duty and to enable a mind so gifted with genius to be trained in the tactics and art of war, he had entered the Virginia Military Institute, and it was that seat of learning which became the theatre of his greatest triumphs in science, and where he won the highest distinction. At his final examination he was pronounced first on the list of Proficients and had his name illustrated by a star. Here, as at other schools, Cadet CABELL was considered a youth of great promise, and most favorable anticipations were entertained of the brilliancy and usefulness of his future life. For industry, attention to his studies as a student and a soldier, for moral and exemplary conduct, he invariably won from his preceptors the meed of applause. But these honors, enviable as they are, could not satisfy the cravings of his ambition. His heart, during the four long and gloomy years of the war, panted to join the army of the South. This was the theme and burden of his letters written to his parents. During his last session at the Institute and before he had attained the age of a conscript, he said he feared that the contest would be over, and independence achieved or lost without his contributing his mite in the final struggle. Repeatedly did he say, in his letters to his parents and his brother, Lieutenant Cabell, that he had rather die than such should be the case. He was, in truth, willing, like the Roman Curtius, to devote himself if necessary to the salvation of his beloved

and afflicted country. His desire was gratified, and, alas! he fell a martyr in the vindication of a cause he loved with a hallowed devotion.

It was in May, 1864, that General Breckinridge called for the aid of the cadets at the Institute to repel the invasion of the Federal army under General Sigel. Lexington and the Institute were in danger, and the cadets at once responded to the call, and marched to the scene of conflict. The health of Cadet CABELL had been for some months impaired; he had visited his father on furlough to obtain his professional advice, and was at the time of his march under medical treatment. He could reasonably, and with just cause, have declined the summons, and have remained at his quarters without dishonor. His gallant spirit could not bear that his companions should go on this perilous enterprise, and he remain ingloriously at home. He resolved to do his duty at all hazards, and he undertook the march. It is said that he nearly fainted from debility, fatigued and overpowered by the labors of the way. At night, before the battle of New Market, knowing that the cadets would participate in the action, he conversed confidentially with a friend and fellow-student. He spoke of the dangers of the impending conflict, saying he feared nothing for himself, and that he was willing to incur the hazard, but of his brother, Cadet R. G. Cabell, Jr., who was not more than sixteen, the idol of his revered mother, he spoke in the tenderest terms. He feared that his brother would be wounded or killed, and deplored either event, as, he said, he knew it would cause the death of his broken-hearted mother.

He then retired a short distance from his comrades, and offered up a prayer for the preservation of his brother and himself in the expected battle, invoked the blessing of God on his parents, his absent brothers and sisters, and retired, weary and worn, to his soldier's bed.

The battle of New Market occurred on Sunday, the 15th of May, 1864, and it was one of the most exciting of the war. The charges, the rapid movement of the batteries from one

position to another, the impetuous action and the utter rout and discomfiture of the Northern forces, seldom occurred on one field. The cadets were now in battle array. Cadet W. H. CABELL and Cadet Robert G. Cabell, Jr., two brothers, were stationed in the same battalion. One portion of our line wavered under a fierce fire of canister and musketry, and to sustain it the cadets were ordered to advance. They rushed with all the enthusiasm and valor of youth impetuously to the charge, and every obstacle yielded to their unfaltering and unflinching courage. The flag of the cadets waved in triumph over the artillery of the North, and victory perched on the banners of the South. Cadet R. G. Cabell, Jr., passed bravely and uninjured, and reached the enemy's cannon without a wound, while his noble, learned, accomplished, beloved, and unfortunate brother, struck by a cannon-ball in the chest, was left mortally wounded on the field of battle. The casualties and havoc of war, in the moment of triumph, are lost in the exultation of the victors, and the welkin rung with the shouts of the cadets, forgetting for a time the great price with which the battle had been won. R. G. Cabell, Jr., participated in the triumph, but he soon saw that his brother was missing, and with sad, foreboding heart, he retraced his steps to ascertain his fate. He found him dead in the path of the charge, his head pierced and torn by the fragment of a shell. Truthful as he was brave, sincere and ingenuous as he was accomplished, affectionate and gentle, with every attribute which dignifies humanity, his "noble spirit sought the grave to rest forever there."

In his annual report to the parents of the cadets, General F. H. Smith, Superintendent of the Institute, wrote to Dr. R. G. Cabell, the bereaved father of W. H. CABELL, saying, "Cadet WILLIAM H. CABELL fell in the gallant discharge of his duty in the sanguinary battle of New Market, 15th May, 1864."

His remains, temporarily interred at New Market, were afterwards removed to Hollywood Cemetery, near the city of Richmond, and by his side repose the ashes of his mother

whom he so fondly loved, and who herself was a matron worthy to be the parent of a son possessed of so many virtues and so universally esteemed and beloved.

ABRAM CABELL CARRINGTON,

OF CHARLOTTE COUNTY, VIRGINIA; FIRST LIEUTENANT, CO. "D," 18TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

ABRAM CABELL CARRINGTON was born at Ridgeway, the seat of his father, on Staunton River, in Charlotte County, Virginia, October 15, 1831. His parents were Paul S. Carrington, Esq., son of Judge Paul Carrington, and Emma C., daughter of Judge Cabell, of the Supreme Court of Virginia. Thus his lineage connected him, on the one side, with the Cabells, whose position in the history of the State is too well known to require any recital here, and on the other, with the two Judges Carrington of the Revolutionary era, and their numerous descendants. The other children of this marriage were two daughters, and Isaac, major in the Confederate service, and provost-marshal of Richmond, since deceased, Alexander, a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, and Edgar Wirt, a captain in the Confederate service, who fell in the battle of Seven Pines.

The birth and early years of the subject of this sketch were blessed with everything which was most enviable in the lot of a young Virginian of the times which have gone,—a rural home combining retirement, culture, and elegance, a home education under the eye of parents who postponed everything to the best interests of their children, and a society virtuous and Christian within and around the home of his youth.

His classical education was prosecuted wholly under the eyes of his parents, until, in August, 1848, he became a cadet of the Virginia Military Institute. His health was then feeble, and prevented his completing the course. He resigned in a

short time, and, after spending three years at Mr. Franklin Minor's school, near Charlottesville, returned to his home pursuits.

On the 7th of July, 1852, he was married to Miss Nancy Cabell, daughter of Clement C. Read, Esq., of Farmville, Virginia. This estimable lady still survives him, in her native town, the faithful guardian of his four children. The first year of his married life was spent at Ridgeway with his parents, and his time was occupied in the instruction of his younger brother and sisters. In the autumn of 1853 he, with his brother Alexander, then a practicing attorney at law in Prince Edward County, bought a landed estate from Moses Tredway, Esq., and Mrs. Mary Hughes (the father and sister of the Hon. Judge Wm. M. Tredway), upon the waters of Buffalo, and about two miles from Hampden Sidney College. There both the brothers resided for a time together, Alexander pursuing first the legal and then the clerical profession, and ABRAM managing their joint property of lands and negroes. He was from the first an industrious and successful planter, and was one among the many instances which the young gentry of Virginia presents, and has always presented, to refute the absurd charge of effeminacy. His birth and breeding did not prevent his devoting himself, not only to a faithful superintendence of his affairs, but to the sturdiest manual labor. Under his energy, a dilapidated estate soon began to assume a new dress of beauty and fertility, and he grew steadily into a skillful and prosperous planter.

Nothing occurred to mark the uneventful life of a country gentleman until May, 1855, when, after deliberate reflection, he made a profession of faith in Christ, and became a member of the College Church (Presbyterian), under the pastorate of the venerable B. H. Rice, D.D., of which his wife was already a member. From the very first his modest, brave, and honorable nature displayed the refining influence of grace; and he assumed at once the standing of a thorough Christian. His religion was of that type which, like Joshua's and Caleb's, "followed the Lord fully." The result was, that

within two years he was introduced into the eldership, with the unanimous approval of the church. To this office he was ordained October, 1856. In it he was a model of fidelity, ever postponing his private convenience to the calls and duties of the elder, firm in discipline, in purity of life an ensample to the flock, and ready to assume any burden of labor or responsibility to which duty called him; so that, though of all men most modest and least pragmatical, he soon found the largest share of the church's work resting on his shoulders. His co-presbyters at the time of his ordination were, Samuel C. Anderson, Esq., Henry E. Watkins, Esq., Moses Tredway, Esq., Peyton Randolph Berkeley, M.D., Benjamin M. Terry, M.D., and Colonel Henry Stokes.

The great and disastrous revolution of 1861 cast its shadows before it upon all reflective minds. One result of the Harper's Ferry raid was the completion of a volunteer infantry company in the western end of the county of Prince Edward, known first as the "Prospect Guards." Its captain was Edwin G. Wall, a graduate of the Military Institute, and a distinguished civil engineer. Mr. CARRINGTON was its first lieutenant, Mr. Charles Price, his neighbor, the second, and Mr. Peyton R. Glenn, the third lieutenant. Mr. CARRINGTON devoted himself with his usual quiet energy to the drilling and equipment of this company. As the spring of 1861 approached, while others were speculating about the turn which affairs would take, some asserting a peaceful secession, and others urging a passive policy upon Virginia, he silently made his preparations for leaving his family to go into the field. He was no talker of politics; but his sound intelligence, and honest, manly heart, told him intuitively what Virginia had to expect, and what would be her duty. When others ventilated their ingenuity or zeal in theories of events, he, from the first, said, with a quiet air, "We shall be in the field in the spring; I am arranging my business to go." Consequently, soon after the secession of Virginia, the Prospect Guards offered themselves to the Governor, were accepted, and went into the camp of instruction in May, 1861, at Richmond. Here they were

embodied in the 18th Virginia Infantry, as Co. "D," and the remnant of the heroic band was captured at the battle of Sailor's Creek, in their native county, April, 1865, after having shared in all the great battles of the army of Northern Virginia. The first colonel of the 18th was Robert E. Withers; the lieutenant-colonel, Henry C. Carrington (cousin of ABRAM); the major, George Cabell, of Pittsylvania.

Early in June, 1861, the organization of the 18th was completed, and the regiment was advanced to Manassas Junction, to form a part of the *nucleus* of an army under General Beauregard. A short time before the first battle of Manassas it was organized, with the 28th Virginia, Colonel Robert Preston, and the 19th Virginia, Colonel Strange, into a brigade, and commanded by Brigadier-General Philip St. George Cocke. The regiment was advanced, in July, first to Centreville, and then to Germantown, near Fairfax Court-House, where it remained until the brigade fell back before McDowell's advance, July 16. On reaching Centreville in retreat, the brigade was ordered to march towards Lewis's Ford, on Bull Run, and Company "D" of the 18th was thrown out, west of Centreville and of the turnpike leading to the Stone Bridge, as a line of skirmishers. The sun was sultry, the thickets were tangled, the march from Germantown had already been arduous and rapid. When this scout was completed, Lieutenant CARRINGTON was so exhausted by fatigue and sickness that he fainted (as not a few of the inexperienced soldiers had already done). He was placed upon a gun-carriage, and borne insensible to the bivouac of the regiment at Lewis's Ford. The combat of Bull Run having been fought by other brigades the next day, the 18th of July, there was then a lull in the storm. Lieutenant CARRINGTON was advised by the colonel and the surgeon to avail himself of this opportunity for retiring to the baggage-train in the rear for rest and refreshment, being wholly unfit for duty. On Sunday morning, the 21st, he was in his place again, not restored from his sickness, but so weary of the confusion and idleness of the train, and so determined to meet the enemy, that his weakness was forgotten. It is

distinctly remembered how thoroughly disgusted he was with the disorganization and anarchy of the quartermaster's department, and the selfishness and inefficiency of its officers during this furlough.

On the memorable day of July 21, 1861, the 18th Regiment was held in reserve at Lewis's Ford until the afternoon. After the immortal charge of Jackson's Stonewall Brigade, Lieutenant CARRINGTON's regiment was ordered up to replace (with others) that body. It advanced to this, its maiden battle, solemn, but determined, and without a single straggler, skirmishing through the pine thickets with the Federal Zouaves, who had insinuated themselves completely into the rear of the ground held by Jackson, until they won their position upon the bloody plateau of the "Henry House." Here they awaited the formation of other troops into a new line of battle, under a hail of musketry and shells, and, at the signal, charged the enemy and assisted to sweep their last line of battle from the field. Where all behaved so well, it was difficult to distinguish any. Lieutenant CARRINGTON went with enthusiasm through the whole engagement and pursuit, cheering on his men by voice and example.

From the battle-field the regiment was advanced, first to Cub Run, then to a pestilential encampment at Centreville, and then to Fairfax Court-House. Here, at last, Lieutenant CARRINGTON became one of the numerous victims to camp fever. About the 1st of September he was sent to the rear sick. He found shelter in the house of a relative in Richmond, where he underwent a long and severe illness. Receiving a convalescent furlough, he then came home, and as soon as he was able to ride, devoted himself to settling up his private affairs for a prolonged absence, and to recruiting for his company, to fill the gaps made rather by the fever than the sword. Foreseeing a long and doubtful war, he sold his estate, hired out his servants, and placed his wife and children under the protection of his father and father-in-law. Late in the autumn he returned to camp. Nothing occurred to break the monotony of the winter except the affair at Drainesville,

in which the 18th was sent upon a forced march to relieve General Stuart; arriving too late to do more than aid in bringing off the wounded. The long inaction of the muddy spring of 1862, the removal of the campaign to the Peninsula, and the overland march of the troops need not be related here.

Upon the resignation of General Cocke, the brigade was given to General Pickett. Having received the accession of the 8th Virginia (General Eppa Hunton), it became thenceforth the fighting brigade, the nucleus of General Longstreet's Division.

The next time the 18th met the enemy was at Williamsburg. There Lieutenant CARRINGTON with his regiment was hotly engaged. Their immediate adversary was a New Jersey regiment, which assaulted their line in a wood, and rashly advanced so near that they could neither retire nor proceed. For an hour and a half the 18th held them in deadly grapple, until they were almost annihilated. The 18th then retired with the army, leaving a few of its dead and wounded in the enemy's hands.

The only part which the brigade took in the battle of Seven Pines was to hold the line of battle on the second day, and show front against the Federal army. The previous evening Lieutenant CARRINGTON's brother Edgar had been killed in battle, serving as a volunteer, although holding at the time no commission, in the company which he had recently commanded. This was a premonition of the fate which, in the next great struggle, awaited him. The seven days' battles came on, with the main outlines of which the Southern reader is acquainted. After the preliminary combats of the afternoon of June 26, at Mechanicsville and Ellyson's Mills, General Lee's plans required Jackson to engage the enemy's right at Cold Harbor, A. P. Hill his centre, and Longstreet, sweeping down the left bank of the Chickahominy, to drive in his left. The terrible struggle had hung in suspense far into the afternoon. Line after line of Confederates had been hurled back discomfited. Pickett's Brigade formed itself and advanced across a broad table-land of open field towards an almost

impregnable position upon the Watt farm. Batteries of long rifled guns on the heights south of the Chickahominy enfiladed them at every step from the right. In front, the smooth field, after exposing them for a third of a mile to every shot, descended to the straight rivulet which formed the boundary, by its deep channel, between the farms of Gaines and Watt. This channel was filled with a line of Federal riflemen, who kept up a galling fire. The opposing slope was covered by open woods. Half-way up it, and just elevated enough to sweep the opposite field as a *glacis*, was another line of battle, protected by a barricade of fallen trees and bales of hay. At the top of the ascent was a formidable line of artillery, supported by a third line of infantry. From this artillery and the three lines of infantry a constant fire was poured into the advancing Confederates. Colonel Withers had instructed his men, before beginning the perilous onset, that they were not to pause for the purpose of returning the enemy's fire, nor for any other; but to press steadily and rapidly forward with the bayonet, reserving their revenge until after the opposing lines were broken. This order was admirably executed until the advancing line approached within fifty or sixty yards of the rivulet whose channel contained the foremost Federal line. Here the 18th Regiment passed through the *débris* of another, which had become panic-struck and was rushing to the rear in confusion. Colonel Withers, seeing the strangers flying so ignominiously, made an effort to arrest their flight in the rear of his own regiment. His call to the fugitives to halt was heard and misunderstood by his own men. The fire of the enemy had become intolerably galling, and they supposed, not unnaturally, that he wished them to pause at this point and return it. The regiment thus for a few moments unfortunately arrested their victorious career, and began to fire upon the Federal lines with all their might. Their commander very soon perceiving their misconception, renewed the command to charge bayonets; but his voice was inaudible amidst the roar of the musketry. The heroic men began to drop rapidly under the withering fire. Perceiving that he could not be

heard, he then said to himself, "My men will, at least, know what the advance of their colors means;" and riding to the front, he seized the flag and began to carry it towards the enemy. But at the moment he fell from his horse shot through the body. The other field officers being absent, the command of the regiment now devolved upon Captain Wall, and he gave the immediate command of Co. "D" to Lieutenant CARRINGTON; and causing James Walthall, a private of the company, to rear the fallen standard and advance it, he shouted to the captains near him and to his lieutenant, "Forward, right into that ditch!" This movement was now comprehended by the remainder of the regiment. The whole line charged furiously; Walthall was shot through the heart as he advanced with the colors; but the regiment rushed down the declivity and leaped into the channel of the brook, as deep as the height of a man, upon the line which occupied it. Under the covert of that ditch there was a moment's pause, while the bayonet did its stern work upon such part of the enemy as had not escaped from it; and then the regiment leaped out upon the bank next the remaining Federal lines, and again rushed upon them. They did not even tarry to try conclusions, but fled, carrying away the third line into utter rout. As the men of the 18th ascended through the trees to the top of Watt's hill they beheld the open area of his farm black with confused masses of flying Yankees, while such of their guns as had not been captured were hurrying to a new position about six hundred or eight hundred yards to the rear. Captain Wall, throwing the regiment rapidly into an open order, advanced firing upon this mass. The supreme hour of revenge had now come, and the field was soon black with prostrate bodies. The Federal artillery now attempted to check the advance of the conquerors, with volleys of canister, firing recklessly upon their own fugitive comrades and their foes. Captain Wall was struck down by a canister-shot, and borne in turn to the rear severely wounded. But the regiment swept on, and paused not until the invaders were driven into the swamps of the Chickahominy.

In this desperate contest, one man out of every three in the whole regiment was struck. Lieutenant CARRINGTON was now left in command of the company. In a letter written on the morning of the battle of Frasier's Farm, while describing the carnage through which he had passed on this day, he modestly says of himself, "Amidst it all, I lifted up my heart in prayer to God for safety, and, thanks to His holy name, He was pleased to hear me." In the same calm spirit he again committed himself to God in prayer and well-doing, with reference to the bloody day before him.

His last hours were now approaching. During Saturday and Sunday the division of Longstreet lay upon its arms, watching the enemy. Monday morning, General Lee having ascertained that McClellan had evacuated his whole position, hurried his whole army after him; and Longstreet was directed to pursue the midland route, between the river and the Williamsburg roads, and to develop the position which he designed to assume. The result was that in the afternoon of June 30, McClellan's centre was encountered by this part of the Confederate forces, at Frasier's Farm. The 18th Regiment was now reduced to but little more than half its strength, was without field officers, and, to a large extent, without captains. But it took its place in the bloody battle of the evening with undiminished spirit. Outnumbered many times by the enemy before him, Longstreet steadily drove back their masses until he had almost severed the Federal centre and right wing from Malvern Hill, upon which they were aiming to concentrate. The 18th was thrown by this advance into a place where they were scourged by a fire from a detachment of Yankees, which they could not return with effect. The captains of the companies met for a moment to consult upon the best measure. CARRINGTON was, as ever, modest, cool, and determined, and recommended that they should reform the remnant of the regiment and attack their persecutors with the bayonet. This plan was adopted. The shattered line again dashed forward, CARRINGTON before his men, cheering them on, when he fell, with his face to the foe, a bullet through his heart, and was

dead in an instant. How enviable such a death for such a soldier!

