







Robt. W. Baylor.

BULL RUN TO BULL RUN;

OR,

FOUR YEARS IN THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

CONTAINING A DETAILED ACCOUNT
OF THE CAREER AND ADVENTURES OF

THE BAYLOR LIGHT HORSE,

Company B, Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A.,

WITH

LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

BY GEORGE BAYLOR.

Rise, too, ye shapes and shadows of the past,
Rise from your long-forgotten graves at last;
Let us behold your faces, let us hear
The words you uttered in those days of fear.
Revisit your familiar haunts again—
The scenes of triumph, and the scenes of pain—
And leave the foot-prints of your bleeding feet
Once more upon the pavements of the street.

—*Longfellow.*

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DEDICATION.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE NOBLE DEAD
AND TO
THE SURVIVORS OF THE "BAYLOR LIGHT HORSE,"
COMPANY B,
TWELFTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY,
C. S. A.

PREFACE.

Having long and earnestly desired that some one more competent would write the brilliant career of the Baylor Light Horse during the Civil War, but finding the work still unperformed, I have been induced in my humble way to undertake the task, trusting my effort may serve to revive, if not perpetuate, the story of its heroism and devotion to the "Lost Cause." In doing so, I have endeavored to portray its deeds of daring and adventure with truth, justice, and impartiality to friend and foe. The Records of the Civil War, as well as contemporaneous writings and the history of the times, have been freely used to present fairly the adversary's account and version of the events narrated.

With a just pride in the leadership of so gallant a band of soldiers, with high appreciation of the cheerful and ready manner in which so many dangers were shared, and with a grateful sense of the uniform kindness and courtesy extended me at all times, this work, imperfect as I know it to be, is humbly commended to the favorable reception of my comrades and friends.

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CHAPTER I.

To every man upon this earth,
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?

Macaulay.

In the summer of 1860, after a three years' course at Dickinson College, I was honored as an *alumnus* of that institution, and the following October found me engaged in the peaceful occupation of assistant of R. Jaquelin Ambler, at the Clifton High School, near Markham, in Fauquier county, Virginia. The principal of that institution had been my preceptor, several years before, at the Charlestown Academy, and in that relation I had formed for him a warm attachment, and was consequently much gratified that my career in life should have its beginning under so estimable a gentleman, and was especially pleased that my horse should bear me company.

Young men of the present day, who flourish in fine buggies, smoke cigars and cigarettes, part their hair in the middle, and occasionally greet "inspiring bold John Barley Corn," can ill appreciate the pastimes and pleasures of the youth of a generation ago, when the horse, the gun, and the dog were the *ne plus ultra* of masculine aspirations. Those good old days of innocent, manly sports and recreations, are still valued as the brightest and happiest in life. Alas! of our little group, that often chased the squirrel from tree to tree and made the forests ring with volleys of musketry, or startled the partridge from its repose in the fields, but two are left to tell the tale. That acquaintance with the horse,

which began in early childhood, soon ripened into affection, and the horse and rider were one in life and action.

During my collegiate course the family conclave met, my pursuit in life was determined, and the law chosen. The program arranged was for me to spend a couple of years in teaching, and then attend the School of Law at the University of Virginia. But man proposes and God disposes.

Taking up my abode in this rural retreat in Fauquier at the age of eighteen, the hours not occupied in school duties or recreation were devoted to the study of Blackstone, and some progress was being made in the rights of persons and rights of property when the 19th of April, 1861, rolled around, and Virginia's call to arms awakened me from my repose.

The country around Markham was at that time settled by old and highly distinguished families, among whom may be named: Marshall, Ambler, Ashby, Stribling, Carter and others, and my stay among them was made as agreeable as it could be—for a youthful pedagogue. My temper, naturally irascible, was ill-suited to a pursuit and profession requiring a large modicum of patience and good nature; and the few months spent in this service was sufficient to implant in me a deep sympathy and commiseration for the toilers in the schools. The time spent in this community was a period full of import. The country was verging on a great civil war. The North and South were fast becoming estranged and designing politicians on either side fanned the flame of discord. The Cotton States had seceded from the Union and formed a Confederacy, with its capital at Montgomery. The *Star of the West* had attempted to provision Fort Sumter, had been refused permission, and a collision had occurred between the forces of the United States and of the State of South Carolina. Virginia, reluctant to leave the Union, was by the proclamation of President Lincoln calling for 75,000 troops, forced to take sides, and natural affinity, education, and similarity of interests determined her choice.



Edw. M. Aisquith.

Soldiering in time of peace, had found little favor with me, and I had refrained from joining any military organization, though many, the outgrowth of the John Brown raid, were in existence in the vicinity of my home and present abode. But now that Virginia had taken her stand with her Southern sisters, and the two sections were in hostile array, I felt it my duty to lay down the plow and the pruning-hook and take up the sword and the battle-axe.

Turner Ashby, who lived near Markham, was then captain of a volunteer company of cavalry, composed of men of that vicinity, and had received orders to report with his company at Harper's Ferry. The inclination to go could not be resisted, and, seeking my principal, I asked to be relieved from further duty under my contract with him. He was too patriotic to refuse such a request, and on the 19th of April, 1861, I joined Ashby's company of horse, crossed the Blue Ridge, and reached Charlestown about 6 P. M. At Halltown we overtook a portion of the Second Virginia regiment of infantry, under command of Colonel Allen, and with it took possession of Harper's Ferry that night.

The long ride on the 19th had rather worsted my steed, and meeting many of my old school-mates and friends in the Botts Greys, Second Virginia regiment of infantry, with the permission of Captain Ashby, I changed my arm of service from cavalry to infantry, and joined the Botts Greys—a step soon afterwards much regretted. My first duties as a soldier were performed with the awkward squad on the plateau in the armory yard at Harper's Ferry, and in a short time I became a fairly well-drilled recruit.

Troops continued to pour into Harper's Ferry from all parts of Virginia and were gradually organized into regiments, brigades, and divisions. The First Brigade was composed of the Second, Fourth, Fifth, and Twenty-seventh Virginia regiments, and shortly after its formation, the Thirty-third was added. Colonel Thomas J. Jackson, then little known in military circles, although a graduate of West

Point and a soldier of some distinction in the Mexican War, was assigned to the command of our brigade. His appearance was not military or striking in any particular. He had rather a sleepy look, and was a very unimposing figure on horseback. He was a strict disciplinarian, and immediately went to work to prepare his brigade for the great work before it. For a couple of months we were marched and counter-marched, with no other ostensible purpose than to prove our metal and endurance.

In June, 1861, our regiment was sent to Berkeley county, and established a camp opposite Williamsport, known as Camp Lee and especially noted as the scene of the incarceration of Comrade Flagg for the trivial offence of shooting at a squirrel which appeared on a tree within the camp. His imprisonment seemed to us then a terrible outrage on the rights and liberties of a freeman and an insult to the honor and dignity of a soldier, and served somewhat to dampen the ardor and enthusiasm of our patriotism. We were then, however, novices in military life and discipline, and knew little of what the future had in store for us.

While in this camp, the Ordinance of Secession was voted on, and we juniors, although bearing arms and ready to battle for our State, were not permitted to cast our votes in settling this momentous question. This denial of the right of franchise to soldiers in the field was also esteemed an outrage far worse than taxation without representation.

In the latter part of June, the other regiments of our brigade joined our regiment and the brigade went into camp just south of Hainesville, near which place a portion of the Fifth regiment, on the 2d of July, had a little skirmish with Patterson's advance. Our regiment, though under artillery fire, can hardly be said to have smelt powder.

On July 4th, General Johnston, who was in command of the Army of the Shenandoah, joined us at Darkesville with his whole command, and his little army was drawn up in line of battle to confront Patterson, who was then in posses-

sion of Martinsburg. This offer of battle was not accepted by Patterson, and after remaining in this position several days our army retired to Winchester, and preparations were hastily made to join Beauregard at Manassas, though our destination was not disclosed until we were well on our way.

On the 18th, our brigade marched to Berry's Ferry, waded the Shenandoah, then up to the shoulders of the men, and reached Piedmont next morning, where we took the cars and arrived at Manassas on the evening of the 19th. At Piedmont, when the train pulled up, and orders were given to board, there was one coach a little superior to the others (which were principally box-cars and gondolas), and the Botts Greys seeing it, were soon snugly seated within; when to our surprise, Sandy Pendleton, then on General Johnston's staff, entered and ordered us to vacate, saying that was the officers' coach. The boys, saying they were as good as the officers, refused to vacate, and after some idle threats Pendleton disappeared, and the coach was retained.

On the 20th, our brigade went into line in front of McDowell, near Mitchell's Ford, on Bull Run, close to the battle-field of the 18th.

On the morning of the 21st, the brigade was ordered to the left of our army to reinforce our troops then engaged with McDowell's advance. We moved into line southeast of the Henry house, on a little crest, in front of a pine thicket. The battle was then raging and the Confederates were retiring. As the dead and wounded were carried past, we realized for the first time the horrors of battle.

Company C, commanded by Captain Nelson, was on the left of our regiment, the Botts Greys, Company G, was next in line to Company C, and as the men in the companies fell into line according to size, my place was on the extreme left of Company G, next to Tom Burnett, our fourth corporal, and adjoining the right of Company C. Captain Nelson was at the right of his company, and near him were the Randolphs, Grubbs, Cooke, and others of large stature. On the

left of Company C was the Thirty-third regiment of our brigade, the Fourth, Fifth, and Twenty-seventh being on the right.

The enemy's artillery shelled us in this position for an hour or more, doing little damage. During this cannonade I remember General Beauregard riding in our front and the rousing cheer we gave him. Sam Wright broke ranks, ran forward and shook his hand. This was our first view of Beauregard, and his appearance is still indelibly impressed on my mind. About 2 P. M. I heard small-arms on our left, and turning in that direction, saw the Thirty-third regiment engaging the enemy. I recollect their first volley and how unfavorably it affected me. It was apparently made with guns raised at an angle of forty-five degrees, and I was fully assured that their bullets would not hit the Yankees, unless they were nearer heaven than they were generally located by our people. To my great astonishment and admiration, however, I soon saw these same men gallantly charging a battery in their front, and my spirits rose. Our men clamored to go forward to assist them, but our officers refused permission, and the golden opportunity was accordingly lost. The Thirty-third took the battery, but not being reinforced, was forced to fall back in some disorder, which resulted in leaving the left of our regiment exposed to an enfilading fire, and the enemy soon took advantage of the situation and opened on Companies C and G at short range. Under this galling fire, with some of our officers shouting to the men, "don't fire; they are friends," our men were somewhat confused, but soon realizing the true situation, briskly returned the enemy's fire with telling effect. I have since that time been in many engagements, yet have never seen men act as coolly and boldly under such disadvantageous circumstances as our men did on that occasion. Companies C and G, though suffering heavily, were unflinching and holding their own against largely superior numbers when the order was given to fall back and form a new line. This

was done, no doubt, to present a front to the foe now out-flanking us. It was, however, an unfortunate move. Few men can retire calmly under a galling fire, and the execution of this order resulted in stampeding some good soldiers, but the large majority re-formed and again advanced, and our right at the same time moving forward, the enemy was pressed back and soon in flight. The forward movement of our brigade, sustained by the attack of a portion of Gen. Kirby Smith's command, produced this favorable result. We had now received our baptism of fire and the brigade was christened by the dying words of General Bee, "Stonewall," a name which it bore through the four years' conflict and handed down to posterity untarnished.

The victory was decisive. General Scott wired McClellan:

"After fairly beating the enemy and taking three of his batteries, a panic seized McDowell's army and it is in full retreat on the Potomac. A most unaccountable transformation into a mob of a finely appointed and admirably led army."

B. S. Alexander, a captain of engineers, wired General Scott:

"General McDowell's army in full retreat through Centreville. The day is lost. Save Washington and the remnant of this army. General McDowell is doing all he can to cover the retreat. Colonel Miles is forming for that purpose. He was in reserve at Centreville. The routed troops will not re-form."

The report of General McDowell, then at Fairfax Courthouse, on his retreat, says:

"The men having thrown away their haversacks in battle and left them behind, they are without food; have eaten nothing since breakfast. We are without artillery ammunition. The larger part of the men are a confused mob, entirely demoralized. It was the opinion of all the commanders that no stand could be made this side of the Potomac. We will, however, make the attempt at Fairfax Courthouse.



Isaac Anderson.

From a prisoner we learn that 20,000 from Johnston joined last night, and they will march on us to-night."

And in his report, written at Arlington, on August 4th, two weeks after the battle, he says:

"From the late reports it will be seen that our killed amounted to 19 officers and 462 non-commissioned officers and men, and our wounded to 64 officers and 947 non-commissioned officers and privates. The returns of the missing are very inaccurate, the men supposed to be missing having fallen into other regiments and gone to *Washington—many of the Zouaves to New York.*"

General Johnston, in his report of the battle, says:

"Our victory was as complete as one gained by infantry and artillery can be. An adequate force of cavalry would have made it decisive. It is due, under Almighty God, to the skill and resolution of General Beauregard, the admirable conduct of Generals Bee, E. K. Smith, and Jackson, and of Colonels (commanding brigades) Evans, Cocke, Early, and Elzey, and the courage and unyielding firmness of our patriotic volunteers. The admirable character of our troops is incontestably proved by the results of this battle, especially when it is remembered that little more than 6,000 men of the Army of the Shenandoah with 16 guns, and less than 2,000 of that of the Potomac with six guns, for fully five hours successfully resisted 35,000 United States troops with powerful artillery and a superior force of regular cavalry. The loss of the Army of the Potomac was 108 killed, 510 wounded, and 12 missing. That of the Army of the Shenandoah was 270 killed, 979 wounded, and 18 missing. Twenty-eight pieces of artillery, about 5,000 muskets, and nearly 500,000 cartridges, a garrison flag and ten colors, were captured on the field or in the pursuit. Besides these, we captured 64 artillery horses with their harness, 26 wagons and much camp equipage, clothing and other property abandoned in their flight. We captured also about 1,600 prisoners."

As will appear from the foregoing reports, the rout was complete, and only a small portion of our forces was actually engaged. The brunt of the day was borne by the Seventh and Eighth Georgia, the Fourth Alabama, the Second and Eleventh Mississippi, the Sixth North Carolina, Hampton's Legion, and Jackson's Brigade—about three-fourths of the total loss on our side being suffered by these commands.

Though the rout of the Federal army was complete, the fruits of the victory were lost by poor generalship. With fully 10,000 men who had not been engaged favorably located on our right, where the distance to Centreville was less than it was from the battle-field, no effort was made to intercept the flying foe. It was reported and currently believed that Jackson had been refused permission to pursue with his brigade. With President Davis, Generals Johnston and Beauregard on the field, eye-witnesses of the enemy's discomfiture and utter demoralization, their strange conduct cannot be explained or their sin of omission condoned.

It has been truly said that the Army of Northern Virginia possessed only one general who reaped the proper fruits of victory—his name was Stonewall Jackson. Having routed the enemy, our army quietly rested on its arms and patiently waited until our opponent, fully rallied from discomfiture, recruited and organized a larger and better-equipped force, and again advanced to give us battle. Such folly on our part seems almost criminal. With an Alexander, a Napoleon, or a Von Moltke for a leader, the war would have been of short duration, and the success of our arms assured.

Company G, Botts Greys, lost in this battle, Butler, Page, and Briscoe killed, and Lieutenant English and Privates Aisquith, W. P. Manning, Seth and Joe Timberlake, Wiltshire, Painter, Wright, and Middlecoff wounded.

CHAPTER II.

“ All quiet along the Potomac,” they say,
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro.
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
’Tis nothing; a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle:
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

Thaddeus Oliver.

The day after the Manassas fight, our brigade went into camp just east of Centreville (known as “ Camp Harman ”), where it remained for several months, now and then varying the monotony of camp life by picket duty in the vicinity of Falls Church and Munson’s Hill. It was on one of these occasions, September 21st, that our comrade, Lawrence Lee Berry, was killed, on picket post. The situation the night preceding his death is vividly impressed on my mind. Our line of pickets and the enemy’s were in close proximity, and firing between them was frequent. Two of my comrades and myself were assigned a post at the edge of a woods, about three hundred yards from the enemy’s line, and a shot at each other was freely indulged, without much effect, as we had tree fortifications for shelter. So accurate, however, was the enemy’s aim, that they barked the trees that protected us. There was a lull in the firing at nightfall, but our eyes and ears were both vigilant and our imaginations at high tension. In *media nocte*, as Julius Cæsar would say, strange noises were heard around our position, resembling footsteps of men in the leaves, and well remembered is the comforting picture presented by the senior of our post to our excited minds of our next day’s march to the old Capitol prison—the greatest of horrors to the soldiers at that period

of the war. Just as day broke, however, the enemy's attack was made on the post to our left, held by Judge Green, Lawrence Berry, and Joe Sherrard. In the attack Berry was killed, but Green and Sherrard escaped unhurt. Green and Sherrard were accused of enabling the enemy to locate their station by a loud political discussion on the right of secession had by them during the night, but both indignantly denied the grave accusation. The post was soon retaken by our reserve and the line re-established.

General Jackson, whose star was now in the ascendant, was made a major-general in the latter part of October and assigned to duty in the Shenandoah Valley Department, with headquarters at Winchester. A few days thereafter he took leave of his old brigade, in the following touching and thrilling words:

“ I am not here to make a speech, but simply to say farewell. I first met you at Harper's Ferry in the commencement of this war, and I cannot take leave of you without giving expression to my admiration of your conduct from that day to this—whether on the march, in the bivouac, in the tented field, or on the bloody plains of Manassas, where you gained the well-deserved reputation of having decided the fate of the battle. Throughout the broad extent of country over which you have marched, by your respect for the rights and the property of citizens, you have shown that you were soldiers—not only to defend, but able and willing both to defend and protect. You have already gained a brilliant and deservedly high reputation throughout the army of the whole Confederacy, and I trust in the future, by your deeds on the field, and by the assistance of the same kind Providence who has heretofore favored our cause, you will gain more victories, and add additional luster to the reputation you now enjoy. You have already gained a proud position in the future history of this our Second War for Independence. I shall look with great anxiety to your future

movements, and I trust whenever I shall hear of the First Brigade on the field of battle, it will be of still nobler deeds achieved and higher reputation won."

Then, overcome with emotion, he paused as if to conquer his own feelings, and after a few moments' silence, which in itself was eloquence, he concluded with much warmth and feeling:

"In the Army of the Shenandoah you were the *First Brigade!* In the Army of the Potomac you were the *First Brigade!* In the Second corps of the army you are the *First Brigade!* You are the *First Brigade* in the affections of your General! And I hope, by your future deeds and bearing, you will be handed down to posterity as the First Brigade in this our Second War for Independence. Farewell!"

The applause that greeted these words evinced the hold the General had already obtained in the affections of his brigade, and the tears that streamed down the sunburnt cheeks of that hardy soldiery were more eloquent than a thousand tongues in assuring him of its depth and sincerity.

Our brigade parted with its General in sorrow, but the separation was happily not of long duration. About the middle of November we were ordered to Winchester to report to General Jackson, and the announcement was received with great joy and delight. As the homes of our men were in the Valley, the expectation and anticipated pleasure of meeting the loved ones added zeal to our joy. We took cars at Manassas and were conveyed to Strasburg, from which place the brigade footed it through a drenching rain to Kernstown and was ordered into camp there.

Many of us having a longing desire to enter Winchester and greet our many friends and acquaintances, struck out for that destination, but were halted by the militia, who had a circle of pickets around the town, with strict orders not to allow the regulars to pass. The regulars held the militia in great contempt, and were little disposed to acquiesce in



Richard C. Baylor.

their orders, but, preferring peace to war with them, devised ways and means to evade and avoid them. Some flanked the posts, some deceived them with forged passes from General Jackson; but it was left to the ingenuity of our comrade Jim Frazier to obtain for us a wholesale entrance. He elected himself captain of the flankers, and ordering us to fall in line, marched us up to the militia post in military style and order and halted us. Frazier then stepped up to the officer of the picket guard and saluting, informed him that General Jackson had ordered him to proceed to Winchester with his company and arrest members of our brigade found there without leave. His authority, backed by force, was at once recognized and we marched through, the militia posts giving the usual military salute—a part of a soldier's tactics and education in which they especially excelled. Out of sight of the post, we broke ranks, and each found friends and a comfortable resting place in hospitable old Winchester. I think it safe to say that fully half of the *First Brigade* visited Winchester that night.

On December 4th, our brigade moved into camp near Stephenson's Depot, and Brigadier-General Garnett (a cousin of mine) was assigned to its command, and a review was had to show him what sort of looking fellows we were.

On the 15th, General Jackson started us on what was generally termed the "dam trip," the object of which was to destroy dam No. 5 on the Potomac and cripple the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. The undertaking was only partially successful, and we returned to camp at Stephenson's. The monotony of camp life was ill-suited to our juvenile temperaments and Winchester had many attractions we longed to enjoy. Why General Jackson had banished the young volunteers to this rural retreat and hard-tack diet, while the old seedy militia had comfortable quarters in the city and feasted on the best in the market, we could not easily understand, and were therefore inclined to rebel against such an unjust and arbitrary restriction, and daily devised schemes to

overcome it. The militia guards seemed to have no other occupation but that of opposing our entrance. We daily outwitted them and our officers, however, and gained admission. I remember on one occasion several of our company, Comrade Flagg among the number, obtaining permission to visit Winchester on a Sabbath day to attend church and not returning for a week. On reporting to camp, each expected a berth in the guard-house and extra duty as a punishment for our offence; but Flagg was equal to the occasion, and when our captain demanded to know why we had absented ourselves without leave, as he had only given us permission to attend church, "Yes," says Flagg, "but when we got there we found it was a 'protracted' meeting and lasted all the week." The captain was put in good humor and all escaped punishment.

On another occasion I remember approaching the militia pickets without passes, Comrade Flagg acting the part of a lunatic and we as his guard taking him to jail. The pickets for a while refused us passage, but just then our lunatic made such violent attacks and demonstrations on the pickets, that they, fearing great bodily harm, were only too glad to get rid of him and passed us through.

On the 1st of January, 1862, General Jackson moved with his whole force in the direction of Berkeley Springs. The morning was fair, bright, mild, and beautiful; about sundown, however, a northwester sprang up, and the night was very cold. To add to our discomfort, we had left our overcoats and blankets in our company wagons, and they failed to reach us. Our company laid down in a pile of leaves, hog-fashion, and tried to rest, but failed, as the night was too cold. Early next morning Sam Wright and myself flanked out to a little mountain hut to get something to eat, and only found buckwheat cakes and bacon gravy—a meal remembered by me still as the most enjoyable of my life.

The weather grew colder and colder as we journeyed forward. On the 4th, after a little brush with our advance, the

enemy retreated, and Berkeley Springs was entered, and I found comfortable lodging with my greatuncle, John Strother, who, although a strong Union man in sentiment, did the kinsman's part to me and other relatives in our brigade. I was met at the door at Uncle John's by his granddaughter, then a miss in her teens, and was kindly greeted and welcomed by her, notwithstanding the fact that the entrance of our troops had occasioned the flight of her father, then an officer in the Federal army. Uncle John had been a soldier in the War of 1812, held the Stars and Stripes in great reverence and affection; was an honest, earnest opponent of secession, and did not hesitate to proclaim his sentiments and tell us he believed we were in the wrong. "Yet," said he, "I am proud to find you fighting for what you believe to be right." His faith was so strong and so boldly asserted that it commanded the highest respect and admiration.

In the fall of 1861, he had been arrested by some of Ashby's cavalry as a dangerous enemy to our cause, and retained in Winchester a week or more under guard of a cavalryman, but not in confinement. His many friends in that place soon procured his release and he returned home. When we occupied Berkeley Springs he met and entertained his guard as his guest, telling us how kind and considerate the man had been of his welfare while he was a prisoner at Winchester.

On the 6th, our regiment moved opposite Hancock, where we were drawn up in line to support Captain Bragg's artillery, a twenty-four-pound gun, which opened on Hancock and served to scatter the enemy congregated there, if it did no further execution. After the firing ceased, we bivouacked for the night and awoke in the morning with a foot or more of snow on us.

On the 8th, we moved back near Berkeley Springs and encamped for the night in the snow. Albert Hooff and myself celebrated Jackson's day with a personal encounter, in which the advantage was with me in the outset, but as the tide was turning, fortunately for me, friends separated us.

On the 9th, we began our retreat to Unger's Store. The day was bitter cold, and the horses and men tramped the snow until it became slippery as ice, and it was difficult for man or beast to stand up. Our march somewhat resembled Napoleon's from Moscow. Reaching Unger's Store, we turned to the right and moved to Romney, where the brigade remained several days and fed on Yankee rations abandoned by the enemy in their hasty retreat. With several of our company, I was posted at the bridge on the Potomac on the road to Moorefield, near the house of Mr. Gibson, whose family was exceedingly kind and considerate of our comfort. After holding this position against the northwest wind for several days, we were called in, and with our brigade ordered back to Winchester. The shout that went up from the brigade when we learned this, evinced as much heart as lungs, for we were heartily weary of this midwinter tramp without any spoils and with much hardship and discomfort. As our brigade was preparing to start, Jack Terrill and myself determined to precede the brigade and by a forced march reach Winchester in one day and rest there in comfortable quarters until our regiment should arrive. With knapsack on our back, gun on our shoulder, and cartridge-box at our side, toiling up and down the hills, we walked the forty miles, reaching Winchester about 10 P. M., with legs so tired we could not sleep, though we had "all the means and appliances to boot."

Our brigade came in on the third day after leaving Romney and again went into camp near Stephenson's, where it remained until Banks's force advanced up the Valley. About the first of March John Terrill, Charlie Manning, and myself succeeded in obtaining transfers from the infantry to the cavalry, and joined a company raised by my father in the summer of 1861, and attached to Ashby's command. Horses were soon procured, and we reported for duty to this company, then stationed at Berryville, with Banks's army at

Charlestown. On horseback, I felt like a new man, and contemplated the war from a much more favorable standpoint.

As Banks advanced, Jackson retreated up the Valley, Ashby's cavalry bringing up the rear and having daily encounters with the enemy's advance. General Banks, after reaching Strasburg, soon retired to Winchester, and he and the greater part of his force passed over the Blue Ridge and joined Pope, leaving Shields, with about 10,000 men, at Winchester.

Ashby, who was ever on the alert, followed the retiring foe, constantly reporting the situation to Jackson, who, being desirous of relieving, as far as possible, Johnston's situation at Richmond by compelling the enemy to keep a strong force in the Valley, determined to advance and attack Shields at Winchester. General Ashby, on the evening of the 22d, passed the outpost of Shields's army, and made a brisk attack just south of Winchester, in which General Shields was wounded. On the 23d, General Jackson having arrived, dispositions for an attack were immediately made. The main assault was made west of the turnpike, on the enemy's right, and for several hours an animated contest was maintained. Jackson had in this engagement about 3,000 men, while Shields opposed him with 10,000.

A most favorable opportunity was afforded me of viewing this engagement, and the day was highly favorable to our side until about 5 P. M. Our men early in the contest gained a stone wall, while the enemy's line was about one hundred yards distant, on a little slope in a piece of woodland. Regiment after regiment of the enemy was pressed forward in the attempt to dislodge our men from this position, until their line appeared to be twenty deep and a splendid target for our men. Both sides maintained their respective positions for about three hours, when the Federal troops became so mixed and confused that all organization was lost and the men were wavering. A forward movement at this crisis would have given us the day, but, unfortunately,



George Eaylor.

the ammunition on our side was exhausted, and the men were ordered to retire—a move which gave the enemy such courage that they rallied and pressed forward, and the day was lost. In the beginning of this fight, a call was made for twenty men from our company to report to General Jackson. At this time a Federal battery a short distance off was pouring a vigorous fire into our ranks. When the call was made, it was accompanied with the report that Jackson wanted the men to charge that battery, and volunteers from the company were slow in responding. At this juncture, Charlie Crane, a youth then about sixteen, rode forward, saying, “Come on, boys, we have but one time to die,” took his place in the detachment, and, others following his example, the number was soon complete. Great was our relief, however, when on reporting to General Jackson, we were directed by him to take position on his extreme left and report any attempt of the enemy to outflank him. Position was taken by our squad in advance of our left and beyond the enemy’s right, and while out of the heat of the conflict, we had full view of all movements on both sides. We fell back to Newtown for the night.

CHAPTER III.

Then, farewell, home! and farewell, friends!
Adieu each tender tie!
Resolved we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer or to die.

Scott.

After the battle of Kernstown, Banks returned to the Valley and Jackson's forces retired slowly up the Valley, Ashby with his cavalry covering the rear and fighting the enemy's advance at every favorable opportunity along the route. It was on this retreat, just south of Mount Jackson, that Ashby lost his snow-white horse, the pride of his heart, and narrowly escaped capture himself.

When Harrisonburg was entered Jackson turned to the left and took the road to Conrad's Store, which was reached on the 19th of April, and his forces went into camp. It was here, on the 21st day of April, 1862, that the "Baylor Light Horse," Company B, Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, was organized. Prior to that time the company was comparatively small, had no regular organization, and, besides the captain, no other commissioned officer. The new organization was composed largely of men who had enlisted at the outbreak of the war and served one year in the ranks of the Second Virginia Regiment of Infantry, in the famous Stonewall Brigade. Its members were principally sons of farmers of Jefferson county, Virginia, mere school-boys, who had not attained their majority or completed their education. As now remembered, there were only three married men in the company. The Orderly Sergeant, Seth Timberlake, a brother-in-law of Charles Broadway Rouss, was a widower, and called by the boys, "Uncle Seth," on account of his

seniority, though he was then quite a young man. In its ranks were youths who to-day stand in the front in various occupations of civil life. There was ex-Postmaster-General William L. Wilson; Charles Broadway Rouss, the merchant prince and philanthropist, of New York; Charles Henderson, vice-president and general manager of the Reading railroad; Hon. W. D. English, of California; Thomas D. Ransom, a prominent lawyer of the Staunton Bar; William L. Thomson, a leading member of the Atlanta Bar; H. D. Beall, of the *Baltimore Sun*; Julian Hutchinson, a capitalist and member of the City Council of Atlanta; Timberlakes, eight in number, all gallant soldiers; Washingtons, Mannings, Terrills, Cranes, Aisquiths, Gallahers, Alexanders, Craighill, Frazier, Mason, Sadler, Strider, McClure, Howell, Hunter, Lackland, Seldon, Yates, and many others whose names, in Virginia, suggest pride, prowess, and parentage.

Robert W. Baylor was chosen captain; Milton Rouss, first lieutenant; George Baylor, second lieutenant; and B. C. Washington (afterwards for gallant conduct) was made third lieutenant. No arms or equipments were furnished the company by the Confederate Government, the men owned their horses, and *Uncle Sam* very kindly and very soon provided us the very best pistols, sabers, saddles and bridles he had in stock. Everything but ourselves was branded U. S. For the carbine we had no liking and no use. Early in the conflict we recognized the fact that the Federal officer was our equal, and that our chief strength and superiority lay in our rank and file. If our opponents were fought at long range, the officers had the opportunity to bring to their aid discipline and authority over the actions and conduct of their men; when in close contact, they lost control, and their men, lacking individuality, became as sheep without a shepherd; while with us, every private was a general and needed no guidance or direction from his officer. In the camp and in the field the Confederate soldier was ruled by affection and example, and was treated as an equal. Especially was this

the case in our company, where we bore the relation of brother, cousin, school-mate, neighbor, and friend.

On the 27th, the company was taken on a scout to McGaheysville. After entering the town, a picket was placed on the western limit and the reserve posted just east of the town. About an hour after our arrival our picket was driven in by a company charge of the enemy's cavalry. The reserve was quickly mounted and a counter-charge ordered, and the enemy's cavalry repulsed and driven through the town to a point about a half-mile beyond, when their reserve opened with canister, and we in turn were forced to retreat. In this charge my father was severely wounded and C. H. Isloer was taken prisoner. My brother Richard made a narrow escape from capture. When the enemy opened with artillery, Richard's horse became unmanageable, and, in plunging, broke the saddle-girth and landed him in the road. Entering a house near by, he ran out of the back door, jumped into a chicken-coop and got up on the roost. This would have been a very unsafe proceeding after sunset, as the chickens usually occupy the roost after that hour and it would have been a certain point of inspection by Federal soldiers. The Yankees made diligent search for him and even looked into the coop, but not turning their gaze upward, failed to find him. As soon as the enemy left, he came out of his hiding-place and made his way back to the company.

Though my father was seriously, and at the time supposed to be mortally wounded, we succeeded in bringing him off safely and back to camp. He never sufficiently recovered to enter active service again, and Lieutenant Rouss took command of the company. The enemy's force in this skirmish was composed of two regiments of infantry, two companies of cavalry, and a battery of artillery, under the command of General Hatch, while our force was about 40 men. The enemy's loss was two killed and three wounded. Our loss, one wounded and one prisoner.

General Banks, in his report to the Secretary of War, says:

“General Hatch made a reconnoissance in force yesterday. Two of our men were wounded, one mortally. Five of the enemy were killed and five wounded in the skirmish.”

Shortly after this skirmish, Jackson commenced the execution of his plan to clear the Valley of the Federal troops. His small force being reinforced with Ewell's Division, he left Ewell at Conrad's Store, moved swiftly through Staunton, united his force with that of General Edward Johnson, and on the 8th of May, at McDowell, routed Milroy's command. Then, turning back to the Valley, he united his force with Ewell's at New Market, Banks having in the mean time fallen back to Strasburg. From New Market, Jackson crossed the mountains to Luray and moved down the Front Royal road, leaving only four companies of cavalry in the Shenandoah Valley (our company among the number) to watch the enemy's movements in that quarter.

Our little command proceeded cautiously down the Valley to Woodstock, when Jackson's guns were heard at Front Royal. Being assured Jackson would drive Banks before him, we approached Strasburg just as Jackson was striking the enemy at Middletown. Several thousand Federal troops were cut off at Strasburg and were ready to surrender, if any considerable force had presented itself, but our little cavalry band was too small and an attack deemed imprudent. No part of Jackson's command turning their attention to these Federal troops, on the night of the 24th they escaped through the mountains westward.

On the morning of the 25th, our company entered Strasburg, picked up some straggling prisoners, captured many stores, and then joined Jackson near Winchester. After Banks's defeat at that point, the company was ordered in the direction of Charlestown, which place we entered the day following, finding a considerable amount of abandoned stores, but as we had no means of removing them, the enemy



Robt. W. Baylor, Jr.

returned the next day, drove us out, and destroyed them. As these stores were burning, General Winder, with the Stonewall Brigade, put in an appearance, and the enemy hastily retreated. On this occasion the market-house and railroad station were destroyed by the enemy. General Winder moved with his brigade to the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, but on the 30th received orders to retire up the Valley with infantry and cavalry, which order was executed, the cavalry reaching Strasburg on the 31st, where we found General Jackson engaged with Fremont's advance on the Wardensville road.

On June 1st, all of Jackson's troops having reached Strasburg, he began the famous retreat up the Valley with Fremont directly in his rear and Shields moving up the Luray Valley. From every hilltop, Ashby opened with his artillery on the advancing foe, and daily encounters took place between his command and the advance of the enemy, so delaying its movements that Jackson was enabled to save all his prisoners and captured stores.

At a point about four miles southeast of Harrisonburg the enemy was so much emboldened that the First New Jersey Cavalry, under Sir Percy Wyndham, boldly charged into Ashby's command, and after a brisk combat, he and sixty-three of his men were successfully bagged and some thirty killed and wounded. Sir Percy was much chagrined at being dubbed a Yankee by our boys. He had made many boasts that he would soon capture Ashby, and the remembrance of these boasts only deepened his sense of humiliation. But Ashby did not long enjoy the triumph of the morning. On the afternoon of the 6th, while in charge of two regiments of infantry, detached and sent to his command, leading an attack on the enemy's infantry advance, his horse was shot and he himself soon after killed.

Ashby was an ideal cavalryman—bold, dashing, courageous, undaunted, and pure and stainless in life. He was the idol of the people of the Valley, and probably no one else ever enjoyed so much of their love and admiration. He

was of the true type of chivalry, and to know him was to love and esteem him. His men idolized him, and no word of reproach ever fell from their lips. His great fault, if indeed it can be called a fault, was his reckless exposure of himself, in order to shield and protect his men.

On the 8th, was fought the battle of Cross Keys, and Fremont was repulsed with heavy loss.

On the next day, Shields was attacked near Port Republic, and after a spirited fight, routed, with the loss of eight guns and 1,500 prisoners, and he and Fremont raced down the Valley faster than they had raced up.

To Shields, defeat must have been a great blow, coming just two days after his celebrated order of the 7th, which will be interesting at this point.

COLUMBIA BRIDGE, VA.,

June 7th, 2 A. M.

Brigadier-General CARROLL,

Comd'g Fourth Brigade, Conrad's Store:

Such is my anxiety that I rise from my bed to write to you. Captain Keily, who will hand you this, has just returned from New Market. The enemy passed New Market on the 5th, Blenker's Division, on the 6th, in pursuit. The enemy has flung away everything; knapsacks and their stragglers fill the mountains. They only need a movement on the flank to panic-strike them, and break them into fragments. No man has had such a chance since the war commenced. Few men ever had such a chance. You are in 30 miles of a broken, retreating enemy, who still hangs together. Ten thousand Germans are on his rear, who hang on like bulldogs. You have only to throw yourself down on Waynesborough before him and your cavalry will capture them by the thousands, seize his train, and abundant supplies; and yet there is a strange want of enthusiasm in the command. The enemy is in retreat right before you. The men who follow him have no train—live by the way. This command can throw itself upon its flank, and yet I am pestered about shoes and stockings and clothing by officers like Colonel Gavin. Why, if the clothing was here, there is no time to get it. Take 5,000 of the enemy prisoners; then there will be

time to clothe you. Some of the officers are discouraging their men, instead of putting heart into them. Officers who do so at this time are not worthy of their places. The Germans are not half as well off as you are, yet they hang on the enemy without respite. The enemy insulted the capital of your country; he is in retreat; you are in a day and a half of him, and you hesitate. I don't mean you personally, but some of your officers and men. This would be a disgrace. Can this be my boasted Shields's division? If an officer hesitates, send him back. Go on with the men.

JAMES SHIELDS,
Commanding Division.

When Shields's boasted division started back from Port Republic, no further complaint was made about shoes and clothing, and the bombastic general himself was much like that King of Britain that never smiled again. Those hesitating men, upbraided so severely, knew Jackson better than Shields, or had a premonition of coming events and were averse to stirring up this hornets' nest. If General Shields had remembered the message of the King of Israel to Ben-hadad, King of Syria: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off," not vaunted his deeds of to-morrow, he might have lessened the abasement and humiliation of defeat.

A few days after these engagements, Jackson crossed the mountain and united his force with Johnston's in front of Richmond, leaving Company B in the Valley to watch the movements of the enemy in that department. Being sole guardians of the Shenandoah Valley, we felt a just pride in the trust reposed in us, and determined to show ourselves worthy of the confidence of our commander. After the departure of the army, an outpost was established at McGaheysville, with pickets on the road to Luray and Harrisonburg, and we made frequent scouts in the direction of these points to ascertain the location of Fremont and Shields. As the enemy moved down the Luray and Shenandoah valleys, our posts were advanced.

On the 10th of August, with 30 men, I started on a scout to Luray, expecting to find a small force of the enemy in possession of the town, but on reaching there, found the enemy had moved east that morning, and a few stragglers were captured. The night was spent in Luray with our friends, and an incident of the night had much to do with determining the movements and success of the following day.

Hospitable entertainment was accorded me that evening at the home of the Jordans, while Henry Beall and some others of the company had comfortable quarters at the Lionbergers. Mr. Lionberger was then quite an old gentleman, and having expressed in the presence of Beall a desire to see the officer commanding the company, Beall kindly offered to go over to the Jordans and introduce him. He came, he saw, and was sorely disappointed. At that time I was a mere stripling boy, just twenty years of age, weighing one hundred pounds, and not very attractive or warlike in appearance. Mr. Lionberger returned home much disgusted, and so expressed himself to Beall, saying, "What can you expect to accomplish with that stripling for a leader?" Beall, like a true friend, reported his remark to me, and my blood boiled in my veins, but I said nothing—only thought.

The next morning, with 25 men, I started on the road to Front Royal, inwardly resolved to do or die. No one knew how desperate the old gentleman's disparaging remarks had made me. We inquired along the route as to the enemy's position, but failed to elicit any further information than that it occupied Front Royal. About noon of the 11th, we had reached the vicinity of that town, but had encountered no foe. About one-half mile south of the place, however, we came suddenly upon the enemy's cavalry picket-post, and a charge was immediately ordered. Recklessly we dashed into the town, capturing the cavalry picket reserve, and finding the town occupied by a large infantry force. Our men were soon scattered, pursuing fleeing Yankees in every direction. Noticing a company forming in front of the hotel, with about

40 men in line, I called Henry Beall and Charlie Crane to my assistance, dashed in among them, and drawing my pistol on the officer in command, demanded a surrender. He turned to his men and commanded them to ground arms—an order quickly obeyed. Securing the officer, I directed the men to march out by the Luray road. Just then another officer appeared on the scene, and he, too, was made prisoner. General Redden, who was in command of the force, made his escape on a cart-horse. Our handful of men were soon overwhelmed with prisoners, and I was satisfied we must beat a hasty retreat. In looking up our boys and getting them together, I found John Terrill and Bob North in among the infantry tents, slashing them with their sabers and ordering out the men. Our situation was critical indeed, and, gathering up as many of the prisoners as could hastily be gotten together, our retreat was begun. We left Front Royal with about 300 prisoners, most of them infantrymen, and among them a major and two captains. When about a mile south of town, the enemy's cavalry, about 300 strong, appeared in our rear. About 15 horses had been captured from the enemy. On these, prisoners were mounted, and with residue on foot, in charge of 15 men, were started off at a rapid pace towards Luray, while with 10 men I undertook to cover the retreat. The enemy was held in check for some time, but finally broke our little rear-guard and succeeded in releasing the foot prisoners, but those on horseback were brought off safely. In a running fight of five miles, with counter-charges, we kept this body of cavalry sufficiently in check to permit the mounted prisoners and guards to keep at a safe distance from recapture.

In one of the enemy's charges Baker, of our company, was captured, a counter-charge was ordered and Baker released. In this engagement George Timberlake was slightly wounded, Orderly-Sergeant Seth Timberlake, known as the fighting sergeant, had his horse killed, and my horse was wounded in shoulder and neck, and, though losing blood,



Henry D. Beall.

bore me safely through the conflict. The enemy's loss was 10 killed and wounded, and two officers and 13 men prisoners. These officers were Captains Darrell and Baker, of the Third Delaware regiment.

After following us about five miles, the enemy abandoned the pursuit, and our little band returned to Luray, camping near that place for the night.

Comrade Beall relates that on our retreat from Front Royal he discovered Tustin Starry standing on a hill overlooking the town, having failed to follow the company in its charge, and upbraiding him for his shameful conduct, asked him "why he did not go." To which he coolly replied, "I went as far as I thought it was prudent."

General White, in his report of this affair to General Pope, says: "The enemy's cavalry, some 25 strong, dashed into Front Royal yesterday, and captured two captains on provost-marshal duty. They surprised our picket and guards. Our cavalry pursued and captured one prisoner."

On August 4th, the Army Record shows General Redden had at Front Royal the Third Delaware regiment, over 800 strong, 400 cavalry, and a battery of artillery. General Banks had wired him on that day, "had sent him Captain Munther, an engineer, to arrange his fortifications, but that the enemy near him were not numerous, there are no rebel troops in the Valley, and only guerrillas in your vicinity. If you are fortified they will not attack you at all. A few men can defend the works, and nearly your whole force will be free to attack them. No better opportunity is offered for active service. These guerrillas are outlaws. It is not recognized warfare, and no engagement with them should be regarded." Yet, notwithstanding these precautions, the little band of Company B surprised General Redden on the 11th following, capturing the town, and could have taken the whole garrison if it had had men sufficient to guard them.

When Captain Darrell surrendered he was wearing a gold-mounted sword bearing the inscription, "Presented to Cap-

tain W. B. Darrell by Co. C, Third regiment, D. V.," which I promised to return him after the war was over. At its close I made inquiry after him and found he had been killed in front of Petersburg, so I thought no more about the matter until I received a letter from his cousin, living in Buffalo, New York, in June, 1898, asking if I would part with the sword. I learned through my correspondence with this cousin that Captain Darrell's wife was still alive and her address was furnished me. My assent to return the sword was readily given, but I suggested that the wife should have the preference over the cousin. So I wrote to this lady at Manchester, New Hampshire, and on June 22, 1898, received the following courteous reply:

Captain GEORGE BAYLOR:

My Dear Sir,—I am just in receipt of your favor of June 20th, and hasten to express my gratification at your kindness in giving me the little history of the sword, which renders the event of its restoration exceedingly interesting—and in order that you may comprehend my ignorance in regard to it, permit me to make a brief explanation.

When the Third Delaware regiment was stationed at the Relay House, Maryland, in 1863, I met Lieutenant-Colonel William B. Darrell for the first time. This was after he had the fortune to become the prisoner of so generous a foe as yourself. After the exchange, he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of his regiment (and later, just before his death, he was nominated colonel). We were married January, 1864—and in less than four months he was ordered to the front. After much active service, he received his death-wound at the Weldon railroad battle before Petersburg, Virginia, June 18, 1864. He was but twenty-four years of age. Our lives were so full of immediate events—and the terrible shock of his death, which came to me when but little more than a child, crowded out all memory of his former experiences and his capture, if he ever recounted them to me in detail—and I was oblivious of the incident of the sword until his cousin, Mrs. Margaret Said Gail, wrote me that she had been seeking for it for years, and at last was rewarded by finding its faithful keeper. She asked if I would be willing

for her to have it, to which I assented, not through any indifference, I do assure you, but through a spirit of unselfish willingness to yield to her a trophy so coveted, and indeed deserved, by her for her perseverance in securing it. I greatly appreciate your kind thoughtfulness in requesting my consent before handing it to Mrs. Gail, and let me thank you, Captain Baylor, for keeping so sacredly the promise you made to your prisoner, which shows wonderful integrity of character, and which has given such satisfaction, even if melancholy in sentiment, to his beloved ones. It greatly enhances its value—and if I erred in supposing you were one of his own loyal officers, I take great pleasure in recognizing you as an honorable officer in a “cause which you believed just”—and the differences that existed then, are, I hope, obliterated by years and the common call which unites our whole country to-day against the most cruel monarchy of Europe.

Very respectfully and gratefully yours,

VIRGINIA DARRELL GRAFTON.

After receiving this letter, the sword was forwarded by express to Mrs. Gail, in Buffalo, and the following letter acknowledging its receipt received:

374 RICHMOND AVENUE,
Buffalo, New York.

My Dear Mr. BAYLOR:

Please pardon my not writing you sooner thanking you for the sword. I appreciate your goodness and kindness in giving it to me, for it certainly was noble in you to give it up, for I know it must have been dear to you, having been in your possession so long. My son was more than happy the day it came, and it now hangs on the wall in his room. If you or your family ever come to Buffalo, my husband and I will be pleased to return the kindness you have done us. My daughter was delighted to make you a member of the “Red Cross Society.” I think she wrote you yesterday. Thanking you again, I remain very respectfully,

MARGARET S. GAIL.

There is an incident connected with the Front Royal raid, told me by Dr. R. C. Buck, then a boy in his teens, worthy of narration here:



Daniel F. Bell.

Dr. William Marshall, now a resident of Milford, Delaware, was at the time of this raid surgeon of the Third Delaware regiment, and from all I know and have heard of him, a very estimable gentleman. While this regiment was stationed at Front Royal he had taken comfortable quarters at the residence of Mr. William Buck (father of Dr. R. C. Buck), just south of the town, and was very much esteemed by the Buck family for his uniform courtesy and kindness. On the morning of the raid he said to Mrs. Buck, "It may appear silly to you for me to say it, but I dreamed last night of being captured by the *bushwhackers*, and it has made such a strong impression on my mind that I cannot throw it off." Mrs. Buck laughingly told him, "Why, Doctor, you should wear your green sash for protection." "Oh," he replied, "I dislike to be decked out with gingerbread decorations." As he left the house after breakfast Mrs. Buck requested him to bring her a bottle of vinegar out of his hospital supplies, which he promised to do. He had visited his patients at the hospital, and was walking down the street on the road to dinner, when the Rebs entered the town, and seeing his shoulder straps, supposed him an officer of rank in the line and gobbled him up. Speedily mounting him on a horse, without saddle or bridle, his captor seized the halter-strap, and the Doctor was hustled out of town in a mode and manner not the most agreeable. When about three miles south of the town, the enemy still driving us, the Doctor having been bounced up and down until his agony had become unendurable, in desperation he slipped off the rump of the horse, made for the bushes and escaped. Dr. Buck says, having heard of the Doctor's capture, he promptly claimed his pistol and sword, which were left in his room at his father's house, as his part of the spoils, but, unfortunately for him, just as the sun was sinking behind the hills, in walked the Doctor, dusty and dirty, and while he was pleased to see him, could not but feel a boy's disappointment at not being the possessor of the pistol and sword. The Doctor's experience

with the bushwhackers, as he is pleased to term us, seems not to have been very pleasant, as he writes me that "my escape—that is, the manner thereof being known, too well known to you to forget, suffice it to say that I bear the marks in my own body." What he means by this I am unable to divine; as I am credibly informed he was not wounded, he must have suffered ill-effects from his bare-back ride. If he uses this figure of speech to express his utter abhorrence of the wild Mazeppa ride on that occasion, I cannot find fault with him for so doing. If he still treasures up the wrong against me, it may be some consolation for him to know that his people, in the February following, gave me a bare-back ride in return.

"For time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong."

On our return to Luray, the company met with an ovation and were feasted right royally. All doubts as to our fighting qualities were now removed, and Company B was on the ladder of fame. Mr. Lionberger very frankly congratulated me, and was ever after a warm friend and admirer, and one of his fair daughters composed and set to music a little song dedicated to the "Baylor Light Horse." Only one verse can now be recalled:

"At a town among the mountains,
Where amid the sparkling fountains
Camped a host of Yankees in their boasted night,
Baylor boldly charged among them;
From their sleep he did arouse them,
And, like Murat, rode bravely thro' the fight.

CHORUS.

"Come, come, come boys, come,
Come all ye who'd live in story,
He will lead you to glory
O'er fields cold and gory,
He'll lead you, boys, where honor's to be won."

The good people of Front Royal after this dash, and during the war, received us with great kindness, and the resident survivors of that conflict still refer to this incident with pride, as showing the daring of our soldier boys.

The effect of this raid was such that on the day following Front Royal was evacuated, and the garrison retired to Winchester, thus opening to our raids the entire lower Valley.

CHAPTER IV.

Thrice hath the lone owl hooted,
And thrice the panther cried,
And swifter through the darkness
The pale brigade shall ride;
No trumpet sounds its coming,
And no drum-beat stirs the air,
But noiseless in their vengeance,
They wreak it everywhere.

Ku Klux.

Returning to camp from the Front Royal raid, our horses and ourselves were rested and prepared for another escapade down the Valley, and as I have in my possession a letter written at the time by a distinguished member of our company, giving a full and detailed account of our trip in that section, I will adopt it as a much more accurate account of our doings and proceedings than I could write after such a lapse of time:

HARRISONBURG, August 26, 1862.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

In a letter written two weeks ago, giving you an account of the expedition of the "Baylor Light Horse" into the town of Front Royal, I promised that the company should be heard from again very soon. I am now seated to redeem my promise, by furnishing you with an account of our recent successful expedition into the county of Jefferson—the land of our childhood and the beloved home of our riper years.

