OUR CONFEDERATE COLUMN.

The Important Engagement at Staunton-River Bridge.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

An Account of the Fight from a Leading Participant.

A GALLANT NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT

How It Carried Its New Flag at Gettysburg.

A VERY RAGGED COMMAND.

Richmond Ladies Come Nobly to the Relief—A Very Amusing Adventure Well Described—Roster of Company B, Sixtieth Virginia Infantry.

MONASKON, August 8, 1895.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

In your issue of the 7th ultimo appeared an article taken from the Greenville (S. C.) Mountaineer in regard to the battle of Staunton River Bridge in June, 1864, which more than verifies what I remarked in a letter, recently published in your valuable paper—viz., that we have to be extremely cautious now as to what we accept as history, especially the history of recent events. The writer of the description of this Staunton river battle has fallen into several grave errors, which, if left without correction, would do very serious injustice to the brave men from the adjacent counties and elsewhere who took part in that fight, and who helped as much as our gallant aid from South Carolina, to make it a success second to none, considering the numbers engaged and its consequences at that time to our armies around Richmond and Petersburg, which were dependent on the Danville railroad for the scant and oftimes indifferent commissary stores with which all had to be contented.

It was this condition of affairs which made both General Lee and General Beauregard anxious about these long bridges on the Danville line. The writer had been, without seeking the position, assigned to the charge of the defences of all the important points along the Danville railroad, and later also of all such defences from Burkville to Lynchburg, including the High Bridge, where we constructed very important and heavy works for its defence.

My immediate superior officer in the work of erecting and strengthening these defences at Mattoax, Staunton River, and of much gratification to have him visit High Bridges was General Beauregard, then at Petersburg, and it was a source to receive his approval after inspection of the fortifications erected. Upon being assigned to this duty I relieved Colonel J. Lucius Davis, who was then in charge of the work in its incipiency at Burkville.

Soon after my assignment several companies of Virginia reserves were ordered by General Kemper, then commanding the reserve corps of Virginia, to rendezvous at Staunton river and report to me. They were at once put to work erecting fortifications near and commanding the bridge. After my earnest and repeated application to the Ordnance Department we were furnished with six smooth-bore six-pounders and after twice visiting Richmond for this purpose I succeeded in having sent to Staunton Bridge two 20-pound rifle-cannon.

DISPOSITION OF THE DEFENCES.

In the mean time we had been busy erecting fortifications and bastions and completing our magazine within the fort, near the bridge, and on the right as approached from Danville. It would have been folly to have placed any artillery on the east of the river, as the rising ground on the west terminated abruptly within a few yards of the river, while on the east, on both sides of the railroad, there was a low plateau extending for several hundred yards. It was this plateau which we arranged to cover with our small guns, and, as it subsequently proved, they were well located for this purpose. Their effective service on the enemy's columns on the left of the railroad prevented us from having to simultaneously contend with the whole force of the enemy, so much larger and better equipped than our own.

Soon after the Federal force was detached under command of Generals Kautz, Spears, and Wilson from the army near Petersburg for the purpose of destroying the railroads and telegraph wires in the Confederates' rear and cutting off our connection with the lines further south. General Beauregard informed me by special courier of their movements, and "that I might expect an attack from them; that they had struck the south side, and also the Danville road, and were destroying these and moving in the direction of our position."

I at once sent couriers off, urging the citizens at home to come with what guns and ammunition they could to aid in defence of the bridge and railroad. A special messenger and letter to Colonel Stanhope Flournoy aroused him at night, and his immediate response helped greatly to enthuse the people, who, young and old, volunteered and were ready to meet the enemy.

Your Greenville correspondent is entirely mistaken in saying that Colonel Coleman and myself differed as to placing a force of infantry on the east side of the river and on both sides of the railroad at the east end of the bridge; nor did Coleman have any portion of "his command," or any command, other than what I assigned him, which were the forces sent me by Colonel Withers from Danville and two of the companies previously at the bridge.

We had already commenced to form rifle trenches, and as there was a rank growth of weeds over the plateau, I directed the men not to allow any advance firing on the east side of the river, our men being well concealed, as the ground declined slightly towards the river. They were ordered not to deliver their fire until the enemy was at close range.

With the remainder of our force we delivered an effective fire on the enemy from squads stationed in the willows along the bank below the fort on the right of the bridge and from within the fort. This fire was with what range rifles we had there, and we could plainly see the commotion raised among the enemy's cavalry from our two heavy pieces of artillery, as the troopers dismounted preparatory to forming for a charge. To the constant firing of our long-range rifles on the south side, and to the work of our artillery, no less than to the infantry in the trenches on the east side, was due the success of the day.

We had a number of good men in this fight—1,238 total—and the enemy was represented to have at least three times as many; and this seems more than probable, judging from the fact that three generals were with the command.