After the tempest of war was over, his men took up his corpse and sent it to his wife. The remains were quietly interred in the family cemetery, beside his younger brother Edgar's. But after the campaign of the year was ended, and such of his comrades and relatives as could be spared returned home on furlough, the session of his church ordered a memorial sermon to be preached for him in the College Church. This was done by one of the pastors, Rev. Dr. Dabney, who had been the first chaplain of the 18th, in the presence of a solemn and sympathizing crowd. From this sermon we extract the following words:

“If I did not know that my estimate is warmly sustained by all who knew him best, I should suspect myself of a too partial affection, and put a constraint upon my heart and lips. For truly can I say that my heart was knit to his, as the souls of David and Jonathan. And now that I have lost him, I can find no words to express my personal bereavement better than those of David in the requiem of his princely friend, ‘How are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places—I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me.’ —[II. Sam. i. 25, 26.]

“Need I commend his kindness as a neighbor, when I see so many glistening eyes before me attest it? Need I remind you of his public spirit, his inflexible integrity, his courage for the right in this community? On the graces of his character as son, brother, husband, father, in the interior circles of his home, the sacredness of the grief which his loss has left behind it almost forbid me to enlarge. ABRAM C. CARRINGTON was the *truest man* with whose friendship it was ever my lot to be blest. Let him but be convinced, in his clear and honest judgment, of the call of duty, and his effort to accomplish it was as certain as the rising of the sun; and it was made at once, without a pause to consider whether the task was easy and pleasant, or arduous and repulsive. Let him once bestow

his friendship upon you, and he was yours in every trial, with fortune, and hand, and heart, and, if need be, life-blood."

REV. R. L. DABNEY, D.D.

JOSEPH H. CHENOWITH,

OF RANDOLPH COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA; MAJOR, 31ST VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

JOSEPH H. CHENOWITH, son of Lemuel Chenowith, Esq., and Nancy A., his wife, was born in Beverly, Randolph County, West Virginia, on the 8th of April, 1837. His father was a member of the West Virginia Legislature of 1871, his mother a great-granddaughter of John Hart, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from New Jersey. Young CHENOWITH spent his childhood in his native place, where his family still reside, and received his early education at the school of Mr. Jas. H. Logan, who for many years has taught in Beverly. Here his course was commendable; as a quiet, diffident, studious boy, he was remarkable. His teacher says of him: "He was a noble boy. . . . Whilst his fellows of equal age would be diverted by trifles, his mind was more inclined to reach, to grasp that '*aliquid immensum et infinitum*,' which always leads to distinction and eminence." Receiving his appointment as a cadet in the Virginia Military Institute in 1855, he matriculated on the 21st of August of that year. Though not able at first to enter a high section of his class, by the end of the session he had worked his way up to the sixth stand on general merit. Continuing to improve each year, he became the "second distinguished graduate" of the class of 1859, standing first on mathematics, natural philosophy, engineering, moral philosophy, and rhetoric; having a very remarkable talent for mathematics, never failing in a single instance to solve the numberless difficult problems given out to his class. During the last two years of his

course he became an active member of the society of cadets ; was one of the best debaters, and medalist.

Immediately after graduating, Mr. CHENOWITH was appointed assistant professor of mathematics, and assistant instructor of artillery tactics, in which capacities he served until December, 1860, when he was appointed professor of mathematics in the Maryland Agricultural College. Accepting this position, he performed the duties appertaining to it until the fall of 1861, when, in response to a call made by the Governor of Virginia upon the graduates of the Virginia Military Institute, he went to Richmond, and received a commission as lieutenant in the provisional army. Owing to the large number of officers appointed, it was impossible to assign all to active duty,—Lieutenant CHENOWITH was one of this number ; not understanding the state of the case, and being of a sensitive nature, he gave himself up to disappointment, and became very dissipated. This went on for some months, until, by the advice of a friend, he determined to volunteer as a private. In accordance with this resolve, and one of reform made at the same time, he returned to his home, and after remaining there for a short while, in February, 1862, he volunteered in Company "F," 31st Virginia Infantry. From the time he joined this company until the first of the following May he was employed in assisting to drill the company, not unfrequently having charge of the entire regiment when on drill. "As a drill-master he had few equals, and no superior in the regiment."

At the reorganization of the army in May, 1862, he was elected major of the 31st Virginia Infantry, attached to the command then stationed at Fair View, six miles west of Staunton, Brigadier-General Edward Johnson commanding. In the opening of the celebrated Valley campaign, shortly after this, General Stonewall Jackson, in connection with General Edward Johnson, advancing along the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, met the advance of the Federal forces under General Milroy, and the sanguinary battle of McDowell ensued. It was in this engagement that Major CHENOWITH first saw active service.

“When the heat of the engagement was fiercest, and our success seemed doubtful, Major CHENOWITH, in command of the left wing of the regiment (at that time detached), met and defeated a regiment of the enemy which had nearly succeeded in gaining the flank of our forces, thereby turning the tide of victory, otherwise doubtful, in our favor. When the regiment of the enemy, above alluded to, first made its appearance, coming from the direction it did, and partially hidden from view by dense foliage, the question arose whether they were foes or friends; during the parley that followed Major CHENOWITH stepped up to me, and said, ‘Captain, are those the enemy’s troops?’ On being answered in the affirmative, he turned to the men and coolly said (although by this time the enemy were pouring their leaden hail into us), ‘Steady, men! Ready! Fire low and swift!’ Our volley was delivered with fearful effect, when Major CHENOWITH, drawing his sword and waving it over his head, gave the command, ‘Forward, double quick, march!’ himself leading the charge, which was made with a will, and resulted in the dispersion of the enemy. To say the least, Major CHENOWITH’S conduct in this engagement was not only brave and gallant, but decidedly important to the success of our arms.

“Immediately after the battle of McDowell, General Jackson continued his memorable *marching* and *fighting* campaign down the Shenandoah Valley. In all the hardships, privations, and dangers consequent upon this campaign, Major CHENOWITH bore a conspicuous and important part, ever cheering his men on to duty, and unflinchingly performing every duty assigned to himself; on one occasion being mainly instrumental in checking the advance of Fremont until our army passed through Strasburg.

“In the fight at Cross Keys, on the 8th of June, 1862, Major CHENOWITH’S gallant conduct was noticed by all who knew and saw him on that occasion. Our regiment was stationed on the extreme left of the army; the enemy several times attempted to carry our position, but were repulsed. During one of the intermissions occurring between these attacks, the

writer had considerable conversation with the subject of this sketch, in which he (Major C.) expressed strong hopes of the ultimate success of our cause, at the same time seeming deeply impressed with the idea that he would not live to see the end he hoped for. He spoke feelingly of the loved ones at home, expressing fears, however, that he would never see them again on earth. When night closed on the battle-field of Cross Keys, victory had again perched upon the banner of Stonewall Jackson, and amid all that gallant throng of victors who had fought under their great captain, none had served their country and their cause more truly, more bravely, or better, than Major CHENOWITH.

“On the morning of the 9th of June, the day after the battle of Cross Keys, as we were marching to attack Shields, the conversation of the previous day was renewed, and he reiterated his presentiment of his coming death. Alas! that it should have come so soon. Our regiment was again assigned to duty on the left; our position being a large wheat-field, luxuriant with the ripening grain. We had scarcely gained our position, when the dense column of the enemy were thrown forward and we were subjected to a most deadly and destructive front and enfilading fire; so murderous, indeed, that of two hundred and twenty-six men in our regiment who went into battle, one hundred and sixteen were killed and wounded in that fatal wheat-field. Among the killed was Major CHENOWITH; he had dismounted, and, in the commencement of the fight, taken his position immediately behind the centre of the left wing of the regiment. As the battle progressed he passed down the line, around its left flank, and was advancing up the front, encouraging the men, and calling upon them to follow where he led, when he was shot, the ball entering just behind the left ear, and passing entirely through his head. He fell without a groan, his sword still in his grasp pointed toward the enemy, nobly discharging his duty.

“Thus fell Major CHENOWITH, one of Virginia's noblest sons, who, had he lived, might have ranked among the ablest and best soldiers of the age.

“As a soldier he was brave and chivalrous; as a commander firm and generous; and as a companion kind, courteous, and true. In short, he combined all the qualities necessary to constitute the daring warrior and successful commander. We buried him on the battle-field, where he so nobly fought and so nobly died, with no pillow save his soldier’s knapsack, and no shroud but his soldier’s blanket; and yet we left him shrouded in the glory of his own noble deeds that no time can obliterate.”

The foregoing description of the military life and character of Major CHENOWITH was written by his friend and comrade, Captain J. F. Harding, of Company “F,” 31st Virginia.

To illustrate more fully the character of the man, as well as to show the radical change that had been wrought in him spiritually during his life as a soldier, this sketch shall be concluded by a few extracts from his diary, found on him after he was killed:

“If I am doomed to fall during the war, I hope it may not be until we are satisfied, beyond the doubt of the most timid, that we will gain our independence in the end. If it should be otherwise, I am resigned; God’s will be done, *not mine*. I could part from earth, were I doomed to die soon, far more willingly if I could once more behold the faces of father, mother, sisters, and brothers; but if this should be denied me, I have only to say that they need not weep for me, but be proud rather, and smile when they remember that I died on the battle-field trying to do my duty to my country, fighting for what I considered her rights.

“*Near Harrisonburg, June 6, 1862.*—We camped here last night, and are marching towards Port Republic, but slowly over a rough road, made worse by long rain. I know not what our ultimate destination is, but I hope we will soon have time to rest awhile in camp. Our troops are very much delighted at the news from Richmond. If we have really routed McClellan’s grand army, our success in the end may be regarded as certain.

“*Three miles from Port Republic, June 8, 12 M.*—A heavy

cannonade is being kept up on the side of us next to Harrisonburg. Some of our men have been wounded. I saw one going to the rear. The 31st is supporting the battery which is engaged. I do not like our position, although it is a commanding one. We may possibly have our flank turned, but *Jackson* is here, if *Fremont* is with the enemy. Our movements yesterday and to-day are incomprehensible to me.

"*Later*.—There is a lull in the firing. I know not why. My fervent prayer is that our heavenly Father may lead our beloved country safely through the labyrinth of troubles which envelop her, and give peace to her persecuted and much-tried people. We seek not, O GOD, for conquest, we ask only for that which Thou in Thy mercy wilt bestow. In the name of our Saviour grant, heavenly Father, strength to Thy weak and erring creature. Strength which will enable him to do his duty in every particular to Thee, his country, and to himself. Amen.

"*Later*, 2.30 P.M.—This is decidedly the warmest battle with which I've ever had anything to do. The artillery firing is superb, the musketry not so slow. We are in reserve, but shells fly around us thick and fast. We will soon be into it.

"4.8 P.M.—We have been firing in the fight, and poor Lieutenant Whitby has been killed, shot through the head. A cannon has been planted on our left. Several of our poor men have been wounded. I pity them from the bottom of my heart. We will be at it again soon. And now, O GOD, I renew my earnest prayer for the forgiveness of my many sins, and for strength. In the name of Thy Son grant me mercy. Amen.

"6.15 P.M.—All is now quiet. Our regiment (31st Virginia) is lying down in line of battle, in full view of the enemy's battery; the same battery which, only an hour ago, was pouring grape into the regiment. Noble soldiers! it tortures me to see them wounded. How many of them now, as they rest looking quietly and dreamily up into the beautiful sky, are thinking of the dear ones at home, whom they have not seen for twelve months! This is a hard life for us refugees who

fight and suffer on without one smile from those we love dearest to cheer us up. But by the blessing of GOD the fires of patriotism will keep our hearts warm, and a consciousness that we are trying to do our duty will always enable us to sleep sweetly when our day's work is done, and then we can wander in dreamland to the hearth-stones of our kindred, and see again in imagination's rosy light *the loved faces of the dear ones at home.*

"*Port Republic, June 9, 1862, 8 o'clock A.M.*—The ball is open again, and we are, from what I can see and hear, to have another hot day. It is Shields this time. I may not see the result, but I think we will gain the victory, although I do not think our men have had enough to eat. I cannot write on horseback."

Thus ends the diary. He was killed shortly after the last words were written. Sleep had come to him before the day was o'er, but not till he had done his work. He had gone before to wait for the loved ones at home.

JOSEPH B. CHERRY,

OF NORTH CAROLINA; CAPTAIN, CO. "F," 4TH NORTH CAROLINA
CAVALRY.

JOSEPH B. CHERRY was born in Bertie County, North Carolina, on the 4th of June, 1839. He was a son of Solomon Cherry, who was for a long period clerk of the Bertie County Court, and afterwards a leading commission merchant in Norfolk, Virginia. His mother was a sister to the Hon. David Outlaw, who for a long while represented his district in Congress with distinguished ability.

As a youth, Captain CHERRY possessed an active mind, a brilliant imagination, and in disposition was generous, sincere, and noble. In August, 1856, he was sent to the Virginia Military Institute, and graduated in 1860. The next year,

reading law under Judge John W. Brockenbrough, LL.D., in Lexington, he had just obtained license to practice his chosen profession when the war began. His youthful spirit fired with patriotic ambition, he at once gave his services to the cause of his fatherland. Acting in several different capacities,—at one time adjutant of the 8th North Carolina Infantry, commanded by the gallant and lamented Colonel Shaw; at another, serving under Stonewall Jackson as a member of his staff,—he was finally chosen captain of a company raised in his native county, Company "F," 4th North Carolina Cavalry. This office he held, performing faithful service on all occasions, until ten days before General Lee's surrender. On this day, March 29, 1865, leading his company in a skirmish on the military road about six miles south of Petersburg, he fell, mortally wounded. Taken to a hospital in Petersburg, he was watched over with anxious care by one of his comrades for four days; and just as the echoes of the last heavy guns, which had so long defended the beleaguered city, were dying away, his spirit took its departure.

A soldier who had served his country through all the years of her struggle, he laid his life down just before the days came when he could serve her in battle no more. It seems hard to have escaped so long, and then, when the end was so near, to have been taken; but he was saved the dull, dreary anguish and suffering of retreat, and the bitterness of that hopeless day at Appomattox.

T. D. CLAIBORNE,

OF DANVILLE, VIRGINIA; LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, VIRGINIA BATTALION.

T. D. CLAIBORNE, son of Colonel L. Claiborne, was born in 1847. Entered the Virginia Military Institute in January, 1854. Resigned. Entered military service in April, 1861, as captain of 18th Virginia Infantry. Promoted major, in 1863, of an independent battalion of infantry; lieutenant-colonel in 1863. Mortally wounded, and died 1864.

A. W. CLOPTON,

OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA; ADJUTANT, 34TH NORTH CAROLINA INFANTRY.

ALFRED WILLOUGHBY CLOPTON, the subject of this memoir, was the eldest son of E. A. J. Clopton, of Richmond, Virginia. From early childhood his good principles, sprightliness, and affectionate manners won the regard of all who knew him.

As he advanced in age, an intellect of the highest order received every advantage from first-class instructors. No expense was spared. Well was his devoted father rewarded by his rapid proficiency in every study in which he engaged. To an English education were added Latin, Greek, Spanish, and French. When very young, he read much on the subject of war, and evinced a decided taste for military affairs. He ardently desired to attend the Virginia Military Institute; this wish was gratified. While there, Virginia seceded. Immediately he determined to devote himself fully to his native State. In referring to his diary, we find how he began his military career. He says, "As soon as the difficulties assumed a hostile appearance, about one hundred and eighty of us were

ordered from the Virginia Military Institute to Richmond, to drill the soldiers before they went to the field. The 1st of July we disbanded, having drilled from the 19th of April to the 1st of July about forty thousand soldiers. I was appointed drill-master, with the rank of second lieutenant, and was attached to the 12th Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers by orders from headquarters." He was afterwards transferred to the 34th North Carolina Regiment, with the rank of adjutant. But, in March, 1862, he decided to enter the cavalry as a private, under our dashing cavalry officer, General Stuart, in which branch of the service he remained till the close of his life. In April he passed through Richmond en route for the Peninsula, where he was engaged in the battle of Williamsburg, on the 5th of May; in June at Cold Harbor; at Malvern Hill, through which severe engagement he passed unscathed; at Kelley's Ford, and Catlett's Station, losing his horse at the latter place; and again at Manassas. He accompanied his command to Sharpsburg, returning barefoot, and leading his worn-out horse. As soon as he could wear his boots and get a fresh horse, he re-formed his company. At Fredericksburg he assisted in the defense. At Chancellorsville, and the various skirmishes afterwards, he was with his troops, and, in July, with them at Boonsboro'; in October, at Brandy Station. Fitz. Lee disbanded his brigade in January, 1864, for them to recruit. ALFRED was spending his interval of rest with friends in Cumberland, when Kilpatrick and Dahlgren attempted the raid on Richmond. One of the regiments of his brigade being recalled, unable to hear from his own, such was his desire to be at the post of duty, that he left his happy companions to again pursue the path of war. During the spring of 1864 he was in all the encounters from Fredericksburg to Yellow Tavern, where Stuart fell. At Ream's Station he was engaged in his conflict for the last time with earthly foes, from which place he came, weary, but ready still to keep his saddle. With feeble health, but an indomitable will, and a determined purpose to serve his country, he started, on the 7th of August, 1864, with the army for Maryland. He reached the Rappahan-

nock, and could go no farther,—exhausted nature gave way, and the brave youth, who had never quailed before the enemy, who had stood firmly at the post of danger, had to succumb to disease. A kind family (name unknown) took him in, and did all that a stranger's heart could dictate. But the sick, sad one yearned for his home, for the love and sympathy of affectionate parents, brothers, and sisters. On the 21st of August he arrived at his loved, his happy home, no more to leave it for the hardships and dangers of war, there to lay his young life on the altar of his country. His disease was typhoid fever, terminating in congestion of the brain. In his delirious hours he would call out, "Lee's army, where is Lee's army?" And in lucid intervals his anxiety would manifest itself by such questions as, "Where is the army? Where is Lee? Is he successful?" He had but few rational moments; his sufferings were great, and borne with patience. On the 9th of September, 1864, in the twenty-second year of his age, he was released, we hope, from all pain, and entered into that "rest that remains to the people of God."

Thus passed from earth a bright star. There seemed a mysterious Providence in this dispensation. We cannot see *why* one so gifted, so loved, the light of every circle in which he went, the joy and pride of his family, on whom so many proud hopes rested, should bow so early to the sceptre of Death. God has said, "What I do thou knowest not now, but shalt know hereafter." We acquiesce.

A. D. COLCOTT,

OF ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY, VIRGINIA; LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, 3D
VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

A. D. COLCOTT was born in Isle of Wight County, Virginia, in 1830. Entered the Virginia Military Institute in July, 1847, and graduated in July, 1851. Previous to the war, was engaged in teaching in his native county. At the beginning of hostilities he raised a company of volunteers, and entered the service as captain of Company "I," 3d Virginia Infantry. At the reorganization of the army was elected major of his regiment, and served as such until August, 1862, when he was promoted lieutenant-colonel. The duties of this office he discharged faithfully until his death at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Colonel E. M. Morrison, of the 15th Virginia, in speaking of Colonel COLCOTT, says, "Colonel COLCOTT was a man universally beloved in his county and community, in which he did much good, especially among the poor and needy around him. He was a man of the strictest integrity and prominent Christian virtues, and energetic in good works, as evinced in the organization of several day- and Sunday-schools, the means of great good in his neighborhood.