On Wednesday last Company B, under the command of Lieutenant Milton Rouss, was ordered from camp at Harrisonburg to Mount Jackson, for the purpose of relieving Captain Rinker's company from picket duty. We encamped for the night on Rude's Hill, and arrived at Mt. Jackson at an early hour on Thursday morning. But our young officers

could not brook the idea of remaining so far from the enemy, and determined to make a trip down the Valley. Leaving a sufficient picket force for the post, under the command of a sergeant, the balance of the company (30 men, with Lieutenants Rouss, Baylor, of Front Royal renown, and Roland) proceeded towards the point of proposed operations.

Thursday night was spent in the beautiful and hospitable village of Woodstock, where all that was necessary for our bodily comfort was done. Smiles and sweet notes of music from accomplished ladies nerved us for the task undertaken, and we left Woodstock at noon on Friday in the best possible spirits—some say under the influence of a variety of spirits. But, 'pon 'onor, that must be a mistake. We reached Strasburg in time to partake of a bountiful supper served up by mine host, Mr. Richardson, and at nightfall resumed our march. We reached the village of Newtown at 10 o'clock, and were met enthusiastically by almost the entire population, men, women and children. Some refreshments were partaken of, and then towards Yankee soldiers we again proceeded. (It may be proper here to remark, for the benefit of some of your readers, that Newtown is on the Valley turnpike, eight miles from Winchester, where the enemy's force consists of one brigade of infantry, one company of artillery, and 290 cavalry. The pickets on this road are posted one mile from Winchester.)

It may be improper, for the purposes of our officers, that I should discover to your curious readers the route we took from Newtown. It may be possible that we camped for a few hours in Hampshire county, and it may be that we did not. But I will remark that we travelled nearly all night in almost complete silence, the only sounds heard being those occasioned by our horses pounding through brush and rock-breaks. We arrived, a few minutes before daylight, at the place selected for our camping, and sunrise found us snugly ensconced in the bushes, in close proximity to the hospitable mansions of some of the most loyal men in the lower Valley.



Charles J. Berry.

Here we quietly remained, holding our position, until the afternoon of Saturday, when we emerged from our concealment, and proceeded in the direction of the Winchester and Potomac railroad, Lieutenant Rouss having determined to capture the mail train, if within the range of human possibility. The point arrived at was midway between Summit Point and Wade's Depot, at each of which places the enemy had a force of 80 infantry and five cavalry. The distance between the two depots is four miles, hence in either direction we were only two miles from the enemy. At 4 o'clock the road was reached, and in a few minutes the sound of the engine was heard. And now began the exciting hour. The music of the engine fell with more consoling effect upon our tired band than the sweetest strains from lovely women. Eagerness was depicted upon every countenance, and proud anticipations were indulged in, in view of the prospective reward. A quick disposition was made of our force, and obstructions were at once placed on the track to bring the train to a halt. On came the train, which had now reached within 100 yards of the obstruction. The command was given to halt, but the frightened engineer took no heed of the command. A fire was at once opened upon the speeding train from more than a dozen revolvers, and in a moment the obstruction was reached, and the train came to a dead halt. The engineer was at once dethroned, and the cars entered. The first thing to be done was to secure the Yankee soldiers on board, eight in number, who were on their way to join their companies in Winchester. The poor creatures looked the picture of astonishment and despair, and submitted without resistance to the "rebel boys." A few citizens were on board, but as there was no possible use to which they could be put, they were permitted to go on their way rejoicing only, I guess, that their lives had been spared. The agent of the Adams Express Company, in an attempt to escape, was shot at and badly wounded in the thigh. The express car was entered and a rich exhibition unfolded itself to our almost

famishing boys. Baskets of champagne, boxes of delicious peaches, apples, pears, oranges, lemons, etc., were discovered, and "pitched into." Never did men partake of good things with better appetites. The boys drank to the health of everybody in general, and their sweethearts in particular, and jollity and good cheer reigned supreme. One individual of my acquaintance, very near to me, having surfeited himself on champagne, compelled the alarmed engineer to tap a ten-gallon keg of cider, hold it up for him, and then with a gusto he drank to the health of "Jeff. Davis, the Southern Confederacy, and my sweetheart only a few miles off." But we had not made the dash simply for the purpose of securing eatables and drinkables. Something else was to be done. The express safe was opened, and United States money, to the amount of \$4,000, consigned to some Federal paymaster at Winchester, was extracted, together with a number of other valuable articles. The United States mail was also secured, containing, amongst other documents, official dispatches from General Pope to Brigadier-General White, commanding at Winchester. These dispatches have been forwarded to General Jackson, and will doubtless prove of great value to the old hero. A number of letters to different parties came into our possession, many of which will be valuable as soon as our troops regain entire possession of the Valley. All the valuables having been secured, nothing was left to be done at this point but to destroy the cars. Fires were built in the two passenger cars and one express car, and the pine piled on to facilitate the burning. And here a sigh involuntarily escaped from some of us. To see the old "low-back cars," upon which many of us had made pleasant journeys, consigned to the devouring element, brought up in memory's train remembrances of "Lang Syne," and thoughts of mothers and sisters near came rushing over us, for the old train had been the medium of many happy hours and pleasant communications between us and home. I felt the force of these reflections sensibly, but duty

dictated that all the damage possible should be done our ruthless invaders. The old cars burned magnificently, and the fiery tongue of the flames seemed almost to lick the lower clouds. Good-bye, old Winchester train, you survive now only in memory—your uncouth but always pleasant form is now consigned to the past.

A full head of steam was put on the engine, and with the furnace heated "ten times hotter than it was wont to be," the old machine was started in the direction of Winchester. No tales could be told, for she was entirely unoccupied. The progress of the engine up the track, as far as could be seen, was rich indeed. The old thing went thundering along, and the unevenness of the track caused "der machine" to tumble up and down in a promiscuous manner. How far she went, and what was thought of her progress, I do not pretend to say. The engineer declared it was a ruined institution, and that the trip would exhaust all the vitality the old thing had remaining in her. Farewell, old friend! you have been blowing a long while, but your career is now ended. The uses to which you have been of late months put have been too base, and your fate is a fitting one for your sinning. You are now beyond the hand of Federal resurrection, or rather reconstruction, as the Yankees will have it. The telegraph pole was now ascended, the wire disengaged from the pole, and destroyed for a distance of more than 200 yards. At the time of cutting the wire a message was being sent over the line. A "stop" was certainly put to that proceeding—a stay in the execution of some villainous design. And now we determined to leave this point, but not to beat a retreat towards the upper Valley yet. Lieutenant Roland, with 13 men, took charge of the prisoners, and started back by the route we came, whilst the 17 remaining men, under Lieutenants Rouss and Baylor, determined to penetrate farther into the enemy's country. The track was crossed, and "for Smithfield" was the rallying cry. Smithfield is in the county of Jefferson, six miles from Charlestown, 14 from Winches-

ter, and five miles in the direction of the Potomac from the point where the track was crossed. Approaching the town in a slow trot, we had arrived within about a half-mile of the place, when the blue uniforms of the Yankee pickets were discovered. Our gait was unchecked, and the pickets seemed not at all disturbed, thinking, of course, we were a scouting party of their men. They did not discover their error until we had approached within 20 yards of them. The command to charge was given, and in an instant the three pickets were ours, together with their horses, equipments, etc., they not having had time to fire a shot at us. On questioning them, it was found that the force in town was 14. The charge was ordered, and thundering into the town went the boys. The Yankees were taken completely by surprise, only one man having time to mount his horse, and he being speedily overtaken. They failed to fire a shot, and we had the extreme satisfaction of knowing that 17 rebel cavalry had surprised and captured 17 Yankees of the same branch of the service without having had a shot fired at them. The spoils at this point were 17 horses, some of them very fine ones; 20 revolvers, Colt's army and navy pattern, of the finest quality, nearly new; 5 Sharpe's carbines, in splendid condition; 18 Yankee saddles, bridles, and other trappings, such as were just necessary to make our company the best-equipped one in the regiment; also, a large number of gum overcoats, blankets, etc.

And now the time had arrived for us to commence our retreat, if such it might be called, as we were all loaded down with Yankee prisoners and plunder. I will not be indiscreet enough to tell what hole we creeped out of, for it might be stopped up should I do so. I will state, however, for the benefit of the "Feds," that we were not far from Winchester, and at midnight saw the camp-fires on Shultz's Hill, from which we were distant only three miles! We camped for one hour, at daybreak, only five miles from old Winchester, towards which place many of us directed longing eyes and

anxious thoughts. But we hope to be there soon and will not occupy ourselves with useless repining. The retreat was conducted with great discretion and we arrived safely in camp with our booty on Monday morning, having travelled about 175 miles in three days and been in our saddles two nights.

It is inferred that the boldness of our dash caused a fluttering amongst the Yankees along the line of the road. It is fair to presume that General White became considerably whiter and that old Wool presented a more sheepish appearance than ever.

I have thus hastily, Mr. Editor, given you a few incidents of the trip. The roughness with which they are thrown together and detailed must be forgiven. I am tired and exhausted, and will endeavor to do better next time.

When Company B makes another raid down the Valley I will try and be on hand to furnish you an account of their doings.

I am truly, yours, H. D. B.

P. S.—Since the above was written information has been received to the effect that the raid on the train caused the greatest consternation in Winchester. Preparations were at once made to evacuate the town, and a cavalry force of 200 men was sent out in search of the audacious rebels. Berryville, Wade's, and Summit Point were visited by the cavalry, with the hope of finding our boys. But the birds had flown, and General White failed to trace the direction they had taken. The engine, after performing a variety of antics, came to a dead halt three miles from Winchester, and expired from sheer exhaustion.

H. D. B.

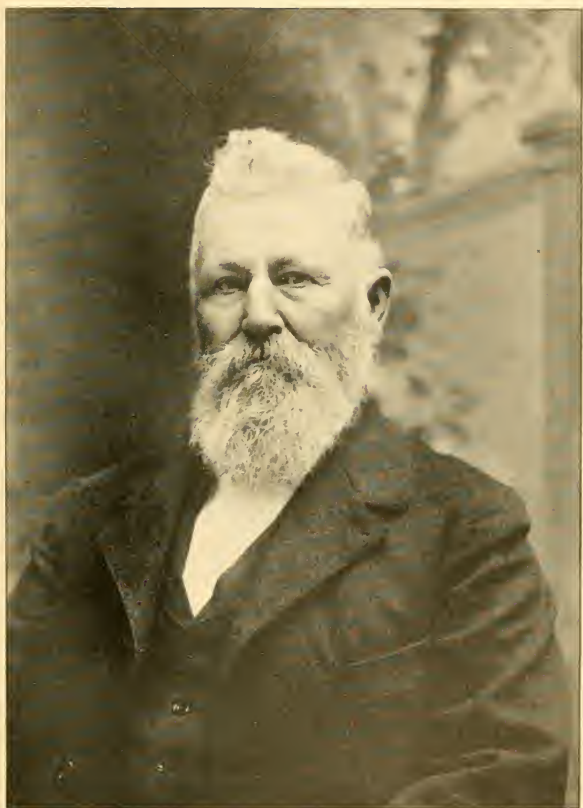
The enemy's account of this affair will be found in the following telegrams and reports:

BALTIMORE, August 24, 1862.

HON. P. H. WATSON,

Assistant Secretary of War:

We have advices that yesterday at 4 P. M. a squadron of the enemy's cavalry stopped the passenger train between



James C. Conklyn.

Harper's Ferry and Winchester, took the agent of Adams express and all on board prisoners except two, who escaped, and burned the train and cut the telegraph wire. The command of Lieutenant Milling, at Smithfield, a point west of the Winchester road, and on the route to Martinsburg, was captured during the evening.

JOHN W. GARRETT, President.

WINCHESTER, VA., August 23, 1862.

Major-General POPE:

The railroad train from Harper's Ferry to this place was fired into and burned this afternoon, the mail captured and telegraph wire cut; a few soldiers coming here were taken. With what mounted force I can muster, I am trying to intercept the marauders. This may be nothing more than a raid of bushwhackers, or it may indicate movements of the enemy down the Valley. I give you the facts for whatever they are worth.

JULIUS WHITE,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

WINCHESTER, VA., August 24, 1862.

Major-General POPE:

The railroad train from Harper's Ferry to this place was captured and burnt by a party of Ashby's cavalry last evening and the telegraph cut. I have had the latter repaired. Workmen are clearing the track and repairing the road. What mounted men I can command are in pursuit of the enemy.

JULIUS WHITE,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 25, 1862.

Major-General POPE:

Ascertain, if possible, if the enemy is not moving down the Shenandoah Valley.

H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief.

CAMP BOLIVAR, August 25, 1862

To Colonel DIXON S. MILES:

Sir,—In obedience to an order received from Captain Henry A. Cole, commanding battalion, bearing date August

4, 1862, I proceeded to Smithfield with 20 men for the purpose of picketing, as well as to arrest all returned rebel soldiers, capture their horses, arms, and also to keep all contraband articles from being conveyed to the enemy. Which duties I performed until Saturday evening, August 23d, when we were surprised by Baylor's rebel cavalry. My pickets were first captured by them. They then charged through the village, capturing the following of my men—viz., ———, making 17 in all, and had it not been that I had with me on duty Sergeant Winters and two men, we would in all probability be with them. The rebels numbered from 30 to 40.

R. H. MILLING,
First Lieutenant, Commanding Pickets.

This honest and truthful report, it seems, was not very satisfactory to Colonel Miles, for he writes Lieutenant-Colonel William D. Whipple, Assistant Adjutant-General, as follows:

HARPER'S FERRY, VA., August 25, 1862.

Sir,—I have the honor to receive a report of Lieutenant Milling, of the Maryland cavalry, of the loss of 17 men, while on picket at Smithfield, Va., on the 23d instant. This officer was esteemed trustworthy and attentive, and he was particularly charged to be vigilant and on the alert against surprise. His report is unsatisfactory, and he deserves signal punishment. I would advise his name to be stricken from the rolls of the army. I am, Colonel,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. S. MILES,
Colonel Second Infantry, Commanding.

General Wool indorses the above recommendation:

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTH ARMY CORPS,
BALTIMORE, August 28, 1862.

Respectfully forwarded with remarks of Colonel Miles, and recommend that First-Lieutenant R. H. Milling be dismissed the service.

Adjutant-General L. Thomas forwarded it to the Secretary of War with indorsement as follows :

Respectfully submitted to the Secretary of War, with recommendation that the officer be dismissed the service.

It was approved by the Secretary of War and poor Milling dismissed without a hearing, and solely because he was the creature of unfortunate circumstances. There was no lack of vigilance on his part, his pickets were on post and surprised without his fault, and his reserve captured while he was off on duty. The frankness and candor of his report ought to have commended him, and I feel confident that the Federal service in the dismissal of Lieutenant Milling lost a good and worthy officer.

On our retreat from Smithfield, we took the route by Bunker Hill and around through "Apple Pie Ridge," crossing the Northwestern Grade a few miles west of Winchester, making a complete circuit around General White and striking the Valley turnpike near Middletown. While we were passing round west of Winchester, General White's cavalry were scouring the country east, to intercept us.

CHAPTER V.

Their eyes are flames of fire. They roll in search of the land. Their mighty hands are on their swords. Lightning pours from their sides of steel. They come like streams from the mountains; each rushes roaring from the hills.—*Ossian*.

After the capture of the train of cars and Lieutenant Milling's command, Company B was not long idle. Moving down the Valley and taking lodgement in the counties of Clarke and Jefferson, it continued to harass the enemy on every favorable occasion. His pickets and outposts were daily attacked, and communication between Winchester and Harper's Ferry broken until the 2d of September, when General White, who commanded the former post, unable to keep the way open, became so much alarmed, that, after spiking many of his larger guns and destroying a large amount of his stores and ammunition, he hastily evacuated Winchester and retired on Harper's Ferry, by way of Martinsburg, when there was only actually threatening him about 100 men of our company. This move led to his capture and the capture of his command on the 15th following. The situation is best described in his own report to General Halleck:

MARTINSBURG, W. VA., September 6, 1862.

General: I have the honor to report, that in accordance with the telegraphic order of Major-General Halleck, of the 2d instant, the troops under my command evacuated the fortifications near Winchester, Va., on the evening of the same day, falling back on Harper's Ferry without opposition, and arriving there on the afternoon of the 3d instant. Owing to deficiency in transportation and the imperative nature of the order, *as well as the authenticated presence of three or four brigades of the enemy* in the Valley, it was impracticable to bring away all of the government property accumulated at

the post. The four 32-pounders, mounted on the works, it was found impossible to remove with the requisite celerity, and they were in consequence spiked, the muzzles and sights battered, the trunnions strained, and balls wedged in the bores. The carriages were broken and burned. All of the ammunition which could be conveyed by rail was so removed, leaving about one-third in the main works, which was fired and the works almost entirely destroyed by the explosion. The well was choked. Of quartermaster stores some 70,000 pounds of forage was destroyed, and of the commissary stores some 60,000 rations, accumulated for the defence of the place. These, as well as the tools, etc., used in constructing the works and the property of the several commands, which they were unable to transport, were burned.

I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

JULIUS WHITE,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

Brigadier-General CULLUM, Chief of Staff.

Poor White! He magnified one company into three brigades, and in his great haste to get away, his imagination created intentions and embodied forms of things unknown to him. The guns were very slightly injured, and a large amount of property, consisting of guns, ammunition, clothing, forage, 175 to 200 barrels of bacon, and other valuable stores, fell into our hands. The good people of Winchester laid in their winter supply of meat and groceries. Colonel Mallory, in his testimony before the court-martial ordered to try General White for so hastily evacuating Winchester, says: "There were abandoned about 120,000 rations and about 190 to 200 barrels of bacon." The testimony of the various witnesses before this court-martial show how greatly our little force had impressed the enemy.

Colonel Thomas H. Ford testifies: "Question. Do you know or not, whether there was not a force of the enemy constantly around Winchester all the time we were there? Answer. I do know there was. I know our pickets were attacked almost every night. I do not think there was a



Chas. C. Conklyn.

night passed, but what you directed me to detail one or more companies to reinforce pickets. We could hear the firing on our pickets."

Question by General White: "Were there not frequent skirmishes with parties of the enemy by parties I sent off for that purpose? Answer. Yes, sir."

Major A. W. Corliss testifies: "Question. Was it not well known that the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry was in our immediate vicinity for at least a week or ten days prior to the evacuation? Answer. I never heard the number of the regiment; I know there was a regiment about there."

Lieutenant Carness testifies: "Question. Was there a cavalry force immediately about Winchester? Answer. Yes, sir. Question. Was it in sufficient force to have taken possession of Winchester and any stores that we might have left there at the time of the evacuation? Answer. Yes, sir. Question. Do you know whether they did so or not after we left? Answer. According to the best information I have got, they were in there about the time we were out."

On September 2d, the day General White evacuated Winchester, about 9 A. M., with six men, we attacked the enemy's picket near Keyes Ford, a short distance south of Harper's Ferry, taking eight prisoners, with their horses and equipments, without loss. The Federal account of this little dash is as follows:

TUESDAY, September 2, 1862.

Lieutenant Bierney, with an orderly, went to Keyes Ford to ascertain the truth of the reported capture of Cole's cavalry pickets, and ascertained the facts to be as follows: A party of 25 Confederate cavalry dashed down the Kabletown or River road and captured the outer vidette, a quarter of a mile from his comrades, and forced him to inform them of the position of the others, who were at that time in a cornshed, dismounted. They dashed in and captured the party without resistance on the part of our pickets. This party

of Confederate cavalry was led by a Lieutenant Baylor, son of the notorious Captain Baylor, or Colonel Baylor, who was killed at the battle of Winchester.

My father had been severely wounded April 27, 1862, at McGaheysville, and reported by the enemy as killed, and no doubt this gave rise to the statement above.

On September 4th, Lieutenant-Colonel Massie, with Company I, of our regiment, and a squadron of the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, joined us at Bunker Hill, and on the 5th moved down near Darkesville. On the 6th, our company drove in the enemy's pickets on the Martinsburg turnpike, a short distance from the town, capturing eight prisoners. Ascertaining that the force at Martinsburg was too strong for us, we began retiring, and had reached Darkesville, when suddenly the enemy charged our rear. Company B, covering the retreat, soon faced about, met the enemy's charge and repulsed it, taking some dozen prisoners, killing the lieutenant-colonel and 12 men of the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry. The Colonel's saddle and bridle graced my horse the remainder of the war, and was allowed me at the surrender. But the enemy, greatly outnumbering us, charged a second time, broke our column, and after a severe struggle, routed our force and pursued it nearly to Bunker Hill.

On September 6, 1862, Lieutenant Bierney reports:

"Colonel Voss, with the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, met the enemy, and after a severe fight, routs them and takes 45 prisoners, horses and equipments. The enemy's loss was 15 killed and a large number wounded. Colonel Voss loses two killed and 12 wounded."

And Colonel Voss in his report says "he had the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, four companies of the Sixty-fifth Illinois Infantry, and a section of Captain Phillips's Battery. The enemy's loss was 41 prisoners and 25 killed. We had none killed, 13 wounded, most of them badly, and one prisoner."

I do not now remember the loss on our side beyond that in

our company, which was two prisoners, not actually in the fight, but captured at a house near by, while getting a lunch. I am sure, however, it was not as large as claimed by the enemy in the above reports.

On the 7th, Company B took up position near Charlestown, and remained there until the morning of the 13th, when we were attacked by four companies of the First New York Cavalry about a mile west of the town, and after a sharp brush the enemy retired. In this encounter Lieutenant Rouss and Carey Selden were wounded. About noon we again entered Charlestown and followed the enemy to Halltown. While occupying a position near Halltown, we were surprised at seeing General Jackson's advance approaching on the Martinsburg road, *en route* to Harper's Ferry. From them we learned that our troops were moving on Maryland and Loudoun Heights and investing Harper's Ferry. On the 14th, Colonel Massie coming up, the cavalry was assigned to duty on the left of Jackson's line, which position we held during the investment and until the surrender of the enemy, on the morning of the 15th.

The sight at Harper's Ferry on the night of the 14th was grand. Our batteries on Maryland and Loudoun Heights and on School-House Hill were playing on Miles's forces, now shut up in a narrow space along Bolivar Heights, and the pyrotechnic display was magnificent. In the early morning our infantry line and artillery began moving up the slope to Bolivar Heights, and soon the enemy, driven out of his works, took refuge on the eastern slope of the ridge in easy range of our batteries on Maryland and Loudoun Heights. Early in the action the white flag appeared, and Miles surrendered: but before we could signal our batteries on the Heights to cease firing, Miles was killed by a bursting shell, and General White completed the terms of surrender. Jackson's loss at Harper's Ferry was very small. The enemy lost, besides killed and wounded, 11,000 prisoners, 13,000 small-arms, 73 pieces of artillery, 200

wagons, and a large amount of stores. General Miles, anticipating the surrender of his forces, had issued all the clothing in stock, and on the 15th, when the Federal troops were drawn up in line preparatory to surrender, they all appeared in new suits, and made quite an imposing display in contrast with our foot-sore, weary, and ragged veterans. As our troops were passing in front of the Federal column and the Yankees and our men were guying each other, a "blue-belly" called out, "Hello, Johnny, why don't you wear better clothes?" and in an instant came the retort from an old North Carolinian, "These are good enough to kill hogs in."

The Federal prisoners were paroled, and, Jackson having finished his work at Harper's Ferry, on the 15th we took up our line of march for Sharpsburg, and took part in that memorable engagement, and found it an exceedingly hot contest. We were, with three companies of our regiment, placed in a position to protect one of our batteries—the most trying duty of a soldier on the field of battle. After a severe conflict, both sides became exhausted and seemed willing to rest from their labors.

On the 18th, Company B was ordered back to Harper's Ferry, with instructions to picket the Potomac at that point and report any movement of the enemy in that direction. This position was held by our company until the enemy crossed in force and drove us back to Halltown. We remained at Halltown until the 16th of October, when a column of the enemy under General Hancock advanced, and, after a brisk fight just east of Charlestown, our small force of cavalry under Colonel Mumford was driven back, and Charlestown was occupied by the enemy.

On the afternoon of the 17th, General Hancock withdrew his command to Harper's Ferry, and Charlestown was again occupied by us and pickets posted at Halltown. General McClellan having now crossed the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge, began his march southward, and General Lee, who

had been resting his army near Bunker Hill, moved across the mountains to confront him, but our company was left at its post.

On November 1st, while our company reserve was occupying a little woods on the Brown farm, we were surprised in our camp in the early morning by a dash made by the enemy's cavalry. Our horses were unsaddled and unbridled and tied to trees. Awakening from our slumbers and realizing the situation, we fought the enemy on foot and drove them out of camp and over a hill in our front; then, while keeping up a fire with a few men, the others retired to camp, saddled, bridled, and mounted, and, making a charge on the enemy, drove them back to Halltown. Just in front of Mr. Shaeffer's house my horse received a fatal wound and I a slight one in the calf of my leg, which was not sufficient to render me *hors de combat*.

I led the noble animal, which I dearly loved, and whose very life seemed bound to mine by dangers shared and daily companionship, to the roadside, where she laid down on the green turf. Her breathing too plainly indicated that death was near. As her eyes rested on me in fondness and affection, human nature could not resist, and, kneeling down by her side, and clasping my arms about her neck, I wept. When I arose she was dead. She died, and with her life passed away my hopes and aspirations for her whose name she bore. The dream of my young life vanished, and the hopes of the future were dissipated.

The enemy having made a stand at Halltown, our company passed unobserved to the south of the turnpike, in the rear of Rion Hall, coming in their rear just east of the town, and, making a dash, routed and drove them in confusion over the hills. In this fracas we captured seven prisoners. This force proved to be Cole's Cavalry battalion.

After this occurrence matters remained quiet in our front until the first part of December, when a column under General Geary, about 5,000 strong, advanced on Charlestown.



Charles L. Crane.

Just east of the town we engaged his advance, and after a spirited contest, were driven back. In this fight, Sergeant Timberlake, Richard Baylor, and Charles Isler were wounded.

The enemy passed through Charlestown and continued its route through Berryville to Winchester. Company B, falling in in its rear, harassed the enemy along the route and captured some prisoners. Geary's cavalry (Cole's Battalion) kept close beside the infantry and could not be induced to part company.

The remainder of our regiment was stationed at Winchester, and after a skirmish with the enemy, it retired south on the Valley turnpike.

After occupying Winchester one day, General Geary returned to Harper's Ferry by way of Bunker Hill, Smithfield, and Charlestown, having accomplished nothing but the loss of some fifteen prisoners and having made a narrow escape from capture himself, at Charlestown, on his return, in a dash made on his rear by our company.

In his report of this trip, he says:

BOLIVAR HEIGHTS, December 6, 1862.

Colonel: We marched by the Harper's Ferry and Winchester turnpike to Charlestown, which we reached at 8:30 A. M., coming suddenly upon two companies of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, who had taken position in vacant houses and in the woods about three-fourths of a mile this side of town. A skirmish here occurred between our advance and this body of the enemy, which latter prosecuted a constant firing for some fifteen minutes, resulting in their rout and the loss of four or five wounded and several horses killed.

JOHN W. GEARY,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

General Geary is not very accurate in his report, as our force consisted of Company B alone, and we were without any help this side of Winchester, 22 miles away, and it is not usual for cavalymen to take position in vacant houses,

and there were none east of town. We fought the General in open field, about 60 men against 5,000, and, having done the best we could, retired in regular order through the town, and after he passed through we acted as his file-closers to Winchester and back again to Charlestown. We kept his men in line, and gave them no opportunity to plunder along their route.

After a day's reflection, General Geary reports as follows:

“ I have the honor to report, as an addition to the report of the recent reconnoissance to Winchester, that in the skirmish near Charlestown among the rebels wounded were Lieutenant Baylor, who had his arm blown off, and Privates Isler and Timberlake, all of the cavalry.”

I am thankful to report my arms are still on, but the General has no doubt confounded me with my brother Richard, whose arm was broken by a musket-ball.

Company B continued to hold Charlestown, with no support nearer than Winchester, until January, 1863. On the 20th of December, with 25 men, we moved down the River road and attacked the enemy's reserve cavalry picket near the double toll-gate, just west of Bolivar Heights, capturing seven prisoners, horses and equipments, and as we were returning to Charlestown, at Lucas's gate, just west of Halltown, encountered about 200 of Cole's cavalry under Colonel Vernon, who, it seems, had started out on a raid to Charlestown, but on hearing the cannon firing at Bolivar heights had turned back to Harper's Ferry. At the first glance we supposed them to be some of our regiment from Winchester, sent down to look after us, but soon realized the true situation and prepared for an attack. Five of our men had charge of the prisoners captured, which left us only 20 effective men. Both sides charged, we met near the cake and cider shop, and after a short struggle positions were exchanged, the enemy passing on to Harper's Ferry and we

to Charlestown. We brought off safely our seven prisoners, and wounded several others of the enemy. We lost one prisoner in the fight, W. L. Wilson.

The enemy about a mile east of Charlestown picked up my father, who was unarmed, still a sufferer from his wound, and on a visit to some wards, but I was not aware of it until I returned to Charlestown. I met Colonel Cole that evening under flag of truce, and after inquiring after my father, proposed to him to make an exchange for him and Wilson, first offering him three for two, and finally offering his seven men for our two, but he declined. My father remained a prisoner from that time until late in 1864, but Wilson was soon exchanged and back with the company.

In a volume lately published, entitled "History of the Troops from Maryland Who Served in the Northern Army During the Civil War," and under head of "Cole's Cavalry," note the following: "On the 20th day of December, 1862, a portion of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, under a certain Captain Baylor (who had achieved an unenviable notoriety by firing upon a flag of truce amongst his other exploits), concluded to wipe out of existence Cole's cavalry and moved rapidly down the Valley to surprise them. Cole's cavalry had, however, been promptly advised by their scouts of the movements, and Companies A and C, under Captain Vernon, leaving their pickets in position, moved around the left flank to the rear of the attacking column, and although outnumbered, charged them, capturing Captain Baylor and a large part of his command, driving them four miles. Captain Baylor was subsequently tried at Harper's Ferry for his life for violating the laws of civilized warfare."

If this is history, it ought certainly to be named Ananias's history. Ananias and Sapphira would have enjoyed the company of another shade had this modern historian lived in those days and been amenable to the same law. The falsehood of Ananias had some of the ear-marks of truth. He sold a possession and kept back part of the price. He rep-

resented he had sold a possession and the money he brought was *all the price*. His heir at law in lying, the late historian, has also some of the semblance of truth in his statement. A fight occurred between 25 men of Company B, a portion of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, under Lieutenant Baylor (my title then), and companies A and C, of Cole's cavalry, under Captain Vernon, but Captain Baylor was not in command nor was he captured in the fight, but was picked up alone and unarmed while at a house engaged in civil business, and had never fired on a flag of truce or violated the laws of war, and it was so found by a Federal general and Secretary of War (a court certainly not biased in his favor), and ordered exchanged.

There was no moving rapidly down the Valley to wipe out Cole's cavalry, for Company B, under my command, unaided and unsupported, had occupied Charlestown for more than a month prior to this occasion and for more than a week afterwards, within eight miles of Cole's cavalry and its support. Every opportunity was afforded them for a trial of combat and it was declined, while on the other hand, Cole's cavalry kept close within infantry protection and under the protection of their artillery. That morning, when with 25 men its outposts were attacked, their artillery opened on us.

In this fight the only member of our squad captured was William L. Wilson, our ex-Postmaster-General (who is a living witness of the fact), and therefore a *large part of our command was not captured*, unless Wilson was a large part thereof. The flag of truce violated was Uncle John Sorrell, a faithful o'ld colored man of my father's, standing on our side of the Potomac, at Harper's Ferry, in the fall of 1861, calling over to the Yankees on the other side to come over for him, and the violation was committed by five members of my father's company, concealed under the Baltimore and Ohio railroad trestling, who fired into the enemy, killing and wounding several of a boat-load of Federal robbers, who

had responded to Uncle John's call. My father at the time was in Charlestown. It was a *ruse de guerre*, planned and executed by the men engaged in it, and Uncle John was a mere decoy duck. This was legitimate warfare and was so decided by General Kelley, and his finding approved by Secretary Stanton.

Christmas day was spent in Charlestown, and the boys were the recipients of many presents at the hands of the fair and patriotic ladies of the town and vicinity, and all enjoyed the best that the county could afford. In the midst of our festivity and hilarity, Colonel Cole and a couple of attendants came in under a flag of truce bearing a Christmas gift of a permit from Colonel Kenly allowing my mother to enter the Federal lines to visit my father, which was gladly accepted and the visit paid. *Inter arma leges silent*, but not the hearts, and combatants still preserve some of their humanity, and occasionally extended each other little courtesies and civilities which served to ameliorate the hardships and severities of war.



Joseph Crane.

CHAPTER VI.

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, liberty, thou art!

Byron.

In the winter of 1863 our brigade, under command of General William E. Jones, encamped near New Market. After lying idle several weeks, some of our boys grew restless and longed to be on the move and to break the monotony of camp life. Permission was asked of General Jones for the company to make a scout in the lower Valley, but the request was refused on grounds we esteemed unreasonable and insufficient. Plans were then laid by some of the men, including Lieutenant Rouss and myself, to outgeneral the General. The camp-itch, a disease peculiar to soldiers living on hard-tack and mess-pork, was then prevalent in our brigade. Taking into our confidence our regimental surgeon, Dr. Burton, one morning about a dozen of us appeared before the surgeon's tent and made application to be sent to the hospital at Harrisonburg to be treated for this disease, and certificates were accordingly granted us. Reporting to the surgeon in charge of the hospital, Dr. Waddell, a Virginia gentleman of the old type, our certificates were presented and we were booked as patients at that institution. Without critical examination into our cases, some anointing ointment and a little bottle of Fowler's Solution of Arsenic was furnished each of us and permission granted to make our stay with friends and acquaintances in the vicinity of the hospital, with directions to report *occasionally* at the surgeon's office.

Having now arranged our program satisfactorily, the following morning we started down the Valley, determined to try our hands on the Yankees in that section, well assured

that a successful venture would make the *amende honorable* and sufficient excuse with our officers for our little deviation from the line of military rectitude. Our little band of about a baker's dozen was composed of Lieutenant Rouss, John Chew, Billy Manning, Charlie Henderson, Charlie Crane, John Yates, John Coleman, George Crayton, Billy Gibson, Up Manning, Joe Crane, Duck English, and myself. We crossed the mountain to Luray and passed through Front Royal, stopping at regular intervals with friends along the route.

February 12th found us at Summit Point, where information was received of a small scouting party of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry, numbering 21 men, passing that place a short time before our arrival, going in the direction of Middleway or Smithfield. The Federal troops at that time occupied Winchester and various points in that vicinity, and daily sent scouts to the outlying country. This information greatly pleased us, and off we started in pursuit of the Yankee scouting party. Passing "Happy Retreat," the abode of one of our sweethearts, we were urged not to pursue, as the enemy was too strong for us, but we had travelled 60 miles in hunt of a fracas, and nothing could dissuade us. In fact, we were spoiling for a fight.

As Middleway is approached from the direction of Summit Point, there is a straight stretch of road, probably a mile in extent, just before entering the town. Here the enemy was in full view, slowly sauntering along, totally oblivious of the fact that any foe was in the vicinity. Nearing the hill just south of the town, our gait was accelerated, our pistols made ready, and we struck its rear, with the head of its column just over the hill. So intent were they in conversation and so unmindful of our presence, that the rear file was shot down and we were pressing into the column before they were aware of danger.

No resistance was made, but pell-mell down through the town they ran, with our little band, yelling like hyenas, in

close pursuit, suffering mostly from their mud-pelting, and closing the race at the toll-gate just north of the town. In their mad rush for liberty and freedom they knocked over an old woman's churn in front of her house and sprinkled the street with her buttermilk. As the result of the fight four were killed, three wounded, seven men and 11 horses and equipments captured, with no casualty on our side. The dead and wounded were left on the field. With the prisoners and horses we returned to Summit Point, and thence down to Locke's shop, where a stop was made to let Lieutenant Rouss have his horse shod. Fatal stop. The smith had nearly completed the job when a body of Yankee cavalry was seen approaching from the direction of Charlestown. The prisoners with horses and small guard were hurried down Locke's lane, and with a handful of men a dash was made on the advance of the enemy's column, to hold it in check a few moments, to give prisoners, captured horses, and guard a little start. The movement was more successful than we anticipated, as the head of the column was broken and thrown into confusion. In this charge, John Chew and Charlie Crane displayed conspicuous gallantry.

The prisoners and horses had now gotten a pretty good distance in advance. We therefore fell back, in good order, down by Locke's house, through the Griggs place, striking the public road leading east to Feagan's mill and west to Summit Point turnpike. Here the advance, instead of turning east as it should have done, followed the road westward until reaching an angle in rear of Slifer farm, and then attempted to rectify the mistake by striking across his farm. At the first cross-fence the Yankee horses refused to jump, and the enemy pressing us from the rear, the prisoners and horses were recaptured. Learning, no doubt, from the recaptured men of the paucity of our numbers, they pressed us more vigorously. At the next fence Manning's horse fell, pinioning him to the ground, and he was captured. A short distance farther on Coleman met the same fate. Having

passed across the Slifer farm, the retreat was continued down through the Dovenberger place, across in the direction of Porter's factory. On this trip, I was riding my father's horse Bony, a fine runner and jumper, and keeping in rear with a few well-mounted men to protect and shield those with weak and less agile steeds, when, on coming to a ditch in the field, my horse bounded over, slipped on the ice and fell, throwing me. In an instant Bony was up and gone, and poor, unfortunate me, at the mercy of a fast-advancing foe. Just south of me I spied a rail fence, which in an instant I leaped, and while the Yankees were pulling it down to get over, I made the best run of my life across a wheat-field, with bullets knocking dirt over and around me. From the noise in my rear, I feel justified in concluding that the whole squadron took a shot at me. Before they got through the fence I reached the Keerl House (now Levi Porter's) and ran in the front door and out of the rear, down into the garden, and fell exhausted, under a gooseberry bush. I soon observed the Yankees in the yard and around the house, and before I could recover breath for another run they rode into the garden, spied me under the bush (poor protection in February), and made me a prisoner. My horse carried off my pistols and saber, and bore them safely back to camp. With the posse that captured me was a Lieutenant Hill, an exceedingly gentlemanly fellow for a Yankee, who, on learning my name, treated me with much kindness and consideration.

While standing in the garden talking with the party, up rode a big lager-beer Dutchman, who, in an excited manner, leaped off his horse, and, giving me a good Dutch cursing, placed his carbine to my breast and said: "Kill the damned rebel." I sighed inwardly for my pistol and a minute of freedom, that there might be one less Dutch hireling in this country. Just then Lieutenant Hill, pointing his pistol in the Dutchman's face, said: "If you shoot him, I'll shoot you." This brought the cowardly scoundrel to his senses,

and he sneaked away like a sheep-killing dog. The attacking party was a squadron of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, under Major Gibson.

The further pursuit of our men was abandoned at this point, and Lieutenant Hill and five of his men took charge of me, taking me to Porter's pump to allow me to wash some of the mud from my face. Colonel Porter, a citizen and gentleman of that neighborhood, kindly came down with a bottle of old rye, offered me a drink, which was declined, and then offered one to my captors, which they graciously accepted. Thoughts of escape then entered my head, and I accordingly gave Colonel Porter the wink to offer them another drink, which he did, but to my sorrow they all declined.

Not having an extra horse, I was mounted behind one of my guard, on a blanket, and thus ignominiously located, started for Charlestown by way of Feagan's mill and the Summit Point and Charlestown road. When the gate opposite the Isler House (now Carrell's) was reached, I met Tom Rockenbaugh, a neighbor, on his way home. I spoke to him and was about to request him to tell my mother that I was a prisoner, but not hurt, when, putting whip to his horse, he started in a full run. My guard shouted halt, and fired a couple of shots, but he never slackened pace. When I saw him next after this, I inquired why he had acted so strangely. "Why," said he, "If I had recognized you, they would have killed me, sure."

We reached Charlestown about 4 P. M. I had entered the place so often as victor, and felt my humiliation so deeply, that I covered my head so that my friends would not recognize me. My escort kindly permitted me to stop at the east end of the town, at my cousins' the Rutherfords, where I borrowed \$20 in gold for use during prison life, which I anticipated would be long, as at that time there was no exchange of officers.

On resuming our journey, Lieutenant Hill kindly offered



Jno. Coleman.

me his horse, quite a nice animal, but like most Yankee horses, not bridewise. He was anxious to get my opinion as to its qualities, which I readily assented to give after a trial; so I started off down Hunter's Hill in a lope, and if the guards had not followed so close, with their carbines drawn on me, calling halt, I would have given his horse a fair trial through Tate's woods, down the Kabletown road and away to freedom. Those fellows were evidently mind-readers, and by vigilance frustrated my plans.

Lieutenant Hill now mounted his own horse, and I was placed on a very dilapidated steed, much like Don Quixote's Rosinante, which bore me in humble style to Harper's Ferry, while his rider took my place on the blanket behind his comrade.

When captured I was wearing a pair of spurs, presented to my father by his friend, Hon. Henry Bedinger, and purchased by him in Denmark, while minister at that court. I recognized them as a legitimate prize of war, but riding along the way, Lieutenant Hill asked me if I would like to part with them. I told him their history, and said that while I wished to retain them, I was aware he had a right to them. "Well," said he, "if you wish to keep them, do so, but take them off and put them in your pocket, or some fellow will take them from you." I took his advice, put them in my pocket, and brought them safely back to Dixie. At Harper's Ferry I was put in charge of a lieutenant of infantry, whose name I cannot now recall. He took me to an oyster saloon and filled me with oysters, which were heartily enjoyed. After eating, the lieutenant informed me there was a ball in the Ferry that night, and I thought he was about to propose that I should attend, but on the contrary, said that would prevent him from taking me to his quarters for rest, though he disliked to put me in their guard-house. I thanked him for his courtesy and good intentions, and expressed my willingness to go to accommodate him. He then took me to their prison under the Presbyterian

church, on Shenandoah street, and I have been a little shy of Presbyterian churches ever since. If it was Heaven above, it was surely hell below. I appreciated that night General Charles Lee's solemn request not to be buried "in any Presbyterian church-yard, or within one mile of any Anabaptist meeting-house, as he had been forced to keep so much bad company during life that he wished to avoid it in death."

The lieutenant advised me if I had any money or valuables to place them in the hands of the officer of the guard, as my fellow-prisoners were a disreputable set, and might rob me. The advice was taken and my gold watch and \$20 were handed over with a vague suspicion I would never see them again. In this miserable den I found comrades Manning and Coleman and a crowd of Yankee deserters. I was much pleased to see my friends, for misery loves company. Sleep failed to weigh our eyelids down that night. Our couch was mud and dirt and our associates the vilest of the vile, fiends and devils incarnate.

Morning was welcomed, our names were called, and as we passed out my watch and money were handed me, much to my surprise and gratification. A guard then marched us to the Baltimore and Ohio station, where we boarded the cars for Baltimore, arrived there about noon, and were taken to General Schenck's headquarters.

The Federal account of our little raid is found in the report of General Schenck to General Halleck:

BALTIMORE, MD., February 13, 1863.

I have received the following dispatch from Brigadier-General Kelly:

HARPER'S FERRY, VA., February 13, 1863.

Yesterday about 1 P. M. a squad of Baylor's rebel cavalry attacked a small party of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry from Kearneysville, near Smithfield, killing four, wounding two, and capturing six men and several horses. About 4 P. M. my scouts here fell in with the same party a few miles

south of Charlestown, and after a running fight of several miles, recaptured our men and horses, and captured Lieutenant Baylor and two of his men and several horses.

B. F. KELLY,
Major-General Commanding.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

ROBERT C. SCHENCK,
Major-General Commanding.

After being interrogated by General Schenck as to my whereabouts when he chased Jackson up the Valley, and politely informing him I was at Cross Keys and Port Republic, we were ordered to be taken to the Provost Marshal's office. My comrades and myself being more of the stature of David than of Saul, and very boyish in appearance, were pointed out on the streets of Baltimore as living evidence of the fact that Jeff. Davis was robbing the cradle for soldiers, if not the grave.

While in the Provost's office a little orange girl, seeing we were prisoners, looked on us with kindness and affection, and her little heart burning with sympathy and compassion, quietly approached us, while the guard's attention was turned, and from her scanty store, gathered by work, privation, and suffering, handed each of us an orange, and when offered pay, refused to accept. How much good there is in the world we wot not of. Her little act was more than a sermon. This little waif of the street had taught us the kinship of all men.

CHAPTER VII.

Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wretch is left the last.

Byron.

After several hours in the Provost's office, an officer appeared (I learned he was the Provost Marshal, Colonel Fish,), who, seeing us sitting there, said, in an insolent and contemptuous manner, "What are you doing here? Get out of here! Guard, take these rebels to the guard-house." I longed then to have a chance to repay that scoundrel his gratuitous insult. But as he is now receiving the just reward of his actions, I can only wish the penitentiary may reform him.

Just here, I cannot refrain from giving an extract from my father's diary, of date January 25, 1864, when he was a prisoner at Fort McHenry. He says:

"My paper was put into my tent, as usual, and I learned from it that the former Provost Marshal, Colonel Fish, was confined a prisoner in his own negro jail, where he had ruthlessly confined so many of his fellow-men. Retribution is sure. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' Although I have reasons for believing Colonel Fish has been very vindictive towards me, I feel for him in his suffering and degradation. It cannot benefit me to have him punished, and if he has a family my sympathies are with them."

The station-house was a dirty, filthy place, an unfit habitation for human beings. Shortly after our incarceration there, two drunken women were placed in an adjoining cell, separated from us by an iron-grated door, and Coleman, who had never seen a drunken woman before, seemed to enjoy their alternating extremes of piety and wickedness.

About 6 P. M. our cell was unlocked and a squad of soldiers appeared, who conducted us to Fort McHenry and put us in an old stable there, used then as a military prison, where we met some thirty Confederates, among the number Strother Davis, brother of ex-Sheriff Davis. This building was full of vermin, and I roosted on a roof-brace, preferring to risk my neck at this altitude rather than sleep in the infected quarters below. Our fare here was exceedingly hard. Black water, called coffee, and hard-tack, for breakfast and supper, and bean soup for dinner. No meat was cooked with the beans, and none was necessary, for the worms in the beans furnished the requisite grease. The coffee was made in the same camp-kettle as the soup, without rinsing, and appeared with a greasy scum on top. Is Moro Castle worse than this?

On the second day after our installation in this stable, most of the privates, including Manning and Coleman, were taken to City Point for exchange, but in a few hours others took their places.

Imprisonment in this foul hole soon became unbearable, and I determined to attempt an escape. Preparatory thereto, my jacket was stripped of all insignia of office, and dirt rubbed in where the braid was torn off, to make it appear old and shabby as the rest. My intention was confided to a few of our men, who I felt could be implicitly trusted, and who promised all help possible. In a few days another exchange boat appeared at the wharf to take off prisoners for exchange, and, as their names were being called and they were passing out by the guard, I answered to one of the names and passed the sentinel unchallenged. We were marched to the boat and embarked for the trip. But an evil genius presided over my destiny that day.

I had been on the boat about half an hour, when I was startled by a call for me, and, looking up, I saw it proceeded from a Federal officer. It unfortunately happened that a couple of ladies from Baltimore came to the fort and asked for permission to see me, which was granted, and the officer



Lucien Chamberlain.

was sent to the stable for me and found the horse out. Suspecting that I had escaped among the privates he came to the boat and called me. No answer being made he commenced a tour through the prisoners. Being small and kept apprized of his movements, I eluded his vigilance, until his patience was exhausted. Asserting that he knew I was on the boat, he ordered all our men off. I went with them and fell in in the rear rank on shore, trusting he would be unable to identify me. On the first round he passed me by, and my spirits rose; but on his second tour, he slapped me on the shoulder and said, "You are my man," and my heart went down into my boots. He ordered a file of soldiers to take me before General Morris, the commandant of the fort, which they did, and reported my attempt to escape. The old General, turning to me, said: "I am informed you have been trying to escape." "Yes, General," I said, "but you are too much of a soldier to blame me for that." "Oh, no; I do not blame you," he said, "but we will have to take better care of you. Guard, put him into the left of the sally-port." I was not much versed in military lore, and did not realize my destination until it was reached and I found myself in a dungeon under the parapet. I soon discovered I was not alone. It was too dark to see faces, so I inquired who were my fellow-prisoners. My first acquaintance was James Tilghman, from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, a very clever gentleman, I soon ascertained. As I was giving him a narrative of myself, Ben Whittington raised up from a corner, exclaiming, "Lieutenant, is that you?" I recognized Ben's voice and gave him a cordial greeting. I ascertained from him that he was charged with being a spy, horse-thief, and guerrilla. Tilghman was charged with burning some Federal boats.

We slept on the floor, with only one blanket to cover us, and did not dream of marble halls, although our bed was about as hard as that material. Of these three inmates, I am the only survivor. Tilghman after a long imprisonment, was sent South, became a gallant soldier in the Maryland line,

and died in Queen Anne's county, Maryland, some ten years ago. Ben Whittington died in this county about five years ago.

The morning after I was put in the dungeon, when the officer of the guard came around and inspected our cell, I called his attention to the fact that Ben was a member of our company, and a regular Confederate soldier. He promised to look into the matter, and in a few days Ben was taken out of the cell, and, as I learned, exchanged on the next exchange day.

During the day the guard would open the door and allow us a little light and air, and though the place was very dreary, it was more comfortable than the old stable.

After being there several days I was taken before General Morris, who said he had learned that my father was a prisoner at Fort Delaware, and asked if I would like to join him. I told him if I had to remain a prisoner I would, of course, prefer to be with him. He then promised to send me up on the first boat.

While in this cell I was permitted to see friends calling for me, and I shall ever remember with kindness the good people of Baltimore. On one occasion I received a visit from Misses Lee and Crichton, accompanied by the brother of the latter, Malcolm Crichton, who brought me some dainties and substantial. Mr. Crichton, observing that I was without an overcoat, took off his own and generously insisted I should take it, which, though reluctantly accepted, was sorely needed. He may have forgotten his act of kindness and the recipient of it, but it has been warmly treasured by me, and I trust he may one day hear those comforting words, "I was naked and ye clothed me, in prison and ye visited me."

While at Fort McHenry I made the acquaintance of Lieutenant Morris, nephew of the General, and a member of the Eighth New York Artillery, which was stationed for some time at Harper's Ferry, to whom I am indebted for many little courtesies.

On the 23d of February I was taken out of this cell, and, with some officers from the stable, put on board of a boat and taken to Fort Delaware, landing there in the night, and great was my father's surprise to meet me. Though he had learned of my imprisonment, he little dreamed that Fort Delaware would be my Bastile. He received me very joyously, but did not kill the fatted calf, as his herd was exceedingly small and thin at this time.

My father kept a diary during his twenty months of imprisonment, and a chapter from it will not be uninteresting :

“ Tuesday, February 24th.—Was disturbed last night by the arrival of 18 prisoners from Fort McHenry—Captain Emmett Morrison, Company C, Fifteenth Virginia infantry; Captain J. P. Cooper, Company E, Fifth Tennessee; Captain W. T. Marberry, Company C, Thirty-third Tennessee; Lieutenant J. B. Milam, Company A, Fifth Tennessee; George W. Purvis, Ewell's escort; George F. Everhart, Company A, White's Battalion; J. H. Eldridge, Company A, Thirty-second Virginia; George Baylor, Company B, Twelfth Virginia cavalry, and ten political prisoners. My son came into my room. All the officers and Purvis came into our mess. The remainder joined mess No. 2. All settled down and soon became very sociable.

“ February 25th.—I have added to my bed and taken George with me. No news to-day. Every one very sociable.