Captain Paul Edmunds, now a member of Congress from the Sixth Virginia District, volunteered his services, as did Colonel Coleman, and he and Colonel Flournoy, whom I had stationed with what cavalry we could mount, including a number of gentlemen from the surrounding county, at the ferries on the river a mile or two above and below the bridge, did most effective service. The enemy reconnoitred these places with a view to crossing and attacking us in the rear, or following up such advantages as they would have gained by crossing to burn and destroy all the rolling stock of the Danville railroad, most of which had been sent to our rear for safety.

NOT DISCONCERTED.

The fact of some of the force stationed on the east side of the river being alarmed lest our own shell would harm them, when they were not over two hundred yards in front of us and on the low grounds of that side, while our guns were on an elevation of at least thirty feet above them, and had pretty accurate range of the enemy's position at an average of a half mile, and were delivering most of the time a heavy fire, did not disconcert me at all. It was not the first time I had known troops to complain of their own artillery firing over them, and at close range, no matter what the elevation of the guns. Soldiers of all armies will attest it is a disquieting and uncomfortable position. Yet, had any such suggestion reached me, as Captain Hoyt details, about his sending a man to request the discontinuance of the firing or his being allowed to take charge of the guns, I should have considered it an act of impertinence and an insult to the experienced artillery officer who had mounted and was well practiced in the use of his pieces, as shown by his ability to handle them on this occasion.

The battle of Staunton-River Bridge was most important to the protection of our army, and its supplies, as it was a great strain on our quartermaster and commissary department to supply by wagon trains the absolute necessities of our army. Until such of the road as was destroyed could be rebuilt General Lee was compelled to issue special and earnest requests for aid from all available private as well as public sources. Had the Federals succeeded in burning the bridge and rolling stock we might have been obliged to abandon our lines in front of Richmond nine months earlier.

Having served from start to finish in every engagement of Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division; and, having received on numerous occasions the commendation of my superior officers on fields where more lives were given up in our country's cause than the total of those engaged on both sides at this Staunton river affair, I could well afford to pass in silence the criticism of the Greenville writer and the grave mistake which he would attribute to me of omission and commission, in not being able to carry out or conduct an engagement for which I had so earnestly, laboriously, and yet hastily, prepared. I say now, as I wished then, that the duty on which so serious results rested could have fallen to abler hands, for I fully comprehended that failure meant death or capture for me and my command; for, as brave, white-haired, old Mr. William Clark remarked to me, as I returned from dispatching re-enforcements over the bridge, "you have placed a portion of your command between the 'devil and the deep sea,'" meaning the enemy in front and Staunton river behind. Yet, to those who bore themselves most gallantly during this fight, to some of whom it was their maiden engagement, and to others already scared and wounded, who, as readily took active part and obeyed every order, and bared themselves to the severity of the hour, I am sure the thanks of General Lee expressed in general orders is no less due than to this South Carolinian, to whose gallantry I would cheerfully accord all rightful honors, but not at the expense of others equally, if not, as it would seem, to conspicuously Spartan.

MANY OTHER MISTAKES.

There are many points on which my critic is clearly mistaken—viz.: That I did not wish or direct the east end of the bridge defended. I knew it was a vital point, and should have spared more than half our force there but for believing it possible for the enemy to overcome and probably capture Colonel Flournoy's or Captain Edmunds's small cavalry command with their better equipped and superior cavalry, and thus turn our right or left flank.

Again, the young Episcopal minister who was killed at the intersection of some piling and heavy timber I had placed at the east side of the bridge, making, as it were, loopholes through which to fire, was not, that I have ever known, a brother-in-law of Colonel Coleman's, but, I think, an assistant to the Rev. Dr. John Clark in his parochial duties, and whom I assigned to this position of responsibility, believing from his tone and manner when presented to me just on the eve of the engagement, that he would prove true at any place.

But why prolong this article? Have we not all been bird hunting, and when the covey was up, "bang!" "bang!" "bang!" and have we not had one or two of our companions claim all the birds? It is not an uncommon failing. We honor their vanity on occasions by graciously yielding our own part of the game, but when others are of the party, equally our friends and under our protection, as well as being our guests, as in this instance—our fellow-soldiers from Charlotte, Pittsylvania, Halifax, or Mecklenburg—we must be just before being generous. I do here fairly and honestly assert that to the latter is no less due the victory at Staunton river than to any force sent to their aid, and I should be glad to see a monument erected at the bridge to the memory of these brave men. Should this be done I promise to give Captain Hoyt a whole broad-side of it—not of grape and canister, but of imperishable granite—if he can substantiate all he claims.

I am through with this subject, and you will pardon me for the length of this article; but really a battle can be fought more easily—to say nothing about more satisfactorily—than described. It is said Dr. Kane could never have written so pleasantly and facetiously about his arctic expedition except by a pleasant fire at his own home.

AS TO ROSTERS.

Now, Mr. Editor, while our mind is directed to military subjects, allow me to second your very appropriate suggestion that we at once take action to obtain a complete roster of all Virginia commands, companies, battalions, regiments, and brigades in any branch of the Confederate service. Soon it will be too late, as already, perhaps, we shall have to depend upon tradition for a great deal of information. Respectfully,

B. L. FARINHOLT.

THE 32D N. C. REGIMENT.

