Carson, Joseph Perryman

Steadman’s Fall

The last aggressive movement of the Confederacy.

A narrative of the last days of the war by the [...] of a Forlorn Hope. The charge of Capt. J. P. Carson’s Command. [...] 

There was a keen bite in the morning air strongly suggestive of a Virginia winter, as I stepped from the train at Reynolds.

The large number of idlers, for the train arrival is the one daily event of a railroad town, were standing shivering by the platform muffled to their cars in cloaks and overcoats. I response to my inquiry [ofr] Capt. Carson a bystander turned and pointed to a figure approaching through the sunlight. That fell unchecked beyond the cloud of engine smoke which drifted back and made a chilly shade about me. Looking in the direction indicated I saw a man six feet in height strongly built and erect as an Indian. His slightly florid face was square cut in its lines, but relieved by a tawny mustache and a tawny waving hair, tinged with gray brushed straight back fell into view beneath his slouch hat. As I shook his hands a low, pleasant voice welcomed me and two bright, smiling eyes steely blue - or were they gray? – [...] the kindness of his voice. Instinctively I felt the presence of a gentleman; yet I could scarcely disguise the intention of my somewhat protracted gaze for before me stood as gallant a soldier as ever wore the gray. [...] 

[Hist.] of Ft. Steadman.

Informed of my mission my host led the way through a pleasant little town to his own cottage, where with his wife a grand view of the celebrated John Marshal of Va and a happy family of interesting children. He [...] [...] in [...] [...] days of peace. There was an air of thrift and prosperity in the well kept premises and in the field stretching away and losing themselves in the distance – a suggestion of success. The good soldier was evidently a good farmer. Beside a [...] fire of oak logs with thin glow and the glow of the old war flames upon his face, he told me the true story of Ft. Steadman and its capture on the morning of March 25th 1865 a story never yet faithfully reproduced in print. I beg that the reader as he [...] it, will forget that it has been told by the chief actor. Nothing could exceed the simplicity and modesty with which it was [related]. Many of the facts were drowned out by questions oft repeated and not until the duty owed to his children to his comrades and to History were dwelt upon, did I receive the full text as given here, every word of which unless the writer himself is at fault is true, every fact is capable of substantiation by living witnesses. -