“ February 26th.—Colonel Perkins, Adjutant Commel, and Quartermaster Clarke visited our rooms. Colonel Perkins was very polite and accommodating. He requested me to act as inspector of the rooms and see that they were properly cleaned. We are getting along quite comfortably and cheerfully.

“ February 27th.—All hands cleaning out and scouring rooms.

“ February 28th.—Ready for inspection. Colonel Perkins, Captain Stephenson, Captain Young, Adjutant Commel, and Quartermaster Clarke came up and inspected our quarters

and pronounced them clean and in good order. John O. Murray received two boxes from Baltimore, containing three hams, bread, apples, etc. The old clerk, James R. Gemmil, returned to his post, having been absent for ten days on a visit to Pittsburg, his home.

“ Sunday, March 1st.—Colonel Perkins absent and Major Burton commanding post.

“ March 2d.—Received a letter from my wife and wrote to Margaret Aisquith and Miss Maria Cheeseborough.

“ March 3d.—Wrote to Colonel Perkins to permit us to walk out to-day. Wrote to my son Richard at Petersburg, per flag of truce. Colonel Perkins kindly granted permission, and we walked out on the beach for an hour under an escort of two soldiers. We had permission to remain three hours, but it being raw, we only remained one. Received a letter from Miss Cheeseborough to-day, also one from Dr. Worrel, with a box of thread, tape, buttons, etc., sent to me by a Maryland lady, Miss Annie Comegys, Kent county. Wrote to Miss Cheeseborough, Dr. Worrel, and William Seevers. Drew draft on William R. Seevers, in favor of Miss E. B. Cheeseborough, for \$50. Sent Dr. Worrell \$2 to pay for *Enquirer*.

“ March 4th.—New order this morning, requiring us to give up all our money. I handed over to clerk \$16 and George \$10.

“ March 5th.—George wrote to Maggie and I enclosed a note to my wife. All in good spirits expecting to hear of general defeat of Yankee army before Vicksburg.

“ March 6th.—Wrote to Miss Annie Comegys, Kent county, Md., thanking her for a box. Received letter from Mrs. Egerton, Baltimore, notifying me of a box of eatables sent prisoners. An accident occurred yesterday by the discharge of a gun in the hands of a sentinel, resulting in the death of one Dutch abolitionist and the wounding of another.

“ March 7th.—New order to-day; instead of butcher selling us such things as we need, as has been the custom, it must

now be handled by Lieutenant Harris, the Provost Marshal. Presume they think us overfed, and would have him inspect our provisions to reduce them. Nothing increases by handling, and I am sure our provisions will not. Received a box from Mrs. Egerton to-day, the Provost Marshal having detained it since yesterday. The clothing in the box was all retained by order of Colonel Perkins. The eatables were more or less mutilated. A nice cold turkey came to us shorn of its breast, it having been amputated by the cormorant Provost. Some of our pies and delicacies also went into his pouch. Had a good supper on the things sent us by the ladies. Colonel Perkins sent us all the clothes over.

“ March 8th.—Had an interview with Colonel Perkins relative to clothing. Found him disposed to accommodate and grant reasonable requests.

“ March 9th.—Wrote to Mrs. Egerton and Dr. E. S. Sharpe. Washed out our room and cleaned up generally. Walked out on the island this evening for an hour. Captains Shearer, Rison, League, Pilot, and Pritchett ordered to Washington. What is to be their fate, we cannot conjecture.

“ March 10th.—Shearer and party left this morning, and George fell heir to Shearer’s bed. The number in our room now reduced to three—Murray, George, and myself. Received letters from my wife, Misses Essie and Maria Cheeseborough. Had addition to our number in the arrival of two Jews from Philadelphia, Jackson and Solomon, arrested as contrabandists. We played a joke on them, by personating Colonel Perkins, making them disclose the whole affair, and ordering them to cells and to take the oath.”

On this occasion referred to in my father’s diary, my father was dressed as Colonel Perkins, Murray was his adjutant, and some six or seven of us composed the Colonel’s escort. The Jews’ room was entered, and their blockade business extorted from them under threat of immediate death. The oath of allegiance was then offered them. Solomon at once offered



Robert Cookus.

to take it, but Jackson refused, saying he was a Southern man. Solomon was so unstable, we named him Reuben, but Jackson we called Judah, by reason of his firmness. Solomon, having agreed to take the oath, was taken out of the room and marched down the hallway to a little closet about five feet square, in which he was put and the door closed, Murray saying, in a stentorian voice, "Sentinel, if he moves in there, shoot him." We then returned to our rooms, and poor Solomon remained in the closet all night, but Jackson was treated with much kindness. In the morning we told Gemmil what we had done, and he, and Jackson, too, enjoyed the joke on Solomon, but Gemmil went to the closet and released him from close confinement.

My father, as I have before related, was taken prisoner in December, 1862, before recovering from his wound, and had been retained in prison under charges which had no foundation in fact, and were vague and indefinite in character. In vain, from time to time he had urged upon his adversaries a speedy trial, but without favorable result, although, in justice to some of the Federal officers, I will say that they fully recognized the injustice which was being done him and asked a hearing for him.

In the War of the Rebellion, Official Records, note the following correspondence regarding him:

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, D. C., January 27, 1863.

Colonel WILLIAM HOFFMAN, U. S. Army,
Commissary-General of Prisoners, Washington, D. C.:

Sir,—Please inform this office, if within your knowledge, whether charges have been preferred against Captain Robert W. Baylor, Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, for violation of a flag of truce near Harper's Ferry, Va., about the 6th of February, 1862, and if this officer is in confinement at Fort Delaware.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. T. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

General Townsend seems to have been moved by some of the compunctions of the Roman Governor more than eighteen centuries ago, when he said to King Agrippa, "For it seemeth to me unreasonable to send a prisoner and not withal signify the crimes laid against him," much more unreasonable to retain him a prisoner, without granting him a hearing or specifying the nature of the offence. The case after this seems to have fallen into hurtful repose for several months, and then again resurrected.

OFFICE OF COMMISSARY-GENERAL OF PRISONERS,
Washington, April 1, 1863.

Colonel D. D. PERKINS,
Commanding Fort Delaware:

Colonel: You will receive orders from the headquarters, Middle Department, to forward rebel officers, prisoners of war in your charge, to Lieutenant-Colonel Ludlow, agent for exchange of prisoners at Fort Monroe, for exchange. If it should not be so stated in the order, you will not include with them Captain Robert W. Baylor, who is charged with serious crimes, nor any other officer who may be held on any other charge than that of being in the rebel army.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM HOFFMAN,
Colonel Third Infantry,
Commissary-General of Prisoners.

And on the 7th of April, William H. Ludlow, agent for exchange of prisoners, writes Colonel Hoffman:

"Colonel: Will you order an investigation into the case of Captain Baylor, detained at Fort Delaware under charges of murder and violation of a flag of truce, that in case of acquittal he may be sent with other Confederate officers for exchange?"

And again, on April 11th, he writes Colonel Hoffman:

"Colonel: All the citizen prisoners delivered to us have been declared exchanged, their equivalents having been delivered to the Confederates. All the officers delivered to us

whose names I have from time to time sent you have been declared exchanged, their equivalents also having been delivered. *I hope that the case of Captain Baylor* may be speedily investigated, that in case of acquittal he may be subject to exchange with other officers."

Colonel Hoffman, on April 12th, writes the Provost Marshal of Baltimore:

"Sir: On the 22d of December last, Captain Robert W. Baylor, Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, was sent by an order from your office to Fort McHenry with a statement that he was charged with murder in having killed one of the men when bearing a flag of truce. If there are any written charges against him in your office, or any evidence by which the charge can be established, I have to request you will forward it to this office, to the end that the case may be investigated."

Nothing having been done towards the formulation or investigation of any charges, my father sent a petition to Colonel Hoffman, asking an immediate examination into his case, or for an exchange, and while the petition itself is lost, Colonel Hoffman, in a letter to Judge-Advocate-General Holt (of Mrs. Surratt fame), refers to it: "I have the honor to refer to you, for your consideration, the petition of Captain Robert W. Baylor, an officer of the rebel army, now a prisoner of war at Fort Delaware, for an investigation of the charges against him, or for his exchange. The accompanying papers are all that I have been able to obtain to support the charge against him. Previous to my indorsement of the 18th instant, I addressed a letter to the military Provost Marshal of Baltimore, requesting him to furnish me any charges or evidence against Captain Baylor which might be in his office, but to this letter I received no reply. On the 18th instant I addressed a letter to Major-General Schenck, commanding Eighth Army Corps, requesting that he would direct that any testimony in the possession of the Provost

Marshal of Baltimore, or any other officer, bearing upon the case of Captain Baylor, should be forwarded to this office; but to this letter also I have received no reply, and I am therefore compelled to submit the case in this imperfect condition."

Colonel Ludlow, on April 30th, again writes Colonel Hoffman :

" If the case of Captain Baylor, confined at Fort Delaware, has not been examined, I would recommend that it be as soon as practicable. The effect of keeping the release of a Confederate officer suspended on charges is always to retain one of our own officers in confinement, for while official notice of retaliation is not given, I am satisfied that such retaliation is really practiced."

Colonel Ludlow was correct in his supposition. An officer of equal rank was retained by the Confederate Government in confinement at Libby Prison to await the action of the Federal authorities in my father's case, but I have always thought that the real power behind the throne with Colonel Ludlow, who was agent for exchange of prisoners at Fort Monroe, was my father's nephew, Colonel Thomas G. Baylor, of the United States army, who was stationed at that time at that place, and whom I know was exerting all his influence to effect his release and exchange.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls,
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow.

Byron.

Fort Delaware is situated on an island near the mouth of the Delaware river. During the war a ferry-boat plied between the island and the mainland at Delaware city. While I was a prisoner there, the Confederate officers were confined in the interior of the fort. The rooms occupied by the prisoners opened on a long hall, which led to a broad stairway leading to the ground floor. At the head of this stairway sentinels were placed to confine us to the apartments above. There was also a stairway leading above to the parapet. From this parapet to the water below was probably forty feet. The windows of our apartments opened on the water and were secured with iron bars. The rooms were comfortable, though scant of furniture. The prisoners had free access to each other, and visiting was allowed at all times. The number confined in the interior of the fort during my stay did not exceed twenty or fall below twelve. There was on duty at the fort a German regiment, and those with whom we were thrown in contact seemed clever enough. Some of the Federal officers paid us frequent visits, and were, with a few exceptions, kind and considerate. Colonel Perkins was commandant, and his clerk, Gemmil, was in our quarters daily and entered into many of our sports. Through him our mail was sent and received, it being inspected by him in going out and coming in, to prevent contraband matters. No rations were furnished us, but, in lieu thereof, a commutation of sixteen cents a day, with liberty to buy. We divided into messes, and our



George Creton.

mess had as cook one of our men, held on some trumped-up charge, and who was glad to get on the interior of the fort, as those without were treated very harshly. Our townsman, J. Ogden Murray, was our commissary-general, and with a little aid to our commutation money from our individual means and the charity of lady friends, we lived, compared with those at other prisons, comfortably.

We varied the monotony of prison with cards, drafts, chess and backgammon, which aided materially in relieving the tedium. The few books in our store were eagerly devoured, and the Bible was not forgotten. At times we played pranks of various sorts on each other. One of our prisoners, Lieutenant Tormey, of the First Maryland, was quite a conceited youth, and spent much of his time in regaling us with episodes concerning his many sweethearts in Baltimore. Murray and myself, by treasuring up Tormey's revelations, soon knew Tormey's sweetheart about as well as Tormey himself, and conceived the idea of personating her and inditing to Tormey a fervent epistle. With the aid of Gemmil, who readily entered into the scheme, we wrote the letter, got Gemmil to copy, stamp, and deliver it to Tormey. How Tormey's spirits revived on the reception of it! He was so full of it he could not keep the secret, so he made us his confidants. He was kept busy several days composing an answer, which he finally delivered to Gemmil for inspection and mail. Gemmil gave us a copy and mailed the original, but whether the young lady received it or not we never knew. She certainly did not answer it, but we did, keeping up a brisk correspondence for some weeks, and doing Tormey as much good as if the letters had been genuine. He did not discover the cheat until a few days before our departure, and, good-natured soul that he was, took it all very kindly. Not so with Lieutenant Purvis, upon whom we played a similar joke, who, when he found us out, refused to speak to Murray, my father, or myself, until the day of our departure, when he relented and forgave us.

In the last chapter I quoted my father's diary to March 10th. I will now resume and continue to the date of our separation:

March 11th.—Ground covered with snow. No news.

March 12th.—Colonel Perkins sent for me to-day relative to the removal of all privates from our quarters into the outer barracks. I tried the Mason on him to-day, and he responded promptly.

March 13th.—Two of our officers left us for Fort McHenry to be exchanged—Captain Cooper and Lieutenant Milam. They took leave of us at 7 P. M. The remaining officers much dejected at being left behind.

March 14th.—Arose about 7 A. M. Made up my fire and bed, took a good bath and dressed. Our house looks somewhat deserted this morning. Wrote to Misses Heiskell and Clements, two ladies of Philadelphia, who had sent me their photographs. Got a bottle of cod-liver oil and whiskey from surgeon.

March 15th.—My thirteenth Sunday in prison. Snowing fast.

March 16th.—Received box from my friend, Miss Cheeseborough, containing suit of clothes for George, pair of shoes, travelling shirt, two pairs of socks, two towels, chest protector, necktie, and ball of soap, and for me 40 paper collars, two silk handkerchiefs, pair of suspenders, two crash towels, five pairs shoestrings, teapot, tea, sugar, crackers, butter and jelly. Provost-Marshal Harris retained George's travelling shirt, necktie, and chest protector. He also retained all the articles sent Murray, Ryle, Blanton, Marberry, Cooper, Milam, and Purvis. Captain Marberry received a very nice box of eatables from Miss Warner, of Tennessee. Received letter from my wife to-day.

March 17th.—Colonel Perkins permitted George to have the travelling shirt made for him by Miss Maria Cheeseborough. Wrote home.

March 18th.—The boys sold Lieutenant Purvis badly. He wrote to Mrs. Beall some days ago and expressed much affection for her. They answered the letter for her and feigned that it was a proposal of marriage, and that she accepted his offer. He answered the letter, explaining to her that she had misconstrued his language and intentions; that they were not those of love, but of esteem. After his letter had been forwarded to Mrs. Beall, he discovered it was a joke of the boys. Permission was granted Morrison, Murray, George, and myself to visit Mrs. Weaver and Mrs. Hays, from Baltimore, at the Colonel's office. I did not avail myself of the privilege. The others did. The ladies brought them a box of provisions.

March 19th.—George wrote to Miss Maria Cheeseborough yesterday. They numbered our rooms. My number is 6. We walked out this evening on the island.

March 20.—Arose and made the fire, as usual, and made up my bed. George and Murray in bed asleep. Purvis received a box of things, eatables, etc., from Mrs. James, of Baltimore. Received letter from my wife to-day. News from my county gloomy.

March 21.—As usual, had to make up my fire. George and Murray in bed.

March 22.—We walked out on the parapet in the afternoon. A beautiful day.

March 23.—Arose and made my fire. George and Murray in bed. Received a letter from Mrs. Eliza Cheeseborough, of Philadelphia. It breathes the language of true and disinterested friendship. I cannot express the deep gratitude I owe to this strange lady and her two daughters for their great kindness to me since I have been in prison in this fort.

March 24.—All hands washing out room. No news to-day. Walked out on island.

March 25.—Suffering with rheumatism. Held court to-day and convicted Murray and Kyle of improper conduct. Received a letter from my nephew, Captain Thomas G. Bay-

lor, from Fortress Monroe, stating that all prisoners captured before January 12, 1863, would be exchanged.

March 26th.—All lively this morning, buoyed up with the hope of a speedy exchange. This day has been set apart by President Davis as a day of thanksgiving in the Confederate States. I observed it here in my prison.

March 27th.—Time passes more heavily as the days increase in length and the spring advances. Wrote to Miss Cheeseborough.

March 28th.—Suffering with rheumatism and down in spirits. No news.

March 29th.—Still suffering with rheumatism. My fifteenth Sunday in prison.

March 30th.—All hands scrubbing out to-day, expecting a new commandant to take charge to-morrow. All in high spirits. The papers state an exchange of officers has been agreed upon. George received a letter from Miss Maria Cheeseborough, one from Mrs. Egerton, and one from Jennie Rutherford.

March 31st.—We were aroused by the arrival of 23 additional prisoners—Dr. Jesse Stocker, Mr. P. H. Rouss, Dr. Robert A. Lucas, Captain James W. Glenn, and Robert Lucas, Jr., from Jefferson county. The others are from Loudoun and Botetourt counties and city of Baltimore. We took Dr. Stocker and Mr. Rouss into our room. Nine of the gentlemen joined our mess. About 12 o'clock an order was received to remove all the prisoners who arrived last night to other apartments. We parted with our friends with much reluctance, knowing they will be far less comfortable than they would be with us. To-day is inspection day. Our quarters were visited by the Colonel and his staff.

The Colonel, as usual, was very polite, and told us that he thought we would all be exchanged in a few days, and that he would leave us for more active service in a day or so. Captain Stanislaus McClowskis made me a present of a nice silk tobacco purse and tobacco; the purse was knit by his

wife. Captain McClowskis is a Prussian. Sent over five blankets to our countymen in prison. Captain McClowskis thought some of our countymen had *tam bad physiosiques*.

April 1st.—The prisoners sent to the fort yesterday are charged with being secret enemies, spies, horse-thieves, and traitors, and kept in close confinement. Paid my mess bill for month of March, cash \$4.33, and commutation \$4.96, making \$9.29 each for the month. We are all expecting to leave.

April 2d.—The Adjutant came up this morning and took down the names of all the officers and privates here for exchange, and notified me that I would not be exchanged. Very great disappointment to me. The order for my detention read as follows: "Captain George Baylor (meaning Robert), a prisoner at Fort Delaware, is charged with violating a flag of truce and murder, and will be retained in confinement." George W. Purvis was also detained. They all went off this evening in good spirits. Purvis moved into my room. We are left sole heirs of all the plunder. Colonel Perkins came up to see me this evening and promised to do what he could for me in Washington.

George received a letter from Julia to-day. I will answer it to-morrow. The parties who went off to-day were Captains Price, Marberry and Morrison, Lieutenants Kyle, Blanton, Murray, Tormey and Baylor, and all the privates. Purvis and myself passed the night very quietly. Received from Mrs. Egerton one box of cheese, six hams, four beef tongues, one dozen jars of pickles, and three bottles of essence of ginger. Wrote to Captain Thomas G. Baylor by George.

April 3d.—A very fine day for the boys to go down the bay. I made an earnest appeal this morning to Colonel Buchanan (our new commandant) to have removed to our quarters Captain Glenn, Mr. Rouss, Drs. Stocker and Lucas, and R. Lucas, Jr. He said he would give my application a favorable consideration. Received a very kind letter from Miss Nannie Comegys, of Chestertown, Md.



Robert. T. Craighill.

Before giving an account of my journey, after leaving Fort Delaware, I wish to explain a portion of my father's diary. It is very patent that the expression for several mornings, "George and Murray are in bed asleep," was intended as a reflection on our conduct. Filial duty may have required me under other circumstances to have risen early and made the fire, but sleep was the greatest comfort enjoyed in prison, and I often remonstrated with my father for his early rising and begged him to permit me to sleep away as much of prison life as possible. Indeed, making the fire was a pleasure, for I craved some occupation and employment.

The petition mentioned in my father's diary was not granted, and our countymen were closely confined on the exterior of the fort, in miserable barracks, and very inhumanly treated.

After we left Fort Delaware for exchange my father continued to press his case upon the attention of the Federal authorities, and on May 1, 1863, Colonel Hoffman, Commissary-General of Prisoners, writes General Schenck:

"General: Permit me again to ask your attention to the case of Captain Baylor, a prisoner of war at Fort Delaware. He is charged with the commission of a very obnoxious crime, and it is very desirable, if possible, to obtain evidence that will convict him. In the letter of Major A. G. A. Constable, Provost Marshal at Baltimore, of December 22, 1862, addressed to General Morris when Captain Baylor was sent to Fort McHenry, charges have been made, he having killed one of our men while bearing a flag of truce, and it is supposed that the Major may be able to point to some source where the necessary evidence may be procured. The Judge-Advocate-General cannot decide as to what disposition shall be made of him until it is ascertained whether the charges against him are true or false, and as the negotiations for the exchange of our officers are embarrassed by the detention of Captain Baylor, I have respectfully to request you will direct such reports to be made by his captors, giving the names of

the witnesses, as will establish whether he is guilty or not. I beg your early attention to this matter."

On the 16th of May, General Schenck answers Colonel Hoffman's letter as follows:

"The prisoner, Captain Baylor, killed a man named Roher under a flag of truce at Harper's Ferry. Colonel Schley (William Louis), from Point of Rocks, telegraphs that he will send statement in full, and that witnesses can be obtained without trouble. Communicate this to Judge-Advocate."

This was the first definite information received concerning the charge, and it came from a certain Colonel William Louis Schley, who, according to the Federal Secretary of War, was guilty of a more heinous crime than that he attempted to fasten upon an innocent prisoner. His great manifestation of zeal in the cause of his country appears as a cloak to cover his own infamy and treachery, for on the 6th of June, 1863, Secretary Stanton wires General Kelly at Harper's Ferry and Colonel Fish at Baltimore:

"Captain Alexander, Provost Marshal of Richmond, and three, perhaps four, other rebel spies, some in the military service, are or were yesterday in Washington, and design leaving here for Richmond or Culpeper to-day or to-night. They will probably go by Point of Rocks, Berlin, or Harper's Ferry, probably Berlin. Alexander has a large amount of Confederate money and plans of the forts around Washington and other valuable papers. He will be disguised. Some officer at Berlin or Harper's Ferry is treacherous and acting with them. They say Colonel Schley is the man, and also that Captains Means and Marsh will pass them. Colonel Schley and Captains Means and Marsh should be watched, and every method taken that your skill and experience can devise."

Among my father's papers I find a statement of Colonel Schley to General Schenck, in which he denounces my father

in the bitterest terms, and says that all the people of Harper's Ferry would be glad to have him punished and would testify against him, and in accordance with his wishes, on May 22, 1863, my father was sent to Harper's Ferry for trial by Federal court-martial, and this court having heard all the evidence in the case, adjourned to meet again on the 15th of June to report its findings, and it so happening that General Jackson appeared near there about that time, the court disappeared, and no further action was had by this court, and my father, growing weary of continued confinement, wrote the following letter:

FORT MCHENRY, July 13, 1863.

Colonel HOFFMAN,

Commissary-General of Prisoners,
Washington City:

Sir,—At the interview I had with you on the 16th of April last at Fort Delaware, you assured me that my case should receive your earliest attention. I am still a prisoner, having been held in confinement seven months.

On the 22d of May, I was sent to Harper's Ferry for trial by a court-martial. The court did not meet until the 3d day of June, and, without proceeding to business, adjourned to the 8th instant. On the 12th the evidence was closed, and the court adjourned to meet on the 16th. On the 15th, I was sent to this fort, where I am still held in confinement, no action being had in my case. The evidence clearly and positively proves *that the boat had no flag of truce, and never did carry a flag of truce; that the parties in the boat were not soldiers; that they were heavily armed; that one of them attempted to fire; that they were engaged in an illegal and unlawful business; that they were spies, and there was no evidence that I had anything to do with the affair.*

It is therefore extremely unjust that I should longer be detained in confinement. Lieutenant-Colonel D. D. Perkins, who was chief of Major-General Banks's staff, afterwards commandant of Fort Delaware, was conversant with the whole affair, and called at the department in Washington about the middle of April last, and wrote to the Adjutant at Fort Delaware to inform me that he had explained the transaction to the satisfaction of the Department, and that I would

be exchanged. I desire to call your attention to the case, in order to have a speedy decision.

Having been severely wounded by a shot through my lungs, previous to my capture, the long confinement I have had to suffer has made me an invalid for life. Let me ask your earliest attention to my case.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ROBERT W. BAYLOR,

Captain Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A.

The foregoing letter bears the following indorsements:

OFFICE COMMISSARY-GENERAL OF PRISONERS,

Washington, July 17, 1863.

Respectfully referred to Major-General Schenck, commanding Middle Department.

W. HOFFMAN,

Colonel Third Infantry,

Commissary-General of Prisoners.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTH ARMY CORPS,

Baltimore, Md., July 28, 1863.

Respectfully returned to Brigadier-General W. W. Morris. The court-martial for the trial of Captain Baylor was only suspended or adjourned in consequence of the arrival of *his friends* in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, thus interrupting the proceedings. That court will have to be reassembled to resume the trial, or another court ordered and convened to which the case may be submitted.

By command of Major-General Schenck.

W. H. CHEESEBOROUGH,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

This letter of July 16th effected no favorable result, and my father addressed Colonel Hoffman the following letter:

FORT McHENRY, October 7, 1863.

Colonel HOFFMAN,

Commissary-General of Prisoners,

Washington, D. C.:

Sir,—I addressed you, through the commanding officer of this fort, on the 13th of July last, calling your attention to my case. On the 8th of August I addressed a communication, through the same officer, to the Secretary of War,

asking him to have my case referred to the Judge-Advocate-General for a decision, if proper; or that I might be sent to Brigadier-General Kelley, commanding at Harper's Ferry, to be paroled to go to my home, inside of the Federal lines, on account of my infirm health from long confinement, until a final decision could be had. I again addressed you on the 26th of August, referring you to my letter of August the 8th to the Secretary of War, asking you to take some action towards effecting my final discharge and exchange. Not having heard from you, I am constrained to address you again, hoping that some action may be had in my case. Justice asks it; humanity demands it; God enjoins it; "do unto all men as you would they should do unto you." I have been in confinement ten months. The evidence in my case has all been taken and recorded, and as I stated to you in my letter of July 13th, to which I refer you, there is not a particle of evidence to criminate me. *There was no flag of truce; the parties were not soldiers, but spies,* and it was positively proven that I was in Charlestown, eight miles from the place where the crime, with which I am charged, took place. I was captured prior to any interruption of exchanges, and all officers captured long since have been exchanged. I am entitled to my exchange, as soon as the charges against *me* can be removed. I certainly have been detained sufficiently long to have had a full and fair investigation, and should not be made to suffer when innocent. Permit me to urge this matter, hoping that you may give it your earliest attention.

Very respectfully,

ROBERT W. BAYLOR,
Captain Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A.

This letter is indorsed as follows:

Approved by command of Colonel Porter, commanding
fort.

H. R. (Cannot decipher name),

Assistant Adjutant-General.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTH ARMY CORPS,
Department of Baltimore,
Fort McHenry, October 8, 1863.

Respectfully forwarded through Department Headquarters Eighth Army Corps to the Commissary-General of Prisoners.

P. A. PORTER,
Colonel, Commanding Fort.



Jos. H. Easterday.

The following reply was received:

OFFICE OF COMMISSARY-GENERAL OF PRISONERS,
Washington, D. C., October 13, 1863.

Colonel PORTER,

Commanding Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md.:

Colonel,—Please say to Captain Baylor that his several letters have all been laid before the proper authorities, and he must wait their action. His letter of the 7th will be duly attended to, and final action in his case hastened as much as possible.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. HOFFMAN,

Colonel Third Infantry,
Commissary-General of Prisoners.

CHAPTER IX.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count—I took no note;
At last, men came to set me free,
I asked not why and reck'd not where.

Byron.

In justice to officers and men on duty there, I must record the fact that, excepting in a few instances, our treatment while at Fort Delaware was such as reflects credit on them, and deserves commendation.

James N. Gemmil, clerk to the commandant, with whom we had daily intercourse, could not have been more genial, pleasant, and considerate of our feelings and welfare had he been a kinsman and brother. If he has not met his reward in this life, I feel assured his good deeds will speak with trumpet tongues in his behalf when he stands before the great judgment seat. The noble women whose names are mentioned in these pages, though strangers to us, were untiring in their efforts to ameliorate our condition and soften the asperities of prison life, and what human effort could do, they cheerfully and generously did. The recording angel has written their names above, and their treasure is laid up "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through nor steal." Fair hands may strew our graves with flowers, but these noble women have softened our hardships and filled our lives with their generous deeds—which is far better. Sympathy and tenderness shown the living is above all the scutcheons on the tomb. Crown my life with blessings. The dead need no friends, "for in death there is no remembrance of thee; in the grave who shall give thee thanks?"

I want your love just while I live,
While I can still that love return;
It will not joy or comfort give
When lamp of life has ceased to burn.

When the soldier's companion falls,
 He waits to see the pause of life,
 Then onward goes where duty calls,
 And drowns his woe in battle strife.

Thus when 'tis fate for me to die,
 Breathe but one sigh for memory dear,
 And gently close the fading eye,
 Affection asks not e'en a tear.

Pluck not, I pray, the wild flowers' bloom,
 Nor chaplet wreath or rustic crown,—
 To deck a cold and lifeless tomb,
 Where mortal dust alone is found.

Can sweetest flowers illumine the grave,
 Or cheer or bless the tenant there;
 Knows he the hand that loving gave
 Those flowers so beautiful and fair?

I can as calm and sweetly sleep,
 In death's silent, reposing lair,
 Without a friend to sigh or weep,
 Or place in love a rosebud there.

But love me, friends, while I can still
 Clasp hand with hand in kinship given,
 Meet heart with heart in joyous thrill,
 And feel this earth is nearing heaven.

While I longed for freedom, it grieved me much to leave my father in prison, an invalid suffering from his wound, and retained under charges to be tried by a military commission, needing only accusation to insure conviction. I earnestly urged Colonel Perkins to release him, but was informed by that officer that he had no discretion in the matter; that orders had proceeded from a higher source. He promised, however, to intercede for his trial or exchange, which promise I believe he faithfully kept.

On the evening of April 2, 1863, I bade farewell to my father, Purvis, and Fort Delaware, our little party boarded a steamer bound for Baltimore, and were landed the following morning at Fort McHenry. Lieutenant Morris, whose acquaintance had been made while a prisoner at this fort, met

me at the landing, and kindly gave me parole of the fort, and extended me many little courtesies and attentions.

I found there my friend, Captain W. B. Compton, now a prominent lawyer in Harrisonburg, Va., detained under charges which I deemed trivial, but upon which he was afterwards tried by a military commission and sentenced to be hung; which penalty he evaded by a miraculous escape from his cell a few days before his execution was to have taken place, and after his gallows had been erected.

Note from my father's diary the following:

" May 16, 1864.—Last night five of our officers, who were in the interior cell (Compton, Dorsey, Shearer, Lamar, and Gubbins), made their escape by cutting a hole through the roof and getting over the parapet."

And on the 25th of May the following:

" I was awakened from my slumber by the noise of a large body of armed men drawn up in a hollow square around the gallows erected to hang Captain W. B. Compton, who made his escape a few days ago. In a moment I discovered the victim was Leopold, a Confederate officer tried and convicted by a military commission held at this place last February, since which time he has been confined in a cell. I learned the sentence was read to him this morning just before they brought him out to ascend the scaffold. Our officers were all aroused from their beds to witness the execution. Leopold ascended the scaffold firm and undaunted. He said he died in defence of his country, for which he was willing to part with his life without a murmur. He trusted that God would yet give her independence and liberty. He then pointed to General Morris, who was present on horseback, and said that the old gray-headed gentleman there was the cause of his death; that he was about to suffer a felon's death, but God was the Judge, not he; that he forgave General Morris, and hoped to meet him in Heaven. He waved his handkerchief twice to the Confederate officers, offered a prayer to God,

and then told them he was ready. Elijah Brown, of the Second United States Infantry (Company I), who had volunteered as the Jack Ketch, adjusted the rope, went down and touched the spring, and at 5:30 A. M. he was launched into eternity. He died bravely and without a struggle. He was allowed to hang thirty minutes, when he was taken down and carried to the dead-house. General Wallace and his staff, who had come out from Baltimore, remained on the ground until the body was taken down. General Morris rode off as soon as the trap-door fell. Leopold died as a brave man should do, praying first for his country, then for his widowed mother and family, and, lastly, for himself."

Andrew Leopold was a gallant young soldier from the vicinity of Shepherdstown, and enlisted in the beginning of the war in Company F, First Virginia Cavalry (Colonel Morgan's company). His mother is still alive, and resides now in Washington county, Md. After his execution his body was taken to Shepherdstown, and is interred in the Confederate lot in the cemetery there. Is it strange that General Lew Wallace fled so precipitately at Monocacy? The ghost of the murdered Leopold, no doubt, appeared to him there.

On the day following our landing at Fort McHenry, some eighteen officers, including our Fort Delaware contingent, were put down in the hold of a boat bound from Baltimore for Norfolk, with a lot of our men suffering with small-pox, and not allowed to pass above. This precaution was taken evidently to prevent the passengers on board from knowing the condition of the prisoners below.

On our arrival at Fortress Monroe my cousin, Colonel Thomas G. Baylor, ordnance officer at that fort, came aboard, took me out of the hold and to the Captain's cabin, and introduced me to the Captain, who soon had prepared for me a royal feast, which was doubly enjoyed, as I was without breakfast. Shortly afterwards the prisoners were placed on an exchange boat, where we remained several days before going up to City Point. My cousin accompanied me to the



Jno. Easterday.

exchange boat, introduced me to Colonel Mulford, Federal commissioner of exchange, and I was allowed a state-room and treated with great civility. During my stay there my cousin gave me every attention possible, and made my stay exceedingly comfortable. Although he occupied a position of trust in the Federal army, having graduated from West Point just preceding the war, he was as genial and kind as a kinsman could be, and I felt as much at home with him as when years before, at my father's, we had played and hunted together. It was during one of these visits that I met for the first time my little cousin Kate, his daughter, now the wife of a prominent surgeon in the army, stationed at Hot Springs, Ark. Blood is thicker than water, and, notwithstanding the bitterness of the conflict, no unkind feelings were generated between my relatives in the Federal army and myself, or our family, and when the war closed, our antebellum intercourse was renewed.

On the morning our boat started for City Point, my cousin Tom and his daughter came on board to bid me good-bye, and were present when the guard passed through, searching our officers for everything contraband, which meant everything not on their backs and some things that were. I saw my cousin give the officer the wink, and I was passed by unmolested, though having much greater possessions than my brother officers. Such partiality made me feel a little humiliated, but, on second thought, I accepted my good fortune as part of that luck which seldom failed me during the war. I even brought safely through the pair of spurs Lieutenant Hill so kindly permitted me to keep.

Our boat weighed anchor, and we were soon sailing up the James, past the wrecks of the Congress and the Cumberland, until we reached City Point, where we waited some hours the arrival of our agent of exchange. Some time was expended after his arrival in arranging a cartel, and, at one time, I feared that an agreement would not be reached, and that we would have to return. Our fate trembled in the

balance. Our hearts sickened at the thought of return, but, happily, matters were finally adjusted and we were landed on Southern soil. My heart leaped with joy when I was turned loose, and realized that I was a free man again. In the ardor of my affection, I knelt down and embraced my Mother Dixie Land. No one like a prisoner, loosed from his bonds, can truly appreciate the boon and blessing of liberty.

My Uncle Tom lived a short distance from City Point, and, after bidding farewell to my prison-mates, I started for his home, which was reached in a few hours, and a warm welcome was accorded me. Remaining there a couple of days, I was off for Richmond, where I met many old comrades. Learning that our brigade was encamped near Harrisonburg, I hastened to report for duty and make amends for my "absence without leave." General Jones greeted me with a cordial shake of the hand, saying, "Well, George, I think the Yankees have punished you sufficiently for your escapade, and I will let you off."

I found in camp my horse and equipments awaiting my return. A few days after joining my regiment our brigade started on the famous raid through West Virginia, and I was careful thereafter to make no more visits North during the remainder of the war.

Looking back, I do not regret my little prison episode. It gave me an opportunity of seeing that phase of a soldier's life generally esteemed an unpleasant one. It made me fully realize that our world is made up of all sorts of people; some kind, noble, and good; others cruel and inhuman. Experience has taught me, as it has taught others, that harsh and inhuman treatment was seldom inflicted by soldiers who had served in the field and faced cannon and musket, but came from home-guards, who had not smelt powder or crossed swords with a foe. Such instincts do not accord with courage. "The bravest are the tenderest."

Our Fort Delaware contingent, as will be seen by General

Halleck's order, made a very narrow escape from prison, for within a few days after our exchange, the Federal and Confederate Commissioners of Exchange got into a wrangle over Colonel Streight's officers, captured while raiding through Georgia, and the affair culminated in the following order and a total cessation of exchange of officers:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Washington, D. C., May 25, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER.

No Confederate officers will be paroled or exchanged until further orders. They will be kept in close confinement, and be strongly guarded. Those already paroled will be confined.

H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief

My father, who had been sent to Harper's Ferry for trial by court-martial, came under the ban of this general order, and that of a special order, as follows:

BALTIMORE, MD., May 29, 1863.

Brigadier-General KELLEY,
Harper's Ferry, Va.:

Captain Baylor, rebel army, will be placed in close confinement according to orders.

W. H. CHEESEBOROUGH,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

When brought before the court-martial at Harper's Ferry, my father had asked permission to be allowed counsel, and had selected John W. Kennedy, Esq., of Charlestown, a Union man, well known to my father, but the Federal authorities objected to him, and he then selected Mr. Edward Cooke, also of Charlestown, but he, too, was *persona non grata*, and not permitted to appear, as will be seen by the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION EIGHTH CORPS,
Harper's Ferry, Va., June 1, 1863.

Sir: I am directed by the General Commanding to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of inquiry of to-day, and to

inform you that a general court-martial has been appointed to meet at Harper's Ferry for the trial of yourself upon charges enclosed. I am directed to inform you that Mr. Cooke is more objectionable than Mr. Kennedy as your counsel, and that he has no objection to your employing Mr. Pendleton to act as such.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT ADAMS, JR.,

Captain and Assistant Judge-Advocate.

What a travesty on justice and fairness. A prisoner being tried for his life and yet denied his choice of counsel, and told that he must employ an attorney selected by his adversaries and accusers!

After an abortive attempt at a trial at Harper's Ferry, my father continued a prisoner at Fort McHenry, but his enemies treated him with less rigor, and on the 26th day of December, 1863, he was given the following parole:

FORT MCHENRY, MD., December 26, 1863.

I, Robert W. Baylor, now a prisoner at Fort McHenry, in consideration of being allowed the privilege of the following grounds—viz.: An area bounded on the north by the sea-wall, on the east by the east lines of the brick stables projected to the water and to within 50 feet of the roadside, then south by a line parallel with the road and distant from the center thereof 75 feet, and on the west by the east line of the easterly long barracks building projected to the water and to within 50 feet of the road, do hereby give my parole of honor to the commanding officer of the post, that I will not pass the limits above described except to go to Mrs. Graham's for my meals; that I will not attempt to escape nor aid others to escape; that I will have no correspondence or communication with any person, except sutlers, hucksters, and washerwomen, who shall have received permission to hold such correspondence, or with the official of the post.

ROBERT W. BAYLOR.

Given and subscribed before me at Fort McHenry, Md., the 25th day of December, 1863.

S. P. WEBSTER,

Lieutenant and Commissary of Prisoners.

But there is a sad side to a prisoner's life beyond his personal trials and hardships, and I must be pardoned for lifting the veil and intruding for a moment into the domestic affairs of the family. In August, 1863, my eldest brother, Richard (who subsequently fell mortally wounded at Parker's Store, near Fredericksburg, on November 29, 1863.), was married, and my father, then confined at Fort McHenry, was apprized of the fact, and wrote the bride the following touching letter :

“ FORT MCHENRY, MD., August 27, 1863.

“ My Dear Daughter : I am pained to think I was deprived of the pleasure of being present to witness and bless the union of my dear son to the fond one of his choice, but I am none the less gratified to receive and welcome you as one of my children, and I shall strive to act towards you as one of my own. You are now leagued together with us not only in association, sympathy, and family ties, but also in habitation and name. Let us learn, therefore, to *bear and forbear* one another; to curb our imperiousness, to repress our impatience, to pour oil on the billows, instead of adding fuel to the flame of passion, occasioned too often by petty jealousy and complaints. Let us start out by bearing with one another's foibles and excitements and by forgiving one another's offences and neglects. I hope and trust you will never let any punctilious ceremony prevent you from looking up to me as your dear and only earthly father; but at the same time, my dear daughter, you should not forget you have a Heavenly Father to love and serve, and let me earnestly entreat you to ask His guidance and direction in all your worldly actions and duties, not only to prepare you for the trials of this life, but for death, judgment, and Heaven. I know, if you do, He will give you more comfort and happiness than this world can bestow. Your earthly love may not be less deep and fervent because it may be subordinate to a love yet higher.

“ You have become the partner in life of my dear and devoted son. He has always been a great comfort to me and a most dutiful and obedient son. His wife cannot be other-



Warren D. English.

wise. My affection for him shall be equally shared by you. You have now new duties and trials. His is a life of great peril and danger, and you must not expect to pass through this terrible struggle of carnage and blood without many gloomy forebodings, and, perhaps, the loss of what may appear to you as the only tie which binds you to earth; but you must struggle against such feelings. You must put your trust in God and fear not what man may do unto you and yours. You must pray to God to spare him, and above all to prepare him to meet you in that world where neither death nor strife can harm you, should God, in His wisdom, take him from you. My home is his home, and must be yours until he can provide you a better one. My dear wife is your mother; be kind and affectionate to her and try to merit her maternal sympathy and love, and all will work well together. Do not let slight and trivial irritations mar future happiness. God alone knows whether we shall all meet again, and after all, how few will be the remaining years that can be spent by me with my children here, compared with that endless eternity beyond. I earnestly implore God that it may be His will that we may be united again on this earth, and have many happy hours together; but if He wills it otherwise, He will teach us to look up and say, 'Thy will be done.'

"My dear wife will give you the news. With much love to you and all my dear children, farewell. May God make you happy, bless you both, and prepare you for an endless eternity is the prayer of your fond and affectionate father."

Our government was not unmindful of its duty in the premises and urged upon the Federal authorities action in my father's case. As early as possible action was taken. A Federal officer held as hostage and Colonel Ould, our agent of exchange, requested of the Federal authorities my father's release. After the trial at Harper's Ferry the following letter was sent:

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
WAR DEPARTMENT,
Richmond, Va., July 18, 1863.

Lieutenant-Colonel WILLIAM H. LUDLOW,
Agent of Exchange:

Sir,—Some months ago, I called your attention to the case of Captain Robert W. Baylor, who was captured last year in Virginia, and who was held upon some charges. I have understood that after many delays a court was convened in his case, but that he was not allowed to choose his own counsel, or introduce any witnesses in his behalf, who would not take the Federal oath of allegiance.

Can you inform me what was the finding of the court in the case, or whether there was any finding, and if there was, no finding, what is proposed to be done with Captain Baylor? His case is certainly a very hard one. He is entirely innocent of the charges preferred against him. He has been a prisoner for more than five months and has been very roughly treated. Even now he has no bed and not a seat to sit upon. How do these things happen?

I hope this communication will meet a different fate from most of the others wherein I have ventured to make specific inquiries or bring particular cases to your notice. I trust I shall at least receive some answer.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

RO. OULD,
Agent of Exchange.

As the information requested in this letter was not given, on August 5, 1863, Colonel Ould wrote again:

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
WAR DEPARTMENT,
Richmond, Va.

Brigadier-General S. A. MEREDITH,
Agent of Exchange:

Sir,—On the 18th of July last I addressed two communications to Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Ludlow in relation to Captain R. W. Baylor, Lee A. Dunn, Captain Compton, Major Arnessy, Lieutenant Davis, Captain W. F. Gordon, and Captain Camp. I have received your letter of the 4th

instant in answer to those communications. May I request of you the favor to read over those communications and ask yourself whether the reply is a frank one? Has one substantial inquiry that I made been answered? I have had occasion frequently heretofore to complain that no notice was taken of my inquiries. This sort of notice, however, is little better than silence. If your inquiries of me and mine of you are not freely and frankly answered, it is useless for us to write. If a response cannot be given to the inquiry, why cannot at least that be said? I again request that an answer be given to my inquiries of the 18th ultimo.

RO. OULD,
Agent of Exchange.

These letters and inquiries failed of any favorable result, and my father was still detained as a prisoner, even though some high in authority on the Federal side were satisfied the charges were groundless. On November 17, 1863, Major-General Hitchcock reported "that a careful review of the testimony has led him to the opinion that *a verdict of guilty cannot be found on it*, and that another trial could not bring out any new evidence, and recommends that Captain Baylor be placed on the footing of an ordinary prisoner of war." But Judge-Advocate-General Holt, the doughty soldier that warred on women and would have crucified the Saviour of mankind, dissents from the opinion of General Hitchcock, and advocates another trial by court-martial.

A second court-martial was accordingly convened at Cumberland in February, 1864, and after the mockery of a trial on the charges:

"Charge 1.—Violating a flag of truce.

"Charge 2.—Murder."

The specifications of these charges set forth that on the 7th day of February, 1862, the prisoner exhibited, or caused to be exhibited, on the south side of the Potomac river at Harper's Ferry a flag of truce, and thereby induced one George Rohr, a loyal citizen of the United States and in the military service thereof, and in charge of a flag-of-truce boat, to proceed across the river toward such flag, and that when

said boat had arrived at or near the place at which said flag or signal was exhibited it was fired into by the said Baylor or by his command, and the said Rohr was fired at and wounds inflicted on him, of which he died on the said 7th of February, 1862.

And, although the evidence showed conclusively that there was no flag waved from the south side of the river, the boat in charge of Rohr was no truce boat, the men in it thoroughly armed, and my father at the time in Charlestown, eight miles distant, the court found a verdict of guilty; but its finding was immediately set aside by General B. F. Kelley, commanding the department, and his action approved by Secretary of War Stanton, and the prisoner ordered held for exchange.

The flag of truce on the south side of the stream was Uncle John Sorrell, a servant of my father's, shouting across the river to the Yankees to come over and get him, that he wanted to get over, and the crew of the boat were pirates and robbers, fully armed, crossing the river for the purpose of aiding and helping Uncle John to escape. But Uncle John was true to his colors, and having accomplished his *ruse de guerre*, made tracks for Charlestown and left his quondam friends to the mercy of a picket detail of my father's company stationed under the trestling of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at this point. When Uncle John heard of the treatment my father received on account of this affair, he lived in holy horror of falling into the Yankees' hands, and remained with the company during the war, and died some years after the war at the old homestead, where he was kindly cared for by my father and family.

After the second trial my father continued a prisoner with no intimation of an exchange, so on the 29th of February, 1864, he addressed the following letter:

HON. E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War:

Sir,—I have been a prisoner fifteen months. I was captured in December, 1862, being at the time severely wounded

in the lungs, and the long confinement and exposure I have been compelled to endure has tended greatly to increase my feebleness.

I have been held under charges which I never committed, which many of your officers, high in rank, who were familiar with the circumstances, could attest.

These charges have been removed, and I am now held as a prisoner of war, for exchange. I was captured prior to any interruption of exchanges under the cartel. All officers captured months after have been exchanged. I was held under charges which, being removed, should entitle me to an immediate exchange.

If you should reject the above application for my exchange, can I not be permitted to go South, on parole for a period of sixty or ninety days, with the understanding that if my government will not release an officer of equal rank now held by it, I will return to captivity at the expiration of the parole?

Very respectfully,

ROBERT W. BAYLOR,

Captain Twelfth Virginia Cavalry.

But the above application for exchange and parole were refused, and my father remained in close confinement until October, 1864, a period of twenty-two months in all, when he was finally exchanged and released from a cruel barbarity. Holy Writ teaches us there is a great tribunal where justice is fully administered and the wrongs of this world are righted. Somebody must answer for the misery caused and the cruelty inflicted on my father, and I will only say, as one of our pious artillerymen used to pray, as he touched off his guns, "May the Lord have mercy on their souls."



Wm. C. Frazier.

CHAPTER X.

The fierceness of the fight! How saber drove
At sword! How swift and strong the strokes that fell!
Their dreadful deeds I pass unsung; they dwell
With unessential night, whose awful screen,
Hid them from notice; they were deeds that well
Deserved a noon-day sun, and to have been
By the whole world at once in cloudless glory seen.

Tasso.

On the 21st of April, our brigade, under General William E. Jones, broke camp at Lacey Springs, Rockingham county, Virginia, and moved westward across the mountains on what was familiarly known as Jones's West Virginia raid.

On arriving at Moorefield we found the Potomac swollen by recent rains and impassable. The brigade was compelled to ascend the river to Petersburg to effect a crossing, and even at that point the passage was attended with danger and loss of life, and our artillery, the loss of which was soon realized, had to abandon the trip and return to the Valley.

The passage of the Potomac was alarming and exciting and many sad and many laughable incidents occurred. Some feared to cross and remained anxious spectators on the bank. Two men in the Sixth Cavalry were drowned. Sergeant-Major Figgat, of the Twelfth, was swept from his horse, but saved himself by grasping his horse's tail, and was safely landed with his steed about a quarter of a mile below. Many of our officers and men prepared themselves for the emergency by shifting their coats and arms to their horses, and making all necessary preparation for a struggle with the waters. As the art of swimming was unknown to me, I trusted in God alone to bear me safely over. I remember yet the depressing stillness of the men on this occasion, as the column slowly moved through the water. The Israelites never moved through the

Red Sea with more awe and solemnity. As we neared the opposite bank, beyond the danger line, this awful silence was broken by the stentorian voice of Sergeant Trussell, "Close up, men; bear up the stream." This great display of courage, after the crisis was passed, caused much mirth among the boys at the Sergeant's expense, and the order was often repeated along our journey, never failing to provoke laughter and jollity.

On arriving at Greenland Gap we sorely missed our artillery, as the enemy was found in buildings commanding the pass and his dislodgment cost us a loss of six men killed and twenty wounded. With one piece of artillery this loss would have been avoided and precious time saved.

In the attack on this place, seventy-five prisoners, arms, and equipments, and several wagons were captured. Hurrying on from Greenland Gap and reaching the Northwestern Grade, the Maryland Battalion and the Twelfth Cavalry were sent to Oakland. Company B had the advance, and entered Oakland at 11 A. M. on the 27th of April (Sunday), and surprised and captured a company of fifty-seven infantry and three officers. Many of the Federal soldiers were found (much to their credit) at church with their sweethearts, and it was with much regret that we were compelled to sunder these loving hearts for a short time. We found the girls more pugnacious and less tractable than the men. A very pious member of our company, ordered to arrest a Yankee who was walking with a girl, approached the couple with a courtly bow, tipping his hat and courteously informing the combatant he was a prisoner. The soldier recognized the situation and succumbed at once, but the girl broke out in a most awful tirade of abuse, which culminated in, "You bald-headed son of a ——." As our pious comrade returned with his prisoner, he exclaimed, "Please God, I never heard a woman talk that way before."

It was on this occasion that ex-Postmaster-General Wilson humorously accosted a lady, apparently not pleased with the

new visitors, and asked if she did not think "the rebels were better looking than the Yankees," to which she contemptuously replied: "You good looking! You look like your moustache had been dyed three weeks in buttermilk." This was not very flattering to the pride of our embryo Postmaster-General, who even yet prides himself on that moustache.

Destroying the railroad bridges east of the town, the railroad and turnpike bridges over the Youghieny, and a train of cars, our column moved on Cranberry Summit (now Terra Alta), capturing a lot of maple sugar and fifteen soldiers and twenty home-guards, who were paroled and released, as were also the prisoners taken at Oakland.

Moving rapidly west, Kingwood and Morgantown were entered without opposition, and on the morning of the 28th, our force rejoined General Jones and the remainder of the brigade near Independence.