How It Carried Its New Flag at Gettysburg.

The following appears in the Raleigh News and Observer:

BRUNSWICK, GA., —— — On the day previous to the first day's fight at Gettysburg, the bulk of General Lee's army were enjoying a brief and well-earned day of rest at Carlisle, Pa. While there the General received a sample of a new Confederate flag that had been conditionally accepted by the Congress then in session at Richmond, and forwarded by order of that body to him in order that he might pass upon its merits. It consisted simply of the Confederate battle-flag, used as a "Jack," i. e., occupying the upper corner of the flag next to the staff, while the remainder was pure white.

The headquarters of the army were for the time located at the deserted United States barracks in Carlisle, and there on the day above alluded to the reception of the new flag was made the occasion of a general jollification and speech-making. General Lee had the flag sent to General Ewell, then in command of Jackson's old corps, with remarks appropriate to the honor thus bestowed. Ewell in like manner passed it to General Rhodes, commanding his favorite division. Then Rhodes passed it on to General Daniel, his leading brigade commander, and finally Daniel confided it to the keeping of Colonel E. C. Brabble, commanding the Thirty-second North Carolina Regiment, and thus it was that the Thirty-second had the proud distinction of bearing into battle this beautiful emblem of a new nation. How they kept the trust thus confided to them can best be told by the narration of the following incident:

After the Gettysburg campaign had ended, and our army was encamped at Darksville, Va., on its retrograde march, this writer was sitting in the tent of General Daniel listening, as became his years and rank, without participating in the conversation of as brilliant an impromptu assemblage of Confederate generals as could often be found, and during a general discussion of the memorable campaign just ended, General Ramseur, himself, perhaps, the bravest and most chivalrous soul that ever gave his life for his country, remarked—exactly in these words:

"By the way, the finest thing that I saw during the whole battle was the conduct of that regiment that carried into the fight that flag with the long white tail to it. They marched as steadily as if on dress parade, and when commanded to retreat, marched back as steadily as ever under a most galling fire."

"Yes," said General Daniel, in the somewhat pompous way entirely natural to him, "Yes, that was one of my regiments."

It occurred to me at the time that he might have well said which one, and so after a silence of over thirty years the writer supplies the information not vouchsafed at the time.

F. A. BOYLE,
Adjutant Thirty-second North Carolina Troops.

A VERY RAGGED BRIGADE.

And How the Ladies Procured New Clothes for Them.

(W. A. in Nashville Banner.)

In a party of friends the other night—old soldiers—the question came up: "What was the most trying ordeal and severest test of nerve each one encountered during the war?" Every soldier has some incident in his military career that stands out in bold relief, around which centres all the dangers through which he has passed. One after the other related his experience, and strange to say, not one of the tests was in actual battle. I related an incident that seemed to impress the company with a great deal of interest. So much so, that a request was made to write it up. The only objection that could be urged was that the word ego would be used too much, and while every word uttered was true, and all the essential facts connected with the incident could be corroborated by living witnesses, yet it would look like parading one's self, and I did not relish that. I was met with the answer: "It will be interesting to the old soldiers, and, perhaps, awaken some recollections that have slept in their memory, and be the means of drawing out these reminiscences, and possibly some of it might be of use to the future historian." Putting it in that light, and believing that it would interest, at least, some of my old comrades, I consented.

It might not be amiss, parenthetically, to give a brief outline of the movement of the brigade to which I was attached, from the battle of Bean Station, in East Tennessee, in which over $100,000 worth of provisions were captured from the enemy, up to the time of the incident.

We were stationed so that we could defend Saltville, Va., or Carter's Station, East Tennessee, and, like a pendulum, oscillating between the two just as the reports were brought in as to which point the enemy were advancing. It was tough work, as we had no wagons, and the cooking utensils had to be carried on our backs, in addition to accoutrements, blankets, knapsacks, and rations. The enemy threatened these two points because General Lee had his hands full at the Wilderness and Spotsylvania Courthouse, and these movements were to prevent reinforcements. These battles were fought, and Lee, falling back upon Richmond, which was the objective point, an order came for us to report to Richmond. On reaching the city and marching through the place, a more astonished set of citizens never gazed upon a brigade. The Eastern army were always well clothed—gray jackets and blue pants—while we had slid up and down the mountains of East Tennessee until hardly a shred hung together. Judge Henry Cook, of Williamson county, had a dozen strings tied around the legs of his trousers to prevent the flesh from showing. While mine in front were all right, but mirable dictu, in the rear they were real summer pants. The entire brigade was in the same predicament. The ladies threw up their hands in holy horror, and broke for the War Department, and the next morning we looked like major-generals, for those noble women would not rest until we were provided with suitable garments. It was a revelation to them. They had not realized what the hardships of war really were until they saw that tattered Tennessee brigade, without a complaint, not even a murmur, pass through their city with hearts as light and step as jaunty as if arrayed in the most gorgeous uniforms.

