

been surprised if we had been placed in front of a file of soldiers and shot down. Instead of this, however, we were marched along the side of the prison wall a short distance, a gate was thrown open, and we were turned into Prison No. 1, where we found seventy-five or eighty Confederate officers and citizens, some of whom I knew. Instead of a barracks accommodating two hundred men, we were given rooms arranged for twelve men each. In each room was a cooking stove, with necessary vessels, and our rations were issued directly to us, so that each man could prepare his food to suit himself. Consequently we were much more comfortably situated and fared better than we had in Prison No. 3. When the time came for liberating the prisoners all of the sixteen were liberated with the others, except one little fellow from West Virginia—I never knew his name—who still refused to take the oath, giving as his reason that he had promised his father that he would never do so without his consent. No explanation was ever given us as to why the change was made from Prison No. 3 to No. 1, nor was there a word spoken to us in regard to the matter.

If this meets the eye of one or more of these sixteen men, I should be pleased to hear from him or them.

CAPT. CHARLES W. McLELLAN.

Wallace H. McChesney wrote to Capt. A. N. Cummings, of New Orleans, as follows:

Dear Comrade: You having asked that I give you a synopsis of the military life and character of my friend Charles W. McLellan, it affords me much pleasure to comply with your request. Charles William McLellan was born May 9, 1842, at Thomaston, Me. He enlisted in the Crescent Rifles, Seventh Louisiana Regiment, in May, 1861, at the age of nineteen years, and was stationed at Camp Moor, La. He was offered second lieutenantcy in the Askew Guards, commanded by Capt. Andrew Brady, and, accepting, was duly transferred to that company. In the formation of the Third Louisiana Battalion the Askew Guards became Company B. There were four companies of the Askew Guards in Louisiana in the Confederate service. Capt. Brady's Company, being the oldest, was designated as Company A. It was mustered into service June 30, 1861, and departed for Richmond, Va., August 9, 1861. After the battles around Richmond in 1862, June 26 to July 1 inclusive, the command moved to Gordonsville, Va., when, about July 15, all Louisiana troops were brigaded together. The Crescent Blues and Catahoula Guerrillas, belonging to St. Paul's Battalion, were assigned to the Third Louisiana Battalion, which assignment made it a full regiment, and it was numbered as the Fifteenth.

After the battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862, Capt. Andrew Brady was promoted to major; First Lieut. David T. Merrick, Company A, was promoted to the captaincy, and Charles W. McLellan was made first lieutenant September 30, 1862. After the battle of Sharpsburg, Md., September 16 and 17, 1862, Charles W. McLellan, for conspicuous and gallant conduct in that battle, was recommended by Gen. Stonewall Jackson for promotion. He was appointed to a captaincy October 1, 1862, and assigned to the command of Company F (St. James Rifles), Fifteenth Louisiana Regi-

ment, which company had lost all of its officers from death and otherwise.

Capt. McLellan participated in the following engagements: Mechanicsville, June 26, 1862; Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862; Frazier's Farm, June 30, 1862; Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862; Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862; Groverton, August 29, 1862; second Manassas, August 30, 1862; Harper's Ferry, September 15, 1862; Chantilly, September 16, 1862; Sharpsburg, September 16 and 17, 1862; Fredericksburg, December 11-16, 1862; Chancellorsville, May 1-5, 1863; Winchester No. 2, June 13-15, 1863; Mine Run, November 26 and December 6, 1863; Wilderness, May 5-7, 1864; Spottsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864; North Anna, May 23-27, 1864.

In the vicinity of Meadow Bridge, on June 1, 1864, about ten o'clock, he was killed by a sharpshooter sta-



CAPT. C. W. McLELLAN.

tioned in a tree. The ball first passed through the shoulder of George Bowers, of the Crescent Blues, and striking McLellan in the back of the head, killed him instantly. His only expression at the time was: "O Lordy!" He was buried beside the road leading to Mechanicsville, between two of the enemy. I marked his grave with a board, and wrote his name and regiment on it, and moved on with the command. A few days after, I was granted leave to go to Richmond, where I met Mr. Sol Davis, who was ever kind and obliging to all Louisiana soldiers, and was personally acquainted with Charlie. I related to him the circumstances of Charlie's death and where he was buried, and asked him as a favor to procure a coffin and take him up and transfer his remains to the Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond. He acquiesced heartily, and asked that I draw a map of the country and place where

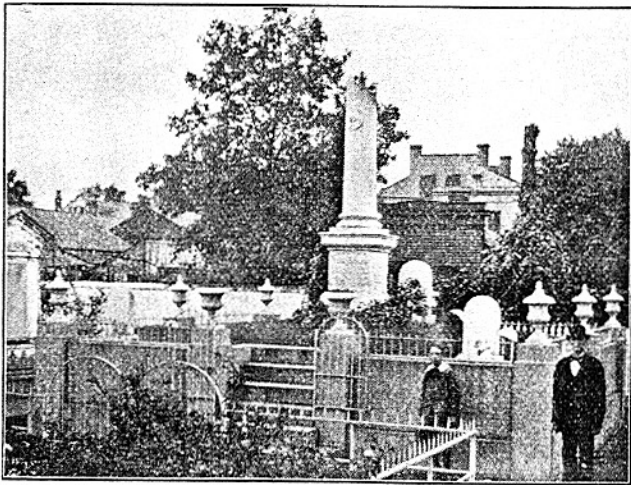
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Charlie was buried, and said that he would give the matter his personal attention that day, which he afterwards told me he did.