While in Morgantown our boys cut down the Stars and Stripes, found floating from the top of a tall flag-pole near the court-house, and as I have no expectation of running for office, I must, in justice to the truth of history, penitently acknowledge that I was *an accessory before, in, and after the fact*. It was while in this town that two of the most gallant and chivalrous members of Company B were with difficulty prevented from fighting a duel in the street of the town over the charms of one of its fair ladies. After resting a few hours near Independence, we again entered Morgantown, capturing many fine horses, which had been successfully run off at our first entrance and brought back after it was supposed our forces had made their final departure. Hon. W. L. Wilson's canvass for Congress in after years was much burdened by the capture of these horses, as he was charged with having stolen them all.

Passing over the bridge at Morgantown, we started in the direction of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, but prudence counselling us that a further advance into the enemy's country was dangerous, in the extreme, we counter-marched and moved south.

On the 29th our brigade attacked Fairmont, which was defended by 400 infantry and 300 home-guards. As the enemy seemed inclined to dispute our entrance, the larger part of our command was dismounted and the assault begun. Our squadron (Companies B and I), under command of the gallant Captain Charles T. O'Ferrall (now ex-Governor of Virginia), were directed to reconnoiter on our right, where, being assured a charge would be successful, we dashed into the town and the enemy fled in confusion. Finding the flooring of the suspension bridge torn up, we speedily relaid it, and our regiment and a portion of White's Battalion crossed, and, passing up to the railroad bridge, found it guarded by 300 men. After a vigorous assault on both sides of the river, the enemy raised the white flag, and 275 prisoners were secured. A few moments after the enemy stacked arms, a train with artillery and infantry arrived to reinforce this guard, but they were met by our men and soon forced to retreat.

The bridge was destroyed. One piece of artillery, 300 small-arms, and many horses were captured, twelve men killed, and twenty wounded. Our loss was three wounded. Leaving our wounded in the hands of friends, at dark we resumed our march, and the next day reached Bridgeport, where forty-seven prisoners, arms, and horses were captured, a bridge destroyed, a train run into the stream, and the trestling burned. Continuing our march, we entered Philippi about noon the next day. From Philippi we moved to Buckhannon, where we found General Imboden, and after a short halt proceeded to Weston.

On May 6th, a portion of our brigade, including the Twelfth regiment, moved to West Union, where the bridges to the right and left of the town were burned and ninety-four prisoners taken and paroled. On the 9th we reached Oil Town, where a large accumulation of oil on the banks of the river was set on fire, and the burning fluid, spreading over the river, the novel spectacle of a river on fire was presented,

and some fleeing boatmen just ahead of the rolling flames rendered the scene exciting indeed. From Oil Town we journeyed to Glenville, Sutton, and Summersville, where we rejoined General Imboden. From this point we returned by slow marches to the Valley. In thirty days our brigade travelled nearly 700 miles, killed twenty-five to thirty of the enemy, wounded seventy-five to eighty, captured 700 prisoners, with their arms and equipments, one piece of artillery, two trains of cars, burned sixteen railroad bridges, and destroyed one tunnel, 150,000 barrels of oil, and brought home with us about 1,200 horses and 1,000 cattle. The consternation caused among the enemy by this raid was astonishing, as will appear from a few telegrams:

WHEELING, April 28, 1863.

General Ripley: Post-office and banks are all packing up to leave; 1,500 Imboden's Cavalry within thirty miles. I have no men nor trains. Shall I blow up the depot in case it is necessary?

A. R. BUFFINGTON,
Captain of Ordnance.

WASHINGTON, April 28, 1863.

Major-General SCHENCK, Baltimore, Md.:

Have you no troops in Pennsylvania and Maryland which can promptly be thrown into Wheeling by the Pennsylvania railroad? The enemy seems to march more rapidly than we move by rail.

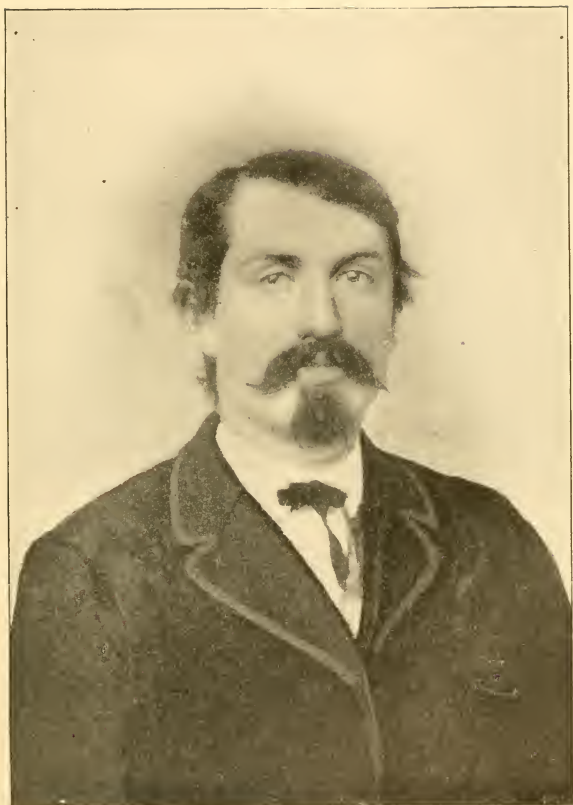
H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief.

WASHINGTON, April 29, 1863.

Major-General SCHENCK, Baltimore, Md.:

Two companies have gone from Sandusky to Wheeling, and Governor Todd has also sent, it is said, some others to the same place. The enemy's raid is variously estimated at from 1,500 to 4,000. You have 40,000 under your command. If you cannot concentrate enough to meet the enemy, it does not argue well for your military dispositions.

H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief.



Jos. D. Fry.

HARRISBURG, April 28, 1863.

HON. E. M. STANTON:

It is reported to me that the rebels have taken and now hold Morgantown in force. Please say if you have any information, and if force will be sent on, if there. We have no force in the State, and you could send troops before we could organize any.

A. G. CURTIN,
Governor of Pennsylvania.

But President Lincoln, with his usual sagacity, sums up the situation in a nutshell, and replies:

HON. A. G. CURTIN:

I do not think the people of Pennsylvania should be uneasy about an invasion. Doubtless a small force of the enemy is flourishing about in the northern part of Virginia on the "screw-horn" principle, on purpose to divert us in another quarter. I believe it is nothing more. We think we have adequate force close after them.

A. LINCOLN.

Our brigade reached the Valley the latter part of May, and in the first part of June crossed the Blue Ridge and joined the cavalry corps under General Stuart near Culpeper Courthouse. On the 7th, General Stuart had his great cavalry review on the plains near Brandy Station, and on the 8th, General R. E. Lee reviewed us, preparatory to a forward movement on the 9th; but the enemy anticipated this movement by crossing the river with the Federal cavalry corps under General Pleasanton, 10,000 strong, and two brigades of infantry. Early on the morning of the 9th, the ball was opened north of Brandy Station near St. James church, the enemy driving in our pickets and attacking the reserve of the Sixth Virginia Cavalry of our brigade about 6 A. M. Our regiment, which was camped near, was hastened forward to reinforce the Sixth, and the fight soon became animated, charge and counter-charge, first one side, then the other being the victor. The two opposing forces of cavalry were nearly equal in numbers, about 10,000 on either side, the Federals having the advantage alone in the infantry support. The fighting

on the center of the line was entirely on horseback, and the ground was well adapted to cavalry movements. Here was fought the greatest cavalry engagement of the war, and fought in real cavalry style and manner. The sight was grand. Sabers clashed and horses and riders fell together.

Our first onset was with the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and as we drove them back from our guns, which were almost in their grasp, to the woods from which they had emerged, another regiment issued forth to its aid, met and repulsed our charge, and soon they in turn were repulsed. These charges and counter-charges continued until noon, without any decisive advantage to either side, but with considerable loss to both, in men and horses.

At this critical juncture, our regiment and White's Battalion were ordered to repair in haste to Fleetwood Hill, about a mile in our rear, to meet a column of Federal cavalry under General Gregg which had passed to our right and rear and was in possession of Brandy Station.

The Twelfth regiment moved off in a gallop, Company B in the advance, with instructions to charge the enemy as soon as he appeared in sight. The regiment, in the great haste with which it repaired to the point designated, became much scattered and lengthened out, with Company B considerably in advance. When the summit of Fleetwood Hill was gained, we discovered the enemy's cavalry, which proved to be the First Maryland, coming up the southern slope of the hill, in platoons, with its flag and guidons fluttering in the breeze, closely followed by the First Pennsylvania and the First New Jersey to our left, all under the command of Colonel (Sir Percy) Wyndham, who, in 1862, our brigade had captured near Cross Keys. These Federal regiments presented a beautiful, but awe-inspiring, sight to our little troop; but Lieutenant Rouss, in obedience to orders, gave the command to charge, and down the slope we darted, striking the head of the column and throwing it into rout and confusion. But our success was of short duration, for the First Pennsyl-

vania, now charging, by force of numbers pressed our company back to the top of the hill, when the residue of the Twelfth regiment coming up, the fight for the possession of the hill became general.

Colonel Wyndham, in his official report referring to this part of the engagement, says:

“The First Maryland, which consisted of little more than a squadron, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Deems, charged, but were met by fully a regiment of the enemy, posted behind the buildings and drawn up in the garden and orchard, and, after a brief and spirited fight, were compelled to fall back. The First Pennsylvania coming up, charged next. Colonel Taylor, leading part of the regiment, struck the enemy in front, while Lieutenant-Colonel Gardner, with the balance, dashed on his flank next to the house. Attacked at both points, he was forced back, cut off from the house, his rear gained, and driven from his cover into the open plain below, where he was again met by the First Maryland Cavalry, which had rallied. Thus assailed on both sides, his force was completely scattered, a large number being killed, wounded, or captured. My loss is one officer killed and fourteen wounded or missing; fourteen men killed and 120 wounded or missing.”

Colonel Broderick, of the First New Jersey, was killed, and Colonel Wyndham, commanding the brigade, wounded. The return of the casualties of this brigade, as compiled, makes the number larger than Colonel Wyndham's report, and is as follows: “Three officers killed and fifteen enlisted men; ten officers wounded and forty-two enlisted men; two officers captured and seventy-eight enlisted men, the aggregate loss in the First Maryland alone being sixty-three.”

While the Twelfth Cavalry was wrestling with the enemy for the possession of Fleetwood Hill, Colonel White, with his battalion, arrived, and, making a gallant charge, drove the enemy back and seized their guns, just planted to the south of the hill; but after holding them for a few minutes was

driven back. General Stuart in person now joined us in the fight, and the contest was renewed with increased vigor under General Stuart's personal leadership, without much regimental or company organization, but more as a body-guard. Several times the enemy reached our guns, which had taken position on the hill and had become our rallying point; but after a desperate struggle, had been driven back in confusion and with great loss. We were now fighting Gregg's entire division of cavalry and Russell's brigade of infantry.

At this juncture, the Sixth, Seventh, and Eleventh Virginia Cavalry of our brigade came up, and, charging the enemy, captured their guns and drove them back and away from Brandy Station, causing Gregg to retreat in rout and confusion, and so the day's fight was virtually ended.

General Pleasanton at 11 A. M., while our brigade was fighting him near St. James church, reports as follows:

"General: All the enemy's forces are engaged with me. I am holding them until Gregg can come up. Gregg's guns are being heard in the enemy's rear."

But at 12:30 P. M., after Gregg had been driven from our rear, he again reports:

"General Gregg has joined me, and I will now attack the enemy vigorously with my whole force. Prisoners report that Stuart has 30,000 cavalry here. Both Lees, Jones, and Hampton are with him. We have had a sharp fight and have lost heavily, as we had the whole force in front of one-half of my command. Colonel Davis, Eighth New York, and Captain Canfield, Second United States Cavalry, are killed; Major Morris, Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry, is a prisoner, with a number of others. We have about 100 in hospital, wounded, Major Beveridge, Eighth Illinois, among the number. Buford and Ames have driven the enemy's whole force out of his strongest position. *It would be well to send a good force of the Fifth Corps toward Brandy Station, if it can be spared.*"

When the enemy doubles and trebles the opposing force,

it may be assumed his fears have gotten the better of him; but when he calls for help, you may rest assured he has gotten enough, and so it was with Pleasanton. His vigorous attack was made in his report only. He was more than satisfied, and rested from his labors, and the great fight was virtually ended.

We had fought the whole day without anything to eat or drink, and with no food or water for our horses, and we were glad of an opportunity for both to get refreshment. Company B lost in the fight near St. James church: Hec. Isler, killed; and at Fleetwood Hill, George Lewis, Up. Manning, and Warren McKown, killed; and four men wounded, and Lieutenant Rouss and Buck Ranson, the former of whom remained a prisoner until the close of the war, prisoners.

The loss in our corps was severe in both men and horses, but not so great as that of the enemy. General Pleasanton admits a loss of 907, while General Stuart reports his loss at 480. The field between Brandy Station and the river was dotted over with dead men and horses. There were other battles during the war between the opposing cavalry forces, where fully as large numbers were engaged, but these engagements were fought in great part by dismounted cavalry, while Brandy Station was unique in that it was a distinctly cavalry fight, the horses suffering equally with the riders, and individual prowess and daring was more conspicuous.

In this engagement on our side were the three cavalry divisions of Fitz Lee, W. H. F. Lee, and Hampton and the horse artillery, while Pleasanton had the three divisions of Gregg, Buford, and Kilpatrick, and the infantry brigades of Ames and Russell, with the horse artillery, both infantry brigades being actively engaged in the fight.

While the enemy's cavalry and infantry had met a repulse and severe loss, the cavalry had gained confidence in themselves, and this body of men, who, prior to this time, had afforded us more amusement than work, had now emerged from their state of inefficiency and had become foemen worthy of our steel.



James Nelson Gallaher.

CHAPTER XI.

O! there are men who linger on the stage
To gather crumbs and fragments of applause
When they should sleep in earth—who, like the moon,
Have brightened up some little night of time,
And 'stead of setting when their light is worn,
Still linger, like its blank and beamless orb,
When daylight fills the sky.

Alexander Smith.

A few days after the fight at Brandy Station, our cavalry corps moved in the direction of Fauquier county, interposing between the Federal army and General Lee's infantry column, passing down the Shenandoah Valley. The movements of our army produced consternation in the enemy's camp. Hooker was so dazed he did not know what to do, and was constantly worrying President Lincoln about the situation. It was at this time that Lincoln sent him this unique and caustic message:

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 14, 1863.

Major-General HOOKER:

So far as we can make out here, the enemy have Milroy surrounded at Winchester and Tyler at Martinsburg. If they could hold out a few days, could you help them? If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg and the tail of it on the Plank road, between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere. Could you not break him?

On the 19th, our brigade reached Union, in Loudoun county, where position was taken on Stuart's left. On the morning of the 21st, brisk firing was heard in the direction of Middleburg; soon after, Jones's and Chambliss's brigades were attacked by Buford's Division. Our position was maintained until noon, when Generals Jones and Chambliss were

ordered to retire in the direction of Upperville. As Upperville was approached, it was apparent the enemy were driving General Stuart on the Middleburg turnpike and were then in close proximity to Upperville, and a deflection to our right was necessary to effect a junction with Stuart's forces.

While in the execution of this move, our brigade was vigorously assailed by Buford's Division and a severe contest ensued. Our artillery was quickly brought into action; our regiments, one after another, were drawn into the fight, and after a brisk contest the enemy was driven back.

In the hottest of the engagement our squadron commander, Captain Charles T. O'Ferrall, severely wounded and supposed to be killed, was carried from the field on horseback in front of one of our men. His true condition was not ascertained until a place of safety was reached and his body was being placed in an ambulance. The contest around Upperville was spirited on both sides, but opposing numbers were too great, and we were forced back to Paris, fighting each step of the way. We engaged on this occasion Gregg's and Buford's divisions of cavalry, three brigades each, and Vincent's brigade of infantry; on our side we had Hampton's, Robertson's, Chambliss's, and Jones's brigades; yet with this disparity in numbers, it had required the longest day of the year to drive us six miles.

About the close of the fight I witnessed a charge on the enemy led by that sturdy old soldier, General Wade Hampton. Gregg and Buford were pressing our forces near Paris quite vigorously, and one of their regiments had the temerity to charge into our slowly retreating column, when Hampton, seemingly angered, looking a veritable god of war, drew his saber, called to the First North Carolina to follow him, plunged into the charging column of the enemy, and soon reversed the situation. The hostile force vanished under the saber strokes of the General and his men. The enemy, severely punished, did not molest us further.

The relations between Generals Stuart and Jones were by

no means cordial, and this unfriendliness was the source of much regret to officers and men of our brigade, who esteemed both generals highly. When Stuart, therefore, obtained permission to pass around the Federal army and between it and Washington, the brigades of Hampton, Fitz Lee, and W. H. F. Lee were selected, and Jones and Robertson left behind to protect the right flank of Lee's army on its march north of the Potomac.

Our brigade remained in Loudoun county until it was ascertained that Hooker had crossed the Potomac into Maryland, then crossed into the Shenandoah Valley, and General Jones, leaving the Twelfth regiment in Jefferson to picket and watch the movements of the enemy (who still occupied Harper's Ferry) on the right and rear of General Lee's army, crossed the Potomac with the remainder of the brigade and joined General Lee.

Company B was posted to watch and observe any movement from Harper's Ferry. On the 30th, having obtained permission from Colonel Massie, commanding regiment, to attack the enemy's cavalry picket reserve in Bolivar, just before daybreak, with 40 men of Company B, we evaded the outer picket by passing close along the banks of the Potomac and under the shadow of Bolivar Heights, until the rear of the town was reached; then, pressing rapidly into the town, we found the reserve asleep, and, killing one in the melee, captured one officer, 19 men, 21 horses and equipments, without loss and brought them safely into camp.

In his official report, Colonel Massie says: "The affair was well planned and gallantly executed."

On the next day, July 1st, the enemy withdrew his forces from the south side of the Potomac, and Company B took possession of Harper's Ferry, finding commissary, quartermaster, and ordnance stores, abandoned by the enemy. On the 3d we crossed the river and scouted down to within five miles of Frederick City, without encountering any force of the enemy. At this time, the guns were booming at Gettys-

burg, and the great battle was in progress. On the 7th, the enemy reoccupied Maryland Heights and on the 14th crossed the Potomac.

Colonel Harman, who had been wounded at Brandy Station, returned and took command of the regiment, then camped about a mile west of Charlestown. On resuming command, he called for Company B, and moved us down the turnpike as far as Halltown, where Company K's reserve was posted. Then, taking a squad of six men with him, he moved to the front in the direction of Bolivar. A short time afterwards, hearing some firing in that direction, Company B was ordered to mount, and had just crossed the railroad at Halltown, when the Federal cavalry appeared, pursuing some of our men, who had gone forward with Colonel Harman. A charge was ordered, and the enemy was met in the stream. We soon turned the tide and pursued to beyond Bolivar Heights, capturing one major, one lieutenant, 30 men, and 31 horses and equipments, and killing and wounding several.

Captain Blakelee, commanding the First Connecticut Cavalry, in his official report of this affair to General Naglee, says:

“Major Farnsworth, myself and 50 men, crossed the Potomac by order of General Naglee, to reconnoiter the enemy's position beyond Bolivar Heights and ascertain their strength. About two miles from Harper's Ferry the advance guard (18 men), under myself, charged upon the pickets of the enemy, numbering about 30 men, and drove them in confusion back on their reserve. Major Farnsworth coming up, now charged on the whole reserve of the enemy, about 200 strong. The enemy charged, and it became a fierce hand-to-hand fight, in which, owing to the disparity of our numbers, they repulsed us and rescued several prisoners whom we had previously taken, and I am sorry to add, captured Major Farnsworth and 24 men. The Major's horse was shot under him, and he fought most gallantly on foot with his saber, until he was overpowered and taken prisoner.”

The gallant captain has reversed our numbers; we had the 50 men and the Major had the 200.

It was while engaged on this picket duty and prior to the reoccupation of Harper's Ferry by the Federal army, that late one evening I was visited by our Lieutenant-Colonel and a gallant captain (now dead), who informed me of a little project they had on hand for the night, and in which they needed the assistance of myself and some half-dozen trusty men. I made the selection, the scheme was unfolded and the reward promised, which was sufficient inducement of itself for our hearty co-operation. About 10 P. M. our little party passed through and beyond our picket lines and entered the lower part of Harper's Ferry, where our horses were fastened and the house of a lady known to us, by reputation at least, entered. Here two men were found, who said they had crossed the Potomac that night with a considerable lot of goods, which they wished to take into the Confederate lines. We were requested by these men and instructed by our Colonel to treat them roughly, so as to impress the people of Harper's Ferry with the idea that they were our unwilling captives. Accordingly some of the boys, versed in the art of swearing, lavished on them a few of their choicest oaths, while Henry Beali, remarking to me that he believed they were real, veritable Yankees, walked up to one of them and landed his foot rather severely in his rear. The fellow, as he rubbed the spot to ease the pain, looked as if he thought that felt too genuine for a sham and partook more of the viciousness of the mule than the gentleness of the lady. The goods were gathered together and placed in Old Man Nat. Allison's wagon, which was impressed for the purpose, and with the two men as prisoners, we passed within our lines and halted near our reserve, where Company B's contingent received a handsome donation for its services, my portion being a pair of cavalry boots, a pair of gauntlets, a couple of overshirts, and some handkerchiefs—quite a handsome outfit for the times.



Jno. Shannon Gallaher.

Here the Colonel and the Captam took charge of the men and wagon and moved off in the direction of Charlestown. The next day I was informed that these men had been arrested by order of General Lee as spies and their goods confiscated. General Lee's army was then encamped near Bunker Hill. I also learned that the General was seeking information as to how the men and goods got through his lines, and we were requested by our Colonel to keep quiet on the subject, which we did. Whether or not these men were spies, I know not, but I do know they did not make much profit on those goods. I always felt that our conduct in this matter was questionable, notwithstanding the fact that it was authorized and sanctioned by a superior officer. Our portion of the goods, however, served a good purpose and supplied our particular needs.

The Federal army having crossed the Potomac below Harper's Ferry, moved in the direction of Culpeper. Our army hastened to confront it, and our brigade, after several unimportant skirmishes, took up position near Culpeper Courthouse, in the neighborhood of Brandy Station, where it remained quiet until September 13th, when the enemy advanced, drove it through Culpeper and across the Rapidan, capturing three pieces of Thomson's battery, which, through inadvertence or negligence, had been left without support in an exposed position. In this engagement our brigade, commanded by General Lomax, was opposed by the divisions of Buford and Kilpatrick, and received no assistance until south of Culpeper, where it was joined by the brigade of W. H. F. Lee. While stationed at Culpeper, General Jones was assigned to the command of the Valley Department, and took leave of the brigade he had so successfully commanded for more than a year past, much to the regret of its men, who had formed for him an ardent attachment. Colonel Lomax was made brigadier and assigned to the command in his stead, much to the chagrin of the Twelfth, if not of the whole brigade. General Lomax had been a school-mate of General Stuart at West Point, and owed his promotion more to the clanish feeling

existing among the graduates of that institution than to any merit as a leader of men, and to the fact that he had acted gallantly in some Indian fight with Stuart when all retreat was cut off. He ought to have died then! West Pointers were rather disposed to assume that they knew all that could be learned in the art of war, and that a soldier from civil life was a mere gawk and machine. They had no use and no kind word for such men as Forrest, a born prince among men and a natural genius in the art of war. Lomax was a very strict disciplinarian, fully imbued with the idea that discipline was the alpha and the omega of a soldier's qualification, and that individual valor and courage were naught in the conflict. Our brigade, composed of noble, high-born spirits, accustomed to the lenient authority prevailing among the volunteer soldiery, naturally rebelled at the adoption of the austere rules and regulations prescribed by Lomax. The result of the Culpeper fight was not unexpected in the brigade, and was due in large measure to the unpopularity of its leader. A horse may be led to the trough, but kindness and gentleness will make him drink much sooner than force.

One morning, just prior to the Culpeper fight, I was surprised at the number of absentees from roll-call in Company B, and on inquiry of the Orderly Sergeant, was informed that a dozen or more of the company had gone to Jefferson, on what soldiers termed a *flank*. As required by orders, the fact was reported by me to regimental headquarters; the Colonel reported it to brigade headquarters, and in a few moments thereafter I received orders to report in person to General Lomax. I found the General in a surly mood, inquiring about the absentees, and he called them deserters. I frankly disclosed the fact that the boys had gone home, some to get fresh horses, others to get winter clothes, and said I was assured they would be back in a few days. The General then said: "Do you think they will ever come back?" to which I indignantly answered, "I know they will come back; they are gentlemen." "Well," said the doughty General, "I will have

some of these gentlemen shot." I then mounted and returned to camp, consoling myself with the thought that if any of those gentlemen were shot, a general not so much of a gentleman would be shot also.

The absentees returned in a few days, bringing with them as a peace offering several prisoners, whom they had captured in Jefferson, and, most fortunately for them, the bloody-shirt disciplinarian had the day before their return, been removed from our brigade. Colonel Funsten, a gentleman by birth and education and a soldier from patriotism and not by profession, was in command, and the boys escaped all punishment. But for this change in commanders, Washington would have lost an eminent physician, Atlanta a prominent lawyer, California a representative in Congress, the revenue-tariff bill its author, Cleveland his Postmaster-General, Washington and Lee University its president, and the government itself an office-holder, who assumed office as a spoilsman, and now retains it as a civil-service reformer.

On the 21st I was directed by General Stuart to take 20 men, get in rear of a column of the enemy's cavalry passing in the direction of Madison Courthouse and ascertain its numbers and composition. During my absence on this scout, Buford and Kilpatrick's divisions having reached Madison Courthouse, separated, Buford moving down the Gordonsville turnpike, while Kilpatrick moved down the Orange Courthouse road, with orders to meet Buford at or near Jack's Shop and Burtonsville. Stuart moved back and attacked Buford near Jack's Shop, and while engaged in a severe contest with him, learned that Kilpatrick was in his rear, cutting him off from the ford at Liberty Mills. He immediately disposed his forces to meet this new danger, and the battle was soon limited to a narrow space between these two forces of the enemy. Our artillery, from the same position, was firing in both directions, and the enemy's bullets were passing both ways over our lines.

At this juncture, the Twelfth regiment was directed to charge the enemy in the rear. This order was gallantly exe-

cutted, and Kilpatrick's men were driven from the road and the ford, and Stuart, retiring from Buford's front, passed his artillery and men safely over the river, and the fight was ended.

In this engagement Tad Baney, a brave soldier of Company B, was killed, and B. C. Washington engaged in hand-to-hand saber contest with Major McIrwin, of the Second New York Cavalry. Washington being left-handed, held his saber in his left hand, while the Major, a West Pointer, versed in military art, held his in the right. Washington made the first pass, and the skillful Major attempted to parry his blow, but his saber being constructed to guard against a right-hand antagonist, Washington's saber struck the Major's, passed down the blade, and there being no guard on that side, the blow fell on the Major's hand, causing him to drop his weapon, and Washington, taking advantage of the situation, forced his surrender. In speaking of this contest, while a prisoner, the Major said he had never been taught to fight with a left-handed man. When Washington brought the Major to General Stuart, he recognized him, and said, "Hello, McIrwin, what are you doing here? I paroled you in Pennsylvania." "Yes," said the Major, "but our people would not recognize your parole and ordered me to duty." The Major's horse and trappings were given to Washington, and the Major sent to the rear. For gallant conduct on this and other occasions, Washington was made second lieutenant in Company B.

General Davis, in his report of this engagement, speaking of the Second New York, says: "Their loss was, however, very heavy, and we have to mourn over many gallant officers and brave men who fell into the hands of the enemy. Major McIrwin, Captain Hasty, Lieutenants Jones and Temple, with 69 brave men, fell into the hands of the enemy."

While these scenes were being enacted, I had returned to our deserted camp, with the information for which I was sent, but found no one to receive it.

Having ascertained that Stuart had fallen back, and that the enemy was between us and our forces, I moved my little posse, much increased by some 30 men of Cobb's Legion, cut off by the enemy during the fight, to a thick wood near the road, and waited for night and further information. Just after dusk, hearing cavalry and artillery passing along the road, leaving my horse, I noiselessly approached the road, and, lying down in a fence-corner, heard the battle of the day discussed, and learned that the Yankees were retiring in the direction of Culpeper. This column seemed interminable, and fearing daylight would discover our whereabouts, I returned to the men, and, mounting, started westward, guided in my course by the stars. We had not travelled more than five miles when, hearing cavalry passing a short distance south of us, I sent Will Thomson to a house near by to learn the situation, while we halted to await his return.

Thomson rode up to the house, which was in view by starlight, and tapped on the window. Just then I heard some one from the Yankee column, not over 200 yards distant, gallop up to the house, and, nearing Thomson, inquired in a loud voice, "What are you doing there? Get back into ranks." Without replying, Thomson turned his horse and struck back in our direction in a full run, the Yankee following him. Instead of stopping with us, Thomson kept up his retreat to a wood a short distance beyond, but the Yankee drew up, when he saw us, and asked to what command we belonged. I replied, "Second New York," and, he being apparently satisfied, rode back and joined his column. From his straps, I knew he was an officer, but couldn't see clearly enough to tell his rank. I would have taken him prisoner, but feared the firing of a shot would have alarmed the column and have resulted in the capture of our party.

Diverging a little northwest, we now continued our way, and at daybreak reached Wolfetown, where, turning our course southeastward, we soon joined General Stuart, who congratulated us on our safe exit. After this engagement our



Jno. S. Grantham.

brigade went into camp near the Rapidan and enjoyed a couple of weeks of quiet and repose.

Like Uncle Toby, in "Tristram Shandy," I find myself often indulging in digressions, and only hope mine may be as agreeable and entertaining as those of my ancient relative. While Company B was at Camp Twyman, on the Rapidan, discipline was somewhat lax, and the boys enjoyed various diversions, spending much of their time in foraging the community for eatables, drinkables, and social enjoyment. I have mentioned that the members of Company B were young, and should have added, great admirers of the fair sex. There were only two books in the company, the New Testament and Charles O'Malley, and I must reluctantly record that the men followed oftener the precepts of the Irish Dragoon than those of the Divine Master. The Testament was usually read on the battle-field and O'Malley in camp. There was Bob, who, while possessing an eye for beauty, had also a penchant for the good things of the stomach. In fact, he used the former as a means to the gratification of the latter. One day as he was foraging around, he discovered a goodly habitation, tenanted by a widow lady and her daughter, and it was not long before he had ingratiated himself into their favor, and was faring sumptuously for the times, while other members of Company B who wandered that way were treated pretty much as tramps are nowadays. Bob's popularity at this homestead was much discussed among the boys, and a plan set on foot to supplant him. Tom and Billy were selected for the undertaking. Tom was a born diplomat, and Billy possessed acres of the *suaviter in modo*. They appeared at the widow's mansion one morning, about an hour before dinner, and entreated the ladies for something to eat, incidentally (but on purpose) mentioning Bob in the presence of the mother and daughter. There was magic in the name. The old lady instantly inquired if they knew Bob, speaking of him by his surname. "Oh, yes," answered Tom, "we live near by him in Jefferson, and are well acquainted with him

and *his wife and children also.*" The leaven worked finely and rapidly. "What," said the old lady, almost bursting with suppressed wrath, while the young lady blushed crimson, "is he a married man?" Tom begged pardon for having said anything amiss, and said Bob was a friend, and he would prefer to say nothing more on the subject. His silence raised the ladies' curiosity to the highest pitch, and to get an opportunity to press for further information the ladies insisted that Tom and his companion should dine with them. The invitation was reluctantly accepted, and a great many more pertinent questions were asked, but no further information secured. After partaking of a good, *square* meal, which no one was capable of enjoying more than Tom, he and Billy returned to camp and were silent. The day following, Bob rode out to this home, full of the assurance of a jovous reception and entertainment, fed his horse, and was about entering the house, when two irate ladies attacked him furiously with broomsticks, and would neither give nor hear an explanation. Poor Bob retired discomfited, and was totally ignorant of what hurt him, until some time after the brigade left that neighborhood and we were far away.

CHAPTER XII.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well.

Tennyson.

On the 9th of October, 1863, our army prepared to move forward, and the Bristow campaign was begun. Our brigade was still under the command of Colonel Funsten, of the Eleventh Cavalry. That day I received orders from General Stuart to cross the Rapidan at night with a detail from Company B, and endeavor to capture the enemy's signal corps on Stonehouse Mountain, as it overlooked and reported our movements.

As soon as it was dark, selecting twenty men for the expedition, leaving in camp our horses and all arms except our pistols, we proceeded to the river, took off our clothing, and, bundling it and our pistols on our shoulders, waded the stream, and passed up the opposite bank between two Federal picket posts. Having safely and noiselessly gained the rear of the enemy's picket line, we put on our clothes and started in the direction of the signal station, which was easily recognized from its elevated fires. Satisfied that success could be attained only by silence and by avoiding alarm until the station was reached, we moved along stealthily and cautiously, avoiding any conflict. Having gone somewhat more than a mile, we were startled by the near approach in our front of a body of cavalry. Making a hasty run into the fence-corners, we laid down, and trusted the enemy would pass us by. But the cavalry, reaching a point just opposite, with only a rail fence between us, halted as if listening. It was with great difficulty that the men were restrained from firing into them.

After standing about ten minutes in this position, the Yankees moved forward in the direction of their picket line, and soon after, galloping was heard in the direction of their camp, which could easily be traced by the camp-fires, and in a short time the bugles sounding "boots and saddles." Satisfied now that our squad had been discovered and the capture impossible, we returned to our camp somewhat the worse from briar scratches received in passing through the picket lines in nude condition.

On the morning of the 10th, with Company B, we crossed the Rapidan and hastened to join our command, which had gone forward the evening before with General Stuart, and was moving in the direction of Culpeper Courthouse. We overtook the brigade near a small place called Griffinsburg. Company B now took the advance and acted as a body-guard for General Stuart. On nearing Culpeper a regiment of Federal infantry was seen hastening in that direction and seemingly separated from any support. As soon as General Stuart saw it, no other force being at hand, he ordered me to charge it. It appeared a rash and dangerous undertaking, but with an order that could not be questioned and a company that never refused to respond, we were soon dashing toward them. The enemy seeing our charge, soon gallantly faced towards us, and when we were about one hundred yards off, poured a volley into us. But as they occupied a small eminence, and we were in a depression, their balls passed harmlessly over our heads. Finding that our charge had not been checked, and not having time to reload, they threw off their knapsacks and fled. Fortunately for them, there was an impassable ditch, which delayed our progress, and permitted most of them to escape.

General Stuart, in his official report, says:

"In our rapid pursuit of the enemy, we found that we had passed an infantry regiment of the enemy, which had been on the outpost and was now marching parallel to our

column on our right in the direction of Culpeper Courthouse. Every effort was made to close up the column thus elongated by pursuit, so as to catch this regiment, but apprehending that it would escape, the only cavalry I could lay my hands on was ordered to charge the regiment as it debouched into the open ground. This was gallantly responded to by a company of the Twelfth Virginia under Lieutenant Baylor, and but for an impassable ditch these brave men would have ridden over the enemy and cut them down with the saber. They charged within 20 or 30 yards of the column and fired a volley into it, but were forced, from the nature of the ground, to retire, which was done without the loss of a man or horse, although the enemy's fire was delivered almost in their faces. The enemy did not further contest the field. They broke and ran, dropping guns, knapsacks, and blankets, several of their number being captured."

Colonel John Esten Cooke, then aide to General Stuart, and an eye-witness of this charge, says:

"Never had I seen him (Stuart) more excited. He was plainly on fire with the idea of capturing the whole party. The staff scattered to summon the cavalry, and soon a company came at full gallop. It was the 'Jefferson Company,' under that brave officer, Captain George Baylor. 'Charge and cut them down,' shouted Stuart, his drawn sword flashing as he forced his horse over fallen trees and the *debris* of a great deserted camp. A fine spectacle followed. As the Federal infantry double-quickened up a slope, Baylor charged. As his men darted upon them, they suddenly halted, came to a front face, and the long line of gun-barrels fell, as though they were parts of some glittering war machine. The muzzles spouted flame, and the cavalry received the fire at thirty yards. It seemed to check them, but it did not. They had come to an impassable ditch. In another moment the infantry broke, every man for himself, and, making a detour, the cavalry pursued and captured large numbers."



C. E. Henderson.

Colonel B. F. Smith, commanding the Third brigade of the Third Army Corps, in his report of this affair, says:

“On the morning of the 11th, after the departure of the corps from the camp near Culpeper, the pickets from the brigade were attacked by the enemy; this while endeavoring to join the command. The detail from the One Hundred and Sixth New York Volunteers (432 strong, under charge of Major A. N. McDonald, commanding regiment) repulsed the attack, but with the loss of Captain James L. Peach and two enlisted men killed, seven enlisted men wounded, and 18 enlisted men captured. The loss of the enemy is unknown; several saddles were emptied.”

But Major McDonald, in his official report, differs somewhat from Colonel Smith in his account of the loss. He says:

“My casualties are as follows: Killed, three; wounded, 10; missing, 25. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded is at least three times our entire loss.”

This shows how badly the Major was frightened, for Company B lost neither man nor horse, and did not number over 50 men.

On the afternoon of the 11th we reached the Barbour house, overlooking Brandy Station, and found Kilpatrick's division of cavalry moving back from Culpeper in the direction of the station. It was a magnificent spectacle. Our artillery was not in reach, and few of our cavalry up. But General Stuart, being apprised that Fitz Lee had arrived on the opposite flank of the enemy at Brandy Station, ordered the Twelfth, under Colonel Massie, to charge the column and cut off Kilpatrick's retreat. Company B was in front of the regiment, and down the slope it went and reached a point near the station, when it was discovered that the enemy had enveloped us, and it became a race on our part to escape capture. We were so intermingled with the enemy that they could not use their guns and pistols without endangering

their own men. Lieutenant Washington and myself were near together on the retreat, and, jumping a ditch, his horse fell and pinioned him to the ground. As my horse cleared the ditch safely, he called for help, but with visions of Forts McHenry and Delaware before me and a host of pursuers behind, I was constrained to leave him to his fate. I escaped, but he was taken prisoner, but did not remain long in the enemy's hands, as he appeared next morning in camp, minus horse and arms, having made a miraculous escape during the night. Our force being too weak to impede Kilpatrick's retreat, he escaped safely over the Rappahannock.

General Stuart, in his report, says :

“The Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Massie commanding, was at the head of the column, and, being ordered to charge, did so in the most gallant manner, cutting off about 1,200 or 1,500 of the enemy, all of whom would have been killed or captured had not the headlong rapidity of the pursuit, added to the difficult character of the ground, so greatly extended the column as to impair for the moment its efficiency of action. The loss of the enemy in killed, wounded, and prisoners was considerable, the two regiments of Colonel Funsten's command alone having taken 200.”

General Kilpatrick, in his report, says :

“Many gallant charges were now made by the division, and many equally gallant charges by the enemy repulsed. The division fell slowly back, one brigade after another, in good order, and finally crossed the Rappahannock and went into camp about 8 P. M.”

On the morning of the 12th, our regiment was sent to the right of Jeffersonton, in the direction of Warrenton Springs. Reaching the road in the rear of Jeffersonton, Company B being in advance, we discovered a regiment of the enemy's led horses standing on the road leading to Jeffersonton, the men having gone forward and left them in charge of one man to each file of fours. A charge was ordered, meeting

with little or no resistance, and the rest of our regiment coming up, a large number of prisoners and horses were captured, and the Seventh regiment pressing the enemy in front at Jeffersonton, they were soon routed and scattered in every direction. General Gregg, in his report, says:

“It is to be regretted that in the gallant and obstinate resistance made by the Fourth and Thirteenth Pennsylvania regiments they had to fight almost entirely on foot,” but he does not say that it was because we had captured their horses.

In this engagement on our side was the Seventh and Twelfth Virginia regiments, and on the Federal side the Fourth and Thirteenth Pennsylvania and the Tenth New York regiments.

General Gregg, in his official report, says:

“They charged impetuously in front and on both flanks with infantry and cavalry, and we were driven into the woods, where for half an hour the fight raged furiously. At this juncture information was brought that the enemy had possession of the road in my rear, and that we were surrounded. This information, having found its way to the men, created some confusion, and it became impossible to re-form the command, and I was compelled to retire in some confusion, fighting, however, every foot of the ground. It was here that Major Young, Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and Lieutenants Cutler and Martin of my staff, were wounded.”

Pressing on to the river at Warrenton Springs, we found the enemy had posted his artillery on an eminence beyond the stream and placed their dismounted men in rifle-pits near the banks of the river to contest our advance. Dismounted men were thrown forward on our side, supported by a small force of our infantry who had arrived on the scene. The horse artillery not having come up, General Long, of Ewell's Corps, opened fire with eight guns on the enemy's batteries and supporting squadrons. At this juncture, General Stuart

ordered me to charge with Company B across the river and drive the enemy from their rifle-pits.

I had been for some time a spectator of the futile efforts of the infantry and dismounted men to effect a crossing, and to accomplish this with a cavalry dash struck me as impracticable. But a soldier's duty is to obey, do or die. Assured that a bold front was half the battle, four brave men were placed in rear of the company, with orders to shoot down the first man that fell back. Hearing the order, a member of the company plaintively remarked, "Well, boys, between death before and death behind, I will take death in front."

Generals Robert E. Lee, Ewell, Stuart, and others were in full view, watching the movement. It was the occasion of our lives. The order was given, and down the road the company dashed amid a shower of bullets, and reached the bridge over the river, to find the flooring torn up. Here we were forced to halt, face about and strike for a ford below. This movement was effected without faltering, and soon the river was crossed and the rifle-pits, with a large number of prisoners, in our possession. The rest of our regiment now coming to our aid, the prisoners were secured and turned over to the infantry. As we passed up out of the river and our horses leaped over the rifle-pits, our infantry on the opposite banks greeted us with loud cheers. This was the first and only occasion during the war, that I know or have heard of, where the infantry showed such appreciation of the cavalry.

Among the prisoners taken was Captain Harry Gregg, a class-mate and friend of mine at Dickinson College. I had only time to greet him, when I was hurried forward and he taken to the rear. So I saw him no more.

General Stuart, in his report of this engagement, says:

"This little band of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry was worthy of special praise, as it was made under circumstances of great embarrassment. Charging first up to the pier of the bridge, it was discovered that it had been taken up, thus

exposing them to a dangerous fire from the enemy on the opposite side. Nothing daunted in purpose, however, they turned about and took the road to the ford below, which they plunged into in the face of the enemy's fire without halt or hesitation."

Major-General McClellan, in his "Life of Stuart," says:

"Now the Twelfth Virginia was ordered to charge the bridge. Lieutenant Baylor's company still had the front. Darkness was settling down upon the field. Along a narrow causeway, Baylor led his men in column of fours. In the face of a sharp fire from the rifle-pits he reached the very abutment of the bridge before he discovered that the planks had been removed and that a crossing was impossible. He must retrace his steps and try the ford. There was no trepidation, no confusion. 'By fours, right-about wheel. Forward!' and in a moment he had descended from the causeway, and his column was plunging through the narrow ford, where hardly four could ride abreast. It was a gallant sight, and called forth wild huzzas from the Confederate infantry, many of whom were spectators of the scene. Up the hill went Baylor, and in a few moments the rifle-pits were cleared of the enemy and the approaches to the bridge were under our control."

General Gregg, in his official report, says:

"After the recrossing of all regiments to the east side of the river, I lined its banks above and below the bridge with sharpshooters. The enemy advanced with a long and strong line of skirmishers, but were checked by the fire of our carbines and one gun placed near the river, which, at that range, gave them rapid discharges of spherical case. At this time I saw long columns of infantry marching northward, on the opposite bank. Upon these columns the fire of my artillery was directed. The enemy now opened upon my position with 20 pieces of artillery, and under this fire, his cavalry advanced to and forced a crossing at the bridge. Total loss of the division



John Howell.

at Sulphur Springs and on the 14th is as follows: Officers, three killed, 13 wounded, and six missing; enlisted men, 14 killed, 101 wounded, and 426 missing. Of those reported missing at Sulphur Springs, very many were killed and wounded."

After getting a firm foothold on the northern bank of the Rappahannock, the Twelfth Cavalry, under Colonel Funsten, was ordered to proceed to Warrenton, and on its way there captured 50 prisoners, who, through mistake, rode into our column. We bivouacked that night in the suburbs of Warrenton, and next morning continued our advance through Auburn in the direction of Catlett's Station. At Auburn, Lomax's brigade joined us, and General Stuart took command. Leaving Lomax at Auburn, General Stuart advanced toward Catlett's Station with Funsten's and Gordon's brigades. Nearing Catlett's, we saw large wagon-trains of the enemy moving northward. We remained here until dark, when word reached us that the enemy's column occupied our rear at Auburn. Stuart quickly moved in that direction, hoping to effect his escape, but on arrival near that place, discovered that he was securely trapped between two columns of the Federal army. In this extremity, Stuart soon determined his course. He withdrew his two brigades, artillery, and wagons to the north side of the road behind the hills, and thus escaped the observation of the two wings of the Federal army. Our guns were put in position on the brow of the hill within three hundred yards of the enemy's line, and the men, huddled in close column, obeyed the order for silence, as they fully realized the peril of the situation and the proximity of the enemy. We remained in this position throughout the night, every soldier on the anxious bench and in momentary expectation of being discovered by the enemy. In the early part of the night, General Stuart directed me to send him, dismounted, two trustworthy men from Company B, to pass through the enemy's column and apprise General Lee of our situation, with the request that he would attack the enemy and afford us

an opportunity to escape. Crocket Eddins and my brother Richard volunteered to go on the mission. Leaving their horses and equipments with the company, they bade us farewell, and reported to General Stuart and were given instructions.

Each took a separate course and safely escaped through the Yankee column. There were several others sent on the same mission, and all met at General Lee's headquarters shortly after midnight.

General Stuart, in his report, says:

"The six privates who volunteered to pass through the enemy's column were Robert W. Good, First Virginia Cavalry; Ashton Chichester, and Sharley, McGregor's Horse Artillery; privates Crocket Eddins and Richard Baylor, Company B, Twelfth Virginia Cavalry."

General Lee immediately ordered a part of General Ewell's corps to our relief, but, unfortunately, it did not arrive in time to give us any material aid.

As day was breaking, General Stuart realized something must be done. In the field adjacent to our rendezvous, a large force of infantry had halted, stacked arms, and were building camp-fires and preparing for breakfast. Orders were given to mount, our seven guns were advanced further on the brow of the hill, and all was ready for action. A few moments of suspense and our guns were raining canister upon the enemy, who, surprised, rushed in every direction. They soon, however, recovered from their fright, formed line of battle and began to move on our position, but, unable to stand the fire of our guns, gave way and disappeared behind the hills. At this juncture a line of the enemy was seen moving up on our left flank, our direction of escape, and it became necessary to repel this advance. Colonel Ruffin, with the First North Carolina, handsomely led his men on a charge against this column, and broke the first line, capturing a large number of prisoners, but was repulsed by a fresh column in rear of the first, and the men retired, leaving their gallant Colonel

dead on the field. The enemy's advance was, however, checked, and Stuart, taking advantage of our temporary success, ordered the artillery and wagons to pass in rear of the enemy's position, sending Companies B and I, under my command, on the road to Catlett's Station to protect his left flank and repel any attack from that quarter. Moving rapidly down to the point indicated, the squadron was formed across the road at the edge of a piece of woods, and the men directed to hold their fire until the enemy approached within thirty yards. We had not long to wait before the enemy's cavalry appeared in our front, and, moving up to within 250 yards of our position, called to know what command we were. Having cautioned the men to remain quiet, no answer was given. Receiving no response, they moved cautiously about, gradually approaching nearer and nearer. After being detained by us for some time, they boldly moved a squadron forward, and when within thirty yards the order to fire was given, many saddles were emptied, and their squadron broke and fled in confusion.

Feeling assured that General Stuart had now effected his escape, and that a longer stay would likely cause our capture, the squadron was faced about and moved off in the direction of Warrenton, soon reaching General Stuart's command drawn up on an eminence south of Cedar river, awaiting our return.

As we rode up, the General congratulated us. In his official report, General Stuart says:

“ My extrication from this embarrassing situation with the comparatively small loss which I sustained is due, under Providence, to the gallant officers and men of my command, who, upon this trying occasion, which thoroughly tested their soldierly character, exhibited nerve and coolness which entitles them to the highest praise from their commander.”

General Warren, commanding the Second Army Corps, in his official report, says:

“ Undistinguishable as this enemy was to us in the Valley

in the mist and gray morning light, his view of our camp-fires on the hill was clear and defined and his fire told with fatal effect, killing 11 and wounding about 12; one shell killed seven men."

General Owen, in his report of his brigade, says:

"I regret to say my loss was severe, numbering seven killed and 17 wounded. General Birney reports in his command two killed and 35 wounded."

In this spirited contest against such tremendous odds, we lost neither a gun nor a wagon and brought off safely 150 prisoners, besides killing and wounding a large number. On the 15th, our brigade moved forward on the road to Manassas and engaged the enemy at Yates Ford, on Bull Run, driving him from his position and bivouacking that night near Manassas.

On the 16th, with Hampton's Division and four pieces of artillery, we moved towards Groveton, where we had a skirmish with the enemy, drove him before us, crossed Bull Run, and encamped at night near Stone Castle. Washington was now alarmed. General Meade was rapidly retiring before General Lee, and yet he was reporting that as soon as he could find Lee he would attack him. Matters were not at all satisfactory to President Lincoln, and his wonderful horse-sense soon penetrated Meade's sham and pretence, and he writes General Halleck one of his pungent letters:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
Washington, October 16, 1863.

Major-General HALLECK:

I do not believe Lee can have over 60,000 effective men. Longstreet's Corps would not be sent away to bring an equal force back on the same road; and there is no other direction for them to have come from.

Doubtless in making the present movement, Lee gathered in all the available scraps, and added them to Hill's and Ewell's corps, but that is all, and he made the movement in

the belief that four corps had left General Meade; and General Meade's apparently avoiding a collision with him has confirmed him in the belief. If General Meade can now attack on a field no more than equal for us and will do so with all the skill and courage which he, his officers and men possess, the honor will be his, if he succeeds, and the blame may be mine, if he fails.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

On the 18th, Halleck wires Meade: "Lee is unquestionably bullying you. If you cannot ascertain his movements, I certainly cannot. If you pursue and fight him, I *think you will find out where he is*. I know of no other way."

On the 18th, Charlestown was attacked and taken by General Imboden, and General Kelley at Harper's Ferry became alarmed at his situation, and wired General Halleck, and Halleck curtly responded: "Should the whole of Lee's army attack Maryland Heights, the place must be held until Meade's army comes to the rescue. It can be so held, and if the officers fail to do so, they should be hung."

This undue excitement on the part of the President and the generals was due, no doubt, to such reports as the following:

MARTINSBURG, W. VA., October 22, 1863.

Colonel G. H. SHARP,

Headquarters Army of the Potomac:

Statement of William Arndoff, a native of Jefferson county: "I was informed by a farmer by the name of Joseph Crane, who lives near Charlestown, Jefferson county, and is a very reliable man and a strong rebel, and thinks I am the same, that he would be very much disappointed if General Lee did not cross the Potomac at the Point of Rocks within ten days. This man Crane says he never had been disappointed in his opinion in reference to the rebel movements. He further stated that Imboden's command fell back to Front Royal, there to divide their forces into two separate commands. One is to advance by the way of Berryville and Charlestown; the other, to keep north of the turnpike and surround and capture the forces stationed at this post. He also said that



Julian Hutchinson.

General Lee has the largest and finest army he has ever had. He further stated that Jenkins was to unite his forces with Imboden."

This gentleman (Arndoff) has been heretofore employed as a spy, and is acting in that capacity at present. I this day sent the said Arndoff to Front Royal, Luray, and various other places. He is a responsible man. I took his bond for \$5,000.