IN THE IMMEDIATE FRONT.

We went into camp, and it was the intention of the commanding officer to give us a good rest. We were told to arrange our fishing tackle—nets, lines, poles, etc.—so that we could fish in the James river. We went to bed that night with joyful anticipation of the morrow, but, alas! to be rudely awakened at 2 o'clock in the morning to march to the south side. That was the last of our fishing. From that day to the surrender of Lee we were in the immediate front of the Federal army.

But now I come to the Howlett House battery, around which occurred some of the most exciting events in the history of the brigade. Under instructions from Major ——, we were ordered to fill sacks with sand, and, following the lines marked on the ground, we built a fortification twenty-five feet thick, the height of an ordinary man, with embrasures, mounted the guns, etc. Strange to say, the enemy paid no attention to us while constructing the fort, but as soon as we opened fire their monitor and gunboats replied, and in half an hour there was no Howlett House battery. General ——, hearing the cannonading, rode up as the firing ceased, and asked: "Who ordered this fortification built of sandbags?" The answer was given: "Major ——." Using an epithet, he ordered one of his staff to mark out a line under his direction on the surface, and then instructed us to dig subterranean trenches, and, branching out, perfected one of the best field-fortifications during the war. This was the Howlett House battery that became historic. One circumstance is very vividly impressed on my mind in connection with this battery. I had the fortune, or misfortune, of being buried alive by a 500-pound mortar-shell from one of the gun-boats. Lieutenant Dickens was killed, and two wounded by the same shot.

We lay in the trenches at this point for some time, the battery firing upon those who were digging the Dutch Gap canal, making it uncomfortable for them—and for us, too—as the monitors would return the compliment, and we would hunt our holes.

Intimately connected with, and just preceding the incident that this article started out to relate, the colonel commanding the brigade, John S. Fulton, sent for me, and said: "I want you to select another man and go through the picket-line and see whether the enemy is leaving our front and reinforcing another part of the line. It is believed that a flank movement will be attempted by them. If you should be discovered and unable to retreat, surrender to the enemy, and say that you are deserters. I will protect your good names."

NEVER A BRAVER SOLDIER.

I selected Fayette Bush, a brother of Major Bush, one of our largest contractors. Let me say a word for my companion, Bush, who sleeps his last sleep on Virginia soil. There never was a braver soldier in either army, and so well was he thought of while in East Tennessee that he was sent through that country as a spy. He possessed peculiar characteristics for the perilous duties. He could assume such an air of simplicity that no one who was unacquainted with him could believe ought else but that he was a half-witted fellow, with hardly sense enough to get in out of the rain. He was my bed-mate—slept under the same blanket. I knew him well, and unhesitatingly say that he was one of the most remarkable young men I ever came in contact with. He had but one defect—he was near-sighted. It might be thought strange that I should have selected him to accompany me, but if we had been captured his singular qualities would have stood us in the hour of need, and so when Colonel Fulton gave me the choice I instinctively said "Fayette Bush." Proceeding through the picket lines—who had been previously instructed—we went down into the valley, and as we started up the ascent we stretched ourselves full length upon the ground and dragged ourselves up the hill for an hour—slow work, but we had to keep our eyes open—and it is not a pleasant feeling to be without a gun, and knowing that if the enemy's pickets caught sight of us acting in such a suspicious manner it would be "farewell, vain world." But at last we reached the summit and ascertained what was necessary without being discovered, and backed down in the same manner, returned to the command, and gave the required information.

A few nights afterward an incident occurred which had a bearing on the ordeal through which I passed, and which to this good day I think was the trying occasion of my life. The picket lines were but a short distance apart. A range of hills for each and a gully between. There was a mutual forbearance on the part of each until a sense of security prevailed that became criminal. One of our pickets becoming careless, had seated himself at the foot of a tree, his gun between his knees, and no doubt was in a doze. One of the Federal pickets, violating this confidence, succeeded in crawling within a few yards of his unsuspecting victim, shot him through the body. No one of our brigade, and there are quite a number in this county, will ever forget the agonizing cry of that poor fellow that night. Immediately we were called to attention, expecting an attack, but our picket line remaining firm, it was soon ascertained what occasioned the shot, and we turned into our blankets.

Two days after this a message came to me to report to Colonel Fulton's headquarters. On arriving at his tent he said:

"General Lee expects an attack tonight. He looks for it to occur between 2 and 4 o'clock in the morning. He has determined that, in addition to the picket line, videttes shall be put out 100 yards in advance and 50 to 100 yards apart. I have selected you as one, and ordered that you be placed on vidette from 2 to 4 o'clock, with the instruction that if your gun is fired it will be a signal to the entire line of battle that the enemy is advancing; make your way back as best you can to the picket line, and fall back with them on the main line."