"In the army he was inflexible in the discharge of his duty, enjoyed the unbounded confidence of his superior officers, the esteem and regard of his equals in rank, and the utmost love and confidence of his men.

"He was killed at Gettysburg, one of the heroes of Pickett's Division, nobly doing his duty; and, although his remains are far from us, buried on the field of battle, his memory is still green in the hearts of his surviving comrades, and in the whole community in which he lived; for we know the cause for which he fought and died had no truer defender, nor any community a more benevolent, upright, Christian gentleman."

RALEIGH T. COLSTON,

OF BERKELEY COUNTY, VIRGINIA; LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, 2D REGIMENT
VIRGINIA VOLUNTEERS, "STONEWALL BRIGADE."

The record of this true gentleman and brave soldier is well worth preserving. RALEIGH THOMAS COLSTON was the eldest son of Colonel Edward Colston, of Honeywood, Berkeley County, Virginia, and of S. Jane Brockenbrough. He was born in Richmond, Virginia, on the 18th of February, 1834, at the house of his maternal grandfather, Judge William Brockenbrough, of the Court of Appeals of Virginia; a gentleman distinguished for the soundness of his legal knowledge and honored for the purity of his life, during a period when the old Commonwealth could point with becoming pride to the unsullied ermine of her judiciary. His father, Colonel Edward Colston, the eldest son of Raleigh Colston, Esq., and of Elizabeth Marshall, sister of Chief-Justice Marshall, was widely known and universally beloved and respected for all the qualities which adorn a man and a Christian. His virtues were reflected in his son.

The subject of this memoir entered the Virginia Military Institute during the summer of 1850, but in consequence of the sudden death of his father was recalled home in December, 1851. Although not eighteen years of age at this time, he set in earnestly to aid his mother in the management of a large and embarrassed estate, and displayed a steadfastness of purpose which would have reflected credit upon an older head. In his boyhood and early manhood he was distinguished for his unselfishness and tender devotion to his younger brothers and sisters, and for an almost passionate love for his beautiful home on the Potomac.

By nature his disposition was sensitive and modest in the extreme, so shrinking and retiring that only those who knew him well enough to have an insight into his heart could know

the depth and benevolence of feeling which governed his conduct and made him almost the idol of his family and home. But the hardships and trials of our late struggle for independence brought out the real strength and nobility of his character. Having espoused the cause which he believed and felt to be right, his patriotism and devotion burned under all circumstances with a zeal and steadiness which knew no flagging.

Immediately after the John Brown raid, when volunteer companies were formed in every part of Virginia, he assisted in raising a company in his neighborhood, which, first as lieutenant then as captain, he drilled with much patience and perseverance. Many of the men composing this company were enthusiastic home soldiers, never dreaming that the cloud which hung over the country was to gather darkness thick and heavy in its course, and soon to burst with terrific fury over the troubled land.

When the news arrived in our locality that Virginia had really withdrawn from the Federal Union and that war was inevitable, it required all the firmness and resolution of a determined spirit to prevent the disbanding of the company. At length the tocsin sounded, and "at midnight there was a cry made," the voice of command was heard under the windows of that secluded and peaceful home requiring Captain COLSTON to report with his company at Harper's Ferry by nine o'clock on the following morning. Captain C. and his brother William (who was a private in his company), thus suddenly aroused, mounted their horses in midnight darkness and rode around their neighborhood in different directions to give notice to the members of the company. The village of Hedgesville, about five miles distant, was the appointed place of rendezvous.

The gloom of that black night was made more gloomy by the lurid glare upon the sky of the fires blazing in the distance at Harper's Ferry. Who could gaze upon that scene without mixed feelings of apprehension and awe? Apprehension for the fate of our beloved ones, and awe in view of

the magnitude of the approaching conflict. Even the determined soldier, with unblanched cheek and unfaltering voice, in solemn tones exclaimed, "It is a grave matter; but we must and will do our duty, we must do or die!" Nobly was that vow fulfilled, and how painfully verified! Alas! Virginia droops, and mourns her many gallant sons. Rachel weeps for her children, and cannot be comforted because they are not! After much difficulty Captain COLSTON succeeded in getting his company to Harper's Ferry, where it was enrolled as Co. "E," 2d Virginia Regiment of Infantry, under Colonel T. J. Jackson.

Captain C. soon attracted the attention and commendation of his commanding officers by his untiring energy and strict adherence to duty, as well as by his firmness in reducing the disaffected members of his company to obedience. Thenceforward he was continually upon the field with scarcely an interval of rest. Belonging to the glorious Stonewall Brigade, whose steadfastness in battle has given it an historic fame, he participated with marked gallantry in all those battles which enrolled Jackson among the great captains in the world, including Manassas, Kernstown, McDowell, Front Royal, Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic, seven days' fight around Richmond, Cedar Mountain, four days' fighting at second Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Mine Run.

After the evacuation of Harper's Ferry by our troops, in June, 1861, the army of Northern Virginia, which had encamped some weeks at Winchester, under the command of General Joseph E. Johnston, left that place on the afternoon of Friday, 19th of July, under orders, to cross the Blue Ridge Mountains and reach Manassas by a forced march on Saturday night, the 20th. Owing to some accident on the road, a part of the first brigade, under General T. J. Jackson, did not reach Manassas until early on Sunday morning, the 21st. Captain COLSTON arrived on the field about sunrise on Sunday morning with but twelve men. He had been deserted during the first night's march by his first and second lieutenants, and

their example had been followed by a number of the privates of the company. Nothing daunted, Captain COLSTON went into battle, leading those twelve brave, true hearts, and there gained that reputation for intrepid daring and courage which he so well sustained ever afterwards. That little band fought with the desperation of veterans; the defection of the faint-hearted seemed to infuse increased courage and determination into their high resolve to do their duty to their country and to support the heroic efforts of their captain. Of the twelve, three fell: Third Lieutenant David Manor was killed, George Miller and Sergeant Charles Manor cruelly wounded; Miller only surviving his wounds a month or two. During many weeks of inactivity after the battle of Manassas, Captain COLSTON was very active in recruiting his company, and the difficulties in his way were great. The part of the Valley from which he came was in the hands of the enemy, and but for his perseverance and zeal, and the high estimation in which he was held, his little company would have been merged into some other.

On the 8th of November, 1861, the first brigade, now Stonewall, was ordered to report to General T. J. Jackson, who had been put in command of the Valley. Officers and men hailed with joy the prospect of being again under the leadership of their old commander.

After severe marching for twenty-five days, the army under Jackson, having traversed the mountains from Winchester to Berkeley Springs, thence to Romney, returned to Winchester on the 25th of January, 1862, and went into winter quarters at Camp Zollicoffer. During the remainder of the winter and early spring Captain COLSTON spent his time in re-enlisting the old members of his company and enlisting new ones. When the spring campaign opened, his company was full.

The first serious fight of the spring campaign in which Jackson's army was engaged was at Kernstown. In this engagement Captain COLSTON bore himself with conspicuous coolness and bravery, never seeming to be aware of the presence of danger. After a hard-fought battle against overwhelm-

ing odds, our little army retreated in good order. After the battle, Captain COLSTON writes to his mother, "You can better imagine than I describe my feelings when I saw my brother fall. Without being able to hear the extent of his injury, I saw him borne from the field, and only knew that he was alive. I had been endeavoring to restrain his impetuosity for some time; he was in advance of the company when he fell. He was indebted to Lieutenant-Colonel Botts for his escape from being made prisoner, who, seeing him borne on a plank by two of our men, and knowing the enemy was advancing, jumped from his horse and placed Willie on it. As soon as I could I overtook him, but, being on foot, it was some time before I got up to him. I found him riding slowly, and much exhausted from pain and loss of blood. I mounted behind him, holding him in as easy a position as possible in the saddle, and quickened our pace until I reached a hospital at Middletown, where the wound was examined and pronounced serious and painful, but not mortal. The ball (a Minié) was extracted from the hip by Surgeon J. H. Hunter. The next morning he was taken off in an ambulance by our relative, Dr. J. P. Smith, to Staunton, where you will soon join him."

Captain COLSTON went safely through all the battles in Jackson's brilliant Valley campaign, Port Republic, Cross Keys, McDowell, Front Royal, and the exciting occasion of Banks's famous retreat.

Soon after these occurrences, Jackson with his army was ordered from the Valley to join Lee around Richmond. On that memorable march Captain COLSTON wrote his mother (who, with her daughters, had left her home in Berkeley soon after the commencement of hostilities, and was then sojourning with her relatives in Albemarle), "Since I parted with you two days ago, my dearest mother, you have been constantly in my thoughts. The soldier's life is one of so much excitement and toil he has no time to give way to unhappiness, but the state of suspense the dear ones we leave behind are constantly subjected to is truly torturing; therefore I feel

that your trials are far harder than mine. But you must cheer up and not allow yourself to be so anxious about me. We are in fine health and spirits, and trust we shall get down in time to turn the tide of battle."

The importance of Jackson's union with Lee at this juncture, and the skill and celerity with which it was effected, is too well known to be described here. In the battle of Cold Harbor the 2d Regiment lost two field-officers, Colonel Allen killed and Major Frank Jones mortally wounded. The command of the regiment now devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Botts. In the last day's fight Captain COLSTON was struck upon the thigh by a spent shell, which bruised and disabled him for several days.

As soon as McClellan began to withdraw his troops from the Peninsula, Jackson with his command was ordered to watch Pope, who with his army had left Washington and was advancing, via Culpeper Court-House, on his boastful and confident march to capture Richmond. The first intimation Pope had that there would be any serious check to his progress was the appearance of Jackson and his corps at Cedar Mountain, in Culpeper County, on the 9th day of August. There they met and fought. The result is known to the world. On this occasion, the subject of this memoir acted with his usual decision and promptitude. An eye-witness writes, "During some temporary confusion in our regiment consequent upon a change of front under a heavy fire, Captain COLSTON seized the colors, stood firmly, and in his clear, ringing tones called upon the regiment to 'dress to the colors,' which it quickly did." The whole brigade made a furious charge upon the enemy's flank, which routed him completely. In this fight General Winder, the gallant commander of the Stonewall Brigade, was killed.

After having administered this severe castigation at Cedar Mountain, Jackson fell back to Gordonsville, there to await the arrival of General Lee, who with Longstreet's corps was watching the final departure of McClellan's army from the Peninsula. After the concentration of our army at Gordons-

ville, a general advance was ordered to meet Pope. The two armies approached within sight of each other, the Rappahannock separating them. After several days' manœuvring, Jackson was ordered with his corps to make his celebrated flank movement and strike the enemy's depot of supplies at Manassas, which he accomplished with his usual skill and rapidity, causing the enemy to retreat in haste.

Jackson was now in an extremely critical position; reinforcements came rapidly in to Pope's assistance from Washington, and it required desperate fighting and skillful generalship to avoid being hemmed in by an advancing enemy on one side and the retreating army of Pope on the other. For two days he contended with overwhelming odds. In the first day's fight the 2d Regiment suffered terribly, losing its only field-officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Lawson Botts, killed; the senior captain, Nadenbousch, of Company D (the Martinsburg Border Guard), severely wounded.

The command of the regiment now devolved upon Captain COLSTON. He commanded it through the first Maryland campaign, at the capture of Harper's Ferry, and at the battle of Fredericksburg to the entire satisfaction of his superior officers, especially General Jackson, his first leader, from whom more than once he extorted compliments for his courage and skill on the field.

At the battle of Fredericksburg his feelings were again severely tried by seeing his brother William, who had been made captain of his old company, again shot down and so distressingly lacerated by a large piece of shell that his recovery was supposed to be impossible by the surgeons on the field.

It was not until after the battle of Fredericksburg had been fought and the army had gone into winter quarters that there was time to attend to promotions. In the winter of 1862-'63 Captain COLSTON received his hard-earned and well-deserved commission of lieutenant-colonel of the 2d Virginia Infantry. Captain Nadenbousch, who ranked him, also a gallant and efficient officer, was made colonel. On the day after the

battle of Chancellorsville, Lieutenant-Colonel COLSTON, in command of the sharpshooters of the division, was charged with the delicate and dangerous duty of feeling the position of the enemy and ascertaining the amount of force in his front. This duty was performed with skill and at great risk, as the enemy was behind his works and Colonel COLSTON was compelled to draw his fire. Immediately after this he writes to his mother, "I am greatly fatigued from exertion and loss of rest. We have had a glorious victory, but what, except defeat, can be so sad as such a victory,—our great leader severely wounded, our brigadier-general (Paxton) killed, and so many of our brave fellows cut down in the prime of life."

Some weeks after this Colonel C. was seized with a violent attack of bilious dysentery, which threatened his life, prostrating him in such a way as to make it impossible for him to accompany the army in its second advance into Maryland. The unfortunate battle of Gettysburg was the only fight or skirmish which Jackson's command had fought in which this gallant officer had not participated. During the period of several months' inactivity after the battle of Gettysburg, Colonel Nadenbousch was forced, in consequence of the wound he had received at the second battle of Manassas, to retire,—thus the full command of the glorious old regiment again devolved upon Colonel COLSTON.

On the 27th of November, 1863, Johnson's Division,* to which the 2d Regiment belonged, became unexpectedly involved with a heavy force of the enemy. General Johnson, who was marching down upon the south bank of the Rapidan to take position on General Lee's left, as he lay fronting Meade near Mine Run, was first made aware of the presence of the enemy by a volley from his skirmishers into our ambulance train. One regiment from each brigade was ordered to deploy as skirmishers and discover the enemy. Colonel COLSTON was ordered to take his regiment from the Stonewall

* General Edward Johnson's.

Brigade. The order was quickly obeyed. The enemy's skirmishers were soon driven back upon their main body, which was ascertained to be General French's Corps. General French on his way to take position upon Meade's right missed his road and ran into Johnson's Division, which had, all told, only five thousand men. The struggle was a fearful one between our skirmishers and the solid ranks of the enemy. Colonel COLSTON, in riding backwards and forwards along the line of the regiment amidst a hail-storm of bullets, was a conspicuous mark for the enemy. One of his captains (Hoffman, of Co. "D") called his attention to a squad of the enemy which was firing deliberately at him, and advised him to dismount. "I know it," he replied; "but duty requires me to be all along the line, and it would be impossible to do so on foot." In a short time his left leg was shattered.

The following extracts from a letter of the faithful chaplain of the 2d Regiment, the Rev. A. C. Hopkins, of the Presbyterian Church (now pastor of that church in Charlestown, Jefferson County), will be read with deep interest:

"It gives me pleasure to tell you that my constant friend, Colonel R. T. COLSTON, was ever a faithful, gallant soldier, and one who endured the hardness of marching and starving, and sleeplessness, in the most commendable way. After his promotion to a field office we were ever much together, and the more I saw of him the more I saw in his heart to admire and in his life to praise. Of course you know that during his active service he was not a professor of religion, yet I am pleased to assure his friends that I never in the discharge of my official duties failed to receive all the support and sympathy which were in his power to render. I remember that on the arduous campaign familiarly known as 'flanking Meade,' we had numerous and earnest conversations on the subject of religion.

* * * * *

"During that fall his mind turned more and more to the all-important subject. So marked was this, that although he had not made any professions of piety, yet when I heard, in con-

nection with his death, that he had left his family the precious legacy of a hope that he had embraced the Saviour in his last illness, I remarked to my tent-fellow that I was not surprised. It will be an unspeakable comfort and encouragement to his mother to be assured, as she may be, that he never threw off the memory of the pious lessons received in early years at the lips of a godly father and devoted mother, and that he often spoke to me of them, even before the period above named, with evident signs of deep emotion and gratitude. One occasion I remember, not long before he reached his end, when his eyes filled with tears and he expressed the resolution to profit by them.

“On the morning of the 27th of November, 1863, we started from Orange County, below what was known as Morton’s Ford, on Mine Run Road, Rodes’s Division in front and Johnson’s following. When we had proceeded some miles, and the sun was up an hour or two, the brigade was just halting for an ordinary rest. The 2d Regiment was at the rear of the Stonewall Brigade, behind it the ambulances and artillery. First a scattering, then a sharp fire was opened upon the ambulances from the dense forest on the left. Very soon the fire was ascertained to come from the enemy. Brigadier-General Walker at once deployed the 2d Regiment as skirmishers, so as to cover his whole brigade and half the train next him, while General Stuart did similarly in his brigade behind the trains. Colonel COLSTON was ordered presently to advance a considerable distance into the wood, which was done. We came to the edge of a field, and far off in the right caught sight of the Federal cavalry or mounted officers. At these several shots were fired, which drove them off. General Walker then directed Colonel COLSTON to take about one dozen men on the left of the regiment, deploy them to the left, at right angles to the present line, pierce a swamp, and see if the enemy was in that direction. I being the only mounted person, was requested by Colonel C. to accompany him. With a dozen men under Captain Hoffman, I think of Co. ‘D,’ we pierced the swamp, and were just reaching the

brow of a hill densely covered in forest when we met the enemy's skirmishers, who were secreted behind trees. A number of shots were exchanged, and I was ordered to bring up reinforcements; they were brought, and I was directed to bring more. Being conspicuous on horseback, Colonel C. was, of course, a mark, and a number of times we spoke together on this very point, and were conscious of shots made deliberately at us. None of them struck either of us, however, till just as I was returning the third time with reinforcements. I had gotten well up to him and in the act of reporting what I had done, when we heard a distinct fire. He threw up his hands, his large sabre fell, his reins dropped on the neck of his mare, and she, as if conscious, stopped and stood still. He was riding along the line, his left side to the enemy, and I was meeting him. He exclaimed, 'Oh, my God, I am shot!' and his countenance blanched in a way which showed intense pain. I feared he was killed, dismounted instantly, handed him my canteen, from which he drank, learned the nature of his wound, braced him up on his horse and led him back. But so pale was he, that just as soon as others could be had I took him off, discovered that the ball had gone directly into the left leg and broke the powerful bone for which he was almost distinguished. We had him taken to the rear; but he would not allow me to attend him from the field, as he wished me to give certain orders to his successor, and to aid him in the discharge of duties at that moment critical and embarrassing.

"The fighting of the day over, I sought the hospital, and found it about ten or eleven o'clock P.M. There he lay with limb amputated just below the knee, the flap then open, looking remarkably smooth and healthy, and his spirits as bright as possible. He saluted me as soon as his eye rested upon me with his well known 'Halloo, Mr. Hopkins!' almost as loud as if he had been giving command, and called me to him to inquire first of all, 'How did the regiment do to-day?' In his affliction his heart turned first to the cherished honor of his command. When assured that it did well, he was greatly re-

lieved and cheered. His limb was sewed up during the night, when he suffered much; after that was done he slept, and about daybreak I started with him and a train of ambulances to Orange Court-House, where we were to meet a train of cars. From an early hour that morning a cold November rain began to fall, and continued all day. About night we reached the Court-House, but owing to delays of the trains, the wounded could not get off from that point until much after midnight. He complained much of cold. He was put into one of the most comfortable of the cold, damp box-cars and taken off. From that time I saw my cherished friend no more."

On arriving at Gordonsville, Orange County, a telegram was dispatched to the family and friends of Colonel COLSTON, at the University of Virginia. He was attended by a faithful nurse detailed for the purpose, Private James Fiery, of Honeywood Mills, Berkeley County, Virginia, one of the little company of twelve led by Captain COLSTON in the first battle of Manassas. An unlettered man, but one imbued with the loftiest attributes of our nature. Upright, gentle, brave, he went through every battle which the 2d Regiment fought with patriotic and unflinching courage, from first Manassas to the battle of the Wilderness, in 1864, where he received his mortal wound. It is meet that this poor tribute be paid by a grateful friend to the memory of this humble, but noble patriot and soldier.