MICHAEL GRAHAM.

It is not stated that Arndoff ever paid the bond. I knew Colonel Crane well, and Arndoff did not deceive the old gentleman much. He had fully measured Arndoff before he spoke. I can imagine the mischievous twinkle of his eye, as with the Jack O'Lantern of his mind he illumined the hypocritical Arndoff and "filled his belly with the east wind" of this Munchausen invention.

I will now return to our brigade. On the 17th we marched to the Little River turnpike, three miles below Aldie; on the 18th we moved to Gainesville and went into camp above Haymarket, and the next day reached Buckland, where the enemy attacked and we fell back slowly to Chestnut Hill, within two and one-half miles of Warrenton. General Stuart was in command, and this retreat was a ruse to draw the enemy forward, to allow General Fitz Lee to reach his rear. At this point, General Stuart, hearing Lee's guns, suddenly turned about, routed the enemy, and ran them back to Buckland, and so the fight was known as the Buckland races. Stuart captured in this engagement 250 prisoners, eight wagons and ambulances, with many horses, arms and equipments.

General Stuart, in his report of the Buckland fight, says:

"The force opposed to us on this occasion consisted of ten regiments of cavalry and six pieces of artillery, commanded by General Kilpatrick, and I am justified in declaring the rout of the enemy at Buckland the most signal and complete that any cavalry has suffered during the war. It is remarkable that Kilpatrick's Division seemed to disappear from the field

of operations for more than a month, that time being necessary, no doubt, to collect the panic-stricken fugitives."

I remember on this occasion finding Jim Randall after the fight, sitting near a dying Federal officer, and, inquiring of him what he was doing, he replied: "Am waiting for this fellow to die, so I can get his watch and ring." While he was engaged in conversation with me, an old North Carolinian rode up, and, spying the watch-chain and ring, dismounted and gathered them in, much to the chagrin and disappointment of Jim. Jim's conscience was tenderer than the North Carolinian's, and he lost the prize.

This fight terminated the Bristow campaign, and on the 20th we moved back and took up quarters near Culpeper, establishing pickets on the south bank of the Rappahannock.

On the morning after our return, Company B was agreeably surprised by an order from General Lee, received through General Stuart, granting the company a furlough of ten days, with permission to return to our homes in Jefferson, as a reward for gallant conduct at Warrenton Springs. A shout went up as we moved off for home, friends and relatives; and, notwithstanding the fact that those homes were within the Federal lines, no blockade was sufficient to keep us out, and the time was happily spent.

CHAPTER XIII.

And the stately ships go on,
To the haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Tennyson.

On the return of Company B to camp, I found that Colonel Thomas L. Rosser, of the Fifth Virginia Cavalry, had been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general and assigned to our brigade. He was a dashing, fine-looking man, was a cadet at West Point from Louisiana, when the war broke out, resigned, returned to his home, and was made a lieutenant in the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, and from this position had worked his way up to his present rank.

Meade's army had moved east, to the vicinity of Fredericksburg, and our force, to confront it, had moved in the same direction, the Federal army occupying the northern bank of the Rappahannock and the Confederate army the southern bank. On the morning of the 25th of November, our brigade moved down in the direction of Chancellorsville, and ascertained from our pickets at Ely's and Gold Mine Fords, that the enemy was crossing in force and advancing towards Chancellorsville. Our direction was changed to Tod's Tavern, on the flank of General Lee's army, where we encamped for the night.

The following day we moved to the Brock road, and striking the Plank road, fell on the wagon-train of the First and Fifth Federal army corps.

As we approached this road, the Twelfth regiment in front, Company B leading the advance, we rode into the wagon-train without opposition, and, turning to the right, moved some distance through the train before encountering any material force. On meeting a heavy infantry guard, a retreat

was ordered, and we moved slowly back. We succeeded in destroying about 40 wagons and in bringing off about the same number, with seven ambulances, 230 mules and horses, and 95 prisoners. My part of the booty on this occasion was Major-General Bartlett's trunk, filled with shirts, collars, and underwear, and his measure being about mine, and my needs more pressing, all were appropriated to my personal use. The trunk was brought safely through the war and given to a brother, just then in search of such an article. Our brigade returned in the afternoon to Tod's Tavern and bivouacked for the night.

On the morning of the 29th, the brigade moved by way of Catharpin road to Parker's Store, on the Plank road, where a regiment of the enemy's cavalry was found on picket duty, with Gregg's Division in close proximity. The Seventh regiment being in front its advance dashed on the pickets, 10 to 15 in number, securing them all as prisoners, and then charged into the reserve, closely followed by the remainder of the regiment, but from the nature of the ground and intervening obstacles, the regiment was thrown into confusion. White's Battalion and the Twelfth were now ordered up. White attacked on the right flank and the Twelfth in front, sweeping everything before them, killing, wounding, and capturing a large number and taking possession of their camp. They had just prepared breakfast. The coffee was smoking and the repast altogether so inviting that George Timberlake, of our company, dismounted and proceeded to enjoy the feast, when the enemy, suddenly charging, captured George before he could remount. At this juncture the fight became general, and Hampton, coming up with the North Carolina Brigade, the enemy were soon driven back. Over 100 prisoners were captured with arms and equipments, several ambulances, and a large amount of commissary stores.

In the engagement my brother Richard was mortally wounded, and brought back to near Verdiersville, where he died the following day. He was a brave and gallant soldier, and had been wounded in 1862 near Charlestown.

General Stuart, in his official report of this engagement, says:

“ Our losses were slight in number, but two valuable officers of the North Carolina Brigade (Captain Reese and Lieutenant Capeland) were killed. General Rosser lost three men killed and 15 wounded. Private Richard Baylor, Company B, Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, a soldier of distinguished bravery, and one of those who volunteered to pass through the enemy at Auburn in October, was among the killed.”

General Gregg, in his official report, says:

“ On the 29th of November, Hampton's Division of rebel cavalry made a strong attack at Parker's Store, with the view of falling upon the wagon-trains of the army. The pickets of the regiment at Parker's Store were rapidly driven in. The regiment engaged in distributing rations were attacked on all sides and compelled to retire toward the Wilderness. But sooner than they expected, I moved three regiments of the Second Brigade, with a section of King's Battery, Fourth United States Artillery, toward Parker's Store. The Second and Sixteenth Pennsylvania in advance met the enemy, charged him, releasing prisoners, and compelled the retirement of the enemy. The two regiments at Parker's Store lost a portion of their rations, and one wagon was burned to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. On this day, the loss to the division was four officers wounded (one since died), seven enlisted men killed, and 40 enlisted men wounded, and one officer and 54 enlisted men missing.”

In the various battles of the war up to this period, I had mourned the death of friends and relatives, but the loss of a brother, just two years my senior, and with whom I had been intimately associated from childhood, as schoolmate and partner in all my sports and pleasures, touched a nearer, tenderer chord, and inflicted a blow not soon forgotten.

A short time after this engagement, our brigade was



Samuel Wright and E. Morton Lackland.

ordered to Hamilton's Crossing, near Fredericksburg. General Meade, having seen a ghost at Mine Run, had hastily retired across the Rappahannock. We remained at Hamilton's Crossing until the 17th of December, when we crossed the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg and began a movement in rear of Meade's army. The brigade was poorly equipped for such a winter expedition. The greater part of our wagons and all our winter clothing had been stored in the Valley the preceding spring, and no opportunity afforded us of procuring them. The morning after the river was crossed, it began raining, snowing, and sleeting, but onward we went, until we reached Sangster's Station, near Fairfax, on the Manassas Gap railroad, where about 200 infantry were fortified and opposed our march. The Seventh regiment was in front, and the advance squadron charged through a stream of water and over the railroad bank, gaining the enemy's rear. The Eleventh coming up, dashed forward, and the Yankees surrendered. Our loss was a gallant officer, Captain Cartmell, of the Eleventh, and we captured about 200 prisoners and their arms.

It was on this trip, if my memory serves me right, that our adjutant and I practiced a cruel joke on our chaplain and regimental surgeon. These gentlemen were piously inclined, as chaplains generally and surgeons sometimes are, and were both fond of the ladies, and something more palatable than camp diet. As the brigade was marching leisurely along, some one called attention to a house on our way some distance in advance, and remarked that it was occupied by a certain lady, naming her, generally well known by reputation in army circles. I will say her name was not Rahab, but she bore somewhat the same unsavory reputation, and was known for her hospitality. At the Adjutant's suggestion and with the assent if not approval of our General, who enjoyed a little fun equally as much as his men, we proposed to our chaplain and surgeon to ride ahead of our column, stop at this house, warm ourselves, and get something to eat. In utter igno-

rance of the nature of this establishment, these pious fellows fell into our trap and away we galloped. Arriving at the mansion, our horses were fastened and we were soon enjoying a good old-time wood fire. Two ladies presently made their appearance, handsomely dressed, and as the Adjutant and myself were more boyish in appearance than the chaplain and surgeon, they seated themselves by the latter and opened a sprightly conversation. These gentlemen seemed highly pleased and delighted at their cordial reception, and matters were progressing finely, when our brigade approached and raised a shout as they recognized the chaplain's and surgeon's horses fastened at this abode. As this shout reached our ears, the ladies threw their arms around the necks of these innocents and made other demonstrations of violent affection. At this juncture the adjutant and myself slipped out of the door, soon followed by the chaplain and surgeon, boiling over with wrath, disgust, and indignation, who, as they mounted their horses, were greeted with cheers and laughter from the brigade. The surgeon never forgave this cruel joke, and refused to speak to us, but the chaplain, a good-natured, popular fellow, seemed rather to enjoy the surgeon's discomfiture. This might appear nowadays a rather unwarrantable liberty with these gentlemen, but soldiers must have something to break the monotony of their lives. No one was hurt in either morals or reputation, as the matter was soon understood by all.

Our march was resumed and Bull Run crossed with much difficulty, as the stream was greatly swollen by rain. The night was exceeding dark, and our progress was slow and difficult. About midnight a northwester sprung up, and the rain, freezing as it fell, the men became cold and stiff in their saddles. At daylight Middleburg was reached and the brigade continued to Upperville to feed. On our arrival there, many of the men had to be lifted from their horses and warmed up before they could move; but a warm breakfast, with a taste of old rye, revived our spirits and the

journey was renewed with more spirit and cheerfulness. When we reached the Shenandoah, at Berry's Ferry, it was so much swollen that a crossing could not be effected, and we proceeded up the eastern side of the stream above Swift Run Gap before a crossing could be had. After passing over the river, the brigade passed down the Valley to Mount Jackson and encamped.

On December 31st, our brigade, with a portion of General Fitz Lee's Division, left Mount Jackson and marched to Moorefield. The weather was intensely cold and the mountain road so slippery that our artillery and our quartermaster wagons were compelled to return. After reaching Moorefield we moved towards New Creek, capturing a train of 40 wagons, 240 horses and mules, and 250 cattle. At Burlington we took a few prisoners. The weather now became unendurable, and the suffering of the men so great that the brigade was forced to return to the Valley and go into winter quarters.

On the 28th of January following, our brigade, under General Rosser, with four pieces of artillery, moved to Moorefield, arriving there on the evening of the 29th. On the 30th, we moved across the mountains towards New Creek Grade. In the mountain pass a regiment of Federal infantry opposed our progress by felling trees across the road and digging it away on the hillside. Rosser, dismounting sharpshooters from the Eleventh and Twelfth regiments and White's Battalion, made no headway against this force so advantageously posted. To expedite matters, he directed me to take the first squadron of the Twelfth, Companies B and I, pass over the mountains by a by-path, intercept communications between New Creek and Petersburg, and attack the enemy in the rear. Furnished with a guide, we passed up a steep ascent of the mountain, frequently obliged to dismount and lead our horses up the narrow and dangerous defile, reached the New Creek grade after a long and tedious journey and prepared to move on the enemy's rear. Having been informed by Gen-

eral Rosser that the enemy only had a squadron of cavalry, and, feeling assured that our squadron was a match for it, all fears for our safety were allayed. Passing down the mountain road a short distance, my advance galloped back, informing me that the enemy was charging us. The road being circuitous at this point, the enemy could not be seen, but, supposing the force charging was the enemy's cavalry, a counter-charge was ordered, and as we passed a bend in the road at full speed, we ran into a regiment of infantry. It was too late to retreat, so, as we dashed into their front files, the regiment broke to the wood on either side; but, being unable to cope with them, we were forced to retreat, with the loss of a gallant comrade, Samuel Wright, of Company B. An overshadowing Providence alone protected us from terrible slaughter. Retiring in the direction of the New-creek grade, the squadron was drawn up at the base of the mountain to await results. In a few moments the enemy debouched from the mountain pass at a double-quick, reached the New-creek grade, moved in the direction of New creek, and were soon joined by reinforcements. In a few moments after the enemy passed out, Rosser appeared with his brigade and artillery, and we joined them and pressed on after the enemy. Overtaking them after a short march, we found them prepared to receive us, with a large wagon-train parked in their rear. Although they outnumbered our force, Rosser speedily made preparations for attack. The men with carbines were dismounted and the ball opened. The mounted men of the Twelfth were sent to our right to reach the rear of the enemy and attack, while the residue of our command attacked the front and left flank. Having reached our position, which was on a hill sloping towards the enemy, Colonel Massie ordered me to lead the charge with the first squadron on the enemy's right and rear.

On leaving Staunton a few days prior to starting on this expedition a lady friend had handed me her handkerchief, with the request that I should wear it in the next fight.

Remembering my promise, it was fastened to my hat-cord, and in the breeze floated as a white plume. Drawing up the squadron in platoons, I addressed them as follows:

“Soldiers, the enemy is before you. In victory there is safety and glory; in defeat, ignominy and disgrace. You will not hesitate. The eyes of your General and of your fellow-soldiers are upon you. Virginia, your mother, bids you god-speed and the prayers of her fair daughters attend you. The eternal God is our refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.”

“Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just.
Let this be our motto: ‘In God is our trust.’
Charge! boys, charge!”

Down the slope the squadron rushed with impetuous ardor, sweeping everything before them. Colonel Massie, with the rest of the mounted men of the Twelfth, following closely in our track, and General Rosser, with the rest of the brigade, pressing in front, the enemy broke in confusion and abandoned the train. Just as the first squadron reached the wagon-train, a Federal soldier, about fifteen yards to my right, leveling his gun on me, fired. I saw his movement and dodged to one side of my horse to disconcert his aim, but his ball passed through my left shoulder and rendered me *hors de combat*. In a few moments I was taken from my horse, and bandages being scarce, the handkerchief was taken from my hat to staunch the flow of blood. Our regimental surgeon soon appearing, my wound was properly dressed and bandaged, and an ambulance conveyed me to Moorefield. The loss in our brigade was 24 killed and wounded. The enemy lost 80 killed and wounded, 40 prisoners, one major (Judge Goff), and two captains. We captured 95 wagons heavily loaded with stores and a large number of mules.

A correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer*, accompanying our brigade on this expedition, gives the following account of this engagement:



John Lewis.

“ The foray made by Early, Fitz Lee, and Rosser about the first of January, 1864, proving rather unsuccessful, it was ordered that General Early, with one brigade of infantry (General Thomas's), Rosser's brigade of cavalry, and McCallahan's Battery, should make another effort toward relieving the border of Yankees and cattle. Information had been received that a large supply-train would move from New Creek to Petersburg on a certain day; and, moreover, it was necessary that we should hold Petersburg in order to make our search for cattle successful. The plan of operations having been decided upon, General Early, with Thomas's brigade of infantry, crossed by Orkney Springs. General Rosser's brigade, with McCallahan's Battery at Brock's Gap, forming a junction at Mathias's on the 31st, and entering Moorefield on the 1st of February. That night our picket on the Petersburg road, through negligence, was captured by a scouting party of the enemy that advanced within a half-mile of General Early's headquarters, without becoming aware of our presence. General Rosser, in order to prevent communication between Petersburg and the expected train, sent out Baylor's squadron of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, with a guide, to intercept couriers passing from one point to another. The brigade moved off about 10 A. M. on the road crossing the mountain and intersecting the Petersburg and New-Creek road about five miles above Williamsport. As we were approaching the top of the mountain, our advance guard was checked by an infantry picket of the enemy about 200 strong, which had been engaged in obstructing the road. They moved off rapidly and safely, for pursuit was impracticable in consequence of the thorough blockade the enemy had constructed by throwing heavy timber across the road for a distance of three miles and digging away the road itself for some distance. These obstacles, by means of axes and picks in the hands of eager and determined men, were speedily removed, and in a few moments the Yankees were again in sight, in rapid rout for the Petersburg road. The

Twelfth moving down on them, speedily checked them up, but was unable to inflict any injury on account of the enemy's position, who had lost no time in esconcing himself in the thick growth on the side of the mountain. At this crisis, however, Baylor's squadron, misled through the ignorance of the guide, came up in the rear of the enemy and speedily dislodged him. General Rosser, following with his cavalry and battery, turned towards Williamsport and came up in sight of the enemy about two miles below, just as the Yankee picket met their main column. The Yankees were 1,100 strong, under Colonel Snyder. Confident of easy victory, they had parked their train, and were prepared to receive us.

“ General Rosser, dismounting detachments of the Seventh, Eleventh, and Twelfth and White's battalion, in all about 300 men, placing his battery in position and throwing forward the remaining squadron of the Seventh under Major Myers to charge the enemy when an opportunity offered, sent Lieutenant-Colonel Massie, with the rest of the Twelfth Virginia, to make a demonstration in the enemy's rear, intercept communications, and blockade the road and commence the attack. Here was presented a sight novel and suggestive—dismounted cavalry, with short-range guns, attacking more than three times their number of infantry, prepared both by time and position to receive them. Pressing rapidly on the enemy, he drove them from one position to another until, having fairly uncovered the train, the appearance of our cavalry in their rear excited an agitation in their ranks, which the effective charge of Major Myers quickly fomented into a panic, and the enemy sought safety in the neighboring mountains. Ninety wagons, 450 mules, flour, bacon, salt, molasses, sugar, coffee, beans, rice, overcoats and blankets, with four sutler wagons; loaded with all manner of eatables and wearables, were the booty captured. We reached camp on the 6th with 1,200 cattle and the capture already named. Our casualties are Lieutenant Howell, of the Seventh, lost an arm; Captain Richardson, of the Eleventh, shot through the leg; the gal-

lant Lieutenant Baylor, wounded in the shoulder; John H. Buck, of the brigade staff, in the leg."

This correspondent fails to note that Samuel Wright, Company B, of the Twelfth, was killed, and Charles Wiltshire, Company A, of the Twelfth, wounded.

Colonel Snyder, commanding, in his official report to General Mulligan, says:

"In obedience to your orders, I started in command of the escort to supply-train for the garrison at Petersburg on Friday, January 29, 1864. On the next morning I received a dispatch from Colonel Thoburn requesting me to hurry up the train, that the Twenty-third Illinois regiment was at Moorefield Junction. Later in the day couriers came back with the request from Lieutenant-Colonel Quirk to push forward the train. The train was moved forward with all possible speed and proceeded unmolested until we arrived at Medley, two and one-half miles below Moorefield Junction, where I met Lieutenant-Colonel Quirk, commanding Twenty-third Illinois, falling back before the advance of the enemy. Being the ranking officer present, I assumed command of the forces and immediately formed line of battle on the right of the road, the Twenty-third Illinois, Lieutenant-Colonel Quirk, occupying the left, a detachment of the Second Maryland the center, four companies of the Fourth West Virginia Cavalry occupying the right. Two companies of the Fourth were placed in position on our right flank, also a detachment of the Ringold Battalion, Lieutenant Speer, to prevent, if possible, a flank movement by the enemy. Two companies of the Fourth were ordered to take position on our left flank to prevent a similar movement of the enemy, and the two remaining companies of the Fourth were placed in rear of the center, to be used as the emergencies of the engagement might demand. I had scarcely got my command in position when the enemy opened upon us with two pieces of artillery, their infantry advancing at the same time, which

was met by a galling fire from my front, and caused them to fall back. Thrice they attempted the same thing, with the same results.

“During the engagement in front, the enemy was extending their flanks, either of which lines—front, right, or left—was larger than my entire command. At this crisis, I ordered the train to be turned and started back, but to my great mortification two of the trainmasters had fled, and all the teamsters, with few exceptions. The position of my command was becoming perilous. I discovered that the train must be abandoned in order to save my command from capture. I then ordered my men to fall back to an elevation, where we re-formed in line of battle, giving the enemy several volleys, which checked their advance. Having foiled the enemy in their designs as long as it was possible for my little command to do so, having fought against great odds for one hour and twenty minutes, to save my command from capture, I was compelled to order a retreat, which I did, my command leaving the field slowly and in line of battle. My entire loss, killed, wounded, and missing, is as follows: Major N. Goff, Jr., Fourth West Virginia Cavalry, captured (horse shot, fell on his leg, and could not extricate himself); Lieutenant Elliott, slightly wounded; privates—killed, five; wounded, 34; missing, 35. I am confident the enemy’s loss was much greater than ours. From information received since the engagement I am justified in saying that the rebel force consisted of Rosser’s command of Early’s Corps, with five pieces of artillery.”

After reading this report carefully, I am inclined to believe that Colonel Snyder fought like Falstaff by Shrewsbury clock.

General Kelley, in his report, says:

“Colonel Thoburn’s wagon-train was attacked and captured yesterday. We lost about 80 men killed and wounded. The enemy’s loss was much greater. We lost the wagon-train almost entirely.”

The night after this fight was spent by me at the hospitable home of Mr. McMechen, in Moorefield, and my old collegemate at Dickinson, Dr. O. S. Williams, dressed my wound, and every care and attention was shown me by the family of Mr. McMechen. The next day, in company with the body of my comrade, Sam Wright, I reached Mathias, and the following day Harrisonburg, and was comfortably quartered as the guest of my cousins, Colonel A. S. Gray's family.

I remember while at Colonel Gray's, playing the role of an ancient Hobson. There was visiting at this home, a dashing, handsome young lady, who played the guitar and sang divinely. My left arm was bandaged to my side. One day as I sat listening to her syren strains I became so infatuated that I could not resist the impulse, and, seizing a favorable opportunity, while she was playing and singing in the parlor, with no one nigh, neared her side just as she reached "Chamouni, Sweet Chamouni! Oh, the vale of Chamouni," clasped her neck with my right arm, and imprinted a kiss on her cheek. Down went the guitar, and, jumping up and facing me, she exclaimed, "You impudent soldier," and, going to the hall, called the ladies of the house and accused me before them. This was a kiss that even yet has a lingering sweetness, worth ten thousand of these modern Hobsonian, microbial, bacterial, *pro bono publico* osculations.

Remaining at Harrisonburg about two weeks, I moved to Staunton and was quartered in the Confederate Hospital, where I remained until the 1st of May following. While there I returned the handkerchief to its fair owner, dyed in my blood, but beyond her kindness and attention nothing more romantic grew out of the affair.

Our brigade, after this trip, remained quiet in camp near Harrisonburg and near Balcony Falls. At the Harrisonburg camp, by a *coup d'état*, or, possibly a *coup de main*, Company B succeeded in relieving Dr. Burton, our brigade surgeon, of a keg of fine brandy, obtained by him for medicinal purposes, but most generally used by the brigade and regimental



Elijah Lewis.

officers for home consumption. I learned afterwards how the robbery was effected. The term of enlistment of the regiment was expiring, and a good deal of enthusiasm was being aroused by the officers to encourage the men to re-enlist. Some of Company B had been in the Surgeon's tent and learned of the arrival of the brandy, and the Doctor's enthusiasm on the subject of re-enlistment (mostly produced by the brandy). Having laid their plans, they marched in a body to the Doctor's tent and called on him for a speech, and while the boys in front of the tent were cheering and applauding the Doctor's feeble efforts, a chosen detail raised the rear of the tent, rolled out the keg and bore it off in triumph. That night, as the Doctor was about to take his retiring drink, the keg was missed, but no clue to its whereabouts could be obtained.

On a visit to the camp, on one occasion, the Doctor came to see me, saying he knew Company B had his keg of brandy, and if I would see the boys and get them to return him a gallon he would say nothing more about the matter; but I resented so foul an imputation upon the good name of Company B, though I was satisfied from what I had seen and heard that the accusation was well founded. Dr. Burton never got a drink of that brandy, but Company B had a merry time over it for a couple of weeks. Lieutenant Washington awoke one night and found two spies standing over his tent and watching his movements, but on complaint to headquarters, no further steps were taken to ascertain the culprits. Company B drank the brandy, grew enthusiastic, and unanimously re-enlisted.

General Rosser having made his report on the fight near Medley and the capture of the enemy's train, it was indorsed by General Stuart as follows:

“Respectfully forwarded. The bold and successful enterprise herein reported furnishes additional proof of General Rosser's merits as a commander, and adds fresh laurels to that veteran brigade so signalized for valor already.”

After this, General Rosser, in a general order, baptized the brigade "The Laurel Brigade," and directed that each member of the command should wear a laurel leaf on his hat; an order not relished by the men, and "more honored in the breach than the observance." They recognized that while there was a time to fight, there was also a time to run, and it would be the height of infamy and disgrace to engage in the latter with such a civic crown publicly displayed, and they were not yet prepared for the last-ditch extremity.

The residue of the winter was passed by the company in the quietude of camp. Occasionally, in the latter part of the season, gathering a few hospital patients, I would make a little sally into the lower Valley, more for the purpose of visiting my home and friends than attacking the enemy. General Averill seems to have been informed of these visits by his argus-eyed and his hundredfold magnifying patrol, as on March 10, 1864, he wires General Sullivan at Harper's Ferry: "It is reported by my patrol that about 90 rebels, under Baylor, are hovering about Smithfield." I remember returning from one of these trips with my friend, Captain John Opie, of Staunton, and passing up the Luray Valley. Night overtook us near an old war acquaintance, Mr. Peter Keyser, who lived on the west bank of the east fork of the Shenandoah. When the river was reached, it was too dark to distinguish the ford, and we halted on the east bank for some time, debating whether the crossing should be attempted and which should be the leader. Both were equally incapacitated, each having an arm in the sling. John, however, was a good swimmer, an art never learned by me. It was finally determined that I should lead the way, so into the stream I plunged, trusting my horse, a fine one, would bear me over safely. As I was mounting the opposite bank I heard a splash and cry for help, and, looking back, saw John in the water, with his hand holding his stirrup strap, and his horse bravely making for shore, which he reached in safety, John only worsted by a good ducking. Hurrying up to Mr. Key-

ser's, he and his two daughters gave us a kind welcome, and we were soon warming before a rousing old-time wood fire. Mr. Keyser insisted that John should change his garments and put on a suit of his clothing, while his own were dried. Now, it so happened that Mr. Keyser was a portly, corpulent man, weighing, possibly, three hundred pounds, and John was tall, spare, and slender. At the first entreaty, John declined the old gentleman's kindness, evidently recognizing the misfit with a glance, but his condition was so uncomfortable that he finally assented, and he and his host retired for the exchange. In a half-hour, John returned to the parlor, where the young ladies and myself were engaged in conversation, and the metamorphosis was so great that as our eyes fell upon him the whole party roared with laughter. John's legs seemed a foot too long for the pants and the pants seemed a foot too wide for his legs; the seat of the trousers bagged about as if needing a feather bed to complete the outfit, while the little shadbelly coat lacked a heavy stomacher to keep its sides from too much overlap. He was the skeleton in the fat man's clothes. John grew angry at our irresistible merriment and so much exasperated with me that in the morning he challenged me to fight. I declined to accommodate him for the present, stating that when I got through the job on hand with the Yankees I would consider the matter, well knowing he was too proud and honorable to murder me. He can now smile faintly over this incident, but it still rankles in his bosom.

CHAPTER XIV.

No star ever rose
And set, without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature!
No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

Lucille.

On March 10, 1864, General Grant was given command of all the armies of the United States, with headquarters nominally in Washington, but in fact in the field with the Army of the Potomac, and with unlimited supplies of men and material at his command, preparations on a grand scale were made for crushing the Army of Northern Virginia in the coming campaign. General Scott had tried it and been sent back from Manassas in great rout and panic. McClellan had been called from West Virginia to supersede Scott, and had organized a larger, grander army, with the bombastic Pope as an ally, but the battles around Richmond, at Cedar Mountain and at Second Manassas had shorn the locks of both.

On the 5th of November, 1862, McClellan had been relieved and Burnside put in command, but Fredericksburg's bloody massacre ended his little hour on the stage, and Hooker entered in the next act. On the 26th of January, 1863, Mr. Lincoln wrote him as follows:

" General, I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course, I have done this upon what appears to me sufficient reasons, yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not an

indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army, you have taken counsel of your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country, and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course, it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success and I will risk the dictatorship."

On the same day Hooker took command, and issued his general order to the army, in which he said:

"In equipment, intelligence and valor the enemy is our inferior; let us never hesitate to give him battle, wherever we can find him."

After not very diligent search he found him at Chancellorsville, and after the loss of 1,700 men, retreated by night to the north bank of the Rappahannock and issued another general order, in which he said:

"Profoundly loyal and conscious of its strength, the Army of the Potomac will give or decline battle whenever its interest or honor will demand. It will also be the guardian of its own history and its own fame."

Poor Hooker! How heavily he fell! "Ambition should be made of sterner stuff." Where is thy dictatorship? The ingredients of success are wanting, thy doom is pronounced, and the ghost of Meade, with a kingly crown, walks upon the stage. Meade struts his little hour upon that stage and the glory of Grant soon obscures him.

On the 3d of May, 1864, the armies of Grant and Lee began to move, and our brigade was ordered east of the mountains. The men and horses, refreshed from the rest of the past three



Wm. Locke.

months, were now ready for another campaign. The brigade reached Waynesboro on the 3d, and bivouacked for the night. Having learned of its movements, I bade the hospital farewell and reported for duty. On the 4th, crossed the Blue Ridge and passed through Charlottesville on our way to Tod's Tavern. The next day, as we were nearing Tod's Tavern, with the Twelfth Cavalry in front and Companies B and I in advance, under Captain Louis Harman (who had lately been promoted from adjutant of our regiment to the captaincy of Company I), we suddenly encountered the advance of Wilson's Division of Cavalry. General Rosser, who was riding with the advance, immediately ordered a charge, and off the squadron went, striking the enemy a blow which caused a panic and flight without much resistance. Rushing the advance back on its regiment, that also broke and joined in the retreat. Sabers were freely used on the retreating foe, and large numbers of them captured. Our advantage was pressed with vigor about two miles, when we ran into a brigade of the enemy drawn up to receive us, and so close was the pursuit that our front files passed through the enemy's line, with the fugitives, before the situation was realized.

The enemy soon began to close in upon us, anticipating an easy capture, as our support had been so far outdistanced in the race as to afford us no help. At this point, there was a thick wood on our left, and, turning my horse into the wood, most of the men followed and all escaped, a few having received slight saber cuts. Captain Harman, however, was riding an unmanageable horse, and, being unable to turn it into the wood, was carried on into the midst of the enemy, and was captured. Having reached the road in front of the enemy, we were driven back upon our regiment, when the tide of battle was again turned and the enemy repulsed. The rest of the brigade now coming up, a portion of the men were dismounted and a steady forward movement begun. After driving the enemy some distance, a favorable opportunity being offered, a charge of mounted men was ordered, the enemy

routed, driven in confusion beyond Tod's Tavern, many being killed, wounded, and captured. It was on this occasion, just after the rout of the enemy, that Major McDonald, of the Eleventh, in the midst of the pursuit, became so enthused that he grasped General Rosser around the waist, exclaiming, "General, isn't this glorious!" and together they went down the road full tilt, to the great amusement of the brigade. The enemy were driven over the Po river upon their infantry lines, and the pursuit was abandoned. From prisoners taken we learned that the force encountered was Wilson's Division, comprising three brigades of cavalry, with one battery, while on our side the fight was maintained by one brigade alone. In this engagement Company B lost in killed John Smith and William Averil, and Phil Copeland, Jimmie Crane, Daniel Dovenberger, Crocket Eddins, Duck English, Abe Gordon, Charlie Henderson, Dave Lewis, George Wingard, and Tom Zombro, wounded. The loss in our brigade—killed, wounded, and missing—was 114. The Federal report of casualties in Wilson's Division shows a loss of three officers and 94 men killed, 27 officers and 389 men wounded, and 10 officers and 187 men missing. On the afternoon of the 5th, while we were driving Wilson in rout and confusion, General Gregg's Division came to his rescue, and after a severe contest our brigade was driven back over the Po, and encamped that night on the west bank of that stream.

General Lee, in his report to the Secretary of War, says:

"A large force of cavalry and artillery on our right flank was driven back by Rosser's Brigade."

General Wilson, in his report, says:

"By 8 A. M. the Second Brigade, with the First Vermont Cavalry, Colonel Preston commanding, in advance, had arrived at Craig's Meeting-House. Just beyond they encountered the enemy's cavalry, Rosser's Brigade, and after a very sharp fight and several handsome charges, drove it rapidly

back a distance of two miles, taking some prisoners. About noon Chapman's ammunition became exhausted, and, fearing to press the pursuit too far, I directed him to hold the position he then occupied and observe closely the movements of the enemy's troops. Having observed the menacing disposition of the enemy in front of Chapman's Brigade, I directed him to collect his dismounted men and be prepared to fall back if the enemy should press him too severely. Soon after this, having received reinforcements, the enemy advanced and compelled Chapman to retire. It was now apparent that the rebel force was considerably superior to ours, and, being short of ammunition, I directed Chapman to fall back rapidly beyond the Meeting-House, and reform in rear of the First Brigade. My headquarters having been located at Mrs. Faulkner's house, when the rebels arrived at that place, my escort, composed of about 50 men of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Long, Third Indiana Cavalry, gave them a severe check, and in conjunction with a heavy fire from Pennington's and Fitzhugh's batteries, enabled everything to withdraw from the main road to the position occupied by the First Brigade. I had scarcely arrived there, however, when I was informed by Colonel Bryan that the enemy had made his appearance at an early hour in the forenoon in his rear, on the road to Parker's Store, and that none of my couriers to General Meade had succeeded in getting through. Surprised at this, and fearing for the safety of my command, I immediately determined to withdraw by a blind road by Tod's Tavern to Chancellorsville. I had scarcely taken this resolution, when I perceived that the enemy was pushing rapidly down the Catharpin road in the same direction. The march was begun at once; the Second Brigade in advance, followed the batteries and the First Brigade. The Eighteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel W. P. Brinton commanding, was left to cover the rear. The main column crossed the Po near its head, and struck the Catharpin road just beyond Corbin's Bridge. It

had scarcely got upon the road, when the rebels made their appearance on the hill west of the bridge. I succeeded in reaching the road with my escort just in time to prevent being cut off. The rear-guard found the road occupied by the enemy, but Colonel Brinton made three brilliant and determined charges, breaking the enemy's cavalry, but finding he could not succeed in getting through without heavy loss, he struck off to the left and joined the division late in the evening. At Tod's Tavern I found Brigadier-General Gregg, with his division, and, passing behind him, formed my command to assist in holding the place. Gregg moved promptly out, attacked the enemy, and after a sharp fight, repulsed him."

From General Wilson's report it will be seen that our brigade, three regiments and a battalion of cavalry, had repulsed his whole division of cavalry and driven it in rout beyond the Po, and he was obliged to re-form his command in rear of Gregg, and then with these two divisions, comprising 17 regiments and six batteries, they had driven us back, after a severe fight, across the river.

General Davies, of Gregg's Division, in his report, says:

"On the morning of the 5th, we marched to Tod's Tavern, and on arriving there, relieved the Third Division. We fought until dark, and succeeded in driving the enemy. Lost 61 men, mostly from the First New Jersey and First Massachusetts Cavalry."

General Gregg says these two regiments lost 91 men in this engagement.

Colonel John W. Kester, First New Jersey Cavalry, in his report, says:

"When we arrived at a village called Tod's Tavern, we met the Third Cavalry Division, commanded by General Wilson, rapidly retreating before the enemy's cavalry in a very disordered state. General Davies's Brigade was immediately thrown forward, and, having rapidly moved a half-mile, we

met the advance of the enemy's cavalry pressing forward on the rear of General Wilson. Captain Hart, with the first squadron, was ordered to charge, which he did with such impetuosity that the enemy in turn were routed, and the gallant first squadron pressed them back on their main body, until they in turn were met by the charge of a rebel regiment, which again turned the tide of battle. At this critical juncture, I hastened to his support with three squadrons of my regiment, the remaining two being sent on the flanks. Hastily forming these squadrons in line of battle, the whole line moved forward and gave the enemy such a sharp volley, followed by a rapid fire at will, that they desisted from their charge and endeavored to keep back the advancing line of my regiment, but without success. Forward we moved, as steadily as a parade, the rebels endeavoring to check us with showers of canister, but with no avail; and they hastily limbered up their guns and fell back, just in time to prevent their capture."

The Laurel Brigade, in this the opening fight of the campaign, had covered itself with glory and well merited its laurels. The infantry of Lee's army was also engaged on the 5th, on our left, and the fight along the whole line was severe; the Confederate side attacking and gradually gaining ground. This was the opening of the grandest campaign of the war, and one in which General Lee showed himself the foremost and greatest of the masters of war. On the Federal side Grant had an army of 130,000, while the Confederate force under Lee did not number over 50,000. During the campaign General Grant received reinforcements estimated at 100,000, while Lee received not more than 10,000. The loss on the Federal side from the Wilderness to the James was largely in excess of Lee's entire army. But while there was great disparity in loss, it was evident after a few days' fighting that the days of the Confederacy were numbered. The tactics of Grant were different from those of any of his predecessors. At Spotsylvania and Malvern Hill, though he



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had suffered greater losses and was more completely repulsed than either McClellan, Burnside, or Hooker, he did not retreat, but continued to hurl his broken columns against our impregnable lines, merely moving slowly by the left flank.

Our losses in the various engagements were comparatively small, but our supplies were exhausted and recruits could not be obtained. Though the future looked gloomy and our destruction seemed inevitable, the *morale* of our army was never better or its courage more pronounced.

On the morning of the 6th, Rosser's Adjutant-General, Emmet, having been wounded on the preceding day, I was assigned to duty on his staff. General Stuart, with the rest of Hampton's Division, and the divisions of Fitz and W. H. F. Lee having joined us near Tod's Tavern, and Sheridan having concentrated his cavalry corps in the vicinity of the same place, the fight was renewed with great vigor, lasting all day, both sides fighting mostly on foot, and neither gaining a decisive advantage.

In this day's engagement Company B lost Lieutenant Washington, Phil Terrill, and Bob Craighill wounded, and the company now being without a commissioned officer, I was relieved from staff duty and returned to its command.

General Sheridan, in his report at 11 A. M. of the 6th, says:

"My cavalry has been engaged, and is now engaged, heavily at Tod's Tavern and on the Brock road in front of the Furnaces, three or four miles. It is reported that there is infantry in their front. There is no infantry on the Brock road. Every attack made on the cavalry so far has been handsomely repulsed."

But at 2:20 P. M. he sends the following order to General Gregg:

"The General commanding directs that you fall back from your present position at Tod's Tavern and relieve General Wilson's Division, now occupying Piney Grove church and Alrich's."

During the day the infantry on our left was heavily engaged, and succeeded in turning General Hancock's left and throwing that wing of the Federal army into confusion.

On the morning of the 7th our cavalry advanced and the fight was renewed with great vigor, and lasted until late in the afternoon, without decisive result, excepting the advance of our lines. There were several hand-to-hand conflicts during the day. Our brigade and the enemy's force in our front occupied elevations, with depressions between, about a half-mile apart, and the artillery on both sides were firing rapidly, when the enemy, moving two mounted regiments to their front, made a charge on our guns. General Rosser at once ordered a charge of White's Battalion, and the Twelfth Cavalry, and the opposite forces met midway between the lines, and a hand-to-hand conflict ensued and the enemy were repulsed. In this charge, George Crayton, of Company B, a most fearless soldier, meeting a brave Yankee, they slashed each other with the saber, then clinched and rolled to the ground. Crayton was as wiry and agile as he was brave, and, landing his adversary beneath, compelled his surrender, and brought him off a prisoner. This is but one instance of many, for in this combat there were many deeds of daring on both sides. Probably in no encounter during the war was witnessed such a close conflict maintained for such a length of time. Colonel White and his battalion, who united with our regiment in this charge, were as brave as Leonidas and his band of patriots, always noted fighters, needing only the inspiring words of their leader, "Come on, my Comanches," to follow that leader, even into the jaws of death. They did their part nobly.

On the 8th, the Federal cavalry disappeared from our front and concentrated near Alrich's, on the Plank road to Fredericksburg, and on the day following started on its raid on Richmond. General Stuart, with his cavalry corps, excepting our brigade, started in pursuit. On the same day I was directed, with 20 men from Company B, to move down the

road beyond Tod's Tavern and ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy. Passing through a woods about two miles beyond our picket line, we came in view of the enemy's breastworks, which appeared deserted, but as we neared them, a line of infantry pickets rose up and poured a volley into our squad, wounding two men. As our force was inadequate to attack, we hastily retreated to the cover of the woods, and halted to ascertain their strength and also to recover my hat, lost in wheeling about, when the enemy opened on our party. The hat had been sent me by some friends in Jefferson, and was ornamented with a fine black plume. I was not willing to relinquish it without an effort to regain it. It lay about two hundred yards in front of the enemy's breastworks, and about twenty yards from the edge of the woods in which we had halted. Dismounting, I gave my horse in charge of one of our men, also my saber and pistol, and stealthily approaching the edge of the woods, made a dash for the hat, and, grabbing it up, ran back to the wood amid a shower of balls, none of which took effect. Mounting, I reported to camp with the information obtained.

Grant was now moving rapidly towards Spotsylvania Courthouse, and our infantry, to confront him, moved speedily in the same direction, leaving our brigade to protect the left wing of our army. Sheridan, with his cavalry corps, continued his march towards Richmond, and on the 11th, General Stuart confronted him with a portion of his corps at Yellow Tavern, about six miles from Richmond, where in a severe engagement our forces were repulsed, and General Stuart was mortally wounded, dying in Richmond on the following day. He was a dashing, brave officer, who never failed to fight, no matter how great the odds against him. He had a genius for escaping with success from tight places. General Wade Hampton succeeded him as cavalry corps commander.

Our brigade was for several days engaged in harassing the enemy's right. On the evening of the 14th we passed in rear

of Hancock's Corps, drove off the guards of the Fifth Army Corps Hospital, releasing our prisoners and captured many of the enemy, but leaving those badly wounded, with nurses, attendants, and surgeons.

General Hancock, reporting this affair to General Meade, says:

"It is reliable that the Fifth Corps Hospital has been entered by the enemy. General Rosser is said to be in command of a brigade of cavalry. He left the men attendants, who had on badges, took away the rest, and all the rebels who could walk. There were 270 patients left."

The brigade continued, from day to day, following up the enemy's move by the left flank, breaking the monotony now and then with a skirmish with the enemy's infantry, until the 28th, when Haws' Shop was reached, and a spirited contest ensued between two divisions of Sheridan's Corps and Rosser's and Butler's brigades of our cavalry. In the earlier part of the day, we drove the enemy's cavalry back on their infantry, but late in the afternoon the enemy, being heavily reinforced, regained a portion of the ground.

General Grant, in his report of May 29th, says:

"Yesterday two divisions of our cavalry had a severe engagement with the enemy south of Haws' Shop, driving them about a mile on what appears to be his new line. We will find out all about it to-day. Our loss in the cavalry engagement was 350 killed and wounded, of whom but 44 are ascertained to be killed."

And General Sheridan, in his report, says:

"I was immediately ordered to demonstrate in the direction of Mechanicsville, in order to find out the enemy's whereabouts, and therefore directed Gregg's Division to move out *via* Haws' Shop, on the Mechanicsville road, but when about three-fourths of a mile in advance of Haws' Shop, it encoun-

tered the enemy's cavalry, which was dismounted and behind a temporary breastwork of rails. Gregg vigorously attacked this force, which appeared to be the rebel cavalry corps and a brigade of South Carolina troops, reported 4,000 strong, armed with long-range rifles and commanded by a Colonel Butler. These Carolinians fought very gallantly in this their first fight, judging from the number of their dead and wounded, and prisoners captured. The most determined efforts were made on both sides in this unequal contest, and neither would give way until late in the evening, when Custer's (Michigan) Brigade was dismounted, formed in close columns of attack, and charged with Gregg's Division, when the enemy was driven back, leaving all his dead and his line of temporary works in our possession. This was a hard-contested engagement, with heavy loss, for the number of troops engaged on both sides, and was fought almost immediately in front of the infantry of our army, which was busily occupied throwing up breastworks."

General Sheridan has most justly accorded praise to our South Carolina comrades in this fight. They behaved like veterans, although receiving their "baptism of fire." It was during this engagement that our regiment was ordered to support our batteries on the left of our line, and while thus engaged, the fire of the enemy's guns became so hot that we were directed to dismount and hold our horses. Some of the men hugged their dear old mother earth, and seemed inclined to rest within her bosom, to shield themselves from the bursting shell. Looking around at Company B, I saw John Wolfe lying in a little crevice in the ground, face downwards, apparently much alarmed. Just then a shell bursting in our front, its fragments scattered through the company, without damage, a piece landing near my feet. Picking up the fragment, I playfully cast it over on Wolfe. With a cry of anguish he leaped up, left his horse, ran back through the pines, and all my efforts to stop his retreat were futile. Yet Wolfe on the second day's fight in the Wilderness, in a charge on the

enemy's breastworks, had acted with more than ordinary courage. It is very trying to stand under a severe fire, and still harder to retreat in order under it. I remember a gallant soldier in the company once telling me never to order him to retreat, as he could not retreat without disgracing himself.

While our arms in this campaign had been crowned with success, we had to mourn the loss of our brave corps commander and many gallant comrades, but they had not lived or died in vain. Their noble example remained with us.

CHAPTER XV.

Let this truth suffice;
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
And know this, he knew a soldier's part.
Without a sign, his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen, but his country's cause.

Homer.

On the morning of the 1st of June, having learned that the enemy's cavalry had passed through Hanover, moving in the direction of Ashland, General Rosser, with the Eleventh and Twelfth Cavalry moved off to learn the enemy's whereabouts. Striking the Ashland road about two miles east of the station, we discovered the enemy's tracks passing westward in the direction of the station. General Rosser, closing up the regiments, prepared for an attack. The Twelfth held the front, and received orders to move forward, charge the enemy as soon as they appeared in sight, and ride them down. Company B was ordered to take the advance of the regiment with similar orders. Reaching a point about a mile from Ashland, we discovered the enemy, without rear-guard, with a regiment of led horses, occupying the rear of the column, the men having gone forward. The task was an easy one. A charge was ordered, the company pushed forward, riding through a regiment of led horses, capturing a large number of prisoners and horses, and was soon so weighed down with booty that its effectiveness was destroyed.

In this charge the enemy had been pressed forward to within half a mile of the station before our men received a check. This halt was for a few moments, when the Twelfth and Eleventh regiments coming up, the enemy again broke and was driven back within two hundred yards of the station. Here a lively contest ensued, which lasted for an hour or



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more. It seems that W. H. F. Lee's Division had commenced the attack in the enemy's front just prior to our arrival in the rear, and the enemy's movements and plans were made to meet this force and its rear left exposed. General Lee's forces now uniting with ours, a determined assault was made on the enemy's position at Ashland, the enemy's lines were broken, and they were soon in rapid retreat, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands.

In this engagement Billy Locke, a youthful member of Company B, was killed. He had just returned from a visit to his home, in Jefferson, and that morning reported for duty. When Company B was ordered forward and the contest seemed near at hand, he rode to the front of the company, and requested to ride with the Orderly Sergeant and myself, saying he had a presentiment he would be killed in this fight, and wanted to die in the front rank. I made light of his presentiment, but told him he could ride with us, if he desired it. When the enemy made its first stand, Locke was among the foremost, and fell, pierced through the breast by a ball. He was a gallant young soldier, and a favorite among his comrades.

General Lee, in his official report, says:

“Yesterday afternoon the enemy's cavalry were reported to be advancing by the left of our line toward Hanover Courthouse and Ashland. General Hampton, with Rosser's Brigade, proceeded to meet them. Rosser fell upon their rear, and charged down the road toward Ashland, bearing everything before him. His progress was arrested at Ashland by the intrenchments of the enemy, when he changed his direction and advanced up the Fredericksburg railroad. General W. H. F. Lee came up at this time with a part of his division, and a joint attack was made. The enemy was quickly driven from the place and pursued towards Hanover Courthouse until dark.”

General Hampton, in a note to General Rosser, says:

“ General Lee directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your note of 5:30 A. M., and express his gratification at the handsome conduct of Rosser’s command and his thanks for their having so gallantly defeated the enemy.”

General Wilson reports to General Sheridan:

“ McIntosh is at Ashland, where he was attacked in the rear by a force from some unexpected quarter. He is now hotly engaged, and I am endeavoring to relieve him by sending troops to attack the enemy in the rear. I think we shall succeed, and return by the road from the bridge through Hanover Courthouse, or, possibly, across to Northside.”

In his postscript to his official report to General Meade, of date of June 2d, he shows how well he got off.

“ I was compelled to leave 30 or 40 wounded at Ashland, two officers, for the lack of ambulances. Would it be proper to send a flag of truce, with a train of ambulances, for permission to bring them in? ”

While unable to fix the enemy’s loss, I know it was large in killed and wounded; and a large number of prisoners and horses were captured. Our loss was small.

On the 9th, General Hampton having received information that Sheridan was moving to the rear of our left flank, marched with Fitz Lee’s and Butler’s divisions to intercept him, and on the 11th encountered his forces near Trevillian’s Station. When the fight began, Rosser’s Brigade was moving in the direction of Gordonsville, but, hearing firing in our rear, he hastily counter-marched in the direction of the battle-field. About a mile from Trevillian, the enemy (Custer’s Brigade) was discovered charging across our roadway into the rear of the South Carolina Brigade. Rosser immediately ordered a charge, and with White’s Battalion in front, bore down on Custer’s line, splitting it in twain, routing them, recapturing our men and horses taken by them, and securing

a large number of prisoners, six caissons and several ambulances. The fight continued without intermission all day, and that night we remained in line of battle. Early next morning the fight was renewed with great vigor, the enemy making repeated assaults on our line, all of which were handsomely repulsed. Late in the afternoon our troops advanced all along the line, and the enemy were driven back in rout and confusion, and only night saved him from signal defeat. Preparations were made for a renewal of the attack in the morning, but during the night the enemy disappeared from our front, and got several hours' start of our troops. In the morning our forces pursued and captured many prisoners along the line of retreat.

General Hampton, in his official report, says:

“At daylight my division was ready to attack at Trevillian's, Butler's and Young's brigades being held for that purpose, while Rosser was sent to cover a road on my left. Soon after these dispositions were made, General Lee sent to inform me that he was moving out to attack. Butler was immediately advanced, and soon met the enemy, whom he drove handsomely, until he was heavily reinforced and took position behind works. Young's Brigade was sent to reinforce Butler, and these two brigades pushed the enemy steadily back, and I hoped to effect a junction with Lee's Division at Clayton's Store in a short time; but while we were driving the enemy in front, it was reported to me that a force had appeared in my rear. Upon investigation, I found this report correct. The brigade which had been engaging General Lee, having withdrawn from his front, passed his left and got in my rear. This forced me to withdraw in front and take up a new line. This was soon done, and the brigade (Custer's which had attacked me in my rear was severely punished, for I recalled Rosser's Brigade, which charged them in front, driving them back against General Lee, who was moving up to Trevillian, and captured many prisoners. In this sudden attack in my rear

the enemy captured some of my led horses, a few ambulances and wagons, and three caissons. These were all recaptured by Generals Rosser and Lee, the latter taking, in addition, four caissons and the headquarter wagon of Brigadier-General Custer. My new line being established, I directed General Lee to join me with his command as soon as possible. The enemy tried to dislodge me from my new position, but failed, and the relative positions of the opposing forces remained the same during the night."