These instructions, I suppose, were given by other commands to their men who were to go on at the same hour.

Now, reader, if you will stop and reflect a moment, you can readily see the impression made upon your humble servant: Two nights before a Federal soldier had slipped up on one of our pickets and shot him through the body; the general commanding said that he expected an attack between 2 and 4 o'clock in the morning, and I was to be placed on that watch—not on the picket-line, where I could have the reassuring presence of a comrade not more than five yards from me, but on the vidette line, with nothing but the hooting owl to bear me company; but, to cap the climax, if my gun was fired the entire line of battle was to take it as a signal that the enemy was advancing. What if I should make a mistake and fire at an imaginary foe, would I ever hear the last of it? Would not the muttering discontent of the awakened soldier pursue me with his wrath, or would he howl it from one end of the camp to the other, "Who killed Cock Robin?" As Samuel Nesbit said, it would be "d—d onpleasant."

THE HOUR CAME.

However, the hour came. I was conducted to the picket-line and instructed as to the direction to be taken to find the vidette and relieve him. Proceeding with the utmost care and noiselessly, I found him. In exchanging positions, he said to me in a whisper: "Be watchful; I think I heard some one down in the bottom moving as if he were trying to take advantage of any carelessness on our part. Remember what was done the other night." With this admonition he left me alone.

Never before did I know the full meaning of that word, "alone." The darkness was almost impenetrable. The tall forest trees obstructed what little light of the straggling stars that could be seen between the spreading branches. Toward the enemy a wall of blackness—no sound to break the monotony of loneliness. In the rear the silence was as of the grave. The night air was chilly; the stillness of death surrounded me, and the parting admonition of my comrade fell with double force upon me. Even the faint and liquid note of the nightingale would have been a relief, or even the neighing of a horse would have broken the solitude. But no, the "earth was without form and void." Standing in one position fully ten minutes without moving, the eye tried to reconnoitre the surroundings. A forest fire had occurred in the past, and in its march had left blackened limbs. At my right a tree had been prostrated and lay in the direction of the enemy, quartering to the right. On the instant I determined to make flankers out of the deadened limbs, placing them triangularly, so that I could command any part of the woods, and then seated myself, with my gun cocked, to await developments. There was no danger of dozing. I was very much wide awake. Slumber could not come to the senses, for an army—Lee's army—depended upon the vigilance of the few who had been selected to stand the silent watch to give the alarm of an approaching enemy; it would not come because the vidette was the only security for his own personal safety; it would not come because the responsibility rested heavily on the mind, and he could see his fellow-comrades, with their guns stacked before them, sleeping quietly, confidently relying that those at the outpost would give them a living chance to defend themselves. Slumber to the vidette was impossible!

Hush! A twig breaks in the valley! The acute ear catches the sound of another! The admonition of the relief quickens the eye and the ear. The heart thumps against its prison-walls so audibly that we wonder if it cannot be heard beyond the narrow confines of one's self. We endeavor to pierce the darkness, but no light reflects back the object that has set our nerves so rigid and strengthened the will. Again the crackling twigs are heard, and imagination pictures a bent form, gun-trailed, the craft and the step of an Indian, and the purpose of an assassin. We reverse our position. Stretched at full length upon the ground, we thrust our gun through the embrasure in the direction of the noise. A suspense! It moves again—one, two, three, four! By the eternal, it is making for the dead tree on my right. Our gun follows the movement of the sound, until the barrel sweeps the full length of the tree. A quiet ensues that becomes painful. Can he have discovered my exact position and taken advantage of the dead trunk to steal upon me and repeat the tragedy of a night or two before? Peering and straining the eye, I vainly endeavor to split the morning gloom. I fancy that I see the outlines of a moving being, but it is imaginary, and fades away into nothing. Be cautious. Remember the injunction about firing your gun. A movement—a stop! The dead leaves are giving him away. He is crawling along the side of the tree, trying to take me unawares. Nearer, and the heart beats faster, and the fingers nervously play with the trigger; the breathing becomes more labored, the brain more heated. Another moment and an army of men would have sprung to their feet, preparing to let loose the dogs of war, when, with a whir, a form jumps upon the log! What's that?

Pshaw! It's only a coon. A voice from the rear: "You will fall back on the picket-line; the enemy will not attack this morning."

SIXTIETH VIRGINIA.

A Roster of Company B, of That Regiment.

(Greenbrier Independent.)

The following is the roll of Company B, Sixtieth Virginia Infantry, as of August, 1861. It was mustered into service in May, 1861. This roster was kindly furnished us by Captain J. W. Johnston, who was elected captain upon the reorganization of the army in April, 1862:

A. M. Buster, captain.
M. C. Elliott, first lieutenant.
Charles B. Buster, second lieutenant.
J. B. Howason, third lieutenant.
J. W. Johnston, first sergeant.
John J. Hoylman, second sergeant, dead.
W. K. Williams, third sergeant.
Phillip Snyder, fourth sergeant, dead.
Henry L. Miller, first corporal, dead.
James M. Walker, second corporal, dead.
Nathan Duncan, third corporal.
Fred. W. Harvey, fourth corporal, dead.