On the receipt of the telegram, a near connexion, Professor John B. Minor, hastened to Gordonsville and had Colonel COLSTON conveyed to his own house at the University, where he was received by his sisters and other affectionate relatives and friends, and soon joined by his mother. Here, surrounded by all the comforts which refinement and affectionate thoughtfulness could suggest, he seemed for a time to be doing well. His wound was perfectly healthy, yet there was a want of appetite, a slight lingering fever, which made his watchful physician anxious, and for which he could not account. But his calm serenity of manner and occasional cheerfulness dis-

armed others of all apprehension. It was, indeed, sad to look upon that manly and finely-proportioned form now mutilated and prostrate, but sadness was soon dispelled by the hope of his early restoration to health. The wound was rapidly and safely healing, when symptoms of pneumonia set in, which baffled the best medical skill, growing more violent each succeeding day.

The native tenderness of his disposition never shone more brightly than in those days of suffering and agony. His patience under suffering was remarked by all. His care for the safety of his two brothers, both in active service, his anxiety for the success of our cause, which he would never permit himself to doubt, all showed his unselfishness. He was frequently engaged in prayer, and when spoken to on the subject of death, said, "It is natural a young man of my age and hopes and anticipations should wish to live, but I am not afraid to die." Turning to his aunt, Mrs. J. P. McGuire, who had been tenderly watching by his suffering bed, said, "Tell my uncle that I was a changed man before I came to lie here, and if God spares my life, I trust my friends will see it in my conduct." To his cousin, Mrs. C., who had been his faithful nurse, he would say, "Cousin G., sing to me; sing hymns to soothe me."

"Thus may it be said that he crowned a youth of unselfish affection for brothers and sisters, and of filial love to his widowed mother, and a manhood of exemplary devotion to his country, with a steadfast faith and trust in his Saviour, which divested death of its sting and snatched from the grave its victory."

He retained his consciousness until within a few hours of the end, when, under the effect of an anodyne, his mind wandered.

On the morning of the 23d of December, 1863, surrounded by affectionate relatives and friends, by a devoted mother and sisters and brother, and by one loving and most tenderly beloved, this vigorous and promising young soldier closed his earthly career.

The following extract from a letter of Lieutenant Holmes

Boyd, of the Ordnance Department, to a friend in Albemarle, was written shortly after Colonel COLSTON'S death:

"I am truly sorry to hear of Colonel COLSTON'S death. What a blow to his mother! He was in truth a noble man, kind, generous, brave, chivalrous. His affection for his mother and sisters, and the self-sacrificing spirit he always evinced when their comfort or interest was concerned, was indeed beautiful. Colonel COLSTON was cut off whilst leading a useful career, a career honorable to himself, his family, and his country. As an officer he stood high; second to none of his rank, superior to the large majority."

On Christmas morning, 1863, the funeral services were performed in the chapel of the University, according to the rites of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His remains were buried with military honors in the cemetery of the University of Virginia.

LEWELLYN CRITTENDEN,

OF LANCASTER COUNTY, VIRGINIA; LIEUTENANT, CO. "E," 40TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

LEWELLYN CRITTENDEN was born at Kilmarnock, Lancaster County, Virginia, on the 24th of August, 1841. His father was a young and rising lawyer when he was removed by death from the guardianship of his two boys, LEWELLYN and Addison, who but a short time previous had to mourn the loss of a mother. Thus early made orphans, these boys were adopted by their grandmother, Mrs. C. B. Crittenden, who faithfully and religiously devoted herself to the charge of rearing them.

She was a most judicious trainer of children, securing at the same time perfect obedience and perfect freedom of approach.

They were early sent to school, and enjoyed the benefits of the instruction of some of the best teachers of their vicinity.

LEWELLYN, the subject of this sketch, soon displayed talents of no ordinary character, and was generally at the head of his classes. Fond of athletic sports, he did not become a book-worm, though he was always an excellent student; he seemed ever ambitious to be *excellent*, whether on the play-ground or in the class-room. In August, 1859, when about eighteen years of age, he applied for and received the appointment of State cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, where he at once took a high stand for scholarship. It is believed that he was much beloved by his classmates, as is evidenced by the numerous letters found among his papers. The secession of South Carolina awoke in him those sentiments of patriotism that he afterwards so well illustrated in his brief career as a Confederate soldier. He grew impatient as Virginia lingered in the Union, and only awaited the decision of her Convention. Had she refused to secede, he determined to "abandon her forever" and cast in his lot with the seceded States.

It was with joy, however, that he heard the welcome news that the "Old Dominion" had cast loose from the Union, and promptly and cheerfully did he proceed to the duties assigned to the corps as drill-officers in Richmond.

When his services there could be dispensed with, he at once returned to his home in Richmond County; and though he had various offers of commissions in many of the companies he had instructed, he enlisted as a private in the Totuskey Grays, afterwards known as Co. "B," 40th Virginia Infantry.

He served for six months or more in this company, doing service on the Potomac, when, in obedience to a call made by the superintendent of the Institute, and by persuasion of his friends, he returned to that institution, and after graduating (December 6, 1861) was soon made assistant professor.

But his spirit chafed at the thought that he was not in the field sharing the hardships and dangers of his companions, and he tendered his resignation.

Upon its acceptance, he sought his old position in the ranks of Co. "B"; but the regiment had already learned

something of his worth, and he was elected lieutenant in Co. "E." The regiment was soon ordered to the Chickahominy, where it was destined to receive its baptism of fire.

In Field's Brigade of A. P. Hill's Light Division it was among the first to cross the Meadow bridges, and to commence, at Mechanicsville, the series of battles around Richmond.

Lieutenant CRITTENDEN fought heroically until, on Monday evening, June 30, 1862, while acting as adjutant of the regiment, gallantly cheering on the men, he fell mortally wounded, a Minié-ball having passed entirely through his bowels. The following extract from a communication to his grandmother, written soon after his death by Mr. Buckner, who was with him in his last moments, and who closed his eyes, will give a just idea of his character as brought out in death.

Mr. Buckner says, "Lieutenant CRITTENDEN was wounded in the Monday evening's fight at Frasier's Farm. When I first saw him he had been brought to the rear. I asked how he was. He answered, in a quiet, calm way, 'I am dying!' I asked if I could do anything for him; he said he felt cold. I wrapped him up in my blanket and fixed him as comfortably as I could. He told me he knew he was mortally wounded; that it was hard to die so young; that he had no mother or father, no one to grieve for him but a brother and his old grandmother, whose heart, he feared, the news of his death would break. He seemed very anxious to be carried to Richmond to see his brother. I tried to get an ambulance, but could not succeed. I then got a wagon, and was about to start with him, when Major Deshields came along and advised against it, as he thought he could not stand the jolting; the doctor also agreed with him. I then carried him to a field-hospital, where the surgeons were very kind and attentive, and remained with him till he died, about day, Wednesday morning. During all the time he was perfectly rational, and talked as calmly as though nothing was the matter with him; said he *gloried in his death*; that he knew he died in the right cause; that he would not have it otherwise.

“My brother had a conversation with him on the subject of religion, and prayed with him. He said he was not afraid to die, and felt that he would not be lost. He asked me to see his brother, and gave me some directions, which I attended to after his death. I wrapped him in his blanket, buried him as decently as I could, and inclosed his grave, putting his name at the head.

“I had been in his company, and admired him, but had not conceived of his real heroism and nobility of character. He spoke of his grandmother often, and his thought to the last seemed to be more of his friends than of himself.”

Thus, in plain and simple language, is eloquently told the story of a hero's death by the stranger comrade, the tender nurse of the dying soldier. Mr. Buckner remarked to the writer that Lieutenant CRITTENDEN frequently exclaimed, as if in rapture, “*Oh, it is glorious to die for my country!*”

His dust lies yet on the battle-field where his comrades buried him. And there let him rest. No nobler spirit ever winged its flight from the field.

His superior intellect gave promise to his friends of a brilliant career for him; and doubtless, had he survived, he would have risen to eminence. But the martyred hero of a lost cause rests; the brother he loved so well in one short year sealed his devotion to his country on the heights of Gettysburg, sending, by a comrade, a message of love to the beloved grandmother, expressing a perfect willingness and readiness to go, obedient to the summons of the God he had faithfully served.

And soon after the cause was lost the grandmother “crossed the river,” and doubtless met her “boys” in the “better land.”

And there they rest, forever rest. “Green be the turf above them!”

CHARLES GAY CROCKETT,

OF WYTHEVILLE, VIRGINIA; PRIVATE, CO. "B," CORPS OF CADETS.

He whose name gives title to this little sketch had the fortune to be numbered among the military children of Virginia only for a brief while, the entire period of his connection with the Institute as a cadet lasting no more than three and a half months.

He was the fifth son and sixth child of Gustavus A. Crockett and Elizabeth E. Erskine, and was born on the 3d of December, 1846, at the elegant family residence of "Glenbrook," hard by the mountain village of Wytheville, Virginia. Amid the many comforts of this home, and subject all the while to the elevating influences of its fine natural surroundings, he spent the whole of his short lifetime up to the hour of his departure for Lexington. Here with his family and friends, with the watchful parental eye upon him, and under the private instruction of a Trinity scholar and worthy gentleman well qualified to develop and educe whatever moral and intellectual worth was in him, was his preparatory education conducted. He greatly loved this pleasant home and its pursuits, and his school-days here were made the most of by habits of study faithfully acquired, by improving associations, and, as the years grew, by a steady growth, in which, under judicious training, heart and intellect kept nearly equal pace. This home-schooling under his excellent private tutor constituted his sole preparation for college, for he never attended any other school. Yet, when, on the 1st of February, 1864, and a little after his seventeenth birthday, it was determined that he should enter the Institute as a cadet, he was found to be unusually well prepared for matriculation.

His life under the paternal roof was of an even tenor, not marred by any conspicuous originalities either of character or conduct; but nevertheless he had a way of his own which

served to distinguish him honorably among his associates. That was the way of a good boy. Were a friend, to whom she could talk unreservedly about her son, to ask his mother what were his most prominent traits, she would fondly answer, his ready decision of purpose and his strong adherence to what he believed to be right. So observable, indeed, was this last-named quality, that it was sometimes mistaken for downright stubbornness by young persons with whom he now and then happened to differ about the right and wrong of an act or a principle. On one occasion, his father spoke of it to an old acquaintance, who was a guest in the house, seeming to deplore it as likely, erewhile, to grow into a repulsive and selfish hard-heartedness. But the old lady, who was a mother and had a mother's keener insight into child-nature, gently intimated that he had perhaps misconceived the lad's character in this respect, and ventured to assure him that what he feared might become obstinacy was a far better thing, namely, that firmness of resolve, which in after-years, and when corrected by superior knowledge and intercourse with men, would render his child the successful man. Alas! CHARLES did not live long enough to verify completely his kind old advocate's prediction. Yet, looking over the fair page that memory hath writ concerning him, how pleasing it is to note that, according to his allotted measure, he did fulfill the good promise of his childhood to which she pointed! His father's fear was never realized. So far from it, his decision of character, instead of degenerating into willfulness, was more and more softened and beautified, though not weakened, as time went on, by an almost womanly gentleness that won the hearts of all who came into contact with him. In the household circle, and among brothers and sisters, where so many young men, polite enough elsewhere, are wont to feel themselves licensed to throw off their kind and considerate behavior, he was never heard to utter a harsh, or hurtful, or impatient word, and his filial obedience and devotion, especially to his mother, were all that the most exacting, jealous parent could demand.

Now, of course, it is not to be supposed that a healthy and vigorous youth, quick and high-spirited as CHARLES CROCKETT was, could be brought up to so pure and innocent a life without the benign influences of religious culture and discipline. In fact, from his infancy CHARLES had the benefit of Christian precept and example, both in his mother and his private tutor. Almost all boys, when verging upon the first stately steps of manhood, have their attacks of infidelity, real or imaginary,—deeming it to be a very manly thing to discredit, or pretend to discredit, the sweet, simple lessons of faith learned at the mother's knee. The mother's knee, it is to be feared, is fast going out of fashion nowadays; but it never ceased to be an attractive place to CHARLES CROCKETT. If he ever had a spasm of boyish skepticism, no one ever heard of it; nor was it allowed for a single day to interrupt his reverent devotional habits. For some time before he started to Lexington he had been engaged in reading the Holy Scriptures with his mother, and when they were about to part and had finished their last lesson together, she requested him to continue to read regularly on from the passage where they had left off, while she, too, would do the same. He cheerfully promised, and ever afterwards, when he would write to her from the Institute, he would not fail in any letter to cite the last chapter that he read: thus showing how lively was his interest in their conjoined employment, and keeping up between himself and his distant home a sacred bond that is exceeding precious to be remembered. No doubt many a young man, whose eye may chance to alight on this memorial, will think it very old-fashioned for a boy of seventeen to be so filial and pure-souled and pious; but let him be assured that one may be all that CHARLES CROCKETT was in these respects and still be a high-mettled, ingenuous, and brave boy, as well as an agreeable companion among his peers. Yes, for there was no unnatural affectation of superior virtue about the piety we have described, no disgusting priggishness and self-conceit; it was simply the religion that is both right and becoming to a frank, impulsive, open-hearted youth.

But little more tarries to be told. The manner of life that we have related here still went evenly on when CHARLES became a cadet. Among the hundreds of young men who were then assembled at our Military Institute, striving eagerly to learn the art of defending better their beleaguered country and homes, he was remarkable, as those who knew him best bear witness, for his punctual attendance on his studies and recitations, and his exact obedience to the rules and regulations of the school. Unquestioning respect for his superiors, diligence at his books, kindness to his comrades,—these, all agree, marked his career as a cadet. His room-mates tell us that they admired and liked him, not so much as a mischievous play-fellow, ready always for a frolic or a practical joke, but for higher and more enduring excellence,—for his integrity, his modesty, his sterling worth. And in the practice of these virtues were his days passed until his death, which occurred, in the willing service of his country and while doing his duty, on the 15th of May, 1864, at the battle of New Market. He fell in the charge made by the corps of cadets on a battery of the enemy's guns, being struck in the head by a flying shell and instantly killed. His last remembered deed ere the dawn of the fatal day was one of thoughtful kindness to those about him,—making a large fire on the night before the battle for the comfort of his mess, all of whom, except himself, being tired by the previous day's hard marching, were stretched upon the ground fast asleep. Through friendly care his body was returned to his home to be buried; and now, when the sun, still glowing after it has gone down behind the neighboring mountains, sheds after it richest hues of purple and crimson and violet and gold, these seem to fall with peculiar brightness on that mound in one of Wytheville's quiet spots, underneath which repose the earthly remains of our good and brave boy, CHARLES GAY CROCKETT.

CHARLES A. CRUMP,

OF POWHATAN COUNTY, VIRGINIA; COLONEL, 16TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

CHARLES A. CRUMP, son of Richard and Elizabeth R. Crump, was born in Powhatan County, Virginia, August 16, 1822. He was the youngest of five children. His eldest brother, Captain William G. Crump, commanded a company of Texas Rangers in the Mexican war. Another brother, James H. Crump, served as a quartermaster during the late war; and a third brother, Colonel Philip Crump, commanded an independent regiment from the vicinity of Jefferson, Texas, which did efficient service with the armies of McCulloch and Sterling Price. The latter, a brave and fearless soldier, escaped the vicissitudes and dangers of the war to die from the hardships of an unjust imprisonment to which he was subjected, upon an utterly groundless charge, by the Federal authorities, after the war.

As a child and youth, CHARLES CRUMP was of amiable and affectionate disposition; reared by a widowed mother, he was always a source of comfort to her.

When about seventeen years of age, through the influence of his friend and relative, Colonel Henry L. Hopkins, of Powhatan, he was appointed a cadet in the new State Military Institute then about to be organized at Lexington. On the 11th of November, 1839, the natal day of that institution, with twenty-seven companions, he matriculated. Of this little band more than one-half served our country during the war, and five laid down their lives for her.

Cadet CRUMP resigned before graduation, and, settling in Nottoway County, took charge of a male school located at the present site of Burkeville Junction. He continued principal of this school until 1845, when he went into mercantile business with Mr. G. A. Miller, spending a portion of his time as salesman with Brook, Bell & Co., and later with Wadsworth, Turner & Co., wholesale dry-goods merchants in Rich-

mond. In 1845 he was elected colonel of the Nottoway militia, and was appointed brigade-inspector of his district.

In 1859 he was elected to the Legislature from the counties of Amelia and Nottoway. While a member of the Legislature, the State Convention, sitting at Richmond, passed the ordinance of secession. Colonel CRUMP, though opposed to secession, was among the first (after the passage of the ordinance) to offer his services to the Governor of the State. He was sent, with Hon. John Seddon and others, to take possession of the United States Armory at Harper's Ferry. On his return to Richmond, was ordered, with Colonel Colston, to Norfolk on a similar expedition, and took possession of the United States Arsenal and Armory at this place. In May, 1861, was appointed lieutenant-colonel of volunteers, and was assigned to the 16th Virginia Infantry (Colonel Colston), and in July was commissioned full colonel, and ordered to Gloucester Point to the command of the 26th Virginia Regiment and other forces stationed at this point. He remained in command of this place until the reorganization of the army, when he was not re-elected, Colonel P. R. Page being chosen colonel of the regiment. He retained the command of the post, however, by special order of General Joseph E. Johnston, until after the evacuation of the Peninsula by the Confederate forces, when he conducted the retreat of his command—about two thousand five hundred troops and one hundred and twenty-five wagons—along the north bank of York River to the lines around Richmond.

Just at this time he was attacked with a severe fever, which compelled him to retire from his command, and was carried to his home in Nottoway. During his illness, his old regiment, the 16th Virginia, learning that he was without an office, unanimously elected him colonel of the regiment. As soon as he was able to leave his bed he hastened to this regiment, then stationed at Manassas. He reached his command on the 28th of August, 1862. Just before night, when victory was crowning our arms, after the battle of Sunday, the 30th, Colonel CRUMP was ordered to charge a battery of the enemy.

Dismounting from his horse, he was addressing a few words of encouragement to his men, when he received a severe wound in his arm, which would have justified him in leaving the field; but instead, as a lion enraged by the sight of blood, he waved his sword aloft with his bloody hand and arm, and shouted, "Come on, boys, I am with you till the last!" With the words on his lips, another ball struck him, piercing his neck, and he never spoke again. His remains were interred at Hay Market, in Prince William County.

Colonel CRUMP was of splendid personal appearance, and his innate qualities matched the goodly form which nature in her prodigality had bestowed upon him. He was a most devoted son, a fond brother, an affectionate husband, a kind father, a true, faithful friend, a high-toned, unflinching, honorable, brave man and soldier. He left a wife and one little daughter, who soon followed her father to the grave, and an aged mother, who lived to see three of her sons die for their country, and who, having reached the "labor and sorrow" of fourscore years, has just gone to her rest.

STAPLETON CRUTCHFIELD,

OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COUNTY, VIRGINIA; COLONEL, AND CHIEF OF ARTILLERY, 2D CORPS, A. N. V.

The subject of this brief memoir was a distinguished graduate of the Virginia Military Institute. In common with many alumni of that State-fostered institution, he sealed with his life's blood the great principle of primary allegiance to his native State.