The next day at 12 M., General Lee reported to me, and his division was placed so as to support mine, in case the enemy attacked. At 3:30 P. M. a heavy attack was made on my left, where Butler's Brigade was posted. Being repulsed, the enemy made a succession of determined assaults, which were all handsomely repulsed. In the mean time, General Lee had, by my directions, reinforced Butler's left with Wickham's Brigade, while he took Lomax's Brigade across to Gordonsville road, so as to strike the enemy on his right flank. This movement was successful, and the enemy, who had been heavily punished in front, when attacked on his flank, fell back in confusion, leaving his dead and a portion of his wounded on the field. I immediately gave orders to follow him up, but it was daylight before these orders could be carried out, the fight not having ended until 10 P. M. In this interval the enemy had withdrawn entirely, leaving his dead scattered over the whole field, with about 125 wounded on the ground and in temporary hospitals. We captured, in addition to the wounded, in the fight and the pursuit 570 prisoners. My loss in my own division was 59 killed, 258 wounded, and 295 missing."

General R. E. Lee writes General Hampton:

"General, your note of to-day from Phillips's house has just been received. I am rejoiced at your success. I thank you and the officers and men of your command for the gallantry and determination with which they have assaulted Sheridan's forces and caused his expedition to end in defeat."

General Sheridan, in his official report of this engagement, says:

"On the morning of the 11th, General Torbert, with his division and Colonel Gregg's Brigade of General Gregg's Division, attacked the enemy. After an obstinate contest, drove him from successive lines of breastworks, through an almost impenetrable forest, back on Trevillian's Station. In the mean time, General Custer was ordered with his brigade to proceed by a country road so as to reach the station in rear of the enemy's column. On his arrival at this point the enemy broke into a complete rout, leaving his dead and nearly all his wounded in our hands; also, 20 officers, 500 men, and 300 horses."

On the 12th he says: "I directed General Torbert to advance with his division and General Davies's Brigade of General Gregg's Division in the direction of Gordonsville and attack the enemy, who had concentrated and been reinforced by infantry during the night, and had also constructed rifle-pits at a point about five miles from Gordonsville. The advance was made, but as the enemy's position was found too strong to assault, no general attack was made. On the extreme right of our lines a portion of the Reserve Brigade carried the enemy's works twice, and was twice driven therefrom by infantry. Night closed the contest. I regret my inability to carry out your instructions."

"The cavalry engagement of the 12th was by far the most brilliant one of the present campaign. The enemy's loss was very heavy. They lost the following-named officers in killed and wounded: Colonel McAllister, commanding regiment, killed; Brigadier-General Rosser, commanding brigade, wounded; Colonel Aiken, commanding regiment, wounded; Colonel Custer, commanding regiment, wounded. My loss in killed and wounded will be about 575. I captured and have now with me 370 prisoners of war, including 20 commissioned officers. My loss in captured will not exceed 160. These



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were principally of the Fifth Michigan Cavalry. This regiment gallantly charged down the Gordonsville road, capturing 500 horses and 800 men, but was finally surrounded, and had to give them up."

General Torbert, in his official report, says:

"In approaching the station, General Custer found the enemy's led horses, trains and caissons retreating rapidly in the direction of Gordonsville and Charlottesville, and he immediately ordered the Fifth Michigan Cavalry, Colonel Alger, to pursue, which they did in a very gallant manner, capturing about 1,500 horses, six caissons, and a number of wagons. The regiment was soon divided into small parties, taking care of the captured property, and the enemy sent a still stronger force after them. They were obliged to relinquish their captives, and get back the best way they could, and the greater part of this regiment came in. Then Colonel Alger, with a few men, gallantly cut their way through a column of the enemy to our lines that afternoon. General Custer reached the station about the time the enemy were driven in such a confused mass from the front of General Merritt and Colonel Davies, so the enemy in a disorganized mass passed through some intervals in his line, passing to his rear, carried off his pack trains, headquarters wagon, and five caissons."

Pretty good work for a disorganized mass. General Torbert reports his loss at 62 officers and 1,186 men, yet Sheridan only reports his in his two divisions at 1,007.

Colonel Alger, of the Fifth Michigan Cavalry, an officer very actively and prominently engaged in this fight, in his report gives a very graphic account of his part of the engagement. He says:

"The regiment was immediately closed up, and, charging down the Gordonsville road, the enemy was found in force. After a desperate resistance for a moment, he was routed, and the fight became a running one, and was kept up for a distance of four miles. In this charge 800 prisoners, 1,500

horses, one stand of colors, six caissons, 40 ambulances, and 50 army wagons were captured and men left guarding them. Many prisoners broke their arms upon surrendering. In this charge I was accompanied by Captain Brewster, Commissary of Subsistence, and Lieutenant Stranaham, Aide-de-Camp of General Custer's staff, the latter of whom was sent back with information for the General as soon as the enemy was routed. After charging about three miles, Captain Brewster was sent back to ask for support and soon returned to me, reporting the enemy in heavy force between us and the brigade; also, that they were attacking my men who had been left guarding prisoners and horses. Moving back rapidly, I came upon the enemy in large force, who had come in upon my right (Rosser's Brigade), attacked and captured many of my men, and were engaging the brigade in front. I also discovered from the firing that the brigade was attacked in the rear and its left. Having but 40 men with Captains Magoffin, Judson, Hastings, and Rolls, and Lieutenant Stafford, acting adjutant, and Lieutenant Lonsbury, I moved to my then right and entered a narrow strip of woods. Here the enemy were moving on each side of and very near us. A rebel officer seeing us, rode into the woods and asked, 'What command do you belong to?' Captain Judson answered, 'Hampton's.' 'All right,' was the reply, and he joined his column. We were, however, soon discovered and attacked, when we moved off in the direction of Louisa Courthouse, where we encountered a column of the enemy, which we charged through, leaving 28 men in the woods, cut off from us. Passing near the Courthouse, we came into our lines, near the place where we encamped the night before, travelling a distance of over twenty miles."

In the afternoon of the first day's fight, General Rosser sent for Company B to charge a battery of the enemy that was enfilading our position, and, reporting to him he led us through a strip of woods in front of our lines, and as we debouched into the open ground preparatory to the charge,

General Rosser was wounded in the knee, and we were ordered back, much to our gratification, as the work ahead appeared to me a task of no easy accomplishment. In this engagement the forces were nearly equal, the enemy being somewhat the stronger. Sheridan had Torbert's and Gregg's divisions, Merritt's Brigade, and the Sixth United States Cavalry and Artillery, five brigades of cavalry—25 regiments; while Hampton had two divisions, his own and Fitz Lee's, comprising 15 regiments, three legions, and one battalion, with artillery. We had no infantry, as Sheridan reports, and after two days' hard fighting Sheridan was repulsed, and forced to retreat, acknowledging in his report to General Grant *his inability to carry out his instructions*.

On the morning of the 13th, our brigade moved in pursuit of Sheridan's retreating forces, taking along the route many prisoners, whose horses had become too feeble and jaded to keep pace with Sheridan's rapid march. The enemy finally found shelter under the gunboats at the White House, and Hampton moved near Charles City Courthouse, and took up position to await Sheridan's further movements.

On the 24th, our pickets were driven in at St. Mary's Church, and the enemy advanced to Nance's Shop. Here the fight began and soon became general, our forces attacking in front and flank. The Twelfth Regiment was with our column in front. After driving the enemy slowly a considerable distance, the Phillips and Jeff. Davis legions (mounted), with the Twelfth, were ordered to charge, which was accordingly done with much vigor, driving the enemy in confusion several miles, capturing many prisoners and horses. In this charge Colonel Massie, of our regiment, was wounded, and a spent ball struck me in the breast, imbedding itself in my flesh. I was wearing at the time in my shirt bosom a badge of the Union Philosophical Society of Dickinson College (of which I was a member for three years prior to the war), and which was formed of a Maltese cross, surmounted with a shield. The force of the bullet tore off the shield, leaving

the cross in a distorted shape. Imagination often plays havoc with the truth. I thought my time had come, and felt daylight passing through me, the blood trickling down internally, and I gasping for breath. John Terrill, who was near me, seeing my pallor and eccentric actions, presumed I was wounded mortally, led my horse back over a little declivity, out of danger of flying missiles, and, pulling open my jacket and shirt, exultantly exclaimed, "Lieutenant, you are not much hurt, the ball hasn't gone in," and, taking hold of it with his fingers, he pulled it out and held it up to view. My spirits revived immediately, blood ceased to trickle, internal daylight disappeared, I breathed freely, vigor and strength returned, and, gathering up my reins, I was soon back in the fight. The enemy was routed and pressed back to within a short distance of Charles City Courthouse, when night put an end to our pursuit. We captured 157 prisoners, including one colonel and 12 other commissioned officers. The enemy's dead and wounded in considerable number fell into our hands.

General Hampton, in his official report, says:

"The next morning, June 24th, he drove in my picket at St. Mary's Church, and advanced beyond Nance's Shop. I determined to attack him, and to this end I ordered Brigadier-General Gary, who joined me that morning, to move from Salem Church around to Smith's Store, and to attack on the flank as soon as the attack in front commenced. General Lee left Lomax to hold the River road and brought Wickham to join in the attack. The necessary arrangements having been made, General Gary advanced from Smith's Store, and took position near Nance's Shop. The enemy had in the mean time thrown up strong works along his whole line, and his position was a strong one. As soon as Gary had engaged the enemy, Chambliss was thrown forward, and by a movement handsomely executed connected with him, and the two brigades were thrown on the flank of the enemy. At the same moment, the whole line, under the immediate command of Major-General Fitzhugh Lee, charged the works of the

enemy, who, after fighting stubbornly for a short time, gave way, leaving his dead and wounded on the field. This advance of our troops was made in the face of a very heavy fire of artillery and musketry, and it was most handsomely accomplished. As soon as the enemy gave way I brought up the Phillips and Jeff. Davis legions (mounted), ordering them to charge. This they did most gallantly, driving the enemy for three miles in confusion. Robins's Battalion and the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry were mounted and participated in a part of this charge, in which Lieutenant-Colonel Massie, commanding the latter, was wounded while gallantly leading his men over the works of the enemy. The enemy was completely routed, and was pursued to within two and one-half miles of Charles City Courthouse, the pursuit lasting till 10 o'clock at night. My loss was six killed and 59 wounded in my own division."

General Sheridan, in his report, says:

"At St. Mary's church, Gregg was attacked by the entire cavalry corps of the enemy, and after a stubborn fight, which lasted until after dark, was forced to retire in some confusion, but without any loss in material. This very creditable engagement saved the train, which should never have been left for the cavalry to escort."

General Gregg says:

"On the 23d the division, acting as escort to a large wagon-train belonging to the corps and other troops, crossed the Chickahominy at Jones Bridge. On the 24th, in compliance with orders of the Major-General commanding the corps, the Second Division moved from its camp to St. Mary's Church, and there took position. When within a mile of the church the advance of the Second Brigade found a small mounted force of the enemy. This was driven away and the lines of the division established. The batteries of the division were placed in commanding positions. During the morning and until after 3 P. M. there was irregular skirmishing at differ-



Wm. S. Mason.

ent points of our line. A large force of the enemy was known to have passed St. Mary's Church, moving in the direction of Haxall's, on the evening before. Having received information from the Major-General commanding that circumstances compelled an alteration of the dispositions previously ordered of the troops under his command, this alteration, placing the Second Division beyond any immediate support, every disposition was made to resist an attack of the enemy should it be made. Between 3 and 4 P. M. the enemy made an attack in great force on the Second Brigade, occupying the right of our line. The attack there begun extended along the front of the First Brigade on the left. It was very soon evident that the force of the enemy was largely superior to ours, and that they were supported by infantry, but, nothing daunted by the display of strong lines of an over-confident enemy, our men fell upon them and held them in check. The strife was earnest now; there were no disengaged men on our side. Randal's and Dennison's Batteries pitched load after load of canister into the staggering lines of the enemy. After about two hours, in which this contest was so heroically maintained by our men, it became evident that the contest was too unequal to maintain longer. The led horses, the wounded, for whom there was transportation, and caissons, were started on the road leading to Charles City Courthouse, eight miles distant. These fairly under way, the division began to retire by the right. Our men continued fighting on foot, but were mounted from time to time. The movement toward Charles City Courthouse was made in the best possible order, and without confusion or disorder. The enemy pressed hard on the rear of the command, but without advantage. A final stand made by mounted regiments at Hopewell church on open ground determined the enemy to make no further advance. For want of sufficient ambulances, some of our wounded fell into the hands of the enemy. The division reached Charles City Courthouse about 8 P. M., and there encamped near the First Division. The aggregate loss of the

division in this engagement was 357 commissioned officers and enlisted men, killed, wounded, and missing."

General Meade, in his report of this affair, says:

"Hampton fell on Gregg, handling him severely, but he was finally driven off, and the command reached the James."

This engagement reflects much credit on General Gregg and but little on our commanders. Our forces largely outnumbered the enemy, and with proper management ought to have taken the enemy's artillery, routed his force and attacked his wagon-train, before any reinforcement could have reached him. I have always regarded this the best fight made by Gregg's Division, of which I had any personal experience and observation, during the war.

CHAPTER XVI.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

Campbell.

After the fight at Charles City Courthouse, our division, under Hampton, crossed to the south side of the James on the pontoon bridge, passed through Petersburg, and on the evening of the 28th reached Sappony Church, about ten miles south of Reams Station, and prepared to resist the return of Wilson's and Kautz's Divisions of Cavalry from their foray through Southern Virginia, crippling our railroads, and devastating the country. We had not long been in position before we were aroused by the rattle of the carbines. Skirmishing was kept up until nearly daylight, when our dismounted men advanced, our regiment, in conjunction with other troops, charged, and the enemy were broken and scattered. I was ordered with our company to pursue a squad of some one hundred men who were retreating, but fighting as they retired. As the country was thickly wooded and our company mounted, the enemy had a decided advantage. Seizing a favorable opportunity, as the enemy entered an open wood, a charge was made and the greater portion of the squad captured. In this charge my horse, Bonaparte, a noble animal, my companion in many scenes of danger, was mortally wounded and died the next morning. Dear Bony! How many sad memories cluster around you. You had borne my father, when he received his wound at McGaheysville. You were the companion of my brother until his life-blood was shed at Parker's Store, and now the fatal blow has fallen on you. If beyond this vale there are pleasant fields and never-failing streams for the faithful friend and companion of man,

I feel assured, noble steed, thou art feeding there. The lords of creation can bow to thee! All thy years were spent for others, and thy duty was discharged with fidelity and cheerfulness. Mankind may imitate thee and desire no greater boon than to deserve the praise that is thy due. Mounting a flea-bitten grey, captured from the enemy, the pursuit was continued, and many prisoners taken. After Wilson and Kautz retired from our front, they retreated rapidly in the direction of Reams Station, expecting to pass through our line at that point, but Mahone's Division of Infantry and Fitz Lee's Cavalry met them there, and after a short combat they abandoned artillery, wagons and ambulances, took to the woods, many during the night following making their way safely through our lines. In this engagement we captured 1,000 prisoners, 16 guns and caissons, 50 wagons, and 40 ambulances.

General Hampton, in his official report of this battle, says:

"The position of the enemy, who had two lines of works, was so strong that I could not attack it in front, so at daylight I threw portions of Butler's and Rosser's brigades, under the immediate direction of General Butler on the left flank of the enemy. At the same moment Chambliss advanced the whole front line, and in a few moments we were in possession of both lines of works, the enemy retreating in confusion and leaving their dead and wounded on the ground."

General Lee reports:

"In the various conflicts with the enemy's cavalry in their late expedition against the railroad, besides their killed and wounded left on the field, over 1,000 prisoners, 13 pieces of artillery, 30 wagons and ambulances, many small-arms, horses and ordnance stores, and several hundred negroes taken from the plantations on their route, were captured."

General Wilson, in his official report, says:

"The loss sustained by the entire command was about 900 men killed, wounded, and missing. Twelve field-guns, four

mountain Howitzers, and 30 wagons and ambulances were abandoned and fell into the enemy's hands."

General Hampton places his loss at two killed, 18 wounded and two missing. This fight virtually ended the cavalry campaign, for Sheridan was so crippled that he was unable to muster force sufficient to make a move of any importance, retired behind Grant's infantry, and went into innocuous desuetude.

In his report, Sheridan says:

"I think my casualties from May 5th to August 1st will number between 5,000 and 6,000, and that the capture in prisoners will exceed 2,000."

On July 3d, in reply to an inquiry from General Grant, he says:

"General Wilson is here reorganizing his command. I shall commence at once to refit and put my command in condition. I wish all dismounted men of the cavalry corps now with the trains and otherwise connected with the army ordered to report to Major Beaumont at this point without delay. In reference to the condition of the command, I have to report it unfit for service at the present time."

General Ingalls writes General Meigs:

"General Gregg has 700 dismounted men here, and wants that number of cavalry horses at once. He has 900 dismounted men in Washington, and he would like to have them mounted and sent back. General Grant has sent orders to General Halleck on the subject. I have not heard from Kautz, but presume he will require 1,400; 500 have been received and issued to Kautz."

General Hampton, in his report of July 10th, says:

"The pursuit of the enemy, which ended near Peter's Bridge, closed the active operations which began on the 8th of June, when the movement against Sheridan commenced.



Jno. McCluer.

During that time (a period of twenty-two days) the command had no rest, was badly supplied with rations and forage, marched upwards of 400 miles, fought the greater portion of six days and one entire night, captured upwards of 2,000 prisoners, many guns, small-arms, wagons, horses and material of war, and was completely successful in defeating two of the most formidable and well-organized expeditions of the enemy. This was accomplished at a cost in my division of 719 killed, wounded and missing, including 21 casualties in Chew's Battery (horse artillery), not mentioned in my previous reports. These men have borne their privations with perfect cheerfulness; they have fought admirably, and I wish to express before closing my report not only my thanks to them for their good conduct, but my pride at having the honor to command them."

During the first part of August, Hampton's Division remained on the right of Lee's army and in the neighborhood of Reams Station. There was little movement of the enemy, and we were passive, except that now and then a midnight incursion was made into some farmer's patch of watermelons, a fruit which was grown extensively in this section, and of most delicious flavor. I recall one incident of this camp. Two rather juvenile members of Company B, messmates of mine—Frank, about fifteen, and Willie, about sixteen—went out one night on a foraging expedition, and returned about 2 P. M. loaded down with a big watermelon, surreptitiously acquired. I was awakened from sleep to partake of the luscious fruit, and was told of their thrilling venture with the guards, who had fired on them and chased them from the field, and how they had tenaciously held on to their prize. "Men do not despise a thief, if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry." I was only a surface reader of Scripture, and thought this answered our case; so we gathered about our spoil in eager anticipation of a royal feast, for a Johnnie's appetite, like death, has all seasons for its own. But what was our chagrin and disappointment, when we laid open our

melon to find it so green we could not eat it. "Stolen waters are sweet," but on this occasion the words did not apply. These boys were not raised in a watermelon country, were ignorant of the art of distinguishing between a ripe and an unripe melon, and so their toil and trouble was thrown away, and we were forced to retire that night with whetted appetites unappeased.

The division obtained here a much needed rest after its arduous campaign. On the morning of the 23d, silence was again broken, Gregg's and Kautz's divisions of cavalry advanced the enemy's line, took possession of Reams Station, and, pushing forward a cavalry force about two miles west of the station, encountered our brigade. A portion of the Twelfth Cavalry was dismounted and thrown forward in skirmish line. Company B, not carrying any long-range guns, generously offered to borrow from other companies of the regiment and take their places in the skirmish line, and I was assigned the charge of these men.

Our force steadily advanced, driving the enemy before them, until an open field was reached, when a squadron of the enemy's cavalry charged through our skirmish line, but were soon repulsed and driven back by our reserve. As the enemy passed through our line, I struck one of their men over the head with my saber, but failed to do more than arouse his anger. Turning on me, he was in the act of trying his weapon upon me, when one of our men, perceiving my critical situation, shot and killed him, much to my relief and gratification.

After this little episode, our skirmish line was still further advanced, driving the enemy from an elevation a short distance from Reams Station. At this point the enemy made a determined stand, and though the fight was continued until dark, we failed to break their line. In this engagement, Frank Manning, then about fifteen years old, and possibly the youngest member of Company B, was shot through the breast and carried off the field. Though young, slight, and delicate, he was a gallant soldier. The 28th was spent in skirmishing

with the enemy without result, as it had been reinforced with Hancock's corps of infantry and artillery. That night, General A. P. Hill came to our support with three brigades of his corps—Cook's and McRae's brigades of North Carolinians, under General Heth, and General Lane's Brigade, with Pegram's Artillery. Arrangements were made at once to attack the enemy, and about 9 A. M. on the 25th, the ball was opened and the enemy forced back to their intrenchments at Reams Station, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands. General Hill now disposed his forces to assault the enemy's works at the station. The infantry was placed on our left, and the cavalry dismounted on the right, connecting with the infantry. Our artillery opened a vigorous fire on the breastworks, which was continued for about fifteen minutes and then ceased, and our whole line moved rapidly forward on the enemy's intrenchments. This was the most animated charge of footmen witnessed by me during the war, and was due, in my judgment, in great measure to the rivalry existing between cavalry and infantry. Opportunity was here afforded of fairly testing the merits and valor of the respective arms of the service in an equal field. Company B was armed alone with pistols and sabers, and these were valueless at long range. As soon, therefore, as the command was given, the rush for the intrenchments was made. The enemy fired one volley as we started, but before they could reload, our line was over the breastworks, and the enemy in rout and confusion. Many laid down in the trenches and surrendered. Pressing on, the enemy's artillery was soon in our possession, and the disorganization so complete, a rally seemed impossible. When the superior number of the enemy and their intrenched position is considered, this was one of the most brilliant victories of the war, and reflects great credit on Generals Hill and Hampton and the men under their command. The victory was decisive. Nine of the enemy's guns were captured and turned on the fleeing columns. Our captures, as given by

General Hill in his official report, were: "Twelve stand of colors, nine pieces of artillery, 10 caissons, 2,150 prisoners, 3,100 small-arms, 32 horses; my own loss (cavalry, artillery and infantry) being 720." The Federal return of casualties in this engagement is 2,724. Night put an end to our pursuit, and the cavalry bivouacked on the battle-field. On the following morning, I was directed with Company B to follow up the retreating column of the enemy. In the pursuit a great many stragglers were taken. About two miles from the battle-field we encountered a strong force of the enemy, and in a skirmish with it, Robert Castleman was wounded in the shoulder. In the charge the evening before, Company B had only one man wounded, John Coleman. General Hill, after the fight, returned with the infantry and Pegram's Artillery to his position in the lines around Petersburg, and our cavalry remained in possession of the field and buried the dead of both sides. General Gregg had asked permission to enter our lines for that purpose, but the request was refused, with the information that our men were engaged in that duty.

General Meade, in a letter to General Hancock, very kindly tries to soothe his wounded spirits. He says:

"I am satisfied you and your command have done all in your power, and though you have met with a reverse, the honor and escutcheons of the old Second are as bright as ever, and will on some future occasion prove it is only where enormous odds are brought against them, they can be moved. Don't let this matter worry you, because you have given me every satisfaction."

When the numbers of the opposing forces are compared, the Federal superiority can readily be seen. General Hill had the brigades of Cooke, McRae, and Lane, Pegram's Artillery, and the cavalry divisions of Hampton and Barringer, numbering about 8,000 men, while General Hancock had the Second Corps, Miles's and Gibbons's divisions (50 regiments), with Wilcox's Division in reserve, and Gregg's and Kautz's

divisions of cavalry, a force fully double that of Hill, with the advantage of position and breastworks. General Meade says Hancock had 16,000 to 20,000 men. General Hancock does not say he was outnumbered, but places the blame of his defeat upon the bad conduct of his troops. After Miles's Division was thrown into disorder, Hancock says in his report: "I immediately ordered General Gibbons's Division forward to retake the position and guns, but the order was responded to very feebly by his troops, the men falling back to their breastworks on receiving a slight fire from the enemy," and concludes his report by saying: "Had my troops behaved as well as heretofore, I would have been able to defeat the enemy on this occasion. A force sent down the railroad to attack the enemy in flank would have accomplished the same end, or a small reserve in the field about 6 P. M. I attribute the bad conduct of my troops to their great fatigue, owing to the heavy labor exacted of them, and to their enormous losses during the campaign, especially in officers. The lack of the corps in this respect is painfully great, and hardly to be remedied during active operations. The Seventh, Fifty-second, and Thirty-ninth New York are largely made up of recruits and substitutes. The first-named regiment in particular is entirely new, companies being formed in New York and sent down here, some officers being unable to speak English. The material compares very unfavorably with the veterans absent."

General Miles, commanding the First Division of the Second Corps, in his report, says:

"At 5 P. M. the enemy drove in the skirmishers of the consolidated brigade, who made feeble resistance; debouched from the wood in front of that and the Fourth Brigade, advancing through the slashings, which was thirty yards wide. At first he was met by a sharp fire from these brigades, part of the First Brigade, which fired to the left oblique, and the Fourth New York Artillery to the right oblique. Although



Charles Broadway Rouss.

he pushed forward with determination, he was repulsed at several points, and his organization greatly broken up by the severity of the fire and the obstacles in his front; but, unfortunately, just as his entire repulse seemed certain, a portion of the consolidated brigade, consisting of the Seventh, Fifty-second, and Thirty-ninth New York regiments, broke and fell into confusion. At the same time a break occurred in the right of the same brigade—the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth and the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York regiments. I stood at the time on the banks of the railroad cut and saw a rebel color-bearer spring over our works and down into the cut almost at my feet. But few of the enemy had reached the work, and a determined resistance of five minutes would have given us the victory. I looked for Lieutenant-Colonel Rugg, but not at the moment seeing him, I directed his brigade to rush into the gap and commence firing. Not a minute's time was lost before giving this order, but instead of executing it, they either lay on their faces or got up and ran to the rear. I then rode down the line of the Fourth Brigade, ordering it to move toward the right and hold the rifle-pit. These troops were then fighting gallantly, their brigade commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Broady, being conspicuous, encouraging and directing the men. Finding the enemy had gained the angle and flanked my line, I rode to the Twelfth New York Battery, and directed Lieutenant Dandy to fire canister at that point, which he did with great effect, working his guns gallantly until the enemy was upon him. His horses were killed, and it was impossible to limber up and draw off his guns on the breaking of the line. The enemy pushed forward, and, taking possession of them, turned one of them and opened fire with it upon our troops. The One Hundred and Fifty-second New York Regiment, Captain Bent commanding, when the assault was made, was directed to attack the enemy in flank and rear. The regiment had changed front, was moved up to within two hundred yards, and directed to open fire. Captain Martin,

division inspector, a very cool and reliable officer, reports that not a shot was fired at it, but the men broke from the ranks and fled in a disgraceful manner, only two men in the regiment discharging their pieces. The panic had become somewhat general, and it was with the greatest difficulty that my line could be formed."

General Gibbons, commanding the Second Division of Hancock's Corps, in his official report, says:

"About 5 P. M., the enemy having placed his batteries, opened a heavy fire, most of which took my part of the line in reverse. Soon afterwards he made his assault on General Miles's line, from which a portion of the First Brigade had been withdrawn to strengthen mine, under the impression that an attack was to be made there. The enemy broke through General Miles's line, and, pushing forward his troops, appeared to be for a time carrying everything before him. His fire taking my line in reverse, I shifted my men to the opposite side of the parapets to resist his farther advance, but there was checked by the steadiness of a portion of Miles's Division, and my division was then ordered forward by General Hancock to attack the enemy and retake the breastworks. In the attempt to obey this order, that portion of the division with me did not sustain its previous reputation, and demoralized, partly by the shelling and musketry firing in its rear, and partly by the refugees from other parts of the line, retired after a very feeble effort and under a very slight fire in great confusion, and every effort of myself and staff failing to arrest the rout until the breastwork was reached. Soon after this, the enemy attacked my line, the men again shifting to the inside of the parapet. Besides the fire from the front, which, however, was very feeble, they were subjected to a heavy artillery and musketry fire from the right flank, when the enemy turned our own guns upon us. The men soon gave way in great confusion, and gave up the breastworks almost without resistance, and were partially rallied in the woods behind the right wing. The result of this action was a source

of great mortification to me, as I am confident but for the bad conduct of my division the battle would have terminated in our favor, even after the enemy had broken through General Miles's line."

General Lee, in his report to the Secretary of War, says:

"General A. P. Hill attacked the enemy in his intrenchments at Reams Station yesterday evening, and at the second assault carried his entire line. Cooke's and McRae's North Carolina brigades, under General Heth, and Lane's North Carolina Brigade of Wilcox's Division, under General Conner, with Pegram's Artillery, composed the assaulting column. One line of breastworks was carried by the cavalry under General Hampton with great gallantry, who contributed largely to the success of the day. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded is reported to be heavy, ours relatively small. Our profound gratitude is due to the Giver of all Victory, and our thanks to the brave men and officers engaged."

And General Lee, in his letter to General Hampton, of date August 26, 1864, says:

"I am very much gratified with the success of yesterday's operations. The conduct of the cavalry is worthy of all praise."

On August 26, 1864, General Meade reports to General Grant:

"Hancock's troops were withdrawn without molestation, or being followed. He is now near the Williams house. He reports his command at present unserviceable. A report from General Gregg, on Warren's left and Hancock's rear, reports the enemy pressing his pickets a little this morning, with a view, he thinks, of picking up stragglers."

General Hancock, in his report to General Grant on

August 26, 1864, at 10 P. M., after giving an account of his repulse and his loss, says:

“ It is acknowledged to have been one of the most determined and desperate fights of the war, resembling Spotsylvania in its character, though the number engaged gives it less importance.”

Our brigade remained quiet after the Reams Station fight until September 14th, when it received orders to move down to Wilkinson Bridge, where General Hampton, with his own and General W. H. F. Lee's divisions, encamped for the night. The command resumed its march on the 15th, and reached Cooke's Bridge, on the Blackwater, where horses were fed, and we rested until the bridge, which had been destroyed, was repaired. Just after midnight we moved off, our brigade separating from the rest of the command, following byroads in the direction of Sycamore Church, where the enemy was encountered about 5 A. M., behind barricades and armed with the Winchester repeating rifle. Company B had the front. A charge of the Twelfth Virginia was ordered, and gallantly executed. The enemy fought stubbornly for a short time, but finally broke and fled in confusion, leaving his dead and wounded on the field and his camp in our hands.

Having routed the enemy, our brigade pressed on to its cattle corral near by and captured the whole herd of beef cattle, numbering 2,486. This, the object of our expedition, being accomplished, and our little force being far in General Grant's rear, we began our retreat, driving before us this immense herd. In our brigade were quite a number of cowboys, not of the Texas or Western sort, but real Virginia cowboys, who knew the habits and dispositions of cattle, and these managed this large drove with skill and dexterity. The rest of our forces under General Hampton soon united with us, and the Blackwater was safely reached and disposition made to protect our rear and save our rich booty. At Ebenezer, the enemy's cavalry made an attack on our brigade,

which was soon repulsed. While we were fighting, the cattle and other booty was hurried towards our lines, which they reached in safety, and our command, after several skirmishes, followed and returned to its camp.

On this expedition our cavalry captured, besides the 2,486 beef cattle, 304 prisoners, a large number of horses, arms and equipments, and two wagons, and brought them in safety to our lines. Three camps of the enemy were burned and valuable stores and blankets secured. Our loss was 10 killed, 47 wounded and four missing. In the fight at Sycamore Church, Company B lost Richard Timberlake, a gallant soldier from Warren county, killed, and Isaac Strider, from Jefferson, slightly wounded. A laughable story is told in connection with Strider's wound. After the enemy was routed at the church and the boys had plundered the camp, John Terrill, in riding over the field, found Ike lying on the ground apparently in the agonies of death, and, quickly dismounting, raised his head and offered him a drink from a canteen of whiskey he had captured, thinking it would possibly revive him. But Ike, with a groan, pushed away the canteen, saying in tones scarcely audible, "John, I am too far gone for that." Just then John Howell rode up, and, seeing Ike in a prostrate condition, also dismounted, and after a little parley, began to examine the nature and extent of the wound, when to his surprise and great gratification, he discovered the ball just buried in Ike's breast. In joyful elation he exclaimed, "Ike, you are not much hurt; I can see the ball sticking in your breast," and instantly pulled it out. Ike immediately revived, and seeing John Terrill, who was riding off, yelled after him, "Oh, John, come back here with that canteen." Terrill responded quickly, delighted to find his friend, who was dead, alive again. Ike took a copious draught, mounted his horse, and was soon back in ranks.

Colonel Gates, in his report of this affair to General Patrick, says:

"Major Van Renssalaer has returned with his command.



Tho. D. Ranson.

The attack on the cattle-guard was made at daylight, and was a complete surprise. Some 300 of the District of Columbia Cavalry were captured, most of them in their beds. Major Baker was wounded and captured. Another major of the same regiment was also captured, and most of the officers of the regiment; four herdsmen killed."

And General Kautz reports to General Grant:

"Mr. Rollins informs me that Major Belcher stopped at his house, and said that their force was 14,000 strong; that they had cavalry and infantry; that they captured 2,460 head of cattle, and that the First District of Columbia Cavalry had escaped in the direction of Fort Powhatan."

The Captain and Commissary of Subsistence, in the anguish of his soul at the loss of his beef, sends the following report to headquarters: "The enemy got off with the whole herd at Coggins Point—2,486 head; none have been recaptured."

After this raid, the Army of Northern Virginia had a thirty days' change of diet from hard-tack and mess-pork to hard-tack and juicy beefsteak, and tenderloin at that—a change much relished and enjoyed.

Generals Lee and Hampton having partaken of one of Generals Grant's and Meade's porterhouses, General Hampton, in the exultation of the moment, issued the following address:

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 11.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS,
ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
September 18, 1864.

The Major-General commanding takes pride in communicating to his command the praise which their recent achievement has won from the Commanding General, who, in acknowledging his report of the successful return of his command from the rear of the enemy's army, says:

"You will please convey to the officers and men of your

command my thanks for the courage and energy with which they executed your orders, by which they have added another to the list of important services rendered by the cavalry during the present campaign.”

To such praise the Major-General commanding would only add the expression of his own appreciation of the gallantry of his officers and men, whose conduct in battle is all he could desire, and inspires him with pride and perfect confidence in such a command.

By command of Major-General Wade Hampton.

H. B. McCLELLAN, *
Assistant Adjutant-General.

CHAPTER XVII.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Nauris jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra.

Horacæ.

Our brigade remained in the neighborhood of Reams Station until the latter part of September, when it received orders to move to the Shenandoah Valley to reinforce General Early, who had fallen back, after the battles of Winchester and Fisher's Hill, to the vicinity of Staunton. On the 27th, we bade farewell to the "Virginia Lowlands," marched through Burkeville and Lynchburg, where we crossed the James, and ascended that stream on the line of the canal until Lexington was reached, when the route to Staunton was taken. Passing through that city on the 5th of October, we joined the remnants of Early's army, and went into camp near Bridgewater. On the 6th, General Meigs's son was killed by a scout of our cavalry near Dayton, and Sheridan, in revenge, ordered the Fifth New York Cavalry to burn all the houses in the vicinity of that town.

In the report of General Sheridan, dated Woodstock, Va., October 7, 1864, is found the following:

"In moving back to this point the whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountains has been made untenable for a rebel army. I have destroyed over 2,000 barns, filled with wheat, hay and farming implements; over seventy mills filled with flour and wheat; have driven in front of the army over 4,000 head of stock, and have killed and issued to the troops not less than 3,000 sheep. This destruction embraces the Luray Valley and Little Fort Valley as well as the main valley. A large number of horses have been obtained, a

proper estimate of which I cannot now make. Lieutenant J. R. Meigs, my engineer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisonburg, near Dayton. For this atrocious act, all the houses within an area of five miles were burned."

The Goths and Vandals never boasted of such infamy. Lieutenant Meigs was out with a scouting party of Federal cavalry, which was met by a scouting party of Confederate cavalry, and in a fair, square fight, was killed. This Sheridan calls murder, and revenges it by destroying the houses of helpless women and children and non-combatants.

On the 6th, our brigade ascertained that Sheridan was retreating down the Valley, burning as he retired. We started in pursuit on the back road. When nearing Brock's Gap, some Federal soldiers caught in the act of burning a mill were shot. On the 7th, we moved rapidly after the retreating enemy, and in the afternoon found them posted at the fords on Mill Creek. The Seventh Cavalry and White's Battalion crossed above the fords and attacked on the flank in a gallant manner, while the Eleventh and Twelfth Cavalry attacked in front, utterly routing them and capturing a large number of prisoners, wagons, forges, cattle and sheep. After pursuing the enemy several miles we found a considerable force posted behind rail-piles, at the edge of a woods, prepared to oppose our further progress. The Twelfth was ordered to charge, and, led by our gallant Lieutenant-Colonel, Massie, who was that evening in especially fine fighting trim, we rode over the breastworks, breaking their line and renewing their rout. After this engagement our commissary department called on Company B for a detail of two men to take charge of the captured sheep. As our Comrades Mote and Ike were farmers, and supposed to be learned in sheep husbandry, they were selected for this purpose, and accordingly reported for duty.

There were about 1,000 sheep in this drove, and as Sheridan had only left a blackened waste behind him, and neither pasture nor feed could be obtained along his pathway, it was

deemed advisable by these shepherds to lead their flocks westward. On their way, they fell on Orkney Springs, and as the surroundings looked inviting for both man and beast, they concluded to lodge there. They soon ascertained that sheep was a better circulating medium in these parts than Confederate money, and they were not long in striking a bargain with the proprietor for two sheep a day in payment for board for themselves, horses, and sheep. In this quiet retreat and comfortable quarters the din of battle and clash of arms were forgotten, and if our forces had not met with a reverse, and the flock had not become exhausted, these tender shepherds might have spent the remainder of the war in this happy retreat. But the battle of Cedar Creek rendered rations exceedingly scarce among our troops, and the captured sheep were brought to remembrance, and diligent search made for their place of abode. After several days, the remnant with the shepherds were found safely quartered at this mountain resort, the sheep turned over to the commissary and the hungry soldiers, and Mote and Ike ordered back to Company B, where they regaled their comrades with their accounts of their pleasant outing.

Colonel Purington, commanding the First Brigade of the Third Division of Cavalry Corps, in his report of the engagement of the 7th, says:

“The Second Brigade in the rear was attacked and compelled to fall back, losing all the cattle and some of the forges of the brigade. Part of the First Brigade were deployed, checking the enemy,” and on the 8th he says: “The Eighteenth Cavalry, as rear-guard, was attacked and compelled to fall back on the brigade, losing some killed and a few wounded.”

Early on the morning of the 9th, Sheridan's Cavalry, in full force, recrossed Tom's Brook, attacked our cavalry division, then under command of General Rosser, and after a spirited fight, routed Wickham's Brigade on the back road



B. B. Ranson, M. D.

and Lomax on the turnpike, driving them in confusion and capturing our artillery on these roads. That morning our brigade was occupying a position about midway between these two roads. Colonel Dulaney, commanding the brigade, ordered our regiment in line in front of a piece of woodland, in which we had encamped during the night. In a few moments the enemy appeared in our front in considerable force, and began a rapid fire on our column. Colonel Dulaney, as brave as Julius Cæsar and as punctilious in obedience to orders as the boy that stood on the burning deck, declined to attack, and we were left at the mercy of the enemy's fire, with little ability to return it. Company B possessed no weapons but pistols and sabers, and clamored to go forward, but the Colonel peremptorily declined. Finding that our lives would be sacrificed without injury to the enemy, I disobeyed orders and led a charge of Company B on the enemy in our front, breaking its line and throwing them into confusion. But our number (not over 21 men) was too small to hold the advantage we had gained, and we were forced to retire on our regiment. In this charge Ike Anderson, a gallant member of the company, was shot through the lungs and carried off the field.

We had just rejoined our regiment, which had been somewhat relieved by our charge, when our men on the back road were discovered rapidly retreating, the enemy pursuing and completely turning our left flank. The order to retire was given, and our brigade, now under Colonel Funsten, Colonel Dulaney having been wounded, moved slowly back, repulsing several attempts of the enemy to break our line. Coming in view of the turnpike, we discovered Lomax in rapid retreat on that road. With a good leader, our brigade might have saved our artillery on the back road by a well-directed charge on the rear and flank of the enemy. As it was, we were forced back by the enemy's advance on the turnpike and back road, while but feebly pressed ourselves.

Lieutenant Washington and myself were with our rear-

guard, skirmishing with the enemy's advance, and in one of their onsets my horse was wounded in the leg. The loss in our command that day was severe in artillery and prisoners, but our numbers were largely inferior to the enemy; the enemy having Custer's, Merritt's, and Powell's divisions against Rosser's (Fitz Lee's) and Lomax's divisions—10,000 men against less than 4,000.

General Early, in his report to General Lee, says:

“ Rosser, in command of his own brigade and the two brigades of Fitz Lee's Division, and Lomax, with two brigades of his own cavalry, were ordered to pursue the enemy, to harass him and ascertain his purposes, while I remained here, so as to be ready to move east of the Ridge, if necessary, and I am sorry to inform you that the enemy, having concentrated his whole cavalry in his rear, attacked them and drove them back this morning from near Fisher's Hill, capturing nine pieces of horse artillery and eight or ten wagons. Their loss in men is, I understand, slight. I have not heard definitely from Rosser, but he is, I understand, falling back in good order, having rallied his command, which is on what is called the back road, which is west of the turnpike; but Lomax's command, which was on the turnpike, came back to this place in confusion. This is very distressing to me, and God knows I have done all in my power to avert the disasters which have befallen this command; but the fact is that the enemy's cavalry is so much superior to ours, both in numbers and equipments, and the country is so favorable to the operations of cavalry, that it is impossible for ours to compete with his. Lomax's cavalry are armed entirely with rifles, and have no sabers, and the consequence is, that they cannot fight on horseback, and in this open country they cannot successfully fight on foot against large bodies of cavalry; besides, the command is and has been demoralized all the time. It would be better if they could be put into infantry; but if that were tried I am afraid they would all run off.”

In 1863, Lomax was going to have some of Company B shot for a little flank to their homes. It seems, according to General Early's views, there were some others now much more deserving of that fate:

General Sheridan, in his report to General Grant, says:

"On coming back to this point (Strasburg) I was not followed in until late yesterday, when a large force of cavalry appeared in my rear. I then halted the command to offer battle by attacking the enemy. I became satisfied that it was only all the rebel cavalry of the Valley commanded by Rosser and directed Torbert to attack at daylight this morning and finish this *savior of the Valley*. The attack was handsomely made. Custer, commanding the Third Cavalry Division, charged on the back road, and Merritt, commanding the First Cavalry Division on the Strasburg turnpike. Merritt captured five pieces of artillery, Custer captured six of artillery, with caissons, battery forge, etc. The two divisions captured 37 wagons, ambulances, etc. Among the wagons captured are the headquarters wagons of Rosser, Lomax, and Wickham, and Colonel Munford. The number of prisoners captured will be about 330. I deemed it best to make this delay of one day here and settle this new cavalry general."

As laid down in the old couplet:

"He who fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day."

In a few days our cavalry rallied from its discomfiture and were again ready for action. On the 12th, our march down the Valley was resumed, and on the 13th we reached Strasburg, the enemy having retired north of Cedar Creek. On the night of the 16th a novel raid was made by our brigade taking Grimes's infantry brigade behind them to the rear of the enemy's right, with the intention of surprising Custer's camp near Petticoat Gap, but the expedition failed, as Custer's camp had that day been moved, but we captured a picket of 50 men and returned to camp with our infantry comrades

considerable worsted by the wear and tear of the midnight jaunt.

On the morning of the 19th, at 5 o'clock, our brigade moved into position on the back road and the Cedar-Creek battle was opened. As day broke, Gordon's guns were heard on our right, soon followed by musketry, and in a short time the enemy could be seen in rapid flight. Our brigade crossed Cedar Creek and pressed back the enemy's right wing, and victory seemed assured for our arms. But about 6 P. M. our brigade moved back to the south side of Cedar Creek and the first squadron of the Twelfth Cavalry, under my charge, was left to guard and hold the ford. After skirmishing with the enemy until after dark, our horses were fed and the men laid down to rest, perfectly oblivious of the rout of our infantry and its retreat up the Valley. That night, as I was resting my head on Tom Timberlake's knee, his pistol fell out of the holster and the hammer striking a rail on which he was sitting, was discharged, the ball striking Timberlake's breast, inflicting a serious wound, and he fell forward on me. His wound was dressed, and he was sent to the rear. The rising sun found us safe and sound on our post, with the enemy just across the creek. Between 8 and 9 A. M. some of our infantry came straggling into our camp, and from them we learned that General Early, late in the evening before, was defeated, and was in rapid retreat up the Valley, Sheridan pursuing. It was hard to realize the truth of this statement, as visions of an advance on the enemy, of getting to our homes in the lower Valley and meeting with relatives and friends, had so possessed our minds during the night that the truth of itself could scarcely eradicate them. But being unwillingly persuaded of the turn of fortune, without orders from our superior officers, who in the excitement of the occasion had abandoned us to our fate, our pickets were quietly withdrawn; the squadron mounted and retired up the back road until opposite Woodstock, where it moved to the turnpike, and found our brigade covering Early's rear. Why the

enemy did not close in and capture our squadron has always been a mystery. I suppose in their great joy at turning our morning victory into evening defeat, such small game was overlooked. Probably in no other engagement during the war was there such a complete turn in the tide of victory. The victory of our troops in the morning seemed decisive, and the rout of the enemy complete, but failure to follow up the advantage so as to prevent a rally gave the enemy an opportunity to reorganize; and to the fortunate return of their commander, inspiring them with confidence, at a time when our forces were scattered and bent on plunder rather than duty, the disaster can be safely ascribed.

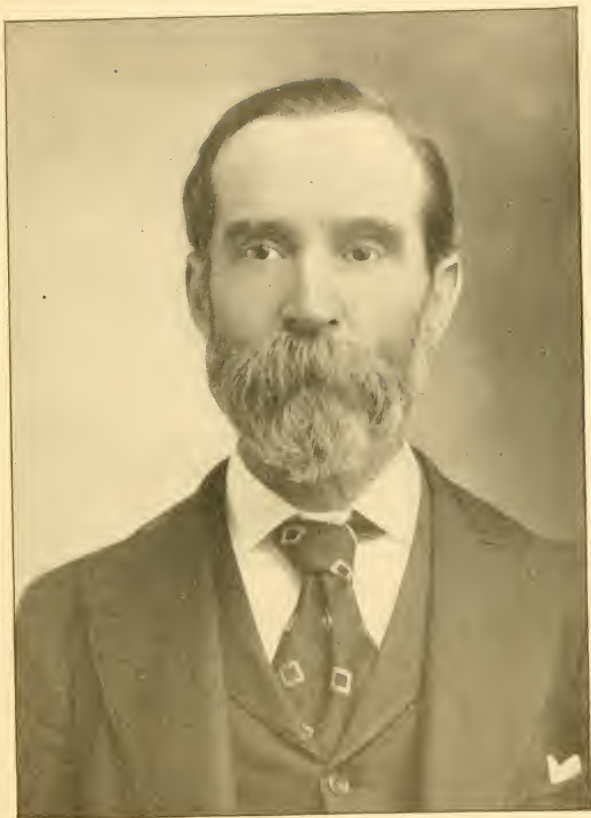
General Early, in his report to General Lee, says:

“The Sixth and Nineteenth Corps have not left the Valley. I fought them both yesterday. I attacked Sheridan’s camp on Cedar Creek before day yesterday morning and surprised and routed the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps, and then drove the Sixth Corps beyond Middletown, capturing 18 pieces of artillery and 1,300 prisoners; but the enemy subsequently made a stand on the turnpike, and in turn attacked my line, and my left gave way, and the rest of the troops took a panic and could not be rallied, retreating in confusion. But for their bad conduct, I should have defeated Sheridan’s whole force. On the retreat back to Fisher’s Hill the enemy captured about 30 pieces of artillery and some wagons and ambulances. The prisoners (1,300) were brought off. My losses in men were not heavy. General Ramseur was seriously wounded while acting with gallantry, and was captured by the enemy.”

On the following day, General Early reports that his net loss in artillery was 23 pieces, and killed and wounded less than 1,000.

General Sheridan, in his report, says:

“I have the honor to report that my army at Cedar Creek was attacked this morning before daylight, and my left was



Thomas Redman.

turned and driven in confusion; in fact, most of the line was driven in confusion, with the loss of 20 pieces of artillery. I hastened from Winchester, where I was on my return from Washington, and joined the army between Middletown and Newtown, having been driven back about four miles. I here took the affair in hand and quickly united the corps, and formed a compact line of battle just in time to repulse an attack of the enemy, which was handsomely done about 1 P. M. At 3 P. M., after some changes of the cavalry from the left to the right flank, I attacked with great vigor, driving and routing the enemy, capturing, according to reports, 43 pieces of artillery and very many prisoners. I do not know the number of my casualties or the losses of the enemy; wagon-trains, ambulances, and caissons in large numbers are in our possession. They also burned some of their trains. General Ramseur is a prisoner in our hands, severely and perhaps mortally wounded. I have to regret the loss of General Bidwell, killed, and Generals Wright, Groon, and Ricketts, wounded; Wright slightly wounded. Affairs at times looked badly, but by the gallantry of our brave officers and men disaster has been converted into a splendid victory."

Of the 43 pieces of artillery claimed as captured, 20 of them were his own, making our loss 23. Our killed and wounded were less than his, and the prisoners 1,300, while our loss in prisoners was less than 1,000.

When the numbers engaged on the respective sides are compared, the result cannot be considered a disaster, and if the victory of the morning could have been maintained, it would have been one of the most brilliant of the war:

From the returns of Sheridan's army for the month of October we find present for duty as follows:

Sixth Army Corps (Wright).....	15,695
Eighth Army Corps (Crook).....	24,934
Nineteenth Army Corps (Emory).....	11,887
Cavalry Corps (Torbert).....	9,704
Total	<u>61,720</u>

Early's army, as reported October 9, 1864, is as follows:

Infantry and artillery.....	6,000
Kershaw's Division, added after that date.....	4,000
Cavalry Corps (Rosser and Lomax).....	4,000
	<hr/>
Total	14,000

With such odds against him, this defeat will not detract from the fame of General Early as a leader and fighter, nor add luster to the fame of Sheridan's army, though, personally, General Sheridan deserves great praise for having wrested victory from defeat, rout, and confusion.

After this battle, Sheridan moved back to the vicinity of Winchester, our lines were advanced to Strasburg, and both armies remained comparatively quiet until the 11th of November, when our brigade moved back of Middletown, where it encountered Custer's Division of Cavalry, and after a hot contest fell back to Cedar Creek, capturing in the fight some prisoners.

In this skirmish Company B lost Phil Terrill, killed; a soldier not only brave and courageous, but possessing many manly and social qualities.

The Valley campaign was now virtually ended. From the time Sheridan took command, on the part of the enemy, the war assumed entirely a new phase. Prior to this, the war had been conducted on civilized principles, but now robbery, arson, and desolation marked its pathway. Sheridan boasted that he had burnt between Harrisonburg and Winchester barns, houses, mills, grain, hay, stores by the thousands, and driven off cattle, hogs and sheep by the tens of thousands. The character of his warfare may be seen by an order of November 7, 1864:

Brigadier-General STEVENSON:

In case the railroad to Winchester is interfered with by guerillas, I want you to arrest all male secessionists in Charlestown, Shepherdstown, Smithfield, and Berryville, and in the adjacent country, sending them to Fort McHenry, Md. You

will also burn all grain, destroy all subsistence, and drive off all stock belonging to such individuals, and turn it over to the treasury agent.