Charlie McLellan was a brave, genial soul, just to his men, full of enthusiasm, and always eager for the fray. He was to me as a brother, and we kept our clothes together. Although young, his character was a living example of Christian parents. Lofty aspirations and generous impulses, coupled with an ever due consideration for the feelings of others, were among the many attributes of his noble character. I omitted to mention that he was once wounded in the arm, and I think it was at Mine Run, November 26, 1863.

Referring to the battle of Sharpsburg (or Antietam, as called by the Federals), September 17, 1862, Stonewall Jackson found it necessary to protect his left flank, and ordered a detail of skirmishers from the Second Louisiana Brigade (Gen. Starkes). McLellan was put in command. To reach the point indicated, it was necessary to pass through a narrow valley, called by the Louisiana brigade the "Valley of Death," over which the enemy were pouring shrapnel and shell to such an extent that it seemed impossible for any one to go through alive; yet McLellan, with his men, gained the point, amid the cheers of his comrades and to the evident delight of Gen. Jackson, who thereupon recommended him for promotion; and it was the first instance where an officer of the line in the volunteer service received a commission direct from the President.



Mr. Alden McLellan writes from New Orleans:

Capt. McLellan's body was removed from Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., in 1867, and placed in Lafayette Cemetery No. 1, at the base of a marble monument erected to his memory by our parents. The mound is the family burial place of William H. and Leonora McLellan, our parents. The figure standing alongside of the mound is that of our father.

TRIBUTE TO CAPT. MAGRUDER AND WIFE.

Andrew J. Baker, Commissioner of the General Land Office, Austin, Tex., writes the following:

A few years ago I endeavored to bring to the public attention the fact, which until then seems to have been overlooked, that a part of Heath's Division, commanded by Gen. Pettigrew, was also in the third day's charge on Cemetery Heights as well as the division of Gen. Pickett. In that communication I reproduced

the table given in the records of the rebellion, in which it was shown that Pettigrew's and Davis' Brigades lost a larger per cent of their command than did any other brigades in that celebrated charge. There is, however, one incident connected with that charge which I have never seen referred to, and the letter of Gen. Ray in the June VETERAN calls my attention to it. As it was somewhat connected with the gallant troops of the Twenty-Second North Carolina, I will present it.

When we had reached to within perhaps one hundred yards of the plank fence, which stood on the opposite side of the road passing the cemetery to that of the stone fence, the officers of the Eleventh Mississippi had been largely killed or wounded, and the officer who seemed to be in command was Capt. John V. Moore, of the University Grays. He was then in front of Company D, endeavoring to hold the regiment back in line with the troops on our right. I halloed to him, saying: "John, for heaven's sake give the command to charge." He replied that he could not take the responsibility. I then, without authority, gave the command myself, which was promptly repeated and responded to, at which time a run was made for the fence and over it. Just after getting over the fence, and when about halfway across the road, I was shot down. The balance of the command which had not been killed or wounded rushed on and jumped the stone fence, charging rapidly on to the top of Cemetery Ridge, in line with the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina on the right. Just after I had fallen I looked to my right, where a little house stood, just against which the end of the stone fence rested on either side. From my recollection, it presented the appearance of being built in a gap of the stone fence. Behind this house some ten or twelve of the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina boys for a moment halted, when Capt. W. T. Magruder, who had been formerly a colonel of cavalry in the U. S. army, and who had resigned after the emancipation proclamation and had joined our army, said to them: "Men, remember your mothers, wives, and sisters at home, and do not halt here." All responded in a moment, and rushed on to rejoin the regiment, then going to the top of Cemetery Heights. Capt. Magruder himself leaped the stone fence on the western side of the house, and was shot down at once, either as he went over the fence or just after getting over it. It is to put in writing this incident in connection with the last heroic act of Capt. Magruder that this is written. His wife afterwards never ceased to do all in her power to succor the Southern prisoners of war in Fort Delaware, sending them clothing, as well as barrels of pickles and other antiscorbutics, during their long stay in prison. I felt it due to her and her gallant husband that this circumstance should be brought to light in the VETERAN.

I wish to add, with Col. Ray, that at least a part of Gen. Joe Davis' Brigade fell on top of Cemetery Heights in line with those of the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina, and that no other troops in that charge went as far beyond the stone fence as did these.

B. M. Hughes, of Luling, Tex., wishes to learn the whereabouts of Joe H. Clements, of Capt. Veale's Company, Parsons' Regiment, who went from about Waxahachie, Tex.