

### **Charles J. Brown, jr.**

The subject of this memoir was a volunteer in the Palmetto Guard, Capt. CUTHBERT, attached to KERSHAW'S Regiment of the Palmetto Brigade, commanded by Gen. BONHAM. He fell on the march from Fairfax C. H. to Centreville, on the 17th July, 1861.

Soon after the surrender of Fort Sumter, the Governor of Virginia called upon the Governor of South Carolina to aid in resisting the invasion, by Northern hordes, of the sacred soil of the Old Commonwealth. Mr. BROWN, whose ancestors were natives of Virginia, burning with patriotic ardor, and obeying the impulse of a generous enthusiasm, volunteered in the ranks of the Palmetto Guard to help the Old Dominion. From Charleston to Richmond, from Richmond to Manassas, from Manassas to Centreville, from Centreville to Fairfax, he was the willing soldier, obeying every order and performing every duty with cheerful alacrity. The only child of affluent parents, reared in luxury, and accustomed to have all his wants anticipated, it was no common sacrifice for him to forego the ease and comfort of home, fortune and position, to take his place in the ranks as a private soldier. This he did, for the pure fire of patriotism animated his nature. His mother and father had taught him, and his associations had confirmed him in the teaching, that the noblest virtue is love of country. This carried him to the field, and excited him to the performance of his duty. He died a martyr to a noble impulse.


On the morning of the 17th July the enemy appeared in front of Fairfax, in overwhelming numbers. All except those in command expected a fight. All were prepared, and determined to maintain the honor of the State, or to die in the effort. A retreat was commanded; in perfect order, and with great deliberation, the command filed off towards Centreville. KERSHAW'S Regiment was the rear guard and CUTHBERT'S company supported KEMPER'S Battery, which protected the movement. The day was intensely hot; under a burning sun, BROWN, with his company, toiled on, closely followed by the enemy. When near Centreville he fell from exhaustion, was put on a gun carriage, and borne into the village. There he was laid down in the shade of a tree and attended by his companions-in-arms and a faithful servant. Exhausted nature refused to rally, and he died in sight of the enemy. It was very beautiful to see how tenderly his comrades, and that faithful negro, ministered to him in his last moments. There lay the young man, strong in the pride of youth, on the hard ground, breathing his last in the service of his country: and his mother far, far away from her only child. He died among sympathizing friends, and brave soldiers wept as his spirit took its flight.

The enemy was upon us; there was no time to spare in vain ceremonies; he was prepared for burial; and it was a touching sight to see a detachment of his company at midnight, by the pale light of the moon, bear him to the quiet grave yard of the village Church; their measured tramp could be heard as the army filed out of the village towards Bull Run, there to make a stand and fight the great battle of the continent. They laid him down in his grave, sadly pressed the sods that covered his body, and with quick step joined their company, to engage the next morning in the battle of the 18th.

It requires more real heroism to perform all the duties and details of the soldier's life, than to fight the battles of the campaign. The battle is the reward of the soldier, for all his trials, all his toils, for all his endurance. He performs the dull routine of the camp; he submits to the petty annoyances of his station; to the privations, to the toils, to the sufferings of the campaign; to all these, that he may be in the battle, and carve his name in history. This did BROWN, and it seemed hard that he should die on the very eve of the fight. But his merit is none the less, that he missed the grand and glorious excitement of the battle. He died a martyr in a great cause, and his memory will be cherished by a grateful country.

Language fails when we come to speak of his heart-broken mother; she will never smile again. God help her in her deep affliction!

His body has been brought home by loving hands, and deposited in the family burial place. A.

 Savannah News and Republican copy, and send accounts to this office.