This highly-endowed and accomplished young Virginian, like numberless faithful sons of the "Old Dominion" who fell martyrs in her defense when iniquitously assailed, was of gentle blood and ancestral virtue. He also possessed per-

sonal qualities, intellectual and moral, of highest value, and had achieved, before the war, when scarce beyond the threshold of manhood, a position of extraordinary influence. The post of Adjunct Professor of Mathematics in the Virginia Military Institute, with the entire duties of the chair mainly on his shoulders, had been, in 1858, three years after his graduation, by a disinterested board of visitors, assigned him,—on the strong recommendation of the superintendent and faculty, and with the sanction of the Governor of the State.

A year or two thereafter, the ever-encroaching spirit of Northern assumption, expressed in taxation pernicious to the Southern States, and in the hostile fury of abolitionism, assumed its war-aspect, under the political battle-cry invented by Mr. Seward, of "irrepressible conflict" between the institutions of the two sections, and adopted by Mr. Lincoln as the motto on his banner when elected President by the Northern multitude. The cotton States justly jealous, in view of menace so serious, fell back upon their original rights, never intended to be relinquished, but rather to be inviolably secured by the provisions of the Federal Constitutional compact, and formally withdrew from that compact on the ground that it had been violated on the other side, and was now used as a mere pretext for their ruin. Virginia, true to her history and relations, as sharing the interests and institutions of the South, yet also strongly attached to the compact of union, of which she was virtually the author, endeavored to interpose a wise mediatorship between the confidently threatening Northern mass and their government on the one side, and the defensively defiant Southern States on the other. Unhappily, the stronger section, misled by presumption into disregard of justice, and its government in Washington, inflated by power, would listen to no appeal for delay in behalf of conciliatory counsels. Utter submission by the weaker section to the entire demands of its mightier neighbor, or a vast outpouring of blood, was the single issue. On this, no people at all entitled to be regarded as Christian and free could hesitate, in

reliance upon the Supreme arbiter of right, to accept the latter alternative.

Mr. Lincoln's war-proclamation was accordingly issued. And Virginia, forced by it to decide between assailant and assailed, virtuously sided with the latter.

As became his lineage, his training, his intelligent patriotism, and his entire principles as a man and a Christian, young CRUTCHFIELD sprang, at such a crisis, as did every true Virginian, to the defense of his own, his native land. Nor did his honorable and efficient career as a patriot soldier end until a deadly shot terminated his life at the fatal pass of Sailor's Creek, between Petersburg and Appomattox, about four days before the death of "the lost cause," at the last-named locality. While we mourn the violent, early removal of one so young and well adapted to usefulness, we have, however, to rejoice that he went with "a good hope through grace," and that he was "taken from the evil to come." Incalculably less sad such a departure than the living death experienced in Virginia, and more dreadfully in States farther South, by thousands, who have survived to witness and bear the unremitting malice of the conquering section and its multitudes, and the relentless vengeance of their now all-powerful government.

To a brief memoir of this exemplary young Virginian, distinguished graduate and officer of the Virginia Military Institute, faithful soldier, and Christian martyr patriot, a few pages will now be devoted, giving some interesting details respecting his boyhood, student-life, religious character, scientific attainments, and military history.

For the account of his descent and childhood we are indebted to his only sister, the justly-honored daughter-in-law of that full compeer of the world's grandest human benefactors, the late noble Commodore Maury. This graceful tribute from a heart so true we give in its own touching language.

STAPLETON CRUTCHFIELD was born June 21, 1835, at "Spring Forest," in Spottsylvania County, Virginia,—the home of his paternal grandmother, then a widow with a large family, all under the care of her oldest child, STAPLETON's father. His

people were Minors. His grandmother (paternal) was Elizabeth Lewis Minor, of "Sunning Hill," Louisa County, who married Stapleton Crutchfield, a man largely loved and trusted in his own county of Spottsylvania, which he represented in the Virginia Legislature for a series of years. His maternal grandmother was Barbara Minor, of "Topping Castle," in Caroline County, who married William Kemp Gatewood, of Essex County, and lived at a beautiful home, "Ben Lomond," on the Rappahannock River. Here her eldest daughter, Susan Elizabeth Gatewood, was married, in 1833, to her up-country cousin, Oscar Minor Crutchfield, and left her river-side home with him for the plain country life of "Spring Forest." Her husband was their all in all to his widowed mother and fatherless brothers and sisters. He was also universally beloved throughout the county, and was returned to the Legislature by unanimous election for well-nigh thirty years. During all the later years of that extended term, moreover, he presided as Speaker over the deliberations of that body, with a felicity of administrative vigor rarely surpassed.

In the boy STAPLETON'S infancy, when on a visit to "Ben Lomond," he was baptized by Rev. John P. McGuire, his grandmother's and mother's pastor, that pastor himself becoming also a godfather to the dear child. It is delightful to believe that the "effectual, fervent prayers" of this "righteous man" were, long years after, with other agencies, of much "avail" in bringing the young man to a recognition of vows made in his Baptism, and thus becoming by choice "Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end."

He never knew when he could first read, so early was it in his childhood; and so fond was he of reading that not seldom was the derisive term "book-worm" applied to him.

When STAPLETON was eight or nine years old, an uncle of his father's died and left to that father, his favorite nephew Oscar, a comfortable home three miles from "Spring Forest." This bachelor uncle's residence was "the great house" of the district, being of fine red brick, with a slate roof, then regarded

much as is now a "Mansard." To STAPLETON and his, by this time, several brothers and one sister, this "Green Branch" was a paradise, with its mill and pond and meadows and orchards. There was a large carpenter's shop, too, where very creditable work was carried on for farm purposes, by one of the servants who had been trained to the business, and in this shop the lad STAPLETON spent most of his time not given to books. He was always experimenting in mechanics, and succeeded in making an ingenious little combination of machinery to be worked by the stream at the foot of the hill, which to his admiring small companions, white and black, was very wonderful. "Even now," says his sister, "can I hear the music of its shrill little 'click, clack.'" He then essayed a larger work, and with his own hands, by dint of patient industry, built a boat to be rowed up and down the mill-pond, a distance of a mile. To reward his labors, his delicate mother, fondly affectionate, sufficiently yielded her fears to allow herself to be cajoled into the ambitious young artisan's craft, and be paddled to the head of the pond among the water-lilies, and down again to the mill-dam.

With all his out-door life, his carpentering, his hunting, fishing, and rabbit-catching, which made existence to him then one long holiday, he failed not to find time for reading, and often spent a long summer's day, on the grass under the trees, devouring some book. During actual holidays, when school-days had come, this mixed life of sport, work, and reading always returned with its endless resources and enjoyment.

At about twelve, the self-cultivating boy was sent to a school some distance off, admirably conducted by an energetic kinswoman of the family, Miss E. H. Hill, who contrived judiciously to manage together a few girls and a number of boys. STAPLETON was her acknowledged favorite, because of his uniformly correct deportment and studious habits. His mother, like most of her class in our dear Virginia, in spite of delicate health, a large household, and all the cares incident to farm-life, and notwithstanding, too, her son's manifold self-found avocations, had contrived so well herself to teach him,

that wherever he went to school he proved most thorough in all he had learned.

Having stayed nearly two years at the "Mount Airy" school under Miss Hill, he was transferred to one of higher grade, under the care of his good godfather, Rev. John P. McGuire, at Loretto, Essex County, Virginia. Here he took and maintained a high stand, and was thence transferred to the Virginia Military Institute, in August, 1851, being then just sixteen years old.

For some reason the isolated world of youths under rigid military forms, into the midst of which the boy of previous domestic training was now thrown, proved to him, at first, uncongenial and disadvantageous. At any rate, former propriety of conduct and habits of application gave way to indifference alike to lessons and to regulations. Under the strict discipline of the Military Institute, this state of things could not be long tolerated. Young CRUTCHFIELD was, therefore, after some months, sent home, as an unpromising subject for the educational system of a military school. The next year, however, not to distress his mother, he again sought admission into the Institute, was received into the lowest of its three classes, and entered upon that course of assiduous attention to duty, however distasteful, which, with his superior abilities and cultivation from childhood, could not but eventuate in his reaching and holding the first place in his class.

His mother and himself were all this while, until her removal from earthly trials, the dearest friends, and corresponded with such regularity and affection as deeply to impress the younger children. So full were his letters of life and love, and so neatly and fairly were they written, that by his mother they were greatly prized.

"When our dear mother was dying, in 1853," writes his sister, "and he was summoned home to see her, well do I remember his great grief. He begged she would give him a plain gold ring, with 'My Mother' engraven inside; and, as she put it on his finger, he voluntarily promised her never

to touch the wine-cup, nor approach a gaming-table, snares destructive to so many men of bright prospects. This promise, it is believed, he kept with pious strictness to his dying day. Most touching was it to witness his sad sorrow the first summer he spent at home after our mother's death."

Having achieved two of the Institute classes with highest distinction, and being at the head of that to graduate within a year, our young friend, at about nineteen, received the compliment, due to his abilities, attainments, and worth, of being appointed acting Assistant Professor of Mathematics. In the summer of 1855, when just twenty years of age, he graduated at the Virginia Military Institute with the highest honors of his class, and was at once appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics.

During the three years from the summer of 1855 to that of 1858 the young assistant professor performed most satisfactorily, and with increasing ability, the duties of his position, and at the end of that term, before the opening of the fall session of 1858, had conferred upon him the distinction, eminent, indeed, for a young man of only twenty-three, of being appointed full Professor (adjunct) of Mathematics in the Virginia Military Institute, with the entire duties of the chair resting mainly upon him. This honorable post, with diffused study, original investigation and production, and remarkable success, he filled until the war-cloud burst in 1861. At that time there were probably few men of his age on the continent of brighter promise.

It was during this interesting period of his life that occurred the most important event, perhaps, of his earthly history; viz., the revival of those early religious impressions which, received under a godly mother's prayerful teaching, and deepened at the devoutly-conducted schools with which he had been favored, had been well-nigh obliterated by that worldly habit of mind to which incautious mortals are prone, especially a crowd of heedless youths away from the blessed influences of home. Remarkable, instructive, and encouraging to all faithful exemplars and teachers of the revealed "way of life" was the

process by which this superior young man was brought back to the narrow path conducting heavenward. He had been reading that racy and graphic, but not particularly serious, sketch of boy-life, under the wholesome influence of a great and Christian soul, though peculiar, like that of Dr. Arnold, "Tom Brown at Rugby." The sketch, so natural and vivid, replaced him, as it were, in his own school-life under the godly, loving care of his teacher friend, Rev. John P. McGuire, and thence bore him back to the pleading piety of his now sainted mother. The foundations of his spiritual being were stirred to their depths. Scripture and prayer were his resources under the strong convictions produced. Of one or two friends, and especially of the parish rector, he also sought counsel. The result was a cordial acceptance of the blessed gospel as the sure record of a Divine Redeemer, and personal application to the Lord for acceptance in the covenant of grace. In consequence, on a visitation of the parish soon after, he publicly ratified his infantile baptismal vows, as one of the confirmed by Bishop Johns, on the 26th June, 1859.

Thenceforward his life was that of a devout Christian and consistent, habitual communicant of the Church. He at once gladly accepted the superintendency of the parish Sunday-school, and, until called away, usefully discharged its duties.

In the early spring of 1861, war being virtually declared against the Southern States by Mr. Lincoln, representing the hostile passions of Northern and Western millions, Virginia and her children had, perforce, to prepare for her large share in the unequal contest, convinced, like her noble son General Lee, "that she had rights and principles to maintain, which she was bound to defend, even should she perish in the endeavor."

The superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute was immediately called to act as one of a State war-council of three in Richmond. Stonewall Jackson and his associates of the Virginia Military Institute and the corps of cadets were promptly ordered to that capital for specific duties. Very soon those duties were assigned in various directions. Jack-

son was dispatched to the critical point, as supposed, of Harper's Ferry, and raised to the rank of brigadier. Colonels Gilham and Williamson had committed to them important and appropriate service, and Prof. CRUTCHFIELD, invested with the nominal rank of major, was, for the preparatory months of April, May, and June, assigned to the useful, though not inviting, task of drilling and preparing for the field a large number of young men from the University of Virginia.

The collision of arms being evidently then at hand, all were naturally anxious to be in their right place for action; and CRUTCHFIELD'S earnest appeal for effectual assignment was answered by his being, early in July, 1861, commissioned major of the 9th Regiment Virginia Artillery Volunteers, and ordered for duty therewith to Craney Island, a point then deemed of great importance for the protection of Norfolk, and committed to the command of Colonel F. H. Smith, Superintendent Virginia Military Institute, now made colonel of the Artillery Regiment, 9th Virginia Volunteers, of which CRUTCHFIELD was major, and assigned to the defense of that island fort, believed to be liable to early assault by ships seeking access to Virginia's ancient and chief seaport.

The force at Craney Island consisted of detachments from several regiments, besides a portion of the 9th Artillery. And as Colonel Smith, Lieutenant-Colonel Preston, and Major CRUTCHFIELD were all earnest Christian men, they divided the entire body into three communities for the purpose of separate religious instruction and worship, each ministering to his own charge with fervent and punctual zeal. Colonel Smith was afterwards honored by the Governor by being raised to the rank of brevet major-general of engineers.

After some experience of the course of events, it was found that the tug of war lay in other scenes than the bristling island thus occupied. CRUTCHFIELD, therefore, with the ardor belonging to his youth, temperament, and convictions, earnestly sought transfer to active field-service, and was, accordingly, by the Governor, after a month or two, appointed lieutenant-colonel of the 58th Regiment Virginia Infantry Volunteers,

and ordered with it into West Virginia, where it was necessary to restrain disaffection, and remedy previous disaster, and where, in consequence, General R. E. Lee was now in chief command. The difficulties and hardships of the campaign in that quarter during the fall and winter told severely upon the constitution of our young colonel. It therefore became essential that he should have hospital care, and be sent inward on sick-leave. He was about this time obliged to decline the full colonelcy of the 16th Virginia Infantry Volunteers, to which he had been elected.

In the early spring of 1862, the invalid lieutenant-colonel was sufficiently recovered to be restless again for active service, and now found his congenial sphere. Stonewall Jackson, always extremely fond of CRUTCHFIELD, and holding him in high esteem, needed an efficient chief of artillery. Requisite communications passed on the subject, and the result was that the younger officer applied for by General Jackson was appointed colonel of artillery, ordered to report to General Jackson, and assigned to the important post of his chief of artillery. Arriving soon after the opening of that marvelous campaign of the grandest of all lieutenant-generals, Colonel CRUTCHFIELD, with the comprehensive vigor of his fertile and earnest mind, discharged with marked success the arduous duties devolving upon him, and contributed his full share to those bold, quick strokes of the master manœuvrer by which Fremont, Banks & Co. were sent reeling towards Washington, and the victorious 2d Corps was left free to make for McClellan's rear at Richmond with the speed almost as of steam, and to fall upon it with the suddenness and power of a thunderbolt. Then in the sanguinary seven-days' conflicts, which broke the spirit of the misnamed young Napoleon and his hosts, and sent them crouching under cover of inaccessible gunboats far down James River, CRUTCHFIELD's genius and energy aided not a little the wondrous efficiency of Jackson's corps.

So, too, was it in the speedily-following Jacksonian chastisement of the adventurous political-General Schenck at Cedar Mountain, and of the ridiculously-boasting Pope at second

Manassas. To CRUTCHFIELD'S ever industrious and judicious management of his portion of that most complex arm, the artillery, with its manifold objects of attention, officers, men, guns, carriages, ammunition, horses, harness, and all corresponding necessary supplies, and the selection, besides, of battle positions, and having his telling arm well posted and plied therein, was due more than small credit for those great achievements. The same is also true of the capture of Harper's Ferry by Jackson in the late summer of 1862, under cover of General Lee's crossing the Potomac at Leesburg and feigning to menace Washington. Then in the bloody fight at Sharpsburg, amazing in the fact that twenty-seven thousand Confederates stunned and disabled nearly one hundred thousand Federals, the well-managed artillery contributed much to the mighty part performed by Jackson and his corps.

At Fredericksburg again, 13th December, 1862, CRUTCHFIELD and his artillery, with Jackson on the Confederate right, grandly aided the destructiveness with which that hero hurled back the immense multitude sent by Burnside to overpower that wing of General Lee's army.

Efficient in meeting the difficult questions of forage, etc., during the quiescence of an inclement winter, no less than in discharging all duty under the excitements of campaigning, our chief of artillery succeeded in keeping his arm in condition for service through the trying winter of 1862-63. So that on the opening of the contest with the great battle of Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863, he was ready, with a thoroughly-prepared artillery force, to accompany General Jackson, and to share with him the peril and the glory of there contributing so largely to the defeat of "fighting Joe" Hooker, with his thrice-overmatching numbers.

At priceless cost, even Jackson's life invaluable, it is known that great victory was purchased. And, though not at his side, yet, about the same moment, severely wounded was his faithful friend and trusted artillery chief, Colonel CRUTCHFIELD. From the field the same ambulance bore them together.

Neither knew who was his fellow-sufferer until a few faint words on either side revealed them to each other.

While the wound of the immortal commander of the 2d Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, proved, after a few days, fatal, that of his able and efficient artillery chief was found to be, not indeed mortal, but a long while disabling. When sufficiently recovered from the great nervous shock to be removed any considerable distance, he was sent to Lexington for assiduous nursing, and to be under the skillful treatment of that eminent surgeon, Dr. McGuire, Sr., then post-surgeon at Lexington. For a number of months the shattered bones, nerves, etc., of the leg not only caused to the sufferer extreme and prostrating pain, but the remarkable slowness with which they seemed to take on healthy action toward readjustment and restoration, impressed the experienced surgeon with the conviction that his patient could never again be fit for field service. Under this state of facts the Board of Visitors of Virginia Military Institute unanimously elected the wounded colonel of artillery to the chair of Natural Philosophy, etc., which Stonewall Jackson's lamented death had left vacant, and it was by Colonel CRUTCHFIELD accepted under the idea that for field duty he was permanently disabled.

To the surprise of all, however, great improvement in his condition supervened, during the winter of 1863-64, so that feeling himself again adequate to duty with the army, he could no longer be persuaded to forego the presentation of himself for assignment to suitable service where most important. His old post was no longer open for resumption by him. On the death of the unmatched lieutenant-general who had commanded the 2d Corps, General Lee determined that of that corps, and of the 1st, commanded by Longstreet, there should be formed a third, of which General A. P. Hill should be the lieutenant-general commanding, while Longstreet should, as before, command the 1st, and Lieutenant-General Ewell the 2d. Colonel E. P. Alexander was promoted, and became brigadier-general and chief of artillery, 1st Corps. Colonel A. S. Long became, in like manner, briga-

dier-general and chief of artillery, 2d Corps, and Colonel R. L. Walker, brigadier-general and chief of artillery, 3d Corps.

No fit place thus remained with the army in the field for the efficient 2d Corps' chief of artillery, so long unavoidably absent that his post had necessarily been assigned to another; well-earned promotion also had he thereby failed to receive.

Richmond being constantly the objective-point aimed at by the Washington government and its army and navy of invasion, it was of course essential there should be always ready a sufficient and well-officered force defending the lines around this city. To the command of an important portion of these defenses was Colonel CRUTCHFIELD at once assigned, when in person he reported for duty to the adjutant-general, and requested some adequate and useful active service. Thus it was that he missed the great battles of 1864, from the Wilderness to second Cold Harbor, in which Grant with his two hundred thousand was so tremendously butchered and beaten off by General Lee and his primary fifty thousand. Still, in common with his fellow-defenders of the Richmond lines, on occasion,—such as the cavalry dash after Stuart's death,—to surprise and carry the works, etc.,—CRUTCHFIELD found need there for all that he possessed of sagacity, courage, and skill. Only by the exercise of such qualities on the part of his associates and himself were several such attempts at surprise and capture effectually frustrated.

