

**SKETCH OF THE 2ND N. C. BATTALION.**

(Wise's, later on in Daniel's Brigade.)

The next day (Sunday) the flag pole which had been cut down by the enemy was replaced and the "Stars and Bars" wafted to the breeze.

June 30th made an early start and a forced march to Heidelberg, eleven miles short of Gettysburg. The next morning bright and early started again. Had proceeded but a short distance when the opening guns of that momentous conflict fell upon the ear. On arrival were deployed in line of battle in a skirt of woods. The enemy at once began to shell us. Gen. Daniel ordered the brigade to lie down until ready to advance. Whilst he and I were standing just in front of the 2nd Battalion holding our horses, a shell exploded in a few feet to the left killing and wounding nine men. Probably no one missile occasioned more loss to life during the war. A little later the men were ordered to rise and advance. The enemy were some five or six hundred yards in front, and results showed had set a most deadly trap for us. When half way between our starting point and their line, were ordered to lie down whilst our guns in the rear played on their ranks. Then rose and charged to the brink of the deep cut of the railroad, beyond which at some hundred paces the enemy were drawn up in line.

The men in their ardor slid down the almost precipitous bank and attempted to scale the opposite, but to no effect. An edflading battery to our right then opened sweeping "the cut" with terrible effect. Suggesting to Col. Brabble, the senior officer, to face to the left and clear the gap, I scrambled to the top and got one shot at the advancing foe with a musket taken from a sick boy at the start, with whom my horse was left. Believe it was with effect, as it caused a pause in the line behind and delayed a down pouring fire until we got out of that horrible hole. As soon as it was done the men who had behaved like veterans so far, became temporarily demoralized. Then it was that the soldier loomed up and plucked the flower safety out of the nettle danger. Junius Daniel is the man referred to.

In his stentorian tones audible in command a quarter of a mile or more away, he ordered the men to halt and reform on him. This they did without regard to company or regimental formation almost to a man, advanced at once and inflicted a loss on the enemy, from all accounts greater than that which they had just sustained. A sublime picture of heroism that, on the part of commander and command.

Just then I was knocked down by a wound in the head and had to go back to the field hospital. Here the scene was sickening in the extreme. By sundown, hundreds of wounded had arrived, and the horrid work of amputation was going briskly on. Here I pause to pay brief tribute to an unpretentious hero who did his duty as grandly as any other on that bloody field although his only weapons were scalpel, saw and bandage. Though Daniel's brigade had the largest wounded list of any other at Gettysburg, the surgical staff was something short that day. But there was one who was a host in himself. For three days and nights with coat off and sleeves rolled up, I do not think Dr. Frank Patterson, my old surgeon then brigade surgeon, relaxed in his bloody work of mercy half an hour at a time. If he closed his eyes in sleep during that dread ordeal it escaped my observation although in thirty feet and full view of the operating table.

"The glorious 4th" was a fateful day, not only for that glorious army, but for the cause, for far away Vicksburg the key of the Mississippi had fallen.

The retreat began in regular order on that day. Capt. Wm. R. Bond, of Gen. Daniel's staff, now of Scotland Neck, likewise wounded and myself were assigned to a one horse wagon driven by Guilford. The wounded train was tacked on to a part of the ordnance. That night having to pass through a long defile, it was subjected to an annoying fire from above, Kilpatrick's division, having ridden ahead and taken position on each bank of the road. This doughty hero should have been cashiered for not capturing that entire train, for it was only guarded by two squadrons of cavalry. As it was, he only took some thirty or forty ambulances and ordnance wagons.

Shortly after getting through the deep cut of the road our little mounted escort broke and went to the head of the train.

An ordnance wagon loaded with old guns, took off one of our rear wheels in trying to pass, and before Bond and I could pick ourselves up, a dozen revolvers were bearing on us. It was then that volubility told. Guilford with a flow of words unparalleled in his speech before or since convinced the gentlemen on horse back that, "we surrender, we are prisoners, for God's sake don't shoot." Believing that the entire ordnance train was lost and all lost with it, it is within bounds to say that his impromptu eloquence elicited but scant thanks from either of the two "prisoners."

Thence were carried to the hospital at Frederick, from there to Fort McHenry, thence to Fort Delaware for a while and from there to Johnson's Island in Lake Erie, which continued to be the residence of most of the officers until near the surrender. My cartel was, I believe, the last one antecedent thereto. Many projects for wholesale escape had been formed during our imprisonment, but were always frustrated by some secret spy or cowardly informer.

But to return to the 2nd N. C. Battalion at Gettysburg. It fell short of a full regiment, and yet it's doubtful whether any full regiment in that matchless army sustained the loss in killed and wounded that it did. One hundred and fifty-three is authenticated record. Perhaps it is better to give an excerpt from a letter received from Maj. H. A. London, later on A. A. G. of the brigade, bearing thereon.

"\* \* \* The 2nd Battalion at Gettysburg had more men killed and wounded than any full regiment in Pickett's division. It's killed was 29 (including it's commander, Lieut. Col. Andrews) and wounded 124. The 57th Virginia regiment had 26 killed and 95 wounded, which was the heaviest mortality of any of Pickett's regiments. Maj. James Iredell, who took command after Andrews' death, was killed at Spottsylvania, where the battalion was nearly all captured, killed or wounded. I do not think any field officer commanded the battalion after Iredell's death. It remained with Daniel's brigade until the end, but I do not know it's number at Appomattox—a mere handful, however. It was a noble band and shared fully in all the glory of Daniel's (afterwards Grimes') brigade. \* \* \* Your's truly H. A. London." It was not my proud privilege to command it in that dread baptism of blood. I was only a musket bearer in it's ranks that day, but it did my heart none the less good to see how grandly the children of my nurture, knew how to die for cause and country.

Whilst it has been shown above that I was no stickler for rank throughout the mighty struggle, I may nevertheless be pardoned for statement bearing on it.

Only some six weeks before his death, ex-President Davis told me, in the presence of his wife and youngest daughter in his home at Beauvoir, that as soon as he heard of my return from prison he sent in my nomination to the Senate for a Brigadier General's commission, and presumed it had been confirmed. He supposed, however, that in the confusion of the last few days preceeding the evacuation of Richmond, it had, like many other matters, been overlooked.

This was subsequently confirmed in a letter from Mrs. Davis, with additional details. The incident is mentioned more in satisfaction of the good opinion of that grand man, the central figure of that historic epoch, than out of regard for an empty title, which *per se* is not valued at a pinch of snuff.

Pertinent thereto, another statement is ventured which must be taken on faith, as he who made it is no longer in the flesh. On the road one day, Gen. Daniel told me that just after the reorganization, the President asked him if he would not advise setting aside the election and restoring me to the command, as it was primarily an executive appointment instead of by election. Daniel's reply was, "not to that command, as the event however injudicious validates the change; but I will most cheerfully recommend him for the first vacant regiment or brigade either at your disposal."

WHARTON J. GREEN,  
First Lieut. Col. Commanding,  
2nd N. C. Battalion.

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**Cough**

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