Stonewall Jackson's army. The rumbling noise of discord and discontent rose rapidly. We held a council of war and informed our officers that we would not submit to quarters in that house. We were to take the steamer next morning at nine o'clock for Fort Johnston. This was rather a critical situation for both officers and men. At this juncture, Judge A. A. McKoy, who was a private, said he would stand sponsor for the boys to be on hand next morning on time. This was accepted, and there was a hot time in the old town that night. Next morning, promptly on time, every man was present. We boarded a river steamer, I think the *Flora Macdonald,* and arrived in good shape at our destination, where we had a good time until the organization of the Twentieth North Carolina Regiment, when our trouble began. Our captain was elected lieutenant colonel, and an order was issued for the election of a captain. The candidates were James D. Holmes and William S. Devane. There was a strong feeling on both sides in the company. The Devane men, of whom I was one, said we would not serve under Holmes. I can not remember how long this trouble lasted, but the matter was carried to Governor Ellis, who settled it by ordering each faction to send out recruiting officers and make two companies, which was done. I was sent out, and had ten recruits in three or four days. Both candidates were elected, Captain Holmes's company going to the Thirtieth Regiment; and Captain Devane's company was detached for quite a long time doing service at Fort Caswell and Fort Johnston. In 1862 the Sixty-seventh Regiment was organized, and Captain Devane was made lieutenant colonel. About this time I was appointed hospital steward by Hon. James A. Sedden, Secretary of War. I remained at Fort Johnston during the epidemic of yellow fever in 1862, and of smallpox in the winter of the same year; after this I was transferred to General Hospital No. 4, Wilmington, which comprised the Seamen's Home building and buildings on the opposite side of Front Street. Thomas M. Ritenour was surgeon and A. E. Wright and Josh Walker, assistant surgeons. This was one of the largest and best equipped hospitals in the State.

"After the fall of Fort Fisher we had orders to send our sick and wounded to Fayetteville and Goldsboro. By the aid of Captain Styron and his assistant, Mr. I. B. Grainger, who was the best organizer and disciplinarian I ever knew, we succeeded in getting all except thirty-two removed to safety. These were

so badly wounded that it was impossible to move them. I placed these wounded in ward No. 2 with Mrs. McCauslin, matron, in charge. Supplies were very scarce. Dr. Josh Walker was the last one to leave. He went out on Tuesday night, and Wednesday morning the streets were swarming with Federal soldiers. About 10 a. m. a surgeon came to our hospital and inquired who was in charge. I replied that I was in charge. He said: 'I want you to move everything out. I want this hospital for our use.' I replied that I had nowhere to go, and no way to move. 'You must find a house,' he replied, 'and at once, and report to me at headquarters. I will furnish you with transportation.' I did not stand on the order of my going. I found a house on Fourth Street near Red Cross, owned by David Bunting, whose family had left the city. I made the report, and the Federal surgeon general ordered three ambulances. The transfer was soon made. I wish to state that we had courteous treatment from the authorities, but of course we were very short of supplies. The first genuine treat we had was by Mr. F. W. Foster, who was acting as sanitary agent. He drove up one morning, came in and inquired about the sick, and asked if I would like to have some milk punch for the men. I said, 'Yes,' as it had been a long time since we had had any such luxury. He went out and soon returned with two large pails and a dipper, and personally served to each all they could stand. This he continued to do for several weeks. On one of his visits he asked me if I would like to have some canned goods for the hospital. I replied, 'Yes,' and he said, 'The steamer *General Lyon* is unloading a cargo of hospital supplies. If you will go down there you can get what you want.' I replied that I had no way to get them and no money to hire with. He said, 'I will send you an ambulance; go down and get what you want.' I said, 'Won't you give me an order?' to which he replied, 'No, if any one says anything to you tell them Foster sent you.' The ambulance came. I didn't want any help. The vessel was unloading near where Springer's coal yard is now. We backed up and I began to select what I wanted. I was not at all modest, and thinking that this would be the last haul I would get from Uncle Sam, I loaded to the limit. Strange to say, no questions were asked, and it is safe to say our boys fared well while things lasted. As the men improved they went home, and on the 5th of June I closed the doors. The last hero had gone to rebuild his broken fortunes and I felt a free man once more.