When General Grant, marvelously outgeneraled by General Lee and beaten away down to City Point, yielded his famous purpose to "fight it out on" the direct "line" to Richmond, and substituted, therefore, the investment of Petersburg, the defensive line at Richmond became of even greater importance, inasmuch as General Lee's reduced force could spare but a handful to oppose the large threatening body which Grant might leave from his reinforced masses, shattered as they had been, on the north bank of James River. His main body it was essential General Lee should meet and counteract in their attempt upon Petersburg.

Active movements and vigorous fighting occurred from

time to time on the Richmond lines, as well as on those around Petersburg, during the fall of 1864 and winter of 1865, and in these, so far as they involved his post of service, Colonel CRUTCHFIELD with the brave men, his companions, bore an efficient part.

Thus came the early spring of 1865, witnessing increase of want and diminution of strength in the Confederate men, individually, and in their numbers and ability as an army. The barbarous policy of devastation in productive districts which Grant, Sherman, etc., had adopted, and the kindred plan of giving five Federals for one Confederate, Grant's suggestion of genius, the notorious scheme of "attrition," were severely telling on the gallant defenders of the rights of their States, their altars, and their firesides, and reducing to dimensions wholly inadequate their organized army. The alternated line of over thirty miles from the northern side of Richmond around to the southern and western sides of Petersburg,—affording in many places scarce one defender to ten paces,—was, on the morning of Sunday, April 2, 1865, broken by a combined charge of the enemy at a point southwest of Petersburg.

Only the extraordinary genius, self-possession, and power of General Lee enabled him to hold at bay the enemy's surging masses at such an hour, and get his own troops, scattered as they were, within an interior line, which his foresight had provided. Within that line, however, they were, to a wonderful extent, securely gotten, so that again were the swollen numbers of his adversary effectually defied. Still, it was obvious the day had arrived for evacuating Petersburg, and with it, by consequence, Richmond. Dispatches were accordingly sent by General Lee to the Executive and War Department in Richmond, with requisition for abundant supplies to be sent by railroad to Amelia Court-House, whither the commanding general would hasten with his force, and where it was directed all the troops in and around Richmond should also rendezvous. There accordingly met, by Wednesday forenoon, April 5, 1865, all that remained of the glorious Army of

Northern Virginia, including the gallant General Ewell, who had for some time been commanding at Richmond; General Custis Lee, with an important body of Richmond defenders, armed artisans, etc., and Colonel CRUTCHFIELD under them, controlling an extemporized brigade, and acting as brigadier.

From some cause no supplies, so essential for famishing men and animals, arrived, and therefrom resulted the greatest difficulties conceivable. Processes of relief had to be extemporized, which necessitated delay and correspondent loss of precious time, every moment of which should else have been employed in hastening to the mountains.

This loss of time was rendered more perilous by the fact that a dispatch from army headquarters to the authorities in Richmond, indicating General Lee's numbers and route, was in the city mislaid, and fell into the enemy's hands. The Confederate plan was therefore known, as otherwise it could not have been; and hence unusual activity characterized the enemy in driving forces ahead to obstruct the advance of our army on its ascertained route, and others in pursuit to harass, where possible, its obstructed rear.

From the nature of the case, the less seasoned and disciplined troops, from Richmond, under their commanders, interspersed with a few organized bodies of the hardy veterans of General Lee's long-tried army, had to bring up the rear. It was scarcely possible that men, so long mainly stationary, should keep up, in forced marches, with soldiers whom habit had rendered, under Jackson and others, entitled to the designation "foot cavalry." Thus it happened that while these latter, the more thoroughly trained portion of our army, had, for the most part, to push on with vigor at night, get into position, form line of battle, and fight all day, the less active portion, assisted by such of what might be termed the "regulars" of the Southern force as could be spared from the front, had to bring up the rear, which was supposed less likely to be assailed by any formidable array of the enemy. The inference was,—no one dreaming of the secret of our course having been gotten by the enemy, through a dispatch mislaid in Rich-

mond,—that their main endeavor would be to obstruct our progress by a strong cavalry force, so as to allow the main body of the enemy to come up, as advised by the cavalry, and cut off our advance toward the mountains.

There proved, however, an obstruction in the way of the rear half of the Confederate column, which the knowledge possessed by the enemy prevented their overcoming with adequate promptness, and which placed them almost inevitably within the destructive power of an immense pursuing body of the enemy. That obstruction was the well-nigh impassable mud in the road and along all parallel tracks across the Valley, and at the defile road of Sailor's Creek, a small stream which empties into the Appomattox River. Much rain had fallen, rendering the passage of wagons, etc., everywhere difficult, and here, of course, peculiarly so. Moreover, the passage of all the leading half of our column, with its artillery and train, had rendered doubly difficult, and well-nigh impracticable, the miry Valley and defile of the Sailor's Creek passage.

Here, then, utterly hindered and unavoidably more or less confused, was all that portion of our column exposed to surrounding and overwhelming assault. And in this condition it was virtually surrounded and severely attacked.

Able and intrepid commanders did, in the emergency, all that could be achieved under such conditions with troops a number of whom were recently from hospitals and workshops. The gallant and maimed General Ewell, with accustomed vigor, directed preparations for meeting the enemy at all points. General Custis Lee, in personal command of the mixed organizations from Richmond, supervised the arrangement of them, and valiantly directed them in the fight, while General Richard Anderson, much confided in by General Lee, had special command of the trained troops assisting all that rear portion of our column.

Colonel CRUTCHFIELD, to whom had been committed a brigadier-general's command of the troops from Richmond, was at his post, faithfully endeavoring to preserve order under the severe pressure of enveloping attack. Confusion incident

to such attack was becoming diffusive, and it was growing more and more evident some readjustment of forces must be promptly made. And having at hand no staff officer to send to General Custis Lee or General Ewell for orders and relief, the acting brigadier himself, after a moment's conference with Major Hardin, a fellow-graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, and gallant battalion commander, whom he saw near, efficiently using against the enemy his small force, put spurs to his horse and rode under a furious fire to find one of the generals commanding, and get, if possible, assistance for this exposed point, and explanation of plans for the future. This was the last known of him in life. A short time after he was found on the field, not far from where his conference with Major Hardin had occurred, shot through the head, and entirely lifeless. Before that night closed in the whole organized force there had been compelled to surrender. Generals Ewell and Custis Lee were prisoners, and such appliances as they had at the impracticable pass fell into the enemy's hands. None escaped but a few hundreds of tough, active, and resolute men, who, foreseeing the result, made good their exit, and reached the hard-fighting advance-half of what remained of the toil-worn and battle-reduced Army of Northern Virginia.

At the time of his tragic end Colonel CRUTCHFIELD was within a month or two of being thirty years old, and it may be with modest confidence affirmed that there was scarcely another man of his age on the continent who excelled him in mental endowments and scientific culture, in faithful gallantry as a patriot soldier, and in the exemplary performance of all relative duties. For six years he had been a devout, consistent, earnest Christian, marked alike by fervency, cheerfulness, and practical activity for others' welfare; and on the minds of his pious friends there can remain no shadow of doubt that his glorious death of momentary pain was a blessed release from miseries unnumbered, in his beloved Virginia and her Southern sisters subjugated, and a joyful entrance upon the privileged condition of the "spirits of the just made perfect."

REV. WM. N. PENDLETON, D.D.

BASIL G. DABNEY,

OF ALBEMARLE COUNTY, VIRGINIA; PRIVATE, THOMPSON'S HORSE
ARTILLERY.

That their loved ones had died for a cause that was lost seemingly in vain, intensified the grief that brooded over so many Southern homes when the tidings came that our armies had surrendered. How much deeper then was the sorrow, how much harder the blow to bear, when, with the loss of our loved cause, came simultaneously the news that in the last of the dark days between Petersburg and Appomattox, a friend, a brother, a son, had fallen,—so near the end, so near the time when we could have felt him safe from the dangers of war! God knows it was a bitter peace to us! Too hard to bear but for His help.

BASIL GORDON DABNEY was born on the 29th of October, 1847. He was the eldest son of Major William S. Dabney and Susan F. Dabney, *née* Gordon. He was born in Albemarle County, where his parents resided, and was taught at home under the instruction of a private tutor until 1859, when he was sent to the neighboring school of Captain Willoughby Tebbs, where he remained until Captain Tebbs entered the army, in the beginning of the war. After this he continued his studies at home until the latter part of 1864, when he entered the Virginia Military Institute, then located temporarily at Richmond. In February, 1865, thinking it his duty to go into service, he left the Institute and joined Thompson's Battery of Horse Artillery, which was then disbanded for the winter. About the last of March he received orders to report at Petersburg. He reached Richmond on the 2d of April,—the day before the city was evacuated,—and finding his company not yet reorganized, together with his captain, James Thompson, and other members of his company, he joined

temporarily the 2d Virginia Cavalry, and was with that regiment on the retreat.

On Thursday, the 6th of April, 1865, when a number of Confederate baggage-wagons were attacked near Farmville, in Prince Edward County, the 2d Virginia Cavalry was ordered to their defense. A severe fight ensued, and in it young DABNEY received a wound in the right leg, just below the knee. The surgeon to whose care he was intrusted deemed amputation necessary. Owing to the carelessness of the surgeon (who was intoxicated) the chloroform was improperly administered, and the poor boy never rallied from the operation, but died that evening,—April 6, 1865,—aged seventeen years and nearly six months.

BASIL DABNEY when at school had proved himself a hard student. He was naturally fond of reading and study, and was always at the head of his classes. By his teacher he was deemed a youth of very great promise. His family and friends had looked with hope to the fulfillment of this promise. But it was not to be so. Only four days a soldier, his life was borne away on the dying groan of the Southern Confederacy.

EDWARD MOON DABNEY,

OF ALBEMARLE COUNTY, VIRGINIA; CAPTAIN, CO. "C," 52D VIRGINIA
INFANTRY.

EDWARD M. DABNEY, son of Walter Davis, and Lucy Hickman Dabney, was born in Memphis, Tennessee, on the 28th of March, 1839. But upon the death of his mother, a short time after his birth, he was brought to Virginia, and raised by his uncle, Major William S. Dabney, of Albemarle County. When about ten years old he was entered at the school of Mr. Franklin Minor, in the neighborhood of Charlottesville. Here, during the several sessions which he spent under Mr. Minor's

tuition, he showed but little aptitude for study. Fond of fun, practical jokes, and a great tease, his books had few charms for him. In 1855 young DABNEY went to Florida to live with an uncle, who resided in that State, remaining with him only one year. Soon after his return to Virginia he entered the Virginia Military Institute, where he matriculated on the 3d of August, 1858, becoming a member of the fourth class. In April, 1861, the corps of cadets was ordered into service, to act as drill-masters in the camp of instruction at Richmond, and the professors entered the army in different capacities. This of course necessitated the suspension of the academic exercises of the Institute. Cadet DABNEY was at this time a member of the first class, which was to graduate on the 4th of July, 1861. This being prevented by the circumstances mentioned above, their diplomas were not issued until the 6th of the following December. This class served well in defense of their country, twenty-seven out of thirty-five—the number in class—subsequently becoming officers, and seven being killed. Of the latter, four had stood together in class,—Lieutenant T. Alexander, Lieutenant T. C. Kinney, Captain E. M. DABNEY, and Lieutenant R. D. B. Sydnor.

Lieutenant DABNEY (for he had received a commission as second lieutenant in the Confederate army) having performed his duty as drill-master at Richmond, went to Augusta County and raised a company of infantry, which afterwards became Co. "C," 52d Virginia Infantry, of which he was elected captain. This company he led through arduous service, commanding it in two pitched battles. In the first, at Alleghany Mountain, Captain DABNEY distinguished himself by remarkable gallantry. In the second, at McDowell, May 8, 1862, he was so severely wounded in his right arm as to make it impossible for him to return to duty until the following fall. Having in the mean time been advised to get a discharge from service, he refused, and as soon as his wound would allow him rejoined his command. At Fredericksburg, just after the capture of Marye's Hill, he had dismounted from his horse, being at the time acting major of the regiment, when he was

shot through the hips by a grape-shot, and fell mortally wounded. That night he was carried to Richmond, and died ten days after,—on the 23d of December, 1862,—aged twenty-three years and nine months.

Captain DABNEY was an exceedingly tall man, being six feet four inches in height. Generous, warm-hearted, and brave, he was remarkable for his daring and adventurous disposition, and was in more than one instance in danger of losing his life by indulgence in dangerous sports. As a soldier, Captain DABNEY'S gallantry was remarkable, being specially noticeable at the battle of McDowell.

J. LUCIUS DAVIS, Jr.,

OF HENRICO COUNTY, VIRGINIA; PRIVATE, 10TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

The brave young soldier whose name stands at the head of this sketch was born in 1842. His father, Colonel J. Lucius Davis, a graduate of West Point, and well known as a military man in Richmond, was living at the beginning of the war on his farm not far from that city. Here he had given his sons, of whom LUCIUS was the eldest, such thorough training in all manly accomplishments as fitted them specially for military service, their boldness and skill in horsemanship being proverbial.

LUCIUS, in addition to his accomplishments in this direction, showed a decided literary talent at an early age. His father's taste leading him to the study of the Oriental languages, LUCIUS was early placed under the instruction of the Rev. Dr. Michelbacher, a well-known rabbi of Richmond, and made such rapid progress in Hebrew that when about twelve years old he was able to read the Old Testament fluently, as well as to write in Hebrew with great facility. Being at the University in the beginning of the war, he joined the Univer-

sity Rifles as a private, and served with this company five or six months. He then enlisted in one of the companies of his father's regiment, the 10th Virginia Cavalry, and in a short time was promoted to a lieutenancy, and performed his duties faithfully and creditably throughout the arduous campaign of 1862. A lull then taking place in military operations, he resigned his commission and entered the Virginia Military Institute. Here he remained until he heard of his father's capture in the last Maryland campaign, when he rejoined his company and served in its ranks as a private until the day of his death.

On Friday, the 24th of June, 1864, in a cavalry fight near Samaria Church, Charles City County, Virginia, the 10th Regiment was ordered to charge a well-entrenched force of the enemy. As the regiment swept across the field, young DAVIS shouted to his company, "Look out, boys; I will be first in the enemy's works!" And so he was. Just as he was passing over the parapet, he received full in his face the charge fired from the gun of one of the foe stooping behind the works, and fell dead. Inspired by his brave example, his comrades rushed on, stormed the works, avenged his death, and gained victory for the cause which had brought about the death of one of their bravest boys. His remains, together with those of a cousin killed at the same time, were buried in the cemetery of Emmanuel Church, near his old home in Henrico.

LUCIUS DAVIS was in private life genial and pleasant, yet exceedingly modest and diffident. On the field of battle he was as brave as a lion, quiet in danger, undaunted by death. A true and devoted Christian, in death he rejoined his brother Llewellyn, who, like himself, had fallen a sacrifice to patriotic devotion. Both of them were privates in the 10th Cavalry, the first and second sons of an earnest defender of the lost cause, who himself has passed away from earth.

THOMAS B. DAVIS,

OF LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA ; SECOND LIEUTENANT, CO. "D," 2D VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

THOMAS BOWKER DAVIS, a native of the city of Lynchburg, was a son of John T. Davis, a well-known citizen of that place, and was born in 1843. A student of Lynchburg College at the breaking out of the war, though a mere youth of delicate frame and constitution, it was the ardent desire of his heart to hasten from home and loved ones at his country's call. But at the earnest solicitation, in fact, command, of his father (who deemed him too young, as well as physically unfit, for the hardships of camp duty), he entered as a cadet the Virginia Military Institute, January 1, 1862. He soon won the regard of both professors and students,—with the latter universally popular, loved as a brother by many. It was said by some of his fellow-students that he was regarded as the most popular cadet who had ever been at the Institute.

While at the Institute he constantly plead for permission to enter the army, cared nothing for position, but evidenced his true patriotism by his anxiety to serve his country in any capacity. From one of his letters, written February, 1862, is the following quoted:

"The cadets held a meeting on yesterday, offering their services to the Governor for military duty. I do not think they will be accepted as a body. So far as I am concerned, I would as willingly go into the army as private in a good company as to have a title; I think in these times a man should be willing to serve his country in any capacity. I do not think while my country is struggling for life any time to receive an education. I hope after the war to carry out my original plan of studying medicine; but now I cannot be satisfied out of active service. I wish you would use your

influence with father to gain his consent for me to resign and enter the army at once."

In a letter dated May 1, 1862, he mentions with much pleasure orders received by General Smith from General Jackson to reinforce the latter with the corps of cadets. He was with the corps in their service under General Jackson, and a good account of him was rendered. About this time he suffered from ill health, for which cause he received a furlough of two weeks.

During the years 1862 and 1863 he was with the cadets in all of their marches, and when there was occasion acquitted himself with credit.

The 1st of February, 1864, having at last gained the consent of his father, he came home to prepare to enter the army during the ensuing month. His desire to serve his country had increased, though his boyish passion for glory and adventure had changed to a firm conviction of duty alone. He now believed our struggle for liberty would be long and bloody, but his desire was to take his share of the burden. Being fully persuaded of our ultimate success, he freely offered his life to the cause.

In March, 1864, he joined Co. "D," 2d Virginia Cavalry, under the immediate command of Captain Holland, the regiment of Colonel Munford, afterwards brigadier-general.

In April he was in camp near Orange Court-House, in front of Montpelier, the residence of President Madison. During the month of June he fought daily for two weeks in those memorable battles around Richmond with a spirit and bravery never surpassed and seldom equaled. All who knew him testify that there was never a nobler, braver soldier.

Several times, when excused from an encounter on account of the unfitness of his horse, did he borrow one from a comrade and allow him to use the plea of a worn-out horse, and in every instance when appointed to hold the horses did he yield that safer position and mount for the fight.

On the morning of a desperate encounter he was so unwell that his feeble condition was observed by a companion, who

advised him to ask leave to retire. He refusing, this friend called the captain, who entreated him to leave the field. Failing to have any effect, the captain reported his condition to Colonel Munford, who was kind enough to see him in person and request him to retire. Not consenting, the colonel then said, "As your commander, Mr. DAVIS, I order you to leave the field." He, however, fought through the day, or until the enemy was routed, then being in so exhausted a condition that he had to be assisted from his horse.

In June, gaining permission to visit Captain Holland, who was lying wounded in a hospital in Richmond, he remained in that city long enough also to see his sister, who asked why he was wearing his heavy overcoat on such an oppressive day, whereupon he was forced to acknowledge he had given his only other coat to a wounded soldier.

As there was no fighting in his department, on the 1st of July he was granted a two weeks' furlough to recruit his wasted strength, get a new horse, and clothes which he needed. The only respite from the army this noble boy ever asked or received.

The 15th day of August he writes from the Valley of Virginia: "I am pleasantly situated, but I anticipate rough work, as the Yankees are all around us."

His forebodings were painfully realized, for in a few short weeks it was there his brilliant career was ended.

Again, the 3d of September, he writes: "We have had an active campaign since being in the Valley (then near Winchester), but not so severe as the one previous, near Richmond."

About this time Lieutenant Craghead and three others of his company were killed.

During the latter part of the summer DAVIS was appointed second lieutenant in "D" Company. The following extracts from his letters will give some account of his life during the last month of his life:

"We are having skirmishes every day, but no general engagement."

Waynesboro', September 29.—“I have escaped unhurt; expect I may come home within two weeks.”