This order must be obeyed by you. P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General Commanding.

Could Weyler surpass this? Reconcentrados were not as inhumanly treated. For fear General Stevenson was possessed of the quality of mercy and kindness, he endeavored to stifle such emotions with the demand more becoming a South African potentate than an American citizen, "*This order must be obeyed.*"

He boasts that he had destroyed the Valley for ninety-two miles, and left in it little for man or beast. In his report of October 27th, after informing General Halleck of various movements he was making, he says:

"These, with other demonstrations which I will make, will secure Augur against all but Mosby and the numerous robbers that now infest the country, and which one good regiment could clear any time, if the regimental commander had spunk enough to try it. There is a regiment of cavalry at Harper's Ferry, one at Martinsburg, and one at Winchester, which is a sufficient force to keep the lower Valley clear, but they do not do it. Brigadier-General Duffie was captured between Winchester and Martinsburg. I respectfully request his dismissal from service. I think him a trifling man and a poor soldier. He was captured by his own stupidity."

Poor old Duffie! A short time before he had issued his order that all of Mosby's men captured should be hung, and now that he was a prisoner among Mosby's men, his discomfiture was great; especially when he was brought before Colonel Mosby, with a copy of his order. Mosby soon saw that his punishment already suffered was greater than death, and kindly sent him off to Richmond, but not until he had given a number of Mosby's men certificates to the effect that he had been treated with great civility, and wished if they should be captured, that they should be treated with kindness and consideration.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide,

We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea,
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore
They watch, and beckon and wait for me.

Priest.

About the middle of November, General Rosser sent me with a detail of six men from Company B to ascertain the situation and number of Federal troops in the lower Valley. After obtaining this information, I concluded that I would not return empty-handed, and finding no spot more inviting for adventure than the camp of a company of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry, doing picket duty at Keyes's Ford, on the Shenandoah, after consultation, we determined to try our hand on them. On the night of the 22d of November, passing unnoticed through the enemy's infantry picket at Halltown, the rear of the cavalry picket camp was gained. As we were seven to about fifty of the enemy, a little strategy was found necessary, and the attack was arranged on the Gideon plan. Much to our surprise, the picket force had a sentinel on guard in its rear, and as we approached, we were halted about two hundred yards from the camp. To the sentinel's demand, "Who comes there," I responded, "Friends." "Friends to whom?" was the demand. "Abe Lincoln," I replied. "Advance and give the countersign," the sentinel replied. Cautioning the boys that so soon as I fired they were to come to my aid with all the speed and noise possible, I rode forward, but before I reached the sentinel he fired his gun and rapidly retreated to camp. It is recorded in the

Bible, "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera," and on that still November night, as with the rebel yell we charged along the River road, the Shenandoah and the Blue Ridge echoing and re-echoing our shout and magnifying our little band into a mighty host, fought for us, and we dashed into the enemy's camp to find only some 50 riderless horses and 13 men too much frightened to run. The rest had sought safety in flight. Gathering up 13 prisoners and 26 horses, all we could conveniently manage, we crossed the river and passed out of the enemy's line along the Blue Ridge Mountain road. Arriving at headquarters in safety, prisoners and booty were disposed of, and report made to General Rosser. On the following day we obtained permission from the General for Company B to operate in the lower Valley. After getting within the enemy's lines the company was disbanded, with directions for the men to meet at a certain time and place; the interim was spent among friends and acquaintances, changing quarters every night to prevent capture by the enemy.

On the 25th, Ned Aisquith and myself ventured to spend a night at my home, which was far in the enemy's rear, on the line of the Winchester and Potomac railroad, then operated by Sheridan's forces, and within two miles of Federal camps on either side.

Arriving at home about 9 P. M., we placed our horses in a side stable of a large back barn; unsaddled, unbridled, and fed them and entered the house, then occupied by my mother, sister, and three small brothers. The boys were fast asleep. To attract as little attention as possible, we went to my mother's chamber, and were soon enjoying some wine and cake, for soldiers were always hungry and never refused to eat. We had not been seated more than a half-hour, when my sister, in passing a front window, exclaimed in affright, "Oh, look at the Yankees!" We did not look, but, using our wits, prepared for action. Unbuckling our sabers, we hid them between the two mattresses of the bed. Just then knocks



Isaac H. Strider.

were heard at the front door, and I told mother to let them in, as I knew they would break down the door if refused admittance. My plans were matured and confidence restored. Mother, taking a lamp, started downstairs on her mission, and I followed a short distance behind, with Ned Aisquith at my heels, and reached a side door to the hall, opening on a side porch, next to the garden. Fortunately for us, a puff of wind extinguished my mother's lamp, and we passed out unnoticed and soon mingled with the Yankees around the house, the night being too dark to distinguish gray from blue. Passing through them slowly, so as not to attract attention, we hastened to the stable to procure our horses. When we reached the barn we were surprised to find the Yankees there, searching the stable, but as the side stable was not visible from the front of the barn, our horses had escaped their search. Entering through a feed-room, access was obtained to our horses, which were in a few moments bridled, saddled, and mounted. Opening a side door, we rode out, and were met by an inquiry from the Yankees, "Well, boys, did you find those horses?" to which I answered, "Yes; a couple of old rips," and started in the direction of the house, but soon changed our course to an opposite point of the compass. Just as we were beginning to feel safe out of the enemy's clutches we were suddenly halted by a picket stationed beyond the barn. Veering to avoid this picket and making no answer, we passed out without further molestation.

After being routed from home, we went to the home of my brother-in-law, about a mile distant, and fastening our horses in a thicket a short distance from his house and supplying them with a good feed from his corn-field, we laid down beneath the stars and slept as sweetly as the babes in the woods.

In the morning, having fed our horses (the horse was always first in a cavalryman's thoughts), the house was approached from the rear, our horses fastened behind the smoke-house, and we entered the dining-room to get breakfast. As we were being seated at the table, through extra

precaution, we walked to the front door to take a survey of the situation, and discovered a company of Federal cavalry entering the front-yard gate. Quickly taking unceremonious leave, we mounted our horses, and leaping the rear-yard fence, reached the thicket, where the preceding night was spent, before the enemy reached the rear of the house. Concealed in the thicket, we watched the enemy's movements. We saw them ride around the house, make some inquiry of the servants, and then pass out the lane. Being now satisfied the way was clear, we returned to the house, and enjoyed our breakfast.

On the night of the 29th, with 30 men of Company B, we attacked the camp of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry at Charlestown. Passing through the enemy's picket line, through a hollow just east of the town, under cover of a cloud of fog such as usually hangs on autumn nights over the little valleys near the river, and unobserved by the sentry on the adjacent hills, we reached in safety the north side of the town and the rear of the enemy's camp, and rode quietly to a point near the block-house, about twenty yards from the camp. Here the men dismounted, leaving the horses in charge of the fourth man in each file of fours, and noiselessly gained the block-house. Here was the picture of Fitz Greene Halleck's poetical fancy:

**"At midnight in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour."**

Stealthily moving on, the sleeping camp was entered, and the occupants awoke to find themselves prisoners. There was sudden confusion and scampering among the enemy. Some twenty of their number, lodged in a stone house near by, opened fire on us. Recognizing the gravity of the situation, we rushed upon the house, and, seizing the door and windows, poured several volleys into the building. Just as George Crayton, my brother Robert W. Baylor, Jr. (a boy of seventeen), and myself entered the door, several shots were fired by the inmates, one mortally wounding my brother and

another severely wounding Crayton. A few moments after, the cry of surrender came from the group huddled together in the building, and the firing ceased. My brother and Crayton were removed to the house of Dr. Mason, who had been for years our family physician, and where I knew they would be well cared for. My brother died in a few hours, but Crayton rallied for awhile, and died soon after the close of the war. The loss of these two gallant soldiers was deeply deplored by their comrades, and especially by myself. On the same day, just one year before, my brother Richard had been killed in a cavalry engagement at Parker's Store, near Fredericksburg, and of the four members of the family in the company I was the last. In this engagement we killed and wounded 11 of the enemy, captured 27 prisoners and 37 horses and equipments.

It seems a little strange in the light of recent publications of the War Records that success attended us in this attack, for we find that as early as November 23d, the day after the attack at Keyes's Ford, General Sheridan dispatched General Stevenson at Harper's Ferry as follows:

KERNSTOWN, VA., November 23, 1864.

General: It is reported that Major Congdon, of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry, reports the enemy in force at or near Charlestown. Find out if he has made this untruthful report. If the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry cannot keep that country clear of guerillas, I will take the shoulder straps off every officer belonging to the regiment and dismount the regiment in disgrace.

P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General.

And on the 28th of the same month he wires the commanding officer at Charlestown:

KERNSTOWN, VA., November 28, 1864.

COMMANDING OFFICER, Charlestown, Va.:

Look out for Mosby to-night.

P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General.

And Captain Payne, commanding the Twelfth Pennsylvania on the night of the attack, in his report, says:

I have the honor to report that in accordance with information of yesterday, our reserve post was attacked by the rebels last night between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, killing two men, wounding one, and capturing five of our men and 19 horses. The enemy lost in killed, one man (a young Baylor), and three wounded. They were about 200 strong, and attacked the post from different directions, dismounted. They were commanded by a major. Lieutenant Baylor was also with them, as his name was frequently mentioned by them at the time of the attack.

NATHANIEL PAYNE,
Lieutenant S. F. ADAMS, Captain Commanding.
Acting Assistant Adjutant-General,
Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

The eyes of the Captain on that night evidently had large magnifying powers when viewing our little band of 30 men, and corresponding minimizing powers when recounting his loss on that occasion. He was afraid of General Sheridan's threat.

After the fight at Charlestown, we retired to the neighborhood of Milldale, and got rid of our prisoners and booty. The enemy, it seems, took a scout around, as usual after a fight, and reported as follows:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND CAVALRY DIVISION,
December 1, 1864.

Major WILLIAM RUSSELL, Jr.,
Assistant Adjutant-General Cavalry:

Major,—The reconnoissance sent out yesterday under Major T. Gibson, Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, has returned, having thoroughly scouted the country between Millwood and Summit Point to near Charlestown. No enemy was seen. Mosby was reported to have been in Berryville on the 29th. Baylor, who commanded the party of rebels which fought the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry at Charlestown, was killed, with one man. The party dispersed after the fight.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. B. TIBBITTS,
Brevet Brigadier-General Commanding.

I am, notwithstanding this report, thanks to a kind Providence, still alive and hearty. We were not quiet very long. On the 6th day of December, with about 35 men, we made a little scout in the direction of the Double Tollgate, near White Post, expecting to meet some scouting party of the enemy in that direction. We remained in that vicinity until about 3 P. M., when we returned to Milldale, and there learned that two companies of the Twenty-first New York Cavalry, numbering about 100 men, had been there before us, had taken Jim Randall, one of our men, prisoner, had plundered the good citizens of everything valuable, and were not more than twenty minutes ahead of us. That was enough. Though we were greatly inferior in numbers, all clamored for pursuit. We started at a brisk trot and overtook them in about a mile. A charge was ordered, and we came down on them "like a wolf on the fold," with the usual rebel yell. In an instant we were among them, and they in full retreat. Just as I passed the rear of their column I saw Jim Randall in a fence corner disarming one of his captors. He recognized us, and shouted, "Give them hell, boys!" and we did. There was no halt or hesitation among our men. It seemed that each one was trying to be foremost. Lieutenant Holcombe, who was commanding the Yankee detachment, tried to rally his men, and at last, in very desperation, planted his horse across the road to stop them, but they deserted him, and soon our boys, with well-directed shots from their pistols, rolled him and his horse on the ground. It was about this point in the melee that our gallant comrade, Charles Broadway Rouss, who was always in the forefront in a fight, as he is in business to-day, bulged into a Federal trooper, knocking him and his horse down; but the shock threw his horse also, and the bold rider landed about fifteen feet off in a fence corner. But the net spot-cash vigor and nerve was in him then as now, and, mounting again, he was soon among the foremost in the pursuit, which continued for three miles or more. In this



A. H. Aisquith and L. L. Sadler.

engagement we killed and wounded 17, captured 35 prisoners and 37 horses and equipments.

On the next morning General Tibbitts reports as follows to General Sheridan:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND CAVALRY DIVISION,

December 7, 1864.

Major WILLIAM RUSSELL,

Assistant Adjutant-General of Cavalry:

Major,—Yesterday morning a detachment of 50 men of the Twenty-first New York Cavalry, under Lieutenant Holcombe, was sent to patrol the country in the vicinity of Morgan's and Howellville fords of the Shenandoah, with orders to return *via* Millwood. Full instructions were given to Lieutenant Holcombe, and he was cautioned to be constantly on the alert and ready for an attack. It appears from the statement of an officer who was with Lieutenant Holcombe, that he was attacked when near Millwood by a party of about 30 of the enemy, who came up the road in his rear. At the same time another party attacked them in the flank. There was apparently no fight at all, but a rapid and disgraceful flight. Lieutenant Holcombe was captured, and about 30 of his men. The remainder have come in. I transmit this at the hands of one of the officers who was with the party. The men will be sent immediately.

Respectfully,

WM. B. TIBBITTS,
Brevet Brigadier-General.

Again on the same day he reports as follows:

The scouts to the fords of the Shenandoah have returned and report all quiet. Lieutenant Holcombe was found at a house near White Post badly wounded. Three of his men were killed; 27 captured. The number of the enemy is estimated at 35.

WM. B. TIBBITTS,
Brigadier-General.

A summary of these fights—November 22d and 29th, and December 6th—will show that in fifteen days, with a company whose ranks had been depleted in a hard campaign with the Army of Northern Virginia, fighting on each occasion greatly superior numbers, we had killed and wounded 28, captured

75 men, and 100 horses and equipments. Before closing I wish to do justice to Lieutenant Nelson B. Holcombe. In reading over the War Records I find the following:

KERNSTOWN, VA., December 9, 1864.

Major-General H. W. HALLECK,
Chief of Staff:

I have nothing to report except the surprise and capture of a party of 27 men of the Twenty-first New York Cavalry. They belonged to a scouting party of the Second Cavalry Division. The officer in command was Lieutenant Holcombe. He was wounded. I have dismissed him from the service.

P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General Commanding.

I do not know whether Lieutenant Holcombe is dead or alive. If alive, this may be some consolation to him; if dead, as I had supposed from the nature of his wounds, a just tribute to his memory. My comrades and myself will cheerfully bear testimony to the fact that Lieutenant Holcombe, of all the men in his command, bore himself most gallantly in this fight. Having used his utmost endeavors to rally his men, and finding his efforts of no avail, he threw himself in the breach, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Comrade Rouss draws from this fight a useful lesson for the battle of life and business, and shows that success is due to vigilance and to holding our forces well in hand for sudden emergencies. He says: "I recall a parallel. A quarter of a century ago, in the war times, when Sheridan was sweeping up the old Valley with fire and sword with barbaric savagery, he had sent three hundred old defenceless people to prison, among them my father. He had just burned the town of Dayton because one of his plunderers had been shot, and he had heard of the meeting of a few rebel dare-devils on the Shenandoah and sent a Lieutenant Holcombe, of the Twenty-first New York Cavalry, with 100 picked blue-coats, to kill or capture the 30 desperadoes who had ventured so far within his lines. There was some miscalculation as to time, how-

ever. Holcombe had been there, and was leisurely returning, disappointed in his game, had ransacked every chicken-coop, smoke-house and dwelling, and his tired boys were loaded down with pigs, ducks, turkeys, hams, eggs, and the devil only knows what they had not. Thus they were loaded down with collaterals and negotiables, when that hungry, reckless little band of rough-riders struck them without counting, and charged with the old rebel yell. God Almighty! It was all over in less time than I write it. We got 65 prisoners, 29 were killed and wounded; 11 got away. We would have had them all, but one big German Yank stood square in the road brandishing his sword. He could not get out of the way nor could we stop. Baylor and I, side by side, struck him first. The collision was terrific; right after us came thundering the rest. Some had a dozen pistols. I had seven on my belt that day. Yes; that big fellow, that couldn't say a word in English, piled us all up in the road and saved the balance of his command. I found myself twenty feet away. I never saw Baylor again until night, but the 300-pounder lay coiled up in the fence corner, dead as Julius Cæsar, and the fleet-footed few escaped, or we would have had every one. The heroic lieutenant was as fierce and fearless as a lion, but his men were massed in the road, paralyzed and pulverized before they had time to fight or surrender. Like the rich old hundred percenter in the sweat-box, *his assets were in bad shape*, and on that country road, within rifle-shot of the camp-fires around old Winchester, by the Timberlake farm, that splendid soldier yielded up his life.

“That night on the Blue Ridge, that tired little iron band of victors had chicken and pies and cake, and lamb and sausage, and real coffee, and we fed the Yankees on Confederate hard-tack and water. The Great Lord had fought for us that day, and we went to bed for once on a full stomach, and in the drenching rain slept sound, never dreaming of the morrow. Had the heroic Holcombe had his forces in fighting trim, it would have been desperate work for us—four to one—but he was in bad shape, and in consequence he went down.”

CHAPTER XIX.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled.

Hood.

Several days after the Stone Bridge fight I learned through a reliable source that a bank had been established at Sharpsburg, Md., and that there was a considerable deposit of funds in the institution. The news had the effect of a Klondike craze on our impoverished men. Go, I must. With 15 men I essayed to cross the Potomac, some thirty miles in rear of the enemy's lines, and remove this deposit further South, where it was sorely needed and could be more easily circulated. The enemy at this time occupied Winchester, Summit Point, Charlestown, Halltown, Harper's Ferry, and stations along the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. By passing through this line at night we could avoid all obstacles to crossing the Potomac at Butler's Ford, ascending the river, crossing the canal on the bridge opposite Shepherdstown, and after a short ride, reaching Sharpsburg, seizing our coveted booty, and returning to the Blue Ridge before daylight. The scheme seemed feasible, the prize was alluring, and our hearts were in the enterprise.

Crossing the Shenandoah near Manning's Ferry just after dark on the night of the 12th of December, we passed safely through the enemy's lines between Charlestown and Halltown, and proceeded safely on our way. When near the Terrill farm we ran upon some Federal infantry engaged in the not very laudable enterprise of stealing sheep. We talked with them (feigning to belong to the Twelfth Pennsylvania

Cavalry, which we knew was stationed at Charlestown), gave them some sound views on the violation of the Eighth Commandment, and pressed on to Butler's Ford, where we crossed the river and started up the towpath towards Shepherdstown in order to get over the canal. A short distance up the towpath we met several canalboats loaded with grain on the way to Washington. As we passed the mule drivers we responded to their inquiries of "what command?" "Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry."

Leaving them behind we were soon within a few feet of the bridge over the canal, when we were suddenly halted by a half-dozen soldiers standing near the north abutment of the Potomac bridge. This was not in our program, and to say we were surprised, puts the matter very gently. To their inquiry, "Who comes there?" I responded, "Friend," and in a few moments the Sergeant was at my side, with his hand on my knee in the most friendly manner. Fortunately, the night was dark and little flakes of snow were falling. Our enemies were soon at ease and a good deal easier than we were. The men behind me were still as mice, and their silence somewhat oppressed me. I informed the guard that we were a scouting party sent out by General Stevenson (commander at Harper's Ferry), to arrest some disloyal citizens at Sharpsburg, and belonged to the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry, but had not been given the countersign, and did not know we had to pass through any of our troops. The Sergeant very courteously responded that they belonged to the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and had been sent to that post on that day; that he would call the officer of the guard, who, no doubt, would pass us through—and he proceeded to make his call. We then, for the first time, recognized the cavalry camp on the north bank of the canal, and our better judgment called for a retreat, as we were largely outnumbered.

The officer, a captain, was soon fully satisfied of our genuineness, leaned up against my horse and kindly offered to pass us through and back. But the risk was too great.



Seth M. Timberlake.

Visions of rope floated before me. The boys, in making a run on the bank in Sharpsburg, would likely create some disturbance if their checks were not promptly honored, and the troops at Shepherdstown, receiving notice, would probably bar our retreat, and all would, most likely, be hung up before morning. In order, however, to further allay suspicion, I informed the Captain that I did not like the business intrusted to me (and to his honor be it said, he didn't, either), and would rather he would decline to let me pass, as then I could go back and report to General Stevenson that he had failed to give me the countersign, and we could not get to Sharpsburg. To this he readily assented, and I ordered the boys to face about, which movement was responded to in double-quick time, and we were soon retracing our steps down the towpath.

We had been foiled in our monetary enterprise, and it was a sore disappointment, but we soon determined not to go home empty-handed. Quickening our gait, we soon overtook the canalboats passed on our trip up, and mules being the next best currency, proceeded to lay hold of these, all the time asserting we were the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry and were impressing them for government service. We gathered up some 15 or 16 and took the drivers with us to help bring them off. The boats were loaded with contraband, but mothers and children were on board, and our hearts were too tender to turn them out on that rough night, so they escaped destruction. We recrossed the river with our booty, and with quiet steps were soon in the neighborhood of our friend William Beall's farm, where we discharged the drivers, telling them we could now safely take the mules into Charlestown, and they could return to their boats. After we were out of sight of them we deflected from the route to Charlestown, recrossed the Shenandoah near Manning's Ferry, and laid down to rest at our old friend Nat Manning's house, to whom, in consideration of his kindness, we presented some six sets of harness which we had brought off. After the war

I saw his team in Charlestown accoutred with that same harness.

We learned a few days afterward that we had caused a little commotion in the camp of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry, as several hardy boatmen had appeared there on the next day, charging that honorable command with stealing mules; but, no mules being found, the crime was laid at the feet of Mosby's men—the scapegoats of Confederates in these parts.

General Stevenson seems to have been a little provoked at our interruption by the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry, for on the next day he indites the following letter:

HARPER'S FERRY, VA., December 13, 1864.

Major-General SHERIDAN:

General Sullivan has established a line of pickets on the Potomac river near Shepherdstown, with instructions to permit no crossing, they refusing to permit a patrol of mine to cross the river. I would respectfully ask if General Sullivan is acting under orders from superior headquarters. The pickets are within this military district, as I understand its limits.

JOHN. D. STEVENSON,

Brigadier-General Commanding,
Military District, Harper's Ferry.

To this letter General Sheridan replies:

HEADQUARTERS, WINCHESTER, VA.,

December 13, 1864.

General STEVENSON:

General Sullivan is not on duty, but awaiting orders. You must pitch into him. I have ordered the quartermaster's department at Hagerstown broken up and turned in to you.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-General.

Armed with this authority, the irate General writes as follows:

HARPER'S FERRY, VA., December 14, 1864.

COMMANDING OFFICER SIXTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY:

I understand that you have established a line of pickets on

the Potomac river, under orders from Brigadier-General Sullivan, interfering with the crossing of the Potomac river by persons with my passes, and also refusing to allow my patrol to cross. Major-General Sheridan has telegraphed me that General Sullivan is not on duty, but awaiting orders, and is not authorized to assume any command. This interference by your pickets in my military district with my command is all wrong. I desire you either at once to withdraw your pickets, or instruct them that they are alone to prevent crossing of contraband articles or rebels, and not to interrupt loyal citizens or troops on duty.

JOHN D STEVENSON,
Brigadier-General Commanding,
Military District, Harper's Ferry.

It would seem that Generals Sheridan and Stevenson were our friends and much incensed at our interception and interruption by the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry on this occasion, and if General Sullivan had attended to his own business and let other people's alone, especially General Stevenson's, we might have returned shouting like the fortunate back-comers from the Klondike.

The weather in December became intensely cold, and the ground was covered with snow. General Lee and his army entered the winter under the most disadvantageous and depressing circumstances. General Sherman had marched across Georgia to the sea, and the Confederacy was divided in twain. Our railroad communications with Richmond were being frequently cut, rations for men and forage for horses had become exceedingly scarce, and Lee's men were really suffering from hunger. Our army was greatly depleted and could not be recruited. The situation was desperate. Desertion was frequent, but possibly not more frequent among us than among our well-fed and well-clothed enemies. On December 20, 1864, we find the following:

Major-General A. V. KAUTZ,
Commanding Cavalry Division:

General,—The great number of desertions that we are now having from this army makes it necessary to exercise unusual vigilance and precaution to stop it. The Major-General com-

manding directs, therefore, that you instruct your officers and men on outpost and picket duty to use their utmost endeavors to arrest all whom they may see trying to desert; if necessary, to pursue and shoot them down. You will also inform your men that for every deserter apprehended a reward of \$30 and a month's furlough will be granted to the soldier making the arrest. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN W. TURNER,
Brigadier-General and Chief of Staff.

The investing army of General Grant was now fully three times as large as the defensive army of General Lee, but the *morale* of the latter was never better. The small force of General Early in the Shenandoah Valley was now diminished to supply General Lee's need in this dire extremity. The Confederate cavalry now in the Valley was scarce one-fourth that of the Federal cavalry. In the October report of Sheridan's army the effective men for duty in this arm of the service is given as 9,704, but in February we find the following:

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, D. C., February 28, 1865.

Hon. E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.:

Sir,—The great consumption of horses in the Shenandoah Valley is a most serious expense. It is reported to me that the last reports show a cavalry force in that region of a total strength, present and absent, of 26,803 men; present for duty, 11,214 men, and that there have been forwarded to the Shenandoah Valley between the 1st of December, 1864, and 20th of February, 1865, 8,265 cavalry horses as remounts. The government has apparently replaced the horses of three-fourths of the men present for duty in less than three months, during which time there has been no great battle.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

M. C. MEIGS,
Quartermaster-General and Brevet Major-General.

To oppose this immense body General Rosser had some 4,000 men, and with these the enemy was successfully harassed

in every direction, and kept in such a constant state of alarm that General Sheridan seems to have lost his temper, and writes :

WINCHESTER, VA., December 22, 1864.

HON. E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War :

Governor Boreman's telegram received. If I were to make disposition of the troops of my command in accordance with the information received from the commanders in the Department of Western Virginia, whom I have found, as a general thing, always alarming in their reports and stupid in their duties and actions, I certainly would have my hands full. I believe many of them more interested in coal oil than in the public service. It was only yesterday that Rosser was at Crab Bottom, according to their reports, on which, at the suggestion of General Crook, I sent a regiment to Beverly. It was only two or three days previous that Rosser was at Romney. They have annoyed me until, with your sanction, I would take great pleasure in bringing some of them to grief.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-General.

On December 20th, Sheridan sends General Custer with two brigades (Chapman's and Pennington's) up the Valley to the James river and across to Lynchburg, and General Torbert, with two divisions, by way of the east side of the Blue Ridge to the same destination, as will be seen by his order :

WINCHESTER, VA., December 20, 1864.

Lieutenant-General GRANT :

Information from General Custer is to the effect that Rodes's Division has gone to Richmond, and he thinks part of Wharton's. Rosser went back toward Lynchburg, and it is said intended to go in the direction of Wytheville. I have ordered Custer up the Valley to the James river and across to Lynchburg. I have ordered Torbert to edge in close to the Blue Ridge, so as to avoid the headwaters of the Rapidan, and to strike the railroad at Charlottesville, and follow up to Lynchburg, communicate with Custer, and unite with him.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-General.



Charles Trussell.

On the 21st, he wires General Grant :

“ I heard from General Custer at Harrisonburg. He is in fine spirits, and says he will, he hopes, spend his Christmas in Lynchburg. I heard from General Torbert last night. He was then near Sperryville. The weather is so bad—rain, snow and sleet—that I feel a great deal of anxiety about the horses. There are about 8,000 men on this raid; no artillery or wagons.”

But hopes are often blasted, and so they were with Custer. He shouted before he was out of the woods, and the next communication is less buoyant, as will be seen by Sheridan's telegram to Grant of date December 22, 1864 :

“ General Custer reports that at or near Harrisonburg he encountered Rosser's Division of Cavalry, supported by Rodes's Division of Infantry, the cavalry and infantry having marched from Waynesborough to meet him, and after a sharp fight before daylight he was obliged to come back. He captured two battle-flags and 33 prisoners. He has not yet reported to me the particulars. The fight was between Chapman's Brigade of Custer's Division, and Payne's Brigade of Rosser's cavalry. Payne's charged Chapman's camp, but Chapman was ready for him. I have not heard from Torbert, but sent this evening to apprise him of the condition of affairs with Custer.”

On the 24th of December, Sheridan wires General Grant as follows :

“ I have no information from General Torbert. Custer has sent in his report of the affair at Lacey's Springs, near Harrisonburg, between Chapman's Brigade of his division and Payne's Brigade of Rosser's. He repulsed and drove them, and there was no necessity for his return except bad weather and total absence of forage. Custer reports his loss at two killed, 22 wounded, and 20 prisoners. The fight occurred before daylight. Custer had 230 of his men frost-bitten on the expedition.”

First it was Rodes's Division of Infantry that caused Custer's retrograde movement and the relinquishment of his boasted Christmas dinner in Lynchburg, then it was cold weather. Rodes was no nearer than Richmond, and the weather about Lynchburg many degrees warmer than either Harrisonburg or Winchester. Geese are sufficiently learned to know this, and do not travel northward in winter. We find the truth of the matter in the following report :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

December 23, 1864.

HON. J. A. SEDDON :

On the 20th, General Early reported one division of the enemy's cavalry, under General Custer, coming up the Valley, and two divisions, under General Torbert, moving through Chester Gap with four pieces of artillery and thirty wagons. On the 22d Rosser attacked Custer's Division, nine miles from Harrisonburg, and drove him back, capturing 40 prisoners. This morning Torbert attacked Lomax near Gordonsville, and was repulsed and severely punished. He is retiring, and Lomax preparing to follow. R. E. LEE.

It is needless to add that Generals Torbert and Custer returned to Winchester in rather depressed spirits, and they and their commands remained quiet for some months. The loss of that Christmas dinner in Lynchburg was a sore disappointment to them.

On the 21st of December, Colonel Mosby was seriously wounded while sitting at the supper-table at the house of Mr. Lake, near Rector's Cross-Roads, by a detachment of the enemy under Major Frazer. He fell from the table to the floor, and though painfully wounded, had presence of mind sufficient to pull off his coat and conceal it, and, when asked by the Federal soldiers for his name, replied, "Lieutenant Johnson, Sixth Virginia Cavalry." They examined his wound, pronounced it mortal, and left him lying on the floor. As soon as the enemy left the house he was taken in an ox-cart and carried to a secure retreat, where he remained until he was able to be moved, when he was taken to Charlottes-

ville. It is very remarkable that his fine mare, with her trappings, was left by the enemy, hitched in front of the house, and was saved. After the enemy had retired some 10 to 15 miles they ascertained from some papers taken from the Colonel's pocket that he was the veritable Mosby, and hastily returned to the house, but the bird had flown, and, as usual, they locked the stable when *too* late, as will be seen by the following communication:

I exceedingly regret that such a blunder was made. I have given directions that all wounded officers and men of the enemy be hereafter brought in, although I thought any officer ought to have brains and common sense enough to do so without an order.

W. GAMBLE,

Colonel Commanding Brigade.

Colonel Mosby recovered, and was back with his command in March following.

Notwithstanding the large body of cavalry stationed during the winter at Winchester and vicinity, Company B maintained its position in the neighborhood, and in various sorties and assaults killed, wounded, and captured of the enemy more than three times its own numbers, besides inflicting other losses on the enemy.

CHAPTER XX.

I said Fitz James was brave,
As ever knight that belted glaive;
Yet dare not say that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood.

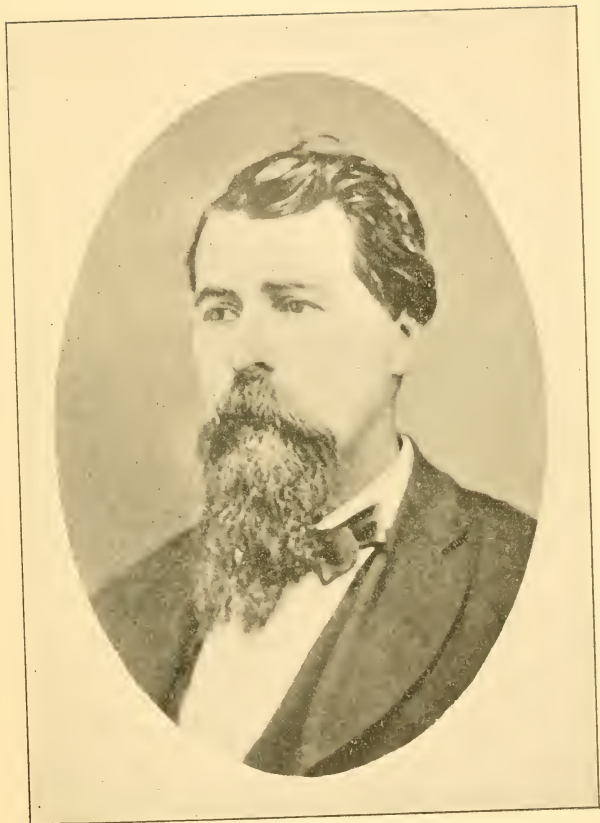
Scott.

From the last chapter it will be seen that Company B had little aptitude in monetary affairs, but greater capacity for handling mules than finances. Recognizing our natural abilities, we made another venture in the latter trade.

Having rested our horses and ourselves, and received information that the Federal post at Summit Point was engaged in cutting and hauling off the timber of citizens in that vicinity, on the 19th day of December, 1864, with some 20 men, a dash was made among the wood-choppers and haulers about a half-mile west of the station, and without any resistance 20 prisoners were captured and a like number of mules and sets of harness, all in full view of the infantry force of the enemy, which, instead of coming to the rescue of their comrades, took refuge in the block-house near by, and permitted us to ride off unmolested with our booty. The boys had some fun on the retreat, at the expense of one of the prisoners. Several inches of snow covered the ground, and to expedite our march the prisoners were required to ride the captured mules. Among the number was one who gave evidence of strong rebel propensities by refusing to act as war steed for a Yankee, and scarcely had the blue-coat landed across its back when, with a hump and a few broncho jumps, he landed his burden in the snow. The fellow was rather averse to trying the steed again, but a few not very mild persuaders from our boys soon changed his mind, and he was landed on his mule, and again found himself floundering in the snow. The poor fellow now begged heartily to be excused and expressed a decided preference for walking, but his scruples

against mule-riding were soon forcibly removed, and he mounted the animal again. This time, with determined resolution, he clinched his feet under the mule's belly, took firm hold of the harness, and successfully resisted every effort of the beast to dislodge him, thus winning the plaudits and commendations of friends and foes. The booty was brought off safely, the prisoners sent South, and the mules apportioned. Christmas week was spent among friends in Jefferson and Loudoun counties, enjoying the hospitality of a generous and patriotic people.

On the 27th of December, Charlie Henderson, Willie Mason, and myself spent the night with our friend, Mr. Henry Castleman, a gentleman in whose house every Confederate soldier met a warm welcome and a royal entertainment for those times. Having spent an agreeable night, we were taking leave in the morning, when our host informed us as a profound secret that at 2 P. M. on that day he was invited to dine with some neighbors and friends at Mr. R. H. Butcher's (who lived a short distance across the field), and suggested that it might be agreeable for us to happen in there about that time and enjoy a good, square meal. We gladly accepted the tempting suggestion, and promised faithfully not to betray him. The morning was passed in scouting around Summit Point in quest of an opening for a raid, and we arrived at Mr. Butcher's a little after the appointed hour, and found the neighbors, including our friend, seated at the table enjoying a royal feast. We were invited, of course, to partake, and with as much modesty and surprise as we could assume, accepted. The Federal cavalry were in the daily habit of making scouts in this neighborhood, and the host and his guests were apprehensive lest we should be discovered at the banquet and occasion the arrest and imprisonment of the whole party. This fear produced a very unappetizing effect upon them all, except our friend, Mr. Castleman, who seemed really to enjoy the situation and the discomfiture of his neighbors. Filling ourselves, like camels about to cross



Leonidas Tearney.

the Great Sahara, we mounted our horses, and bade them all adieu, apparently much to the relief of those left behind.

Near by a field of corn was discovered, and we entered a woods adjoining, unbridled, gathered some corn and fed our horses. As we lolled around, waiting until our steeds finished their feed, we noticed four cavalymen riding in our direction up the road by the old McPherson Mill. At first view, judging from their actions and manner of riding, Mason and myself pronounced them Jesse Scouts (a name applied to Yankees dressed in grey uniforms), but our comrade, who was always inclined to the other side on every question, asserted they were our men. When they had approached, however, within 200 yards, Henderson was convinced that Mason and myself were correct, and we quickly proceeded to bridle our horses and prepare for action. The fight before us was not underestimated. It was three to four, and Jesse Scouts were generally brave men, selected for perilous duty. Retreat was impossible; a high fence surrounded the woods, and our opponents had possession of the gate. We must fight or surrender. The latter idea could not be entertained for a moment. Riding boldly forward, facing our antagonists, striving to conceal on our part any movement or feeling of fear, we soon noticed a little tremulous movement on the other side and took courage. Having approached within fifty yards of them, one of the four called halt. That call did me as much good as the appearance of Blucher did Wellington. It evidenced fear on their part and made us feel bolder. One of the party inquired, "To what command do you belong?" I responded, "There are four of you and three of us, tell us to what command you belong." There was a pause and no reply. I realized the time had come to assume the offensive, and calling to them, said, "I will meet any one of you." And again there was indecision on their part, each appearing to desire his fellow to accept the challenge. After a short colloquy a big, burly-looking man, with a red nose, mounted on a light-grey horse, rode forward to meet

me, as I moved towards him. Mason and Henderson were cautioned to rush to my help as soon as I fired. I was assured they were Yankees, and acted accordingly. But there seemed to be still a lingering doubt in their minds as to our identity. We neared each other until our horses' heads met, both nerved to the highest tension, when my antagonist again inquired, "To what command do you belong?" His pistol was in his hand, under his coat-cape, cocked and ready. So was mine. Realizing that the truth would give him the advantage, I replied to his inquiry, "First New York Cavalry." That regiment was camped near Berryville. The same inquiry was propounded to him, and he responded, "Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry." Just then, raising my pistol quickly, I fired. I saw the bullet had struck, but had not seriously wounded my foe. His pistol was discharged from under his cape, and he turned and fled. His comrades, seeing the discomfiture of their leader, turned and fled also, and Mason and Henderson coming to my aid, we pursued the four nearly to Myerstown, but their horses being too swift for us, they escaped. A few days afterwards I learned from some parties in Kabletown that my first shot took effect in the right shoulder. This no doubt had prevented the rasing of his pistol and possibly saved me.

Was it justifiable to tell a story under these circumstances? My opponent told the truth, and it served him badly. Abraham, when in danger on account of the beauty of his wife, said, "She is my sister." In Scriptural wars the untruth was a frequent resort. In fighting an enemy we have the same right to fight with the tongue as the sword. If in war, killing is justifiable homicide, certainly lying is justifiable falsehood. Is not a feint a falsehood? Lee and Jackson misled the enemy by feints. However, on this occasion, there was no time to consider the ethics of the case; I was assured that a falsehood would be to my benefit, and did not hesitate to avail myself of it, and judged rightly, as my opponent immediately relaxed

his vigilance, advantage was taken of it, and the first shot obtained.

Our little fracas caused considerable commotion in the neighborhood, and we rested on our laurels that night at the home of a widow lady near by, who "showed us no little kindness." She had visiting her at the time a niece from New York. In the morning I found my hat decorated with a magnificent black plume—the *ue plus ultra* of a young cavalryman's aspirations—which was worn to the close of the conflict. That young lady after the war married a gallant Confederate officer.

Christmas, 1864, was spent by our boys among their relatives and friends in Jefferson and Clarke, and the Christmas turkey, mince-pie, and egg-nog were not wanting. Although our hosts had been plundered many times in the past few months, their larders resembled the Scriptural widow's barrel of meal and cruse of oil, and diminished not by frequent use in a good cause. The vigilance required to insure safety from near-by foes and their frequent scouts gave zest and relish to our appetites. The girls—bright, beautiful, charming girls—were abundant, and acted their part nobly, and if a susceptible soldier now and then had a couple or more sweethearts, the fault was pardonable, as the temptation was irresistible. The girls understood the situation as well as the boys, and patriotism frequently impelled them to court more than one champion.

I remember, while camping on the banks of the Rapidan, two members of the company, boon companions, one bearing the surname and the other the Christian name of the hero who was "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," being enamoured of a charming young lady of that vicinity bearing the name of one of our distinguished jurists. The two comrades compared notes and ascertained that each occupied the first place in the lady's esteem and affection. There was no challenge, no duel, not even an unpleasant ripple on the even tenor of their relations,

and each continued to enjoy the lady's entertainment and hospitality. But the brightest flowers must fade, and these happy hours were suddenly terminated by orders to move. The time allotted for preparation for this step was short, and would not afford opportunity for separate visits, so the twain called together to impart the sad news and bid adieu. Matters were arranged between the comrades on the way over. When the hitching-posts were reached, one of the horses failed to be fastened, and the suitors entered the house and were cordially greeted. The mission was explained, and many regrets expressed. Just then attention was called to the loose horse, and its owner proceeded to catch and fasten it. While absent, the other took advantage of the situation, bade farewell, and no doubt with ardor and affection. The loose horse was tied and the tied horse loosed, and the three were scarcely again seated before attention was directed to the loose horse, and its owner hastily repaired to the yard to secure it, and the remainderman improved the golden opportunity. When the absent returned, both bade a formal adieu and went on their way rejoicing in the happy moments and the square meals enjoyed, and the girl we left behind was happy, too, with the pleasing thought that she had made assurance doubly sure, and if one should be taken the other would be left. These little episodes were

"Sunny islands in our stormy main,
Spots of azure in our clouded sky."

During the winter the Yankees learned the abode of all of our boys' sweethearts, and frequently laid in wait to catch the unwary Leanders as they sought to steal a visit. The girls ought to have highly appreciated these calls, for, if caught, the charge would be recruiting within the lines, the poor fellow would be found guilty, and the death penalty inflicted. Such warring was not only ungallant and unchivalrous, but uncivilized, and not in accord with that noble humanity displayed by President Lincoln when he set aside the finding of

“ guilty ” of one of his courts-martial in the case of a young prisoner captured on a visit to his lady-love (but basely charged with recruiting within the lines) on the distinct ground “ that he was satisfied from the evidence there was a woman in the scrape and the conduct of the young man pardonable.” Indeed, Abraham Lincoln was a notable man. Before and during the war, as a mere boy, I had failed to appreciate his true greatness. Opinions were then based on prejudice rather than reason. Both by birth and education I was thoroughly imbued with the idea that nothing good could come out of the Northern Nazareth, certainly not in the shape of “ Abolitionist,” a name applied to adherents of the Republican party. It was not until that war was ended and Mr. Lincoln dead that his character could be calmly and dispassionately studied and understood. He was a man of wonderful goodness, sagacity, and foresight. As a soldier, he would have been a great general. In divining the movements of his opponents, his conclusions were more accurate and far in advance of his military leaders in the field. While there were apparent inconsistencies in his life, they can be reconciled, when they are critically examined, and his personal acts, which are purely his own, and his official acts, which in a large degree emanated from the head and heart of his ministers and advisers, are separated and analyzed. He always leaned to the side of mercy and humanity, and his faults, if faults they were, may be attributed to overzeal in this direction. Certainly, if he did not fully comprehend the fatherhood of God, he realized to its fullest extent the brotherhood of man.

My judgment as to the character of Mr. Lincoln is not founded so much on the writings of biographers (for such testimony must always be received with many grains of allowance), as upon his conduct and actions through those four years of severe trial. He emerged from that conflict a great man. His death was a serious loss to the entire country—greater to the South than to the North.



Wm. S. Thomson.

CHAPTER XXI.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!

Saxæ.

About the first of the new year (1865) the company was ordered to report to the command, then encamped near Swope's Depot, some five miles west of Staunton, and, with sad hearts, we bade adieu to our friends in the lower Valley and joined our regiment. We found sufficiency of food neither for ourselves or our horses. The weather was bitter cold, and the ground was covered with snow. After hungering and shivering in this camp some three weeks, we were again ordered to the lower Valley.

General Sheridan was still at Winchester, and his name recalls to my mind Byron's Corsair—

“ He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes.”

The character of the warfare waged by this commander can be best learned from his own orders, a few of which follow here:

KERNSTOWN, VA., November 26, 1864.

Major-General H. W. HALLECK:

I will soon commence work on Mosby. Heretofore I have made no attempt to track him up, as I would have employed ten men to his one, and for the reason that I have made a scape-goat of him for the destruction of private rights. Now, there is going to be an intense hatred of him in that portion

of the Valley which is nearly a desert. I will soon commence on Loudoun county, and let them know there is a God in Israel. Mosby has annoyed me considerably, but the people are beginning to see that he does not injure me a great deal, but causes a loss to them of all they have spent their lives in accumulating. Those people who live in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry are the most villainous in this Valley, and have not yet been hurt much. If the railroad is interfered with I will make some of them poor. Those who live at home in peace and plenty want the duello part of this war to go on, but when they have to bear this burden by loss of property and comforts they will cry for peace.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-General.

This, which could not be excelled by Weyler, was written by Sheridan after laying waste not only the Valley, but Fauquier and southern Loudoun. He did not frighten us, but drove us to desperation and retaliation. On the night of the 23d of January, having received information that several stores were operated in Shepherdstown under Federal permits, with some 30 men we entered the town, and sacked the stores, bringing off many articles useful and necessary for the men, their families, and sweethearts. As these stores would not sell their goods to rebels or rebel families, and were barred to us and ours, they were legal subjects of capture and confiscation. General Sheridan heard of this raid, and on the 25th wired General Stevenson:

"One of my scouts from Shepherdstown reports that 40 rebels entered that place a few nights ago and robbed two stores. Have you any facts in the case, and is it best to allow stores to be opened there?"

And General Stevenson replied:

"A party of rebel soldiers and citizens did rob a store at Shepherdstown of a small amount of goods. I saw the party robbed, who promised to furnish me the names of the parties engaged. My information is that the robbery was committed

by some rebel soldiers and citizens, and not by a party organized for a raid. There are but two or three stores and with small stocks."

This dispatch from Stevenson seems to have stirred the wrath of "Little Phil," for he immediately wires Stevenson:

"If you find any citizen harboring or abetting these robber bands in your district, drive off all their stock and burn all their grain. There are certainly some such people about Shepherdstown and its vicinity."

Suffice it to say the goods were safely brought through the enemy's lines, and served to gladden the hearts and homes of our lady friends. I regret to mention that this raid cost Comrades Sadler and F. J. Manning, after the war, under radical justice, about \$500 each—dear pay for their portion of the spoil!

After resting for a few days we were apprised by one of our scouts that a Federal paymaster would pass west on the Baltimore and Ohio express on the night of February 3d, and as our boys had not received any pay for some time, we thought this a golden opportunity to get a little remuneration. Gathering together about 30 men, we crossed the Shenandoah at Keyes's Ford, passed the enemy's lines between Halltown and Harper's Ferry, and reached the line of the Baltimore and Ohio just east of Duffield's about 10 P. M. Our horses were fastened about 500 yards from the railroad, and we proceeded on foot to the track to make preparations. The rails of the Baltimore and Ohio at that time were bolted together with wooden pieces, or stringers, and as we had no wrenches, we found it impossible to separate them. We prized up one side of the track, stayed it with ties, and laid down to await the expected train. A good, soft place had been selected, to minimize the damage to life on the train as much as possible. A few moments after finishing our preparations a guard came along, and was taken in without

trouble or noise, as troops were stationed at short distances on either side. Our waiting was not long; the rumble was heard in the distance; nearer and nearer it came, until the iron horse with his fiery head appeared in full view. All were eager and excited. The prize seemed in our grasp. The engine struck the obstruction; a great crash followed, and the train stopped. But, alas! it was only a special freight, running on express time. Our financial hopes were again blasted. The train was ransacked, abundance of wine, champagne, beer, and other drinks, with cakes, candies, coffees, sugar, oysters and other eatables were found and taken in possession as far as our capacities would allow. Some of the boys got rather to much of the liquids, and trouble was apprehended, if opposition should be encountered on our return. The men loaded themselves and their horses, some carrying as much as a sack of coffee, and we began our retreat. As the enemy's line had been crossed on our way over between Halltown and Harper's Ferry, it was prudent to pass back in the vicinity of Charlestown, and consequently we passed just east of that town, took the Kabletown road and recrossed the river at Myer's Ford. How well and wisely we planned will be seen from the Federal report:

BALTIMORE, MD., February 4, 1865.

HON. EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War:

I feel it my duty to report that 38 rebels were again permitted last night to throw off and rob a train, breaking the engine and cars, within three and a half miles of Harper's Ferry, in the immediate vicinity of the recent similar attack. May I ask that such instruction be given the commandant at Harper's Ferry as will prevent these frequent raids upon the road at points that can be certainly defended? The locality which has been so repeatedly attacked and about which special vigilance is required is where the road from Charlestown to Shepherdstown intersects our line.

JOHN W. GARRETT.

Secretary Stanton then wires General Sheridan :

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Washington, D. C., February 4, 1865.

Major-General SHERIDAN :

Another train was thrown off the track and robbed last night within three and a half miles of Harper's Ferry, in the immediate vicinity of a recent occurrence of like kind. I am apprehensive that General Stevenson is not sufficiently vigilant. The point of intersection of the roads from Charlestown with Shepherdstown, it seems to me, ought to be better guarded than has been done by Stevenson. Will you please give this matter attention? The interruption of trains there seems to be chronic, and may spread if not checked.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

General Sheridan seems to cast all the blame on Colonel Reno, and sends him this tart telegram :

CHARLESTOWN, W. VA., February 4, 1865.

Colonel M. A. RENO :

The country in your vicinity and out for a distance of ten miles is full of Confederate soldiers. With a regiment as strong as yours you should be able to capture many of them, and I will look to you to do so. At every house where you make a capture drive off all stock except one milch-cow, and notify the people that I will put them out of my lines and let their rebel friends take care of them.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-General.

Colonel Reno reports as follows :

Sir: I have the honor to report that the party which ran the train off the track on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, crossed at or near Keyes's Ford; had timely information of this crossing and their whereabouts, and would have succeeded in capturing some of them had my orders been obeyed. About 10 P. M. I sent out two parties under command of Lieutenants Guild and Chase. These parties were about 50 strong. Lieutenant Chase was ordered with his command to cover the roads leading to different fords through Bloomery. Lieutenant Guild was ordered to overtake and head off the



Richard Timberlake.

party, attack them and drive them back. After he left camp, instead of following them up he thought he had better move towards the river, the diametrically opposite direction from his orders. Lieutenant Chase, with good reason, did not expect our men in that direction, and fired into Lieutenant Guild's command. I regret to say that one man, Private Hogeland, Company D, was wounded. I have placed Lieutenant Guild in arrest, and now report him for immediate dismissal, as he is solely responsible for the miscarriage of my plans. I do not design that he be court-martialed, as that would occupy more time than he is worth. He is entirely unfit for a commission, inasmuch as he takes no pains to improve himself, nor does he study to render himself worthy of his position. He, although never what you could charge as drunkenness, is always full, and when not stupefied with whiskey, he is with opium. His performance last night is sufficient evidence to hang him. As far as I can learn, the rebels numbered about 30 men.

M. A. RENO,

Colonel Commanding Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

General Stevenson sent the above report to General Sheridan, and says:

"I forwarded you yesterday Colonel Reno's report of the party and the way in which he did not catch him."