PRIVATES.

Alderson, S. I.
Atkins, John, dead.
Bennett, Archibald
Brown, Jackson, dead.
Bryant, J. M.
Burdett, J. G.
Buster, T. B., dead.
Cannon, H. G.
*Carnafax, Benjamin, dead.
Cabbell, John J.
Campbell, Thomas
Callison, Madison, dead.
Collins, William M.
Cart, Thomas
Creigh, Lewis, dead.
*Creigh, W. H. H., dead.
Creigh, Cyrus
Crow, William L.
Davis, William B., dead.
Duncan, James S.
Duncan, James
Duncan, William L., dead.
*Doherty, Andrew
Ferrell, Lawrence
*Forren, C. B.
Fleshman, R. M.
Fink, F. Marion, dead
Fox, Benjamin, dead.
Fox, Jonathan, dead.
Fox, Samuel H., dead.
Hite, William P.
Hix, Andrew
Holland, John M.
Huggins, William A., dead.
Hughart, Reuben, dead.
Hickman, Harrison, dead.
Hines, Lewis H.
*Johnson, William, dead.
Jones, J. W., dead.
Jones, T. L., dead.
*Kegley, William, dead.
Lewis, Thomas C.
Lowry, Giles T.
*McCoy, Charles, dead.
*McClung, Joseph.
*Miller, William
*Meredeth, Joseph
*Martin, George, dead
Martin, John Mc.
Martin, Simeon, dead.
Martin, James H.
Martin, Samuel W.
Meadows, Alexander
Moody, Joseph, dead.
O'Bryan, Thomas
*Pritt, Andrew
Parker, William
Patterson, Thomas
Pitman, Reuben, dead.
Preston, Thomas C., dead.
Puckett, Jacob, dead.
Puckett, Samuel T.
Reynolds, Randle
Richardson, James
Stratton, James H., dead.
Scott, William, dead
Smailes, John
Snead, Thomas
Surbaugh, Andrew, dead.
Surbaugh, John A., dead.
Sullivan, Dennis
Sheppard, E. M.
Sydenstricker, W. M.
Tincher, Nicholas, dead.
Vandle, Joseph D.
Williams, R. Bruce, dead.
Windle, James
Withrow, Curtis A., dead.
Wall, Henry
*Yates, William M., dead.
*Zimmerman, William.

Those marked dead are known to be dead. There are quite a number of the others whose whereabouts are unknown to any one here.

*Joined the company after August, 1861.

Upon the reorganization of the army in April, 1862, the following officers were elected—viz.:

James W. Johnston, captain.
H. G. Cannon, first lieutenant.
Andrew Surbaugh, second lieutenant.
T. L. Jones, third lieutenant.
Thomas C. Preston, first sergeant.
James M. Walker, second sergeant.
T. C. Lewis, third sergeant.
Lewis Creigh, fourth sergeant.

COMMANDER CATLETT CONWAY.

Why He Only Served Six Months—His War Record.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

In the interesting review of the history and work of George E. Pickett Camp, C. V., that appeared in the Dispatch of the 4th instant, alluding to the five commanders since its organization, it was said that "Commander Catlett Conway only remained in office six months."

In justice to this comrade, it should be explained that after his election to the command of the camp the by-laws were changed, making the term of the officers six months, instead of one year, as previously, and this law is still in existence. The reason for this change was that a short term would afford an opportunity for a larger number of the members to have the honor of filling the office. At the close of his term of office Colonel Conway declined a renomination, deeming it but right that the spirit of this law should be maintained.

Mr. Conway was born January 5, 1840, in Madison county, Va. At the breaking out of the war he was a student at the University of Virginia, but resigned, returned to his county, and enlisted in the Richardson Guards, a company that had seen service at Harper's Ferry during John Brown's raid, and which was afterwards made Company A in the famous Seventh Virginia Infantry, Kemper's old regiment, at its organization at Manassas, in 1861. He was appointed a sergeant in this company. During the battle of Bull Run he was in a hospital at Culpeper Courthouse, sick, with measles, but rejoined his company at Yorktown, and was with it in the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Frazier's Farm, and Second Manassas. In this battle the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, major, adjutant, and sergeant-major were wounded, and Sergeant Conway was temporarily assigned to the position of sergeant-major of the regiment. In the Maryland campaign, General Kemper appointed him as courier, in place of one of his regular couriers who was sick, and he served in that capacity, in the battles of Turner's Gap and Sharpsburg.

After the return of the army, to Virginia Sergeant Conway, having been in the saddle for five days and nights, almost continuously, was taken sick, and sent to the hospital, at Winchester. He rejoined his company at Fredericksburg, and remained with it until the battle of Gettysbuug, where he was severely wounded, and left behind on the retreat of the army. Two months later he was paroled, and returned to Richmond, where he was assigned to duty as clerk in the Ordnance Department, with Captain Dinwiddie. Remaining here eight months and recovering sufficiently to discard his crutches, he requested permission to return to his command in the field, which was readily granted. Here he was assigned to duty with Major Nelson W. Crisler, who commanded Kemper's Brigade wagons.