Bridgewater, October 4. His next and last letter.—“We have had a very rough time since the battle of Winchester, but our brigade has lost comparatively little. My health is better than usual. I need a fresh horse; may come home for it very soon. General Rosser is in command of this division.”

The next news concerning him was the sad announcement that he had received a wound in the breast, the 8th day of October, in a skirmish near Fisher's Hill, was captured with an ambulance-train the next day, the 9th. At the time of his capture he was lying on the floor of an ambulance; he raised himself on his elbow, rallied the men, shouting, “Will you let yourselves be taken by a handful of Yankees?” This exertion being too much for his enfeebled condition, he fainted. Mr. T. P. Taylor, who was with him, serving on a detail to care for the wounded, said he had never witnessed greater gallantry or more heroic conduct.

After reaching Winchester, he lingered only for a few days. In prison, without necessary comforts, far from home and all who loved him, with no tender hand to soothe his dying moments, he quietly passed away on the 20th of October, 1864, at the age of twenty-one. During frequent conversations with Mr. Taylor he always expressed entire resignation to the will of God, sent messages to his family, for from the first of his imprisonment he believed he would never recover from the effects of his wound.

In November, 1865, a year after his death, his father succeeded in recovering the remains of his only son, and he now sleeps in the family square in a cemetery near Lynchburg.

CHARLES A. DERBY,

OF DINWIDDIE COUNTY, VIRGINIA; COLONEL, 44TH REGIMENT ALABAMA
INFANTRY.

Our tenderest feelings and warmest love are aroused at the sight of the graves of our unknown heroes, not that we deem them braver or better than others whose names stand at the head of their glorious record, for oftentimes comrades have fought shoulder to shoulder in the fierce conflict, and fallen side by side, pierced by the dreadful missiles of death, when, by happy accident, the one is known and is borne home to have the last sad offices tenderly performed for him by sorrowing loved ones, while the other, unknown, is rudely covered by rough, unfeeling hands; but that having no known mothers, sisters, or brothers who would have a peculiar right to mourn them, as Southern soldiers we deem them *brothers* to the whole people, and feel that it is the people's duty, though their names be unknown, never to let the memory of their actions ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{cleared} ~~cleared~~.

Among the grand army of unknown dead, no brave ^{actions} ~~actions~~ winged its flight to heaven than that of Colonel CHARLES A. DERBY.

CHARLES A. DERBY, son of Perry L. Derby, Esq., and Martha A. Derby, was born in Dinwiddie County, Virginia, on the 12th of September, 1828. His early boyhood was spent on his father's plantation. At the age of ten years he was sent to Winfield Academy, in his native county, to Mr. William Maghee, under whose instruction he made such rapid improvement in elementary studies as to give his teacher high hopes of his success in life. On the 8th of August, 1845, just entering his seventeenth year, he was appointed, upon the recommendation of Dr. William F. Thompson, Dr. E. P. Scott, and General Dromgoole, a State cadet in the Virginia Military Institute. Pursuing the course of study in this school, he graduated with distinction on the 4th of July, 1848, standing

fifth in a class of twenty-three members, among whom were Major-General R. E. Rodes and Brigadier-General J. R. Jones, afterwards of the Confederate army. After graduating he taught in a private family in Northumberland County, Virginia, for one year, then took charge of the Fairfax Academy, located at Fairfax Court-House, which, under his auspices, became a flourishing school. Here he remained during two sessions, until compelled by a very severe attack of typhoid fever, lasting four or five months, to give it up. Having regained his health, Mr. DERBY removed to Sumterville, Alabama, where he was put in charge of an academy just opened in that place. By assiduous effort, and that strict attention to duty which was so marked a characteristic of the man, he soon established this school on a firm basis, and carried it on successfully until 1853, when he was elected Professor of Mathematics and Commandant of Cadets in the military institute at Drennon Springs, Kentucky, of which school General Bushrod Johnston was superintendent. After performing the duties of his position for nearly a year, to the satisfaction of all parties, with great credit to himself, an epidemic broke out among the cadets, from which a great number died; the rest, who, for a season, left for their homes, making it necessary to temporarily close the school. Professor DERBY was then appointed in 1861 Professor of Mathematics in the Georgia Military Institute, at Marietta. While here he married Miss Clara J. Hunt, daughter of Professor William H. Hunt, who died within twelve months after her marriage. After the death of his wife, Professor DERBY returned to Alabama and opened the Eutaw Institute, in Eutaw, Greene County. Over this institution he continued to preside until 1854, when he entered the Episcopal ministry, taking charge of St. Peter's Church, Lowndes County, Alabama. On the 28th of December, 1859, he married Miss Charlotte Basset, daughter of Mr. William Basset, of Cahawba, Alabama, who, with two little daughters, survives him. Performing the duties of his sacred office until the breaking out of the war, he entered the army, telling his parents in a letter written to them at the time that he had done so "from a sense

of duty,—having received a military education in his native State, he was coming to help to defend her rights." Though for more than ten years he had led a life of many vicissitudes far away from his mother State, yet at the first call of duty the true spirit of a worthy son of the Old Dominion urged him to rush to avenge her injuries.

In the spring of 1862 the 44th Regiment of Alabama Volunteers was organized at Selma, with the following field-officers: Colonel, James Kent; Lieutenant-Colonel, CHARLES A. DERBY; Major, William F. Perry; Adjutant, Thomas A. Nicolls. On the 17th of June, Colonel Kent being unfit for service, owing to ill health, the Governor of the State ordered Colonel DERBY to proceed with his regiment to Petersburg, Virginia, and should he not meet orders at that point, to report to General R. E. Lee, who had just been placed in command of the army in Virginia. Colonel DERBY in obedience to this order proceeded with his regiment to Richmond, and reported for duty just on the eve of the memorable seven-days' fight around that city, when, by one of the grandest strategical combinations ever conceived by military genius, the thoroughly-disciplined and well-appointed masses of McClellan were hurled back, in confusion, upon their base of operations on James River. Colonel DERBY's regiment being as yet composed of raw troops, was placed in reserve in the first position, and consequently was not engaged. But in the fiercest struggle in which every nerve had to be strained to withstand the attack of overpowering numbers, no regiment could long remain with the field of battle untried, and very soon the gallant 44th had an opportunity to show its mettle. On Manassas Plains, August 28, 29, and 30, with heavy loss, it assisted in routing the Federal army, under Pope. Colonel DERBY was wounded in the hand, but not severely enough to cause him to leave his command. With his regiment greatly reduced by heavy losses in this battle, and by sickness, Colonel DERBY passed into Maryland, to end his brief but brilliant career on the field of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862, just three months after he had left Selma. Here, after severe fighting

during nearly the whole day, just as orders were received to fall back, Colonel DERBY fell, mortally wounded, struck by a rifle-ball in the chest. Though hard pressed by the enemy, some of his men took their loved commander and carried him a short distance to the rear, but so agonizing was the pain from his wound that he begged them to put him down and let him die on the field of battle, saying they could do him no good, and must therefore leave him and not allow themselves to be captured. Two brave fellows remained with him until life was almost extinct, and were then obliged to leave him to keep from being taken prisoners. Falling into the hands of the enemy, here he died, and was buried by strange, perhaps unfeeling, hands, no tidings of his resting-place ever reaching his parents or friends, though diligently sought for by them.

Major William F. Perry, of the 44th, in a letter to Mrs. C. A. Derby, says,—

“It affords me a melancholy pleasure to bear testimony to the noble qualities of our lamented commander, and to repeat the assurance that we all mingle our regret with the anguish of those who loved him more, because they sustained more endearing relations to him, and knew him better. He first won the hearts of his men by courtesy and kindness, and then challenged their admiration by his lion-like courage.”

Adjutant Thomas A. Nicolls made the following report to one of the Selma papers:

“Herewith I send you a correct list of casualties in the 44th Regiment Alabama Volunteers, Colonel CHARLES A. DERBY commanding, at the battle of Sharpsburg, Wednesday, September 17, 1862.

“Field and staff killed, Colonel CHARLES A. DERBY.

* * * * *

“The regiment went into action with one hundred and forty-nine men and thirteen commissioned officers. Loss, thirteen killed, fifty-four wounded, nine missing. Total, seventy-six. The combat was fierce, and there was no flinching on our side. We met the enemy in an open cornfield; were ordered to charge and drive them out of it; which was done, we think,

in a very creditable manner. It was then we suffered most severely, for the enemy's batteries had a fair sweep at us. When the color-sergeant was wounded, Sergeant Becker grasped the colors and gallantly bore them aloft into the thickest of the fight, until, advancing toward the enemy, he was lost to the sight of the regiment.

"Colonel DERBY acted with great bravery in this, as in the battle of Manassas Plains, and his loss is deeply lamented by the regiment. He had few superiors in the knowledge of military tactics, and in the art of imparting the same to others. He was a good Christian officer, loved and respected by his whole command."

M. P. DEYERLE,

OF ROANOKE COUNTY, VIRGINIA; CAPTAIN CO. "I," 28TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

The subject of this brief memoir was born in the county of Roanoke, on the 25th of November, 1839, of an esteemed ancestry, who were among the early settlers of that beautiful Valley. He entered the Virginia Military Institute in the year 1856, where he remained for several sessions, and then returned to his home to engage in studies preparatory to the University of Virginia with a view to professional life.

In the midst of these quiet pursuits, he watched with deepest solicitude the progress of political events which hurried on to revolution. Thoroughly imbued with the opinion that "our cause was just," his generous sympathies were early enlisted, and before Virginia had disowned allegiance he tendered his services to the Confederacy established among the extreme Southern States. But when his own loved State, standing between hostile parties in the hope to reunite a dismembered government, resigned its mediatorial capacity and leaped into the contest, the sword of our deceased friend flashed beside the first and foremost in defense of our institutions and soil.

He was the first to volunteer in the first company organized in the county after the secession of the State. This company ranked among its numbers the "pride and flower" of Roanoke. The promotion of Captain R. C. Allen (afterwards colonel of the 28th Regiment) before the company was equipped created a vacancy, to which our friend was elected, and it was mustered into service as Co. "I," of the 28th Virginia Regiment, with M. P. DEYERLE as captain.

With that command he marched to the theatre of war. Assigned to the Army of Northern Virginia, he participated in the first general engagement at Manassas, and aided in deciding the fortunes of that eventful day. The wearisome inactivity which succeeded, the hardships of the bivouac in a dreary winter, and all the privations incident to the life of a soldier, did not subdue his ardor for the cause he had espoused. In the spring of 1862 his company re-enlisted, and he was again chosen its commanding officer.

Hostilities changed to the Peninsula, and Captain DEYERLE'S company was part of Early's Brigade, in Longstreet's Division. The battle of Williamsburg, on the 5th of May, opened the campaign for the year 1862. Few engagements, among the many sanguinary conflicts which marked this "era of warfare," exhibited more daring courage or sterner resistance. Throughout the day Captain DEYERLE passed unscathed through the "iron tempest of hail," but as the shadows of evening were falling over the scene of carnage, as the last squadron was pressing to the charge, he fell mortally wounded. He was carried back to the town of Williamsburg in an unconscious state, and with thoughts at rare, lucid moments wandering back to his own loved home, which would long echo with the sad anthem of his fall, he died, in the "ancient city," on the 14th of May, in the twenty-third year of his age, "ere the first flush of youth had scarcely flown."

Few perished on that or other fields whose loss awakened deeper sorrow in their circle of acquaintance. With a form cast in nature's highest type of manhood, a mind trained by

strong and vigorous cultivation for the vicissitudes of fortune, guarded by those virtues which are ramparts of defense, he was panoplied in an armor to win success. Affable and kind, ardent in his friendships, and devoted in his attachments, he drew around him those with whom he had entered the threshold of life, while by strict integrity and moral deportment he earned a title to public confidence.

Trained in the school of the soldier at the Virginia Military Institute, his martial tendencies rose from deeper sources than those which originate in the "pomp and circumstance" of war. He deprecated all the horror of civil strife, but when it became inevitable, he abandoned more congenial pursuits at the invocation of his country's wrongs, and with a contempt for danger which beset his pathway, he marched with firm, unfaltering step to the command of duty.

When war had rolled up its banners his remains were disinterred, and they now rest beside his eldest brother, Dr. Charles P. Deyerle, who was among the first graduates of the Virginia Military Institute, and other of his kindred in his own family burial-ground, where affection will keep watch over his "sleeping dust."

D. A. CARTER.

LESLIE C. DOVE,

OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA; COURIER, GENERAL JOHN R. CHAMBLISS.

LESLIE CHAMBLISS DOVE, son of Samuel E. Dove, Esq., of Richmond, was born in that city on the 24th December, 1845. After sending him to the schools of Rev. J. Ambler Weed and Mr. David Turner, both of Richmond, his father, to fit him, as soon as he should arrive at the proper age, to enter the army of his country in the manner best qualified to make him of efficient service, secured him a cadetship at the Virginia Mili-

tary Institute, where he matriculated on the 2d of January, 1862. But he could not be satisfied to remain here long. The thought that the war might terminate while he was at the Institute seemed to haunt him continually, and he often said that he would consider himself eternally disgraced if he did not strike a single blow in defense of his country, which he loved with all the ardor of a young high-spirited Southron. He determined, therefore, to leave the Institute and go at once into the army. Friends and relations endeavored to dissuade him from this purpose, urging that he was too young yet to enter upon the duties and hardships of active service, but all in vain, he had made up his mind, he remained firm in his determination, replying to all remonstrances, "It is my duty to go where they are fighting, and if I can strike but one blow for the South, I mean to strike *that* blow." When told by a friend that his father would not permit him to enter the army, he asked, "Did pa say so? Well, I never disobeyed him in my life, but I am going." Carrying out this determination, he handed in his resignation, and left the Institute on the 24th of March, 1862. Proceeding home immediately, after a few weeks he connected himself informally with one of the companies of howitzers from Richmond, in which command he had numerous friends and acquaintances. Never regularly enlisting, he served with this company until the following winter, when his health being seriously impaired by exposure and fatigue, he returned home to recuperate. Here he remained until the 1st of July, 1863, when, having fully recovered, he, with several companions, set out to join the army, which was then in Maryland. Colonel (afterwards General) John R. Chambliss, of the 13th Virginia Cavalry, who was at that time acting brigadier-general, in expectation of the reception of his commission, had promised LESLIE a position upon his staff. When he arrived, therefore, on the 10th of July, General Chambliss assigned him, temporarily, to duty as courier. In this capacity he acted for two days, when, riding with some friends of the Petersburg Cavalry in the vicinity of Hagerstown, Maryland, on the 12th of July, 1863, he was

struck by a shrapnel-shot and fell mortally wounded. The enemy at the time were driving the Confederate forces before them, and, in the confusion of the retreat, he was left where he fell; in a few minutes after, the assistant surgeon of his regiment, Dr. Gregory, a personal friend, came up to him. LESLIE immediately asked him for his candid opinion as to the nature of his wound. When the doctor told him that it was mortal, that he must soon die, he quietly said, without the slightest excitement, that it was just as he expected, that he had offered himself to his country and was not afraid to die for her. "Tell pa," he added, "good-bye; and tell him, too, that I was not afraid to die."

Although but a boy in years, no man was ever cooler, more composed, or met death with more firmness than LESLIE DOVE.

A boy in years we said; yes, but a heroic man in patriotic devotion to the right. His arm just raised in defense of his country, midst the glory of his baptism of fire comes the shrieking messenger of death, and the rich crimson tide of his heart-blood reddens the sod of down-trodden Maryland. Could such gift to their loved mother fail to inspire her sons with superhuman courage to avenge not only her own injuries, but the blood of the martyrs who fell on her soil? We know it did not fail, and though they did not succeed in the end, it was because even courage superhuman could not overcome vastly superior numbers, cold, hunger, disease, and death. Conquered, not subdued, they yet cherish no dearer memory than that of the heroic bravery of those who fought with them and fell while endeavoring to rescue their homes from the invader.

LESLIE DOVE was strikingly handsome in appearance, and of disposition and manners that rendered him a favorite wherever he went. None but a truly noble life could have culminated in so noble a death.

THOMAS DUDLEY,

OF KING AND QUEEN COUNTY, VIRGINIA ; SECOND LIEUTENANT, P. A. C. S.

THOMAS DUDLEY, eldest son of Alexander and Martha Ellen Dudley, of Benvenue, in King and Queen County, Virginia, was born in that county on the 26th of February, 1846. His father was remarkable for his tireless energy, for a quick, penetrating, and retentive mind, and an unyielding persistence of purpose. His mother, whose maiden name was Jackson, was a pattern of every womanly virtue, and in every walk and relation of life a model for the imitation of her sex. The subject of our notice inherited in no small degree the traits and qualities of both parents. His earlier training and education were had at the common country schools then usually to be found in the vicinity of his father's residence, but the breaking out of the civil war between the Northern and Southern divisions of the Union found him a pupil of Colonel J. C. Council, who at that time was, and still is, the proprietor and principal of a first-class mathematical and classical school known as Aberdeen Academy, which is also located in the county of King and Queen. But Latin and Greek and mathematics quickly lost their attractions for him, when, looking out from the academic grove, he beheld the stir and the movement agitating the whole surrounding country. The very first call for volunteers found him full of martial spirit and burning to join the ranks. His age, however, excluded him, being under that prescribed as the limit for enlistment, and compelled him to inaction for a while. But military orders and parental counsel were alike vain to repress the ardor or change the fixed purpose of our youthful patriot.

Seeing him chafing under the restraint imposed upon him, and thinking, no doubt, that a little experience of the soldier's life might cure him of what they deemed a boyish infatuation, the parents of young DUDLEY consented to his going with the

militia to Gloucester Point to serve a tour of duty without being mustered into service. At this he was greatly delighted, and he promptly joined the troops from his county and entered upon his duties as an independent. It now occurred to his father that the exercises, drill, and discipline of the Military Institute might satisfy his longings for a military life at the same time that he could resume and pursue his studies under favoring auspices. He was therefore entered as a pay cadet in the summer, or early autumn, of 1861, and remained until some time in the succeeding year, when, having at last obtained his parents' consent, he left, and joined the Army of Northern Virginia.

The writer does not know what arm of the service or whose command he first joined, but knows that early in the summer of 1862 he was a private in Pelham's Battery, which was attached to, and generally aided the operations of, the 5th Virginia Cavalry, to which the writer himself belonged. His patient, uncomplaining endurance of hardships, privation, and suffering, for which his gentle nurture had never prepared him; his prompt and cheerful obedience to orders; his modesty and courage, and the alacrity with which he went to the performance of every duty, soon won for him the kindly regards of the rough and hard men who were his comrades in the battery, and the open, generous recognition of his merits by his commander, the peerless Pelham. Finding himself surrounded in Stuart's artillery with a personal element wholly strange and uncongenial to him, he some time after the first Maryland campaign obtained a transfer to Captain Fox's company, 5th Cavalry, which was made up of material from his own and one or two adjoining counties. He was subsequently, upon the earnest recommendation of his superiors, especially of Major Pelham, promoted for meritorious service by Executive appointment to the rank of second lieutenant, P. A. C. S., and assigned to duty as enrolling-officer in Greensville County. By special orders dated March 1, 1864, he was relieved from duty in Greensville, and assigned to similar duty in Giles County, under Lieutenant A. F. Matthews, to whom he was

ordered to report. Although, for some reason not known, his appointment to a lieutenancy was not confirmed by the Senate, he continued to serve as enrolling-officer, with the nominal rank of lieutenant, until May 10, 1864. On the 15th he addressed the following letter (now before the writer) to Colonel J. C. Sheild :

“ On the 10th of this month (May, 1864) I had to leave my post at Giles Court-House on account of the enemy occupying Dublin. They now hold possession of that section of the country, and I find it impossible to return at present.