On the retreat Sheridan's cavalry made several attacks on these wagons, but Major Crisler organized a force of about 100 men, from those who had escaped capture and were following the wagons, and successfully repulsed every attack, carried all his wagons to Appomattox, parked, and surrendered them. Sergeant Conway was with him on this retreat, was paroled, and returned home, riding across the country with the Major.

A COMRADE.

It Has the Largest Sale.

W. H. Terry & Co., wholesale druggists, of Norfolk, says: "I have every reason to believe Quratol to be a preparation of wonderful curative powers. I see evidences all around me which lead to my appreciation of its merits. It is having a far larger sale than any other preparation on our shelves."

Old papers for sale at the Dispatch office.

A 9TH CAVALRY VET

Has Just Learned That the War Is Over.

SURRENDERED IN KING GEORGE.

Shows Signs of Hard Fighting—Will Attend the Confederate Reunion—The Northern Neck Railroad—Colonial Beach—Personal Notes.

COMORN, KING GEORGE COUNTY, VA., August 10.—(Special.)—"Coming events cast their shadows before." Several days in advance of the Confederate veterans' meeting at King George Courthouse last week a lame, tattered old terrapin emerged from its sombre, silent, hiding place, and surrendered to Mr. Oswald Jenkins, evincing by "battle-scars" and sabre marks that the hardships of war thirty-odd years ago were not confined alone to those who wore uniform and received the highest recognition. Mr. Jenkins was whitewashing the enclosure around the grounds of the Hunter mansion, in the village, when he found this curious old terrapin, and his kind heart prompted him to move it out of the way of dogs and the danger of workmen. In thus handling it he discovered indistinct traces of letters and figures in the dirt and dust upon the terrapin's nether shell, which, upon examination, proved to be this inscription: "9th Va. 1862," carefully and artistically carved. Just beneath this are two sabres, crossed, the hilts pointing up to the "9th" above.

THROUGH MANY STRUGGLES.

That this hitherto unrecognized Confederate "Vet," has passed through many a hard struggle and trying conflict, is evidenced by a number of fractures and mutilations on the thin covering of the shell, and scars about the breast-bone. It will be remembered that in May last Mr. Ben. Taylor found in an old field, near this place, a terrapin, bearing upon its nether shell, "8th Penna. Cav'y, May, 1863," and that the story of the same, which originated in this correspondence, went the rounds of the press until Captain Andrew B. Wells, of Philadelphia, read it in the Philadelphia Times, and wrote the Dispatch, claiming to be the terrapin artist, etc. It was then a matter of surprise to many that an old-field terrapin had lived thirty-two years, after being captured and marked by the Federal soldier, especially as it was quite certain that the little creature was grown when the letters and figures were inscribed upon it. But the one found last week by Mr. Jenkins appears to be many years the senior of the one found in May. The letters, etc., on this "9th Va." Rebel terrapin antedate those upon the "8th Penna." Yankee terrapin one year; and, besides this, the scales on the shell, the shell itself, the toe-nails, eyes, and other marks, leave no doubt upon the minds of those who have carefully examined it that the "9th Va." terrapin is vastly older than the other.

TRUE TO ITS COLORS.

The little "Rebel" seems to have fared better, and to have stood the vicissitudes and hardships of war better than the little "Yankee," for when found in May the latter only weighed eleven ounces, while that found last week weighed sixteen ounces—an even pound. While a few ex-Confederate soldiers have flopped over and joined the Republicans since the war, this "9th Va." terrapin has never turned away from its "first love," nor from the side for which Virginians fought, for its home has been on the grounds of Democrats, and when arrangements were being made for the Confederate reunion it came forth and surrendered to none other than a Democrat; and on the first Thursday in September, when the old veterans will meet to organize a camp, this terrapin will be there and figure as conspicuously as will any of the distinguished personages booked for the occasion.

Judge C. H. Ashton, of this county, a member of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, tells an interesting story of the movements of the Ninth Virginia in the early part of 1862, and suggests that this terrapin was lettered by one of his comrades immediately on their return to King George from Essex, etc., to perpetuate the recollections of the victory won by their brave boys, who "gobbled up," as the Judge says, a whole nest of Federals, and so spoiled their plans as to bring about very significant results in favor of the "rebels." Professor Porter, of Montross, Va., another member of the Ninth Virginia, who was here last week, says that he can account for the escape from death by the terrapin in but one way, and that is that in the spring of 1862 it must have been too poor to be eaten by the hungry soldiers, who, says he, made soup of all the fat terrapins they could find.