“ I therefore respectfully ask permission to rejoin my old company until I can be able to return to duty.

“ Signed,

“ THOMAS DUDLEY,

“ *Lieutenant and Enrolling-Officer, Giles.*”

This permission was readily accorded. He proceeded, by leave, at once to his native county to procure a horse; and, after a sojourn of a few days at home, he reported to Captain Fox for duty as a private in his company. About this time the enemy began seriously to threaten our central railroad line of communication, and almost the entire cavalry force of the Army of Northern Virginia was brought up and disposed for its protection. On the 11th of June Sheridan struck the road at Trevillian, in Louisa County; but the 5th Virginia and other regiments of Fitz. Lee's Division were there, and after a severe conflict the enemy were compelled to withdraw. In this fight our subject received his first and only wound. He was taken to the house of a Mr. Sumner, who resided in the neighborhood, and suffered amputation of a leg. The kind family in which he was received, and skillful surgeons did all that ardent sympathy and science could suggest to restore him, but in vain. His agonized mother was written to, and soon reached the bedside of her stricken one. But a mother's tears and prayers and incessant watching and nursing were of no avail to arrest the hand of fate. On the 9th of

July death claimed our young patriot-hero in the nineteenth year of his age, and another noble martyr to the *now* lost cause joined the ranks of the shadowy host beyond "the river."

The record is brief, indeed, but authentic; and for so short a life and so humble a sphere of action there are few more brilliant and *none* more honorable. As an example of earnest patriotism, youthful enthusiasm joined to a quiet and stubborn bravery, modesty, subordination, attention to duty, and patient endurance, the memory of THOMAS DUDLEY deserves to be honored by all survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia, by all true soldiers everywhere, and will doubtless be cherished as one of her brightest jewels by the Virginia Military Institute, rich as she is in such mournful treasures.

HON. B. B. DOUGLAS.

WILLIAM H. EASLEY,

OF HALIFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA; CAPTAIN, CO. "C," 3D VIRGINIA
CAVALRY.

WILLIAM H. EASLEY, the youngest son of Captain Thomas Easley, of Halifax County, Virginia, was born the 16th of April, 1832. The father was widely known and highly respected in his county, which he represented in the Virginia Legislature in the days when it was an honor to be elected to serve in her halls. Captain Thomas E. died in 1835, leaving a widow with six children,—three sons and three daughters. The mother, whose maiden name was Harriet Bailey, faithfully discharged the duties devolving on her in training and educating her children. Her eldest son, Thomas Easley, was the first graduate at West Point of his Congressional district. "He fell, fighting most gallantly, at the head of his men," in the battle of Churubusco, the last engagement of the Mexican

war. The following spring the body of Thomas E. was brought from its temporary resting-place in a foreign soil to be laid in the family burying-ground. The military funeral, which drew together a vast crowd, seemed a mockery of grief to the older members of the family, but the ardent boy, WILLIAM, was thrilled with dreams of glory. When the time came for going to college, he earnestly begged to be allowed to go to West Point; but his mother, who blamed herself for the military education of the older son, would not consent. Finally, as a compromise, he proposed the Virginia Military Institute, assuring his mother, if war came, he would fight for his country, and it would be better as an officer than as a private soldier.

He entered the Institute in January, 1853; remained until July, 1856, when he graduated. WILLIAM was of a frank, genial nature, and from boyhood to manhood exercised a charm over his associates. He had fine abilities, and the best, most generous heart that ever beat. After leaving the Institute, for a year or so he lived with his mother, attending to her farm. At this time his social disposition led him into such company and habits as made his friends very unhappy, but through the mercy of God he was led to see and repent of his folly. He made a profession of religion, and joined the Presbyterian Church. He bought a farm, and was living on it, respected and beloved by a large circle of friends, when the late unhappy war called him to other scenes.

A volunteer company was raised in the neighborhood, and he was given command of it. This company, the "Black Walnut Light Dragoons," was composed of noble young men from the best families, who *willingly* gave up the comforts and luxuries of life to repel the invader. When congratulated on having the command of such a company, he replied, "I am proud of my men; no promotion would tempt me to leave them; but we will have a hard struggle, and when I think of what is before us, I wish they were mere soldiers, not *friends* and *kinsmen*." Captain EASLEY went into camp early in May, 1861, and daily exercised them in such drills as would make

them more efficient in service. On the 24th of May the company left Black Walnut, and was marched into service in Richmond on the 29th, and assigned to duty in the Peninsula, near Yorktown. It was Co. "C," 3d Regiment Virginia Cavalry, at first commanded by Major Hood (afterwards major-general). When the regiment was filled, General Johnson was placed in command. This regiment did a good deal of picket and scout duty, being the only cavalry regiment on the Peninsula for some time. They also pushed the enemy in their retreat from the battle of Bethel. Captain EASLEY filled all the duties of his office till November, 1861, when he was taken sick at the Half-Way House. His brother-in-law, Dr. C., was there at the time, and persuaded him to accompany him on his return to Halifax, where his chances of a speedy recovery would be much greater than at the noisy station. But his disease baffled the skill of physicians and the tender nursing of loving hearts that gathered around his bedside. On the night of the 10th of December, it became apparent that he must soon die. All night long his mind wandered,—most frequently he was in camp, giving orders to his men; then he would fancy he was in action, and describe a bloody engagement. As morning broke, his sister, who had watched and listened in agony to his wanderings, asked if he would not try to call his mind from such bloody scenes and fix them on Christ, who had died for him. He looked earnestly at her, and said, "I will *try* to pray, and you must pray for me." Then folding his hands on his breast and closing his eyes, he remained awhile apparently in prayer. Looking around after this, and seeing his mother weeping at the foot of the bed, and his servant kneeling near, sobbing as if his heart would break, he asked his mother, and then the servant, if he was dying; and, as they did not reply, he turned to his sister and repeated the question, "Am I dying?" The two physicians in attendance told her to tell him the truth; but one fearing she would not have nerve to speak the sad words, left to call the minister. His sister told him he was dying, but since Christ had died for *sinner*s, none that trusted in Him need fear death. His face

became calm, and he repeated, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Pausing a moment, he said, with a tone of awe, "Then I will soon be dead, *dead?*" His sister replied, "Dead to earth, alive to the glories of Heaven." "Yes, I will soon be *home*," pointing and looking upward. Then he repeated, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men," with an expression so bright, that his mother, clasping her hands, repeated, "Glory! glory!" The minister coming in, and not knowing what had passed, told him he must die. He said, "I know it; I had hoped to lead a useful life, but it's God's will; I'm resigned." He then asked the minister to pray for him, after which he requested to be left with his sister and servant. He was now so weak as to be able to speak only a few words connectedly, but he delivered a last message, for human love is strong even in death. Then he told his servant to hand him a shaving-glass from the mantel. It was strange the quiet look he gave, and the comment, "I look very natural." One of his company, who was on furlough and hearing of his illness, called just then to see his captain. When asked if he wished to see Dick Adams, he replied, emphatically, "Yes, I wish to see him." And when the poor fellow came in, and, after shaking hands and telling his captain, with choking voice, he was sorry to find him so sick, would have shrunk back to hide his emotion, he said, "Adams, you must—tell me *farewell*. Tell all the—boys—farewell. Tell them if——" his sister, to help his failing voice, said, "if I have been too strict——" Looking in her face, he said, "Not that,—I *wasn't too strict*. If I have—hurt their feelings—forgive me—remember me. I remembered—them—to the last."

As calmly as an infant going to sleep, in a few moments more his spirit passed away, the 11th of December, 1861, as truly a sacrifice to the war as any who fell on the field of battle.

EDWARD C. EDMONDS,

OF FAUQUIER COUNTY, VIRGINIA; COLONEL, 38TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

EDWARD CLAXTON EDMONDS, son of Dr. John R. Edmonds, was born in Paris, Fauquier County, Virginia, on the 21st of January, 1835. His mother, Mrs. Helen Carter Edmonds, was one of the old Pittsylvania Carters.

From early boyhood he gave marked evidence of high-toned character and well-balanced intellect. Yielding the strictest obedience to authority, possessing the highest regard for the truth for truth's sake, and having the faculty of inspiring implicit confidence in others, he early gave promise of useful manhood, which was fulfilled in an after-life, short in years, but long in the list of its well-performed labors.

In September, 1854, young EDMONDS entered the Virginia Military Institute as a cadet from Alexandria, in which city his family then resided. In his classes here he attained fair standing, and as a cadet officer, during three years of his course, possessed the confidence of the Institute authorities, being in his first class-year captain of "B" Company, the second office in his class. On the 4th of July, 1858, he graduated in a class of nineteen,—a class small in number, but with perhaps the proudest record among the classes turned out by this noble institution. Eight of their number fell in "The Cause,"—a much larger proportion than from any other class. Every man of them was in the army, gaining distinction in the three arms of service, and holding offices varying from brigadier-general through all the grades downward.

After leaving the Institute, Mr. EDMONDS was appointed assistant in mathematics at a school in Staunton, and remained here one year. He then married a Miss Tutwiler, of Fluvanna County, Virginia, and moved to Danville, where, in connection with Major Jesse Jones, he established a military academy that was giving promise of eminent success, when the secession

of Virginia, and his consequent entry into the army, necessitated its close. When asked by his scholars as to his opinion of the storm gathering so angrily over the republic, he would always maintain that he sincerely regretted to see the grand structure reared by our forefathers under so many difficulties commencing to crumble so soon, and that the better policy was to fight for our rights *in the Union*. When, however, Virginia did secede, he offered no word of condemnation of her course, but at once placed his life in her hands, to be used as seemed best for her honor and safety. Going to Richmond, he offered his services to the Governor, and was ordered to return to Danville and raise in that section a regiment of infantry. Acting under these instructions, he soon succeeded in getting his complement of volunteers, and marched with them to Richmond, where the regiment was mustered into service as the 38th Virginia Infantry, and he was commissioned its colonel. This regiment was assigned first to General Johnston's army, in the Valley of Virginia, and eventually became a part of Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps. At the head of the gallant 38th, Colonel EDMONDS did efficient service, displaying great gallantry and gaining special distinction at Manassas, Williamsburg, and around Richmond. Was severely wounded at Seven Pines, May 31, 1862. During the campaign of 1863 Colonel EDMONDS commanded his brigade. His military life in this campaign is that of Pickett's Division. In all their noble services he bore conspicuous part, until, in their grand charge on Gettysburg Heights, July 3, 1863, he fell at the head of his command. This charge of Pickett's Division, unequalled in history for the grandeur of its bravery and coolness under the most terrific fire, perhaps, that the world has ever known, was the death-scene of many a noble Southerner. Seven colonels fell that day who had been comrades at the Virginia Military Institute, three of them room-mates, a noble band; none nobler than he of whom we write. In the same charge General Armistead, up in the enemy's works, his hat on his sword, calling on his brigade to follow, fell, pierced by

a bullet; and it is no common testimony to the soldierly worth of Colonel EDMONDS that it was the desire of the brigade that he should succeed to the command, for they did not know of his death yet. In fact, a petition, signed by every officer present in the brigade, was forwarded to the Secretary of War, asking that Colonel EDMONDS be appointed their brigadier as soon as exchanged; for a report had reached them that he was still alive, though a prisoner of war.

Six weeks after, when the 38th found that their gallant colonel had been killed, a meeting of the officers was called, to pass resolutions on his death. With an extract from these resolutions, we close this sketch:

“In the qualities of a good commander in camp, uniform kindness of disposition, rigid impartiality, sound discretion in the administration of discipline, and an anxious and unceasing attention to the welfare and wants of his men, distinguished him. As a good leader in action, keen penetration, correct views of the matter in hand, a courage and self-possession that resembled ignorance of danger, gave him absolute control of his men. In the virtues of his private life, sterling integrity, unvarying politeness, ardent interest (without ambition) in all that affected society, a keen relish for the society of a few chosen friends, together with an unaffected modesty and a childlike simplicity, were specially noticeable. Few colonels were more gifted than he whom we delighted to honor and love to remember.”

HOWELL CHASTAIN EDMONDSON,

OF HALIFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA ; PRIVATE, 1ST RICHMOND HOWITZERS.

HOWELL CHASTAIN EDMONDSON, the sixth son of Richard and Susan H. Edmondson, was born on the 25th of January, 1845, in the county of Halifax, Virginia, and died at Chimborazo Hospital, Richmond, on the 24th of June, 1864, of typhoid fever.

While but a boy HOWELL CHASTAIN was possessed of qualities which, if his life had been spared, would have developed themselves into a noble Christian manhood. There was something so pure in his nature, so tender and considerate in his disposition, and withal so quietly brave in his bearing among men, that all who knew him were unconsciously forced to respect and love him. There are many who can remember his sweet-toned voice in the choir of old St. John's Church, and when he left us, in 1859, to enter the Virginia Military Institute, all who were intimate with him felt sure that his devoted and pious mother had instilled such Christian principles into his young heart as would enable him to be true and manly and moral amid all the new temptations of college life,—principles which took deeper root and grew stronger in the face of those temptations, and which finally led him to embrace the Christian religion, and unreservedly to give his heart to the loving Saviour.

He remained at the Virginia Military Institute until it was broken up by the war,—during which time he was once in active service with the Cadet Corps. Immediately after he left the Institute, in 1862, he joined the 1st Company of Howitzers, and remained in service until his death, never returning alive to his home in Halifax County.

Although but a youth,—only seventeen years of age when he entered the army,—he bore the hardships and privations of war without a murmur or a word of regret. He marched

abreast with the strongest and the hardiest soldier, and his conduct in battle was that of a heroic and Christian patriot. One incident in his career as a soldier is mentioned by one of his comrades, which the writer of this brief memoir cannot omit, as it exhibits both his coolness and his reliance upon God in the midst of danger. In one of the battles around Richmond, while the enemy was making a fierce assault, a comrade turned to HOWELL and asked him how he felt. Although under fire at the time, he calmly replied, "I fear no evil, whatever, for I have long made my peace with God."

In order to show in what esteem he was held by his fellow-soldiers, we quote the following extract from the resolutions passed by the 1st Company of Richmond Howitzers: "In the death of this, our brother, though tender in years, the company has lost a pious and exemplary member, and the country a brave and patriotic defender. Stimulated by the desire to share the dangers with his brothers in the field, he came without any compulsion from his quiet studies at the Virginia Military Institute, and enlisted in his country's service. But, alas! the unrelenting hand of death has snatched him from existence; yet will his memory live, and the incidents connected with our long and pleasant association with him be the most pleasing recollections of after-life."

Yes, "his memory will live," for he was of a most loving and affectionate disposition. The youngest scion of his father's house, he was the pride and pet of his family, and all words are idle to convey an adequate expression of the grief which his untimely death caused in his bereft household. But, though gentle and affectionate, he was no less brave and ardent in the defense of his country. And thus it is ever,—

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

JOHN T. ELLIS,

OF AMHERST COUNTY, VIRGINIA; LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, 19TH VIRGINIA
INFANTRY.

JOHN THOMAS ELLIS was born at Red Hill, in the county of Amherst, Virginia, March 16, 1827. His father was Richard Shelton Ellis, son of Josiah Ellis, who belonged to a family which has been in Virginia since the year 1683. His mother was Emily Henrietta Douglass, daughter of James Douglass, whose family for several generations had resided in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia. He entered the Virginia Military Institute, as a State cadet, August 25, 1845; was promoted cadet captain of Co. "B," 1847-8; and graduated eighth in a class of twenty-four, July 4, 1848. Among his classmates were Alfred L. Rives, Robert E. Rodes, John R. Jones, and Norborne Berkeley. In compliance with the law governing the appointment of State cadets, he taught school for two years after his graduation, in the county of Bedford, where he made warm friends, and left an excellent reputation. Settling then as a merchant at Amherst Court-House, he married Mildred Irving Garland, a daughter of Samuel Meredith Garland, and a great-granddaughter of Colonel Samuel Meredith, who married the sister of Patrick Henry, of whom the Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander said, "Mrs. Meredith was not only a woman of unfeigned piety, but was, in my judgment, as eloquent as her brother; nor have I ever met with a lady who equaled her in powers of conversation." During his residence at the Court-House, while pursuing his vocation prudently and honorably, JOHN THOMAS ELLIS was appointed by the court a commissioner in chancery, and also commissioner of the revenue for the district of Amherst; the duties of which offices he performed with integrity, faithfulness, and fairness.

Immediately after the secession of Virginia, a company of

the choicest young men in the county enrolled themselves, with the view to volunteer their services, and selected him for the captaincy. He was elected not only by their own votes, but also, as may be said, by the wishes and preferences of their fathers, who urged him to assume the care and control of these young men during the perils of war. Unrestrained by the great sacrifice to his business prospects which it involved, and by the most interesting domestic considerations, he accepted their offer, pressed forward the organization and equipment of his company, and in a short time reported for duty. The company, upon being mustered in, was assigned to the 19th Virginia Regiment, commanded by Colonel, afterward General, Philip St. George Cocke. This regiment consisted of seven companies from Albemarle, two from Amherst, and one from Nelson, and comprised perhaps as fine material as any other in the service.

Captain ELLIS soon became known for the strict discipline he enforced, his own soldierly bearing, and his prompt and efficient performance of every military duty. His company became in some respects a model company,—so much so that there was a talk of its being appointed “General Lee’s body-guard.” With its captain it bore a worthy part in the first battle of Manassas.

On the reorganization of the army, in the spring of 1862, he was unanimously re-elected captain, and in the choice of regimental officers was elected major; Henry Gantt being lieutenant-colonel, and John B. Strange, colonel. His regiment participated in the operations on the Peninsula under General Joseph E. Johnston; in the fight near Williamsburg it bore a conspicuous part; and it was almost the last of the rear-guard when the Confederate forces fell back to the lines on the Chickahominy. His conduct at Williamsburg and on the retreat attracted the attention of his division commander, Major-General George E. Pickett, who afterwards spoke of him as “*one who could always be relied upon.*”

At the battle of Gaines’s Mill he was severely wounded in the thigh, which detained him from his regiment until just

previous to the battle of Sharpsburg. His colonel having fallen in that campaign, he was promoted lieutenant-colonel; and the lieutenant-colonel, who had now become colonel, being disabled by wounds, the command of the regiment during much of its remaining service devolved upon him. From that time to the day of his death he was ever at his post,—manifesting himself the gallant officer and admirable gentleman. At the battle of Gettysburg, in the memorable attack of Pickett's Division on Cemetery Hill, he was struck by a cannon-ball on the head, was carried to the rear, and there lingered, in a state of unconsciousness, several hours, when death ensued. All that is mortal of him lies buried in Hollywood Cemetery, surrounded by the remains of numerous comrades who fell on the same eventful day.

Lieutenant-Colonel ELLIS was a man of commanding height and fine muscular development; of a grave exterior, but an affectionate disposition; of singular probity, sound judgment, and great dignity of character as well as deportment. He soon won the confidence and respect even of a casual acquaintance. He had to an unusual degree the faculty of commanding men, growing out of mingled kindness and the most rigid impartiality. The mainspring of his actions through life was a high sense of duty, from which he never swerved, whatever the obstacles.* It is only just to say of one possessed of such qualities, that Virginia lost no truer soldier than when, on the 3d of July, 1863, Lieutenant-Colonel JOHN THOMAS ELLIS yielded up his life on the field of battle in the flower of his age.

* Several years previous to the war he became, by profession, a member of the Episcopal Church. From that time his example was one of steady, unremitting, though humble, piety.