The terrapin found by Mr. Ben Taylor in May having caused so much comment and attracted so much attention here and in other States, the one found by Mr. Jenkins last week is the star of the neighborhood, and is being visited by so many people that the finder has left it for the present with Mr. J. T. Minor, Jr., a merchant at this place, who kindly exhibits it at all hours of the day to the curious callers. Various offers have been made for it, and Mr. Jenkins may sell it after his people here have seen it.

THE NORTHERN NECK ROAD.

The report of the Board of Canvassers of the vote on the question of the county subscribing to the stock of the Northern Neck railroad was last week submitted to the County Court for confirmation. The irregularity at Hampstead Precinct, mentioned in these columns a week ago, will not so affect the vote of the county as to change the result of the election. That precinct can be thrown away, and there would then remain a safe majority, and also the prescribed freeholder vote, to settle the question in favor of the subscription. Every county between Fredericksburg and the Chesapeake bay has given a majority in favor of the road, except Stafford, which will vote on the question of subscription some time this month. Senator Little, of Fredericksburg, and others will address the voters of that county in behalf of the proposition prior to the day of election, and it is hoped that wide-awake old Stafford will fall in line with the counties of the Neck and encourage the much-needed enterprise.

Mrs. Jemima Mountjoy gave her son, Mr. W. W. Mountjoy, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and his bride an elegant reception at her country home here on Wednesday evening of this week. A large number of friends and relatives were present and participated in the pleasures of the evening, among whom was Hon. C. A. Mountjoy, of Birmingham, Ala., a brother of the groom. The repast was very elaborate, and consisted of the delicacies of the season and a great variety of choice fruits.

Superintendent of the Public Schools of King George G. W. Grigsby, held the annual examination of teachers at the court-house on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. A good many teachers were in attendance, and this number, added to those holding certificates which relieve them of the necessity of an examination, will aggregate a number greatly in excess of the number of public schools in the county.

Several lots of oats were shipped to Washington last week by King George farmers, and the highest price received for them being 20 cents per bushel, the other farmers decline to put their grain on the market at present. Those sold at 20 cents net from 14 to 17 cents per bushel after paying freight, commission, &c.

The Methodist camp-meeting at Marven Grove, in Richmond county, has increased in interest from the start, and is now a great religious revival. The Irish Evangelist, Rev. J. W. Lee, is conducting the meeting with marked ability—some of his sermons considered the most powerful ever delivered in the Northern Neck.

Nearly 175 persons professed conversion in a revival meeting recently held at Oldhams, in Westmoreland county.

NOT A CANDIDATE.

Judge C. H. Ashton, of this county, has authorized the Dispatch correspondent to say that he is not a candidate for the State senatorship in this district, and that he could not afford to accept the nomination if tendered to him. Judge Ashton is being talked of in many counties as the next congressman from the Eighth District, and it is now no longer a secret that he is developing no inconsiderable strength in nearly all parts of the district. No man in Virginia has been truer to the Democratic party than has Judge Ashton, and he could go before the people of the district with a spotless political record. He is a vigorous debater and a splendid campaigner—"a strong man all around."

COLONIAL BEACH.

As already intimated in this correspondence, Colonial Beach, in Westmoreland county, is rapidly developing into a town of no small importance, and is one of the most popular and liberally patronized watering places on the Potomac river. Although splendid excursion steamers run there daily during the season, the people of Washington and other large cities want increased facilities for reaching Colonial Beach, and it has been "leaked out" that the company, which proposes to construct a railroad from Fredericksburg through the Neck to the bay, contemplates the construction of a branch-line to Colonial Beach for the accommodation of hundreds of business people, who cannot spare time to travel by water. Even an electric line to Colonial Beach would meet with universal favor, and settle the question of Colonial Beach's future.

Malvern Hill.

I sat me down 'neath azured skies one day in June,
Upon the brow of Malvern Hill, where flowers were strewn
On every side. I saw where earth and sky did meet,
It seemed, and drank the perfumes of the roses sweet.
And far across where south winds blow there could be seen
The river James—majestic stream—all lined with green.
The waters seemed to flow above the shrubs and trees,
And back and forth it wended 'boat with tranquil ease.

I saw where counties met, and traced my best the line
Of boundary; and saw the ivy vine and woodbine twine
About the oaken boughs where none was wont to cling;
And listed to the sweet, shrill notes the birds did sing.
And far below the height whereon I sat and mused,
A browsing herd was loath to rest, and I perused
Sweet nature's bliss; while mild-eyed lambs at sport did play,
And gambol o'er the pasture land as speed away.

And whilst above a floating cloud oftimes would stray,
Below on every dewy leaf a silvery spray
Was shed. And balmy winds refreshingly did blow
Along my path and out where waving grain did grow.
Then in the past my mind some thirty years did dwell
Midst battles fierce, when hardest hearts did swell;
When Blue and Gray, by night and day, lay cold and still
In death—broad-cast o'er every field at Malvern Hill.

Methought of other hearts all torn of mother, wife,
And all at home through these the darkest days of strife.