Poor Guild was the scape-goat. After the capture we passed back within a half-mile of Colonel Reno's camp, and in a quarter of a mile of Lieutenant Chase's company, and they must have been stupefied also. A few days after this raid General Sheridan sent a regiment of cavalry to Duffield's with the following orders:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS,

February 5, 1865.

Brigadier-General T. C. DEVIN:

General,—The General Commanding directs that you will detail a strong regiment to take position at Duffield's Station, or as near that point as practicable, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, with instructions to protect the road in that vicinity. That neighborhood has of late been infested with guerrillas and men from the rebel army who are visiting their

friends, getting clothes, plundering, etc. These men have of late committed depredations on the railroad, throwing trains off the track, and robbing passengers. The commanding officer will make dispositions to prevent this in future in that vicinity. He will send out parties to scour the country and dispose of the *lawless ruffians* who are committing the outrages spoken of. No quarter will be given these persons who have destroyed by their actions the right to be treated as prisoners of war. When a guerrilla is found on a plantation, or at a habitation, the fences, etc., of the farm will be destroyed, and the citizens generally will be given to understand that if they continue to harbor these *villains* they will be turned from their houses and sent through our lines. The regiment will seek an eligible cantonment near Duffield's Station, and construct shelter for men and horses. Supplies will be drawn from Duffield's Station.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
A. F. HAYDEN, Assistant Adjutant-General.

If men in the discharge of their duty as soldiers, endeavoring to break the enemy's line of communication and cut off his supplies are to be treated as *lawless ruffians and villains*, has the vocabulary a name foul enough for the infamy of the man who burned the houses, barns, and grain of inoffending citizens, women, and children, and boasted himself that a crow in passing over this waste would have to carry his rations? In execution of his fiendish purpose, and on account of the capture of two members of our company (mere boys), who had gone home to see their mothers, he issued General McMillan this order:

"I want you to send to the house of Mrs. Alexander, where the guerrillas James Washington and Herbert Alexander were captured, and drive off all stock except one milch-cow, and burn every rail on the Claymont farm as a punishment for harboring guerrillas, notify the people in that vicinity that I will destroy every farm and drive off all stock wherever I find them harboring guerrillas, and put the people outside my lines in the direction of Richmond. *Report the execution of this order.*

P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General.

Sheridan was afraid that General McMillan had a heart that could feel, and the imperious mandate of humanity would alleviate the severity of his order, if not cause it to be ignored, and he therefore requires McMillan to report its execution.

Claymont at the date of this order was occupied by defenceless ladies, and this was known to Sheridan when he indited his order, as is shown on the face of the order itself.

Just a short time previous to the capture of Washington and Alexander, John E. Boyd, of Berkeley county, had been taken prisoner by one of Sheridan's scouting parties, and on the day of his capture this order was issued:

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 8.

HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION,

January 12, 1865.

A Confederate soldier, giving his name as John E. Boyd, caught within the lines of the army under circumstances which leave no doubt that he is a spy of the enemy's, and his manner since capture confirming this, the said John E. Boyd will at 12 o'clock, meridian, to-morrow, January 13, 1865, or as soon thereafter as practicable, be hung by the neck until he is dead. The Provost-Marshal-General of this army is charged with the execution of this order.

By command of Major-General Sheridan.

C. KINGSBERRY, JR.,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

In the practice of my profession, in the progress of a murder trial, the duty was devolved on me of asking for a continuance of the case, on the ground that the indictment had just been returned and the prisoner had not sufficient time to prepare his defence. The court, in overruling the motion, said, "*The Constitution guaranteed the prisoner a speedy trial, and he was going to give it to him.*" Sheridan in that case not only invoked this provision of the Constitution as interpreted by the *learned judge*, but he eliminated also the right of trial, either by jury or drum-head court-martial. I am glad, however, to state that our friend escaped the execution of this

vicious order, and is alive to-day, enjoying the good things of this life, while his would-be assassin has gone where he will receive the just reward of his actions.

Washington and Alexander, at the time of their capture (about eighteen years of age, mere frail boys), were cast into a cold, damp, and cheerless dungeon at Fort McHenry, and so cruelly and inhumanly treated that in a few weeks death relieved them of their sufferings. They were near kinsmen, and now lie buried near each other in the old Episcopal churchyard in Charlestown. On the grave-stone of the former is the simple inscription :

JAMES C. WASHINGTON,
Born Sept. 14, 1847;
Died February 28, 1865.
" God is Love."

And on the grand monument of his murderer should be in contrast the fitting epitaph :

The Devil is Hate.

It was now evident the Confederacy was nearing its end. Our army, without means of recuperation and without provisions and forage, was perishing from internal causes, and the men who had fought so gallantly for four years were now so dispirited that much of its vigor was lost, and it became an easy prey to the enemy.

On February 27th, General Sheridan, with the First and Third divisions of his cavalry, thoroughly equipped for the trip, left Winchester, marched south by way of the Valley turnpike, and reached Staunton on March 2d, without material opposition. From Staunton he moved to Waynesborough, where he encountered the remnant of General Early's army, and after a short contest completely routed it, capturing about 1,000 prisoners, and its artillery and wagon-train. Sheridan then moved to Charlottesville, down to the James river, north of Richmond. From thence he marched

to Hanover Courthouse, and round to the James below Richmond, crossed the river and joined Grant. A number of like expeditions, with Lynchburg as the objective point, had failed, because our army had men to oppose, but now we were helpless.

General Merritt, in his report, says:

“ Thus was completed a campaign which for brilliancy of conception and perfect success in execution has never been equalled in the operations of cavalry in this or any other country. The results attest the importance of the service performed. The remnant of Early’s famous Army of the Valley, which, less than a year before had environed the capital of the country, was captured or dispersed; his artillery, trains, correspondence and baggage in our hands. Two railroads and one canal, immense arteries of supply for the rebel Army of Northern Virginia, were completely disabled, and millions of dollars’ worth of rebel property, contraband of war, was destroyed or used for the command. The rapidity of our march over roads rendered almost impassable by heavy rains, which rendered the crossing of each petty creek a work of great labor and time, was truly marvellous, and led the enemy completely astray as to our movements. Over 350 miles were marched by the main body of the command, some parts of which made over 500 miles. Over 2,000 prisoners were taken, 18 pieces of artillery and a large number of arms, and many stand of colors. These are some of the substantial fruits of the expedition, which, while it inflicted immense damage on the Army of Northern Virginia, introduced for the first time to many of the responsible people of Virginia the stern realities of the wicked war they themselves had sought.”

Indeed, General, many an old Confederate and his horse who had been denied a morsel from the full meat-houses and corn-cribs of the people of Albemarle, rejoiced when they were opened at your command, “ Sesame.” These people had not seen the enemy until you appeared in their midst, and then



S. D. Timberlake.

they realized the value and worth of their defenders. Your sabers forced a generosity that would not respond to the earnest appeals of hunger and famine. But, General, your march was through the Confederate graveyard, and you needed only to whistle to keep up your courage; the bones of soldiery could do you no harm. The army had indeed knocked at the gates of your capital, but what you met at Waynesborough was only its remains, and the baggage capture of which you boast was as valueless as the formal dedication of the penniless groom, who solemnly says to his bride "with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

How great in contrast was the conduct and character of Generals Grant and Sheridan. General Grant never made war on defenceless people. There may have been depredations committed by his army in violation of his general orders, but the commanders were held to account and the offending parties punished, if caught. With Sheridan, however, his inferior officers and men were more humane than the General himself, and frequently refused to execute his orders. In comparison with orders of Sheridan I give one emanating from General Grant.

General Wilson, just prior to the fight at Sappony Church, had been on a raid through Southern Virginia, and his men had committed many depredations in violation of general orders and the usages of civilized warfare. In justice to General Wilson, I must say I am satisfied he disapproved of such conduct, and this is shown by his orders before and his reports after the raid. The conduct of General Wilson's men was brought to the notice of General Grant through a copy of a Richmond paper that fell into his hands, and he writes General Wilson:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
July 1, 1864.

Brigadier-General J. H. WILSON,

Commanding Third Cavalry Division:

General,—I am directed by the Major-General command-

ing to invite your attention to the editorial article in the *Richmond Examiner* (copy herewith), commenting on your recent expedition. The commanding General cannot believe the statements of the article are well founded, but as the case of alleged depredations are in several instances cited with particularity, he deems it due to you as the commander of the expedition that you shall be made acquainted with the serious charges against its management set forth in the article in question, and be allowed an opportunity of denying them; and he also desires to have your report, so that he may be prepared to promptly answer any official call that may be made upon him for information touching the allegations, should the matter hereafter be brought to his notice. I am also directed to transmit to you in this connection a copy of General Orders No. 24, of the 27th ultimo, from these headquarters, republishing orders heretofore, relative to seizure of property; and in view of the orders in force in this army upon the subject, the commanding General is reluctant to conclude that they have been vioiated in your command by the seizure of property not recognized as legitimately liable to capture or by the appropriation of property seized to private purposes. The commanding General wishes you to have at once a thorough inspection made of your command with a view to ascertain whether any of the officers or men have in their possession any plate, watches, etc., taken under the circumstances in the editorial.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient,

S. WILLIAMS,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

“The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is often interred with their bones.”

CHAPTER XXII.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

Moore.

February, 1865, like the preceding month, was intensely cold, and both sides were busily engaged in keeping warm and comfortable. March followed with more genial skies, and the armies began to stir. General Sheridan having moved from Winchester, with two divisions of cavalry, joined General Grant's army around Petersburg. General Hancock succeeded him in command, and made new arrangement of military posts, and some days were spent by us in familiarizing ourselves with the situation.

On March 13th, with seven men, we crossed the Shenandoah, then much swollen, swimming our horses, struck the Berryville turnpike, a mile south of Charlestown, about 10 P. M., and moved cautiously in the direction of the town, then garrisoned as a Federal post. At the toll-gate, then located within the present corporation limits, we were halted by the enemy's picket, a single soldier, who demanded, "Who comes there?" I responded, "Friend to Abe Lincoln." The picket then replied, "Advance and give the countersign." Advancing until within a few feet of him, I discovered he was covering me with his gun. I realized that a *ruse de guerre* was necessary. I was riding at the time a little sorrel horse, Jeb, an almost perfect cavalry steed, learned in many accomplishments, who would rear whenever desired.

This picket was on the alert, and I must divert his attention. A stroke on the neck, and Jeb rose on his hind legs, and as he did so, I shouted, "Take down your gun, you frighten my horse." Down it went, and in a second my pistol was at his head, with a demand, "Surrender, you son-of-a-gun." This was my favorite salute to the Yankees on such occasions, and was as near swearing as anything I did during the war, and I believe it had as much effect as something stronger. The soldier's gun dropped on the ground, and up went his hands. My comrades now coming up, the countersign was demanded of the prisoner and given to us without hesitation. Death was the penalty threatened if it proved to be wrong. The prisoner then directed us to the next post westward, where the countersign proved genuine, and this picket also was gathered in. The town was surrounded with a cordon of pickets, and the full circuit was made and all the posts relieved without trouble or alarm until the last was reached. This post was just east of the one first taken, on the hill in rear of the Academy. As my recollection now serves me, there were with me on this occasion. Douglas Mason, Howard Kerfoot (now the distinguished Baptist divine), Jim and Shannon Gallaher, Ike Anderson, Bob North, and Willie Johnson. The pickets up to this one had been relieved by me without the least difficulty. Doug. Mason requested and was granted permission to relieve this last fellow, as I apprehended no danger. When a halt was demanded and the sentinel's inquiry had been answered, "Friends, with countersign," Mason rode forward at the demand, "Advance and give countersign," until close to his man, when he was ordered to dismount. As this fellow was evidently more cautious than his fellows a little apprehension was felt for Mason's safety, and the next moment was awaited with suspense. Suddenly two shots rang out simultaneously on the night air, breaking the solemn stillness of the hour. Dashing up, I found Mason and the Yankee lying on the ground, Mason shot through the shoulder and the Yankee through the stomach. No disturb-

ance had been made until the encounter with this picket, but now the alarm was given, and a speedy retreat was necessary, as the reserve would soon be upon us. Putting Mason on his horse, I started south on the Berryville turnpike, Mason, prisoners and small guard in front, and some three or four in rear to protect them. The enemy pursued only a short distance, and very cautiously. Halting at each favorable point, the advance was greeted with a little volley, which seems from the enemy's account not to have been without effect. After passing Roper's Hill the pursuit seems to have been abandoned, and Mason was taken into Mr. Milburn's house on the Frame (now Burns) farm, his wound dressed and bound. Our retreat was then continued to Clarke and Warren counties, and the prisoners sent to Gordonsville.

The enemy's report of this affair, contained in the following dispatches, is very meagre :

HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION,
March 15, 1865.

General STEVENSON, Harper's Ferry :

General Hancock wishes to know whether there is any truth in the report that the guerrillas attacked some of your pickets the other night, killing one of Reno's men.

C. H. MORGAN, Brevet Brigadier-General.

HARPER'S FERRY, March 15, 1865.

Brigadier-General MORGAN, Chief of Staff :

On the evening of the 13th instant a party of guerrillas attacked one of Reno's picket posts, killing one man and wounding two others.

JOHN D. STEVENSON,
Brigadier-General.

The streams continuing swollen, operations were suspended for some weeks. On the 5th of April, at North Fork Church, in Loudoun county, Colonel Mosby, who had recovered from his wound and returned to his command, organized another company (H), and the following officers were elected : George Baylor, captain ; Edward F. Thompson, first lieutenant ; James G. Wiltshire, second lieutenant ; and B. Frank Carter, third lieutenant.

The mode of this election was unique and novel, and would do credit to the Sachem of Tammany. Colonel Mosby was present, and the men were drawn up in line facing him. The men were mostly personally unknown to me, and how a lot of strangers were going to elect me their captain was an enigma my juvenile brain could not solve. But Colonel Mosby had promised I should be captain, and I had abiding faith in him, so I remained near by to see how it would be accomplished. At that time I was young and little versed in politics and the ways of the heathen Chinese. Colonel Mosby then called attention, and said, "Men, I nominate George Baylor, of Jefferson county, captain of this company." He did not wait for a second, but continued, "All in favor of Baylor as captain, say aye." There was a feeble response along the line, and much apprehension was felt by me to hear the negatives, but no opportunity was afforded the negatives, and proclamation was immediately made by the Colonel, "George Baylor is unanimously chosen captain." The other officers were elected in the same extraordinary way, and the Colonel pronounced the company ready for service, and ordered me to take it on a scout to Jefferson and baptize it. The company numbered about 50 men, and were well mounted and equipped. According to the Mosby custom, I disbanded the company for the night, with orders to meet next morning at Snickersville. The company met according to order, and, crossing the Shenandoah at Snicker's Ferry, moved off in the direction of Charlestown. On the way I learned that the Loudoun Rangers were camped near Millville (Keyes Switch, as it was then called), and that most of the Federal cavalry had gone up the Valley. The Loudoun Rangers were two companies composed of men from Loudoun county and the neighboring country, and Mosby's men had long been desirous of capturing them. Here was the opportunity: a regiment of infantry was camped just east of Halltown, picketing down to the river, and it was necessary to pass through this line of infantry pickets to reach the

Rangers' camp. The infantry picket was approached about 10 A. M., saluted, and passed without molestation, our men keeping perfectly in rank, and making no effort to capture or disturb them. This picket very politely gave us the usual military salute—"present arms"—but some of our boys, who took a sly glance at them, say it was the most tremulous salute they ever witnessed. Having safely passed the infantry picket line, we rode quietly to within fifty yards of the Rangers' camp, and seeing them in their cavalry tents, horses tied to stakes, and engaged in various diversions, ordered a charge. They outnumbered our force two to one, but we were playing a bold game, and the bold game generally wins in war as well as in cards. With two jacks and the joker in our hands, our opponents must yield. A general flurry and commotion followed our charge. A few seemed disposed to fight, but most to surrender. A few shots soon quieted the more pugilistic. Some ran for the bushes and made good their escape, but the greater part were made prisoners. The loss of the enemy was two killed, four wounded, 65 prisoners, 81 horses and equipments; our loss, one wounded, Frank Helm, of Warrenton. This was a pretty good beginning for Company H, yet scarce two days old, and it felt proud of its achievement. Gathering up the prisoners, horses and equipments, the tents and wagons were fired, and Company H rode off, while the Federal infantry in full view were sounding the "long roll" and falling into line. The river was crossed at Keyes's Ford, and pursuit was not attempted by the enemy.

Since writing the foregoing I have seen a volume entitled "Loudoun Rangers," written by Briscoe Goodhart, who claims to have been a member of that command, and found therein the following account of the affair:

"April the 6th, the command, or rather what few were at the camp, were taking their ease, when a body of about 250 men in blue uniform approached from the northwest, or the Charlestown turnpike. Little attention was given, as it was



James T. Trussell.

supposed this was a body of Custer's Cavalry, that was known to be in the Valley. The column came up to less than fifty yards, when they dashed into our camp, capturing the majority of the few that were there. This force proved to be Mosby's command, who thus approached our camp under the guise of Federal troops. We had about 20 broken-down horses in camp, and most of them were taken. As they undertook to recross the Shenandoah river our pickets that were stationed there in charge of George V. Kern, opened fire on them, wounding several. One picket, Frank Kidwell, of Company B, was dangerously wounded and left on the field for dead. Richmond having fallen into Federal hands, these prisoners were kept in custody by Mosby about one week and paroled."

This statement is very incorrect, probably because the author was not present on this occasion. Our men did not exceed 50. The company had only been organized the day before, and its ranks were far from full. Neither is it true that we wore blue uniforms. I remember that when the camp of the Rangers was entered, David Mohler, orderly sergeant of the company; Lieutenant Wiltshire (now Dr. James G. Wiltshire, of Baltimore), and myself were riding in front, and were all dressed in grey uniforms, and while there may have been an occasional blue overcoat, I know that the men generally wore Confederate attire. I am impressed with the fact of Wiltshire's presence in front by an incident then occurring. As the company was new and untried, I thought possibly some of the men might fall back if stubborn resistance was made by the enemy, so I directed Wiltshire to repair to the rear and see that the men kept closed up. He very feelingly replied: "Captain, don't send me to the rear; I am not accustomed to occupy that place when there is a fight before us." I fully appreciated his disinclination and did not further insist. We did approach very near before assuming a hostile attitude. We sailed into that camp much like Dewey sailed into the harbor of Manila, fully resolved to whip these Yankees, or

get an awful whipping ourselves. I am fully aware that these Rangers were surprised and taken at great disadvantage, but the fact is they greatly outnumbered us. Some of them were at the river near by fishing and escaped in the undergrowth, as did also a portion of those in camp, but some 65 men were taken prisoners, and the Loudoun Rangers thereafter ceased to exist. The horses there captured were not broken down, but among the finest taken during the war. A fine grey horse, the property of Captain Grubb, then commanding the Rangers, was presented by Company H to Colonel Mosby, and a fine bay mare was retained and ridden by me, and the residue divided among the company, while a dozen or so were restored to their lawful owners, from whom they had been recently taken.

General Stevenson, commanding at Harper's Ferry, and under whose orders the Loudoun Rangers were acting, on the same day of the capture wires General Hancock at Winchester as follows:

HARPER'S FERRY, April 6, 1865.

Mosby surprised the camp of the Loudoun Rangers near Keyes's Ford and *cleaned them out*. He made the attack about 10 A. M. I have sent out some infantry. When I get a report I will send you particulars.

JOHN D. STEVENSON,
Brigadier-General.

Does this sustain Mr. Goodhart's version of the affair?

General Hancock, in his official report of this affair, says:

"On the 6th of April, a body of Mosby's guerrillas surprised the camp of the Loudoun Rangers, near Charlestown, capturing a number of men and nearly all their horses."

Is this the language of a general reporting the capture of a few broken-down horses?

Lieutenant-Colonel D. R. Clendenin, of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, who was scouting through Loudoun county about this time, in his report, says:

"On the 6th, 40 Federal prisoners passed through Upper-

ville, having been taken by Mosby's men, near Harper's Ferry. These prisoners were reported to belong to the Loudoun Rangers."

Major Scott, who wrote in 1867, "Partisan Life with Mosby," when these events were fresh in the mind, and all the actors on both sides in being and accessible, says:

"He (Baylor) took the precaution to pass in between Halltown (where there was a brigade of infantry) and the camp. When within fifty yards of the Loudoun Rangers, the order to charge was given. Two of them were killed, four wounded, and 65 taken prisoners, together with 81 horses with their equipments. The rest of the command sought refuge in the bushes. The only loss which Baylor sustained was Frank Helm, of Warrenton, who was wounded as he charged among the foremost into the camp. When Major-General Hancock, so distinguished in the Federal Army, heard of Baylor's exploit, he laughed heartily, and exclaimed, 'Well, that is the last of the Loudoun Rangers.'"

It is the province of the true historian to sift the truth from conflicting statements, and the reader may form his own conclusions as to this affair!

It may be of interest to some readers to know from whence sprang "Mosby's men," and how they lived and maintained themselves within the enemy's lines. Until the early spring of 1863, Mosby's command had no regular organization, and although its chief had no real title, he was generally known as "Captain Mosby," a private in the First Virginia Cavalry, on scouting duty for General Stuart. About the 12th of March, Mosby made a daring raid on General Stoughton, at Fairfax Courthouse, brought himself into prominence before his superiors, and was honored by the following general order:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION,
March 12, 1863.

Captain John S. Mosby has for a long time attracted the attention of his generals by his boidness, skill, and success, so

signally displayed in his numerous forays upon the invaders of his native State. None know his daring enterprise and dashing heroism better than the foul invaders, though strangers themselves to such noble traits. His late brilliant exploit—the capture of Brigadier-General Stoughton, United States army, two captains, 30 other prisoners, together with arms, equipments, and 58 horses, justifies this recognition in general orders. The feat, unparaleled in the war, was performed in the midst of the enemy's troops at Fairfax Courthouse without loss or injury. The gallant band of Captain Mosby share the glory as they did the danger of this enterprise, and are worthy of such a leader.

J. E. B. STUART,
Major-General Commanding.

A short time after this adventure, Mosby received the following:

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
March 23, 1863.

Captain JOHN S. MOSBY:

Captain,—You will perceive from the copy of the order herewith inclosed, that the President has appointed you Captain of Partisan Rangers. The General commanding directs me to say that you proceed at once to organize your company, with the understanding that it be placed on a footing with all troops of the line, and to be mustered unconditionally into the Confederate service for and during the war. Though you are to be its captain, the men will have the privilege of electing the lieutenants, so soon as its numbers reach the legal standard. You will report your progress from time to time, and when the requisite number of men are enrolled, an officer will be designated to muster the company into service. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. H. TAYLOR,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

On the 20th of March, General STUART writes:

Dear Captain: I inclose your evidence of appointment by the President in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States. You will perceive by General's Lee accompanying instructions, that you will be continued in your present sphere

of conduct and enterprise, and already a captain, you will proceed to organize a band of permanent followers for the war, but by all means ignore the term "Partisan Rangers." It is in bad repute. Call your men "Mosby's Regulars," and it will give a tone and meaning and solid worth which all the world will soon recognize, and you will inscribe that name of a fearless band of heroes on the pages of our country's history and enshrine it in the hearts of a grateful people. Let "Mosby's Regulars" be a name of pride with friends and respectful trepidation with enemies.

You will have to be very much on your guard against incorporating into your command deserters from other branches of the service. Insist on the most unequivocal evidence of honorable discharge in all cases. Non-conscripts under and over age will be very advantageous. Their entry into service must be unconditional, excepting that you are their captain, and their lieutenants to be chosen by the men, *provided no unworthy man be chosen*. As there is no time within which you are required to raise this command, you ought to be very fastidious in choosing your men, and make them stand the test of battle and temptation to neglect duty, before acceptance.

I was greatly obliged to you for the saddle of Stoughton. I wish you would send me whatever evidence you may be able to furnish of Miss Ford's innocence of the charge of having guided you in your exploit at Fairfax, so that I can insist upon unconditional release.

Be vigilant about your own safety, and do not have any established headquarters anywhere but "in the saddle."

I hope Mrs. Mosby reached you in safety. My regards to her, if still with you. Your praise is on every lip, and the compliment the President has paid you is as marked as it is deserved.

Very truly yours,

J. E. B. STUART.

The name "Mosby's Regulars" did not long adhere to the command, but was soon supplanted by friend and foe with that more descriptive and more popular name, "Mosby's Men." Stuart's advice was taken and the men were chosen by Mosby after satisfactory trial, and were principally young unmarried men. They had no tents, or baggage, or commissary wagons, but had homes within Mosby's Confederacy,



Moses Trussell.

which comprised the counties of Fauquier and Loudoun, and used these homes, as the foxes do their dens, as places of abode in hours of safety, and to be avoided in hours of danger. The command met by appointment or summons, and went off on forays into the enemy's camps, and, returning, divided the spoils and dispersed among their abodes :

“ Then sweet the hour that brings release
 From danger and from toil,
 We talk the battle over
 And share the battle spoil;
 The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
 As if a hunt were up,
 And woodland flowers are gathered
 To crown the soldier's cup,
 With merry songs we mock the wind
 That in the tree-top grieves,
 And slumber long and sweetly
 On beds of oaken leaves.”

When not on duty the men enjoyed various diversions—horse-races, card-parties, and dances principally. The belles of Virginia were abundant and beaux were plentiful. The danger that surrounded them gave zest and piquancy to their sports and frolics.

There was not an unmarried man in Mosby's Confederacy who did not have one sweetheart at least, and some had more than their share. The religious side of the men was somewhat neglected. The command possessed a chaplain in name, but fear the chaplain's practices, if not his tenets, tended more towards the broad than the straight and narrow way. He was generally found among the gay and festive, dancing to the tune of “Sugar in the Gourd,” or, “All Around the Chicken Roost,” or, around the gaming-table, shouting, “High, low, jack and the game,” or, at the race betting on the “grey mare.” But there were many pious men among “Mosby's Men,” whose noble examples did much towards leavening the whole lump, and who to-day stand in the foremost ranks of the Christian ministry. The men were not paid by the Confederate Government, but were allowed

all captures, and on these they maintained themselves and fared sumptuously. These spoils were generously shared with the home-folks of our shebangs and our chief circulating medium was "booty and greenbacks."

My home was chosen about two miles south of Hillsboro, at the eastern foot of the Blue Ridge, on the western border of the Mosby Confederacy, with this mountain and the Shenandoah river on its western side as barriers from attack in that quarter. In this rural retreat, I was never disturbed by the Yankees, and heartily enjoyed the sumptuous entertainment and quiet repose found there. I was in every respect as snug as I could wish, and looked forward with many hopes and aspirations to my new sphere of action.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Farewell, fallen brothers, though this life be o'er,
There's another, in which we shall meet you once more.

Schiller.

Soldier, rest; thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking,
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of sighing, nights of waking,
Morn of toil or eve of breaking.

Scott.

On April 8, 1865, Mosby's command, pursuant to orders, met at Upperville, and Companies D and H were ordered on a scout down in Fairfax county. Captain Glasscock, of Company D, being my senior, the command of the squadron and the responsibility of the venture devolved upon him. This was a great relief to me. My ambition was to excel in the performance of duty rather than to aspire to be a leader among men. While the men shared equally with the leader in the glory of a victory, the leader alone must bear the shame and ignominy of defeat. It was especially pleasing on this occasion to have another lift this burden from my shoulders, as the expedition was bound to a strange part of the country, and its aim and object, as well as a great majority of the command, were unknown to me.

The march was made to Salem, (now Marshall) on the 8th, and the squadron was disbanded, with instructions to meet on the next day at the Plains. Rest and refreshment were found by me at the hospitable mansion "Waveland," where pleasure and enjoyment could always be found with the hosts of young company usually found there.

The command assembled on the 9th at the appointed time and place, and there I learned, to my great regret and surprise, from a note received from Captain Glasscock, that he would be unable to accompany us on account of his wedding,

which would take place in a few days. The command thus devolved upon me. It was an honor little coveted, but one from which I could not shrink. If I had been given a little more time, I might have found myself in an equally excusable situation. Having acquainted myself with the destination of our expedition and our guides, I moved off across Bull Run mountains, not without some misgivings, and camped that night at a place called Arundels, a short distance from Fairfax Station. The rain was falling in torrents, and our preparations were not made for such weather. About the middle of the night one of our officers, familiar with the country and the people, informed me that a house full of young ladies was close by, and proposed that I should go with him, find shelter, and a pleasant visit. Such a tempting solicitation could not be resisted. On reaching the house, I found quite a lot of our men had preceded me, and were in possession of the premises and the ladies, having a hilarious time. I soon felt that the entertainment and the ladies were not congenial, and having fully informed myself of the situation and proximity of the enemy, returned to our camp in the woods, full of suspicion of the loyalty of our hostess. Fearing a surprise, I passed the remainder of the night in suspense and trepidation, and gladly hailed the morning light. At day-break the squadron was mounted and moved in the direction of Burke's Station, trusting our presence had not yet become known to the enemy. But it seems the bird had flown, the Yankees had been apprised of our number, whereabouts and destination. As we approached Burke's Station, we found the mule teams, the object of our raid, gone, our scheme and enterprise frustrated, and the enemy preparing for us a warm reception. Seeing that the expedition was fruitless, we began to retrace our steps and reached Arundels, Lieutenant Carter being in the rear with some twenty men to prevent surprise. Just as the head of the column passed the Arundels house and Fairfax Station road, our men were assailed in the rear, and the rear-guard forced into our

column, creating some consternation and confusion. The squadron was quickly faced about, and the enemy's charge repulsed. But their reinforcements coming up at this time, our men were brought to bay and victory lingered in doubt. Assured that a bold dash would save us, I endeavored to urge our men to charge, but they had now become somewhat dispirited and disorganized, and all attempts in that direction were futile. In this effort I was ably assisted by some of the officers and men of the command. In a short time our line began to waver and break, and retreat was inevitable. About two hundred yards south of Arundels was an open space of ground favorable for cavalry movements. Here I proposed to make a stand, and had succeeded in rallying about 50 men, but when the enemy approached and opened fire they gave way and joined in the retreat. The pursuit lasted until the Occoquan was crossed at Wolf Run Shoals, and it is there that Lieutenant Wiltshire claims the honor of having fired the last shot of the war. I was much mortified at the result of this fight, but felt I had done my best to avoid it. In this engagement my horse was shot in the nostrils and foreleg and nearly succeeded in unhorsing me. Company D in this fight numbered about 75 men, and Company H, about 40 men. Opposing us were Companies G, H, and K, Eighth Illinois Cavalry, under Colonel Albright, about 250 men. The loss on each side was nearly equal, as will be seen from the Federal account.

APRIL 10, 1865.

General GAMBLE:

I have just come into camp from a fight with a battalion of Mosby's men, under command of Captain Baylor. I whipped him like thunder, and captured a number of horses and some provisions. Had a few men wounded and a half-dozen horses killed. Will send a full account at an early hour.

CHARLES ALBRIGHT, Colonel.

Colonel Albright may have captured a couple of horses, but where he found those provisions I cannot imagine, as Mosby's men had no wagons, or even haversacks. They usually car-

ried their provisions in their stomachs, and not much there on this occasion, as we were without breakfast that morning. The Colonel possessed as keen a perception as the old darkey who saw *provisions* in the Constitution.

During the day, the Colonel gives his full report of the fight, in which the *provisions* are not mentioned:

FAIRFAX STATION, April 10, 1865.

I have the honor to report that this morning I received information through a source I considered reliable, that a force of rebel cavalry was south of this post, moving towards Burke's Station, for the purpose of capturing teams at work there. I immediately ordered out all the cavalry I have under my command, and started in the direction indicated. About three miles from here I came upon the trail of the enemy and followed it towards Burke's Station, in the neighborhood of which place some shots were exchanged between the enemy and a detachment of Company K, Eighth Illinois Cavalry. The rebels upon being discovered beat back into the woods, and upon my recovery of the trail again, followed, taking with me Lieutenant Hupp's command. At Arundels I discovered them formed into line, and behind the house, barn, and fence. I ordered my men into line as rapidly as I could, advanced and opened fire. The rebels soon broke and I charged after them. We drove them to Wolf Run Shoals, and saw their rear cross. I did not deem it prudent to follow any farther, as our horses were pretty well exhausted, and the column pretty well scattered along the road. The enemy's force was a battalion of Mosby's command, Companies D and H, Captain Baylor in command. Captain Briscoe was in command of Company D, numbering altogether about 150 men. They had started from Upperville on Saturday morning last. The casualties are as follows: Company G, two men slightly wounded, three horses killed and three wounded; Company H, one horse killed; Company K, one horse killed and one wounded. Richard McVey, wounded seriously; Edward Heflebower, Thomas H. Harvey, Engineer Bureau; Lieutenant Company F, Sixth Missouri; First Sergeant David G. Mohler, Company H, and Samuel Rodgers; six horses captured and six or eight horses killed; seven complete sets of horse equipments. I cannot speak too highly of the gallantry of Captain Warner, Lieutenants Brooks and Huff, and also

of their men. It is also my duty to add that the information was brought me from Arundels, a heretofore suspected rebel family. Shall I send the prisoners over?

CHARLES ALBRIGHT, Colonel.

From this report it seems my suspicions about the Arundel family were well founded and the failure of the expedition must be laid at the door of our unfaithful friends. The enemy seems to have confounded our squadron with the detachment of Mosby's command under Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman, which had been wintering in the Northern Neck.

FAIRFAX COURTHOUSE, VA., April 10, 1865.

Lieutenant-Colonel I. H. TAYLOR,

Chief of Staff, Department of Washington:

Colonel,—The detachment of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, which went out this morning, as previously reported, from Fairfax Station, met Mosby's Battalion, from the Northern Neck, under Captain Baylor, and, as usual, whipped it like the devil. The Eighth captured a number of horses and some prisoners. Had a few men wounded and a half-dozen horses killed. A detailed report will be made as soon as practicable.

WILLIAM GAMBLE,

Colonel Commanding Brigade.

General Augur then inquires:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF WASHINGTON,

TWENTY-SECOND ARMY CORPS,

Washington, D. C., April 10, 1865.

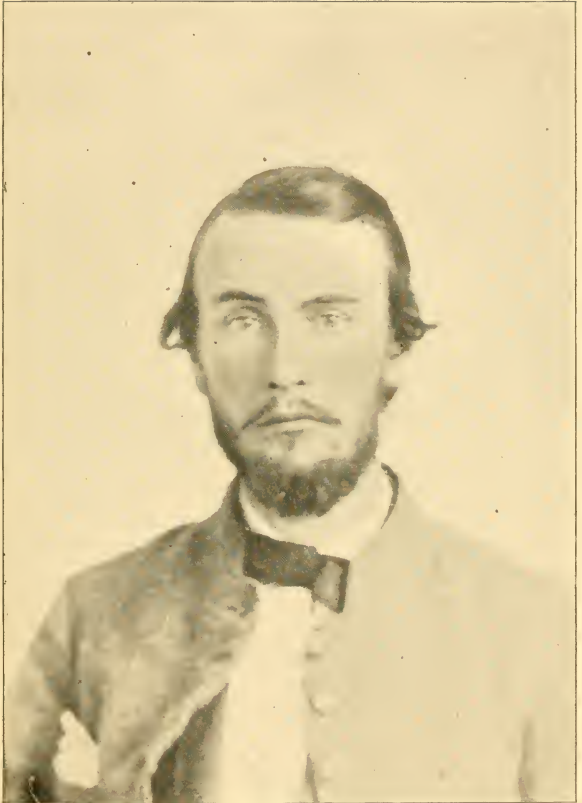
General GAMBLE,

Commanding Fairfax Courthouse:

Please inform me if the rebels under Captain Baylor that your men fought to-day are a part of Major Chapman's command in the Northern Neck; and, if so, learn where Chapman is with the remainder of his command. Answer by 9 o'clock to-morrow morning.

C. C. AUGUR, Major-General.

Colonel Gamble seems to think that he had whipped Mosby's men, as usual, *like the devil*. If he had ever accomplished that feat before, it is not recorded in sacred or pro-



Thos. W. Timberlake.

fane Yankee history, and if the critic will carefully review the reports from the Colonel himself, the advantage of this occasion will appear exceedingly small, hardly exceeding what Lord Coke would call *molliter manus im possuit*. Colonel Albright, in his report, admits his loss as two men wounded, five horses killed and four wounded, while he only claims to have inflicted on us a loss of one man wounded, five prisoners, six horses killed and six captured. I hope the devil will never whip him any worse. Our squadron was no part of Colonel Chapman's command, and, unlike Colonel Albright's force, far away from any support or base of supplies. If there is any glory in this engagement, our Yankee friends are welcome to it. This was the last fight of the war. General Lee had surrendered on the 9th, but the fact was only known to us through hostile sources, which were not credited. It was a strange coincidence that my first and last fights were near the same ground. On July 21, 1861, as a private in the Botts Greys, Second Virginia Infantry, Jackson's Brigade, I had received my baptism of fire on the banks of Bull Run, and now near the same spot, well-nigh four years afterward, I had fired my last shot.

From Bull Run to Bull Run! What a tragedy! What trials, hardships, suffering and death strewed the way, and now gloom and despair cover all. Jackson, who had taught our hands to war and had strewn his path with victory, was dead. Stuart the cavalier, Ashby the knight, and Jones the stubborn soldier, with a host of brave and heroic men, had fallen in the conflict, and now Lee, the last hope of the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, had surrendered. We could not even find courage in despair. All was lost, and the future seemed without aim or object. Death and the grave alone appeared inviting. But there was grandeur in the retrospect.

During this memorable period, it was my proud fortune to have seen service under the illustrious trio of generals—Jackson, Stuart, and Robert E. Lee. I have ever regarded the first

as the thunderbolt of the conflict and acknowledge myself somewhat imbued with the sentiment and spirit of the good old Catholic priest, who in his prayer said, "Lord, when in Thy wise counsels it was decreed that our Southern cause should be lost, Thou didst see that it was necessary to remove Thy servant Stonewall Jackson." I remember him in the early days of the war, when few had seen more than mediocrity in the man, and was with him on the memorable battle-field of First Manassas, when he emerged from obscurity, dropped the humble name of his past life, and became the immortal "Stonewall." Danger and peril seemd not only to arouse his energies, but his intellect as well. On the battle-field his mind seemed on fire and worked with so much clearness and rapidity that he appeared a veritable battle-god. In my humble judgment he was the man for the times, and the only one produced by the war on our side that possessed those traits of character essential to our success. The situation in 1776 and 1861 were entirely different. In the first period our opponents were far removed from the base of operations, and transportation was slow and dangerous. The Fabian policy was then the true one, and our enemies were worn out by a long and protracted war. But in our civil conflict our adversaries were at our doors, just far enough removed to render their base of supplies safe. Our ports of entry were closed and our home supply for a protracted war was totally insufficient. To insure success and our discomfiture, our enemy needed only tenacity of purpose, and this qualification was possessed in an eminent degree by General Grant. The date of his assignment to the command of the Army of the Potomac determined our fate. The brave legions of Lee, victors on so many fields, must yield to the unceasing and untiring blows of Grant, aided and assisted by hunger and famine. Without means of recuperation, the war was only a question of time. A vigorous pursuit after the decisive battle of First Manassas might have produced a favorable result, and Jackson alone favored pursuit, and exclaimed,

“ Give me 10,000 men and I will be in Washington to-night.” The men were there in readiness, but no leader to grasp the situation, and the golden opportunity was lost. The Roman Legions, after many defeats and after Hannibal had knocked at the gates of the imperial city, learned the folly of their war policy and triumphantly exclaimed, “ Carthago delenda est.” General Lee wrote of Jackson just after his death at Chancellorsville :

“ I do not propose to speak here of the character of this illustrious man, since removed from the scene of his eminent usefulness by the hand of an inscrutable, but all-wise Providence. I nevertheless desire to pay the tribute of my admiration to the matchless energy and skill that marked this last act of his life, forming, as it did, a worthy conclusion of that long series of splendid achievements which won for him the lasting gratitude and love of his country.”

General Stuart was the Paladin of General Lee's army. Where his black plume waved, death and destruction followed in its wake. He was the embodiment of chivalry, brave and daring in encounter, and mild and gentle in the bivouac.

“ So sweetly fierce, that when his face is shown
You deem him love, but Mars when helmed and steeled,
He mounts his fiery barb and fulmined through the field.”

He flashed across the horizon of war, and, meteor-like, disappeared in the brightness of his own glory. “ Blessed are they who die in their youth, when their martial deeds are around them.”

General Lee writes of him :

“ Among the gallant soldiers who have fallen in this war, General Stuart was second to none in valor, in zeal, and in unflinching devotion to his country. His achievements form a conspicuous part of the history of this army, with which his name and services will be forever associated. To military capacity of a high order and to the nobler virtues of the

soldier, he added the brighter graces of a pure life, guided and sustained by the Christian's faith and hope. The mysterious hand of an all-wise God has removed him from the scene of his usefulness and fame. His grateful countrymen will mourn his loss and cherish his memory. To his comrades in arms he has left the proud recollection of his deeds and the inspiring influence of his example."

None felt more deeply than General Lee the loss of his illustrious lieutenants, but he held bravely on, and struggled manfully and heroically against inevitable fate.

Robert E. Lee! "Behold the man."

"Supremacy is thrown
Upon his forehead like a shining star,
And every eye is fixed on him alone."

He was the most complete man of all times, all occasions, and all ages. His life has been and will ever be a benediction to his race. His escutcheon is spotless, his fame as eternal as the ages, and his character will be impressed upon generations yet unborn. When the passions and animosities of that war are totally dissipated, and his life and character are calmly and dispassionately examined and studied, the universal verdict will assign him the highest niche in the temple of fame.

A member of Company B, now an eminent lawyer at Staunton, relates the following incident of his war experience illustrative of the character of our commanding General:

"Before the spring campaign of 1864 had opened, the headquarters of General Lee were with his infantry lines (about Orange Courthouse), then fronting the forces of Meade along the Rapidan, with no movement to indicate any purpose of a general advance, reported from cavalry headquarters, a mile or so away, and no reason for expecting it; the main body of our troops were taking life very easy in such winter quarters as they found or improvised, foraging

by day and frolicking and 'flanking' by night, without much enforcement of discipline or readiness for more serious work in their scattered encampments.

" One of General Stuart's special detail of scouts, who was operating for the Department of Secret Service in the enemy's lines, along the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, in the lower Valley, took it into his head about this time of leisure, to go home to see—a sister. Whose sister is not material to the story. His home was at Charlestown; that historical village which was quite in the habit of changing hands between the Federals and Confederates more than once in the day, but was never known to change its Confederate principles or sympathies. At this time it was blue enough, with a brigade of Pennsylvania infantry in undisturbed but vigilant possession, and the staff quartered within musket-shot of the house. So the visitor had to leave 'Old Stockinglegs' in friendly hiding, and do some travelling on all fours to reach the cover of the old roof-tree. And being unlucky enough withal to stir up a hornet's nest of pickets, he was not only cut off from his horse, but unable for two days either to get away or to see that sister, except through shutter cracks, on an unsuccessful parley between her and the 'Corporal of the Guard, post No. 3.'

" It was the day then of hoops, not crinoline, and the lady in the case had, under that sanctum, an elegant pair of cavalry boots, grey cloth for a uniform, New York and Washington papers for him, and letters galore for the boys in camp. She was postmistress. She got in, tired and tearful, after dusk, having by some feminine inspiration flanked that picket by the railroad cut below. The newspapers hinted at some important movement on foot among the 80,000 troops under Grant about Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, in Tennessee. The scout crawled out that night between posts, and faithful old John, one of a dozen negroes, big and little, who had been helping to hide him and lying to the Yankees, brought him a little runt of a

Canadian pony, which had been concealed, and at odd times fed, in a dark cellar, and so he made his way to the hills overlooking Harper's Ferry. There he was met, by appointment, by a citizen friend (Eichelberger) with more Northern newspapers; and while they talked, long trains began to pass from the west without stopping at the Ferry, and in such quick succession that curiosity took them closer. Over a dozen trains loaded with troops and artillery carried explanation enough to the scout of a sudden movement from the Army of the West, then fronting Bragg, to reinforce Meade for an assault upon the unprepared troops of Lee, in their scattered winter quarters. And suspicion thus confirmed, it was not very long before that pony was twenty miles away, swimming the Shenandoah for the Loudoun side at Snicker's Ferry. Swollen as it was by the rains, horse and rider were carried down by the current and reached the other bank drenched and exhausted. Yet that little Canadian held out, at an almost unbroken lope, for some twenty miles or more, with one hurried feed on a pavement at 'Little Washington,' in Rappahannock, then collapsed and died, while the saddle was being buckled on a fresher horse impressed from a farmer by the roadside.

"Somehow or other, and like some long nightmare, those eighty-five miles and more were covered, report made to General Stuart, the scout sent on without a moment's delay to General Lee, and almost as quickly admitted to his tent, the simple headquarters establishment of the Army of Northern Virginia. There he was received and seated with as much dignified politeness as if the boy private had been a corps commander. And in less than ten minutes the General knew about all there was in him, or in his newspapers, and had left the tent. What followed was a blank, for perhaps two hours, the last words heard being rapid directions to a staff officer for the movement and concentration of some infantry brigades. He awoke, as he had awaked more than once on that uncanny ride, with the sensation that his horse was about

to carry him over the brink of a precipice, immediately in front. He was somewhat done up by loss of rest at the start, and the ride had almost finished him, physically and mentally. The torture from want of sleep had been something indescribable. All sorts of outlandish phantasms and vagaries had attended it. Men would be cantering alongside and getting in his way, but they were ghosts to the touch. He could see Meade's men in blue silently moving to a midnight attack. Fantastic forms were all about. River and mountain and forest were blended confusedly. His mind had been acting and yet hardly conscious of its action much of the time, and the body acted mechanically. As he tried to realize where he was, the tent-fly was softly opened and the noble head of General Lee appeared. After pleasant greeting it turned out that upon his leaving, the tired boy had sunk forward from the camp chair upon the General's cot in a dead sleep. The owner returning, had thrown a cloak over him, left him in quiet possession, tied the tapes of the tent door, and practically stood guard by walking up and down between the tent and the camp-fire, in the bleak wintry night, that the youngster might sleep without disturbance, as couriers came and went."

To speak of that youngster as ashamed would poorly express his feelings, and it was even more embarrassing to have a special supper served to him in the General's tent, and to be honored by compliment on what he had done. As for the supper, it was the same plain and scanty repast he saw several times afterward at the General's mess-table, and (with the addition of red pepper and mustard) just what was being issued to his men in the ranks, for he would accept no luxuries. But the ration was garnished always with the grace of his dignified courtesy.

Was it any wonder that his men loved "Marse Bob"? What other commander of an army at such a time would have shown such delicate consideration for an unknown soldier?



Philip Terrill.

Sure enough, the purpose was a brisk attack upon Lee's lines, resting in the fancied security of their winter quarters. Meade was to drive a wedge between his widely-separated wings as the beginning of an "on to Richmond" movement.

But Meade's blow was not delivered. Forewarned was forearmed. His stealthy advance, in heavy columns, found Lee waiting for it in strong intrenchments behind Mine Run, "ready and willin'" for a fight. Our artillery had been brought up from the grazing camps to the fighting line, and every gunner was ready to take his place. The Federal generals were the only people "surprised." Instead of assaulting, Meade went to intrenching on his own account. He is said to have declared that he could carry that position with a loss of 30,000 men, but as that idea was frightful, there seemed nothing to do but retire to his old ground. And retire he did. The armies confronted each other for four days, at some points less than half a mile apart, and separated without closing for the struggle, Meade finally backing out the night before Lee had arranged to attack him, and retreating to the Rapidan. The dawn showed only his deserted camp-fires. The episode indicates how fully, at all points, the rounded character of our great leader answered the question, What it is to be a gentleman. "To be gentle as well as to be honest, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner."

Senator Hill, in his grand eulogy on Lee, has not overdrawn the picture, when he says:

"He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guilt. He was Cæsar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He

was as obedient to authority as a servant and royal in authority as a king. He was gentle as a woman in life, pure and modest as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles."

Let the soldiers of Grant and Sherman wear the victor's crown and long enjoy the rich reward of their toil and danger. Envy them not, Confederate soldiers, so great a prize. On his death-bed General Jackson said: "The men who live through this war will be proud to say to their children, I was one of the Stonewall Brigade," but prouder; yes, prouder still, to say they fought under the furled banners of those peerless Christian soldiers Jackson, Stuart, and Robert E. Lee. This is glory and honor enough for the Confederate soldier.

After the little scrimmage down in Fairfax we returned with Companies D and H to Mosby's Confederacy, reaching there on the 11th, and on the next day reporting to the Colonel the failure of our expedition; we found him so deeply interested and absorbed in the news of Lee's surrender, received through a letter from General Hancock, that our mishap made little impression upon him. The letter was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION,
April 11, 1865.

Colonel JOHN MOSBY,
Commanding Partisans:

Colonel,—I am directed by Major-General Hancock to inclose to you copies of letters which passed between Generals Grant and Lee on the occasion of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. Major-General Hancock is authorized to receive the surrender of the forces under your command on the same conditions offered to General Lee, and will send an officer of equal rank with yourself to meet you at any point and time you may designate convenient to the

lines for the purpose of arranging details, should you conclude to be governed by the example of General Lee.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. H. MORGAN,
Brevet Brigadier-General and Chief of Staff.

After the reception of this communication, Colonel Mosby took time to consider and consult, and on the 15th replied:

APRIL 15, 1865.

Major-General W. S. HANCOCK,
Commanding, &c.:

General,—I am in receipt of a letter from your Chief of Staff, Brigadier-General Morgan, inclosing copies of correspondence between Generals Grant and Lee, and informing me that you would appoint an officer of equal rank as myself to arrange details for the surrender of the forces under my command. As yet I have no notice through any other source of the facts concerning the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, nor, in my opinion, has the emergency yet arisen which would justify the surrender of my command. With no disposition, however, to cause the useless effusion of blood, or to inflict on a war-worn population any unnecessary distress, I am ready to agree to a suspension of hostilities for a short time in order to enable me to communicate with my own authorities, or until I can obtain sufficient intelligence to determine my future action. Should you accede to this proposition, I am ready to meet any person you may designate to arrange the terms of an armistice.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN S. MOSBY,
Colonel C. S. Army.

A very proper answer, and one that shows Colonel Mosby's level-headedness in great peril. There was no occasion to rush headlong into surrender when no force was impelling such a step, and in ignorance of any definite information from Confederate authorities as to the present situation of the war. A surrender at this time would appear cowardly to the soldiers of his command and serve to bring him in contempt with his enemies.

General Hancock agreed on the suspension of hostilities and arranged for General Chapman to meet Colonel Mosby at Millwood, on the 18th instant, at 12 M., with instructions to arrange the surrender of his command or receive his definite declination. It will be seen by referring to the closing sentence of Colonel Mosby's letter that the meeting was for the purpose of arranging the terms of an armistice.

On the 18th, Colonel Mosby, with an escort, including myself, repaired to Millwood, where General Chapman and his escort were met and matters discussed, Colonel Mosby declining to discuss the question of surrender, as the object of the meeting, as shown in his letter of the 15th, was to arrange an armistice, while General Chapman contended that under his instructions he could only treat as to surrender. Colonel Mosby, as will be seen by the following communication, carried his point :

HEADQUARTERS SECOND CAVALRY DIVISION,
Near Berryville, Va., April 18, 1865.

Brevet Brigadier-General MORGAN,
Chief of Staff, Winchester, Va. :

General,—I have the honor to report that, agreeable to instructions, I met Colonel John S. Mosby, Confederate States army, commanding Forty-third Virginia Battalion, to-day at Millwood, under a flag of truce, to confer with him touching the surrender of his command and to conclude the details, should he have decided to surrender under the terms offered him. He declined to surrender at this time, for the reason that his command was not in immediate danger, and that he had not such information as yet as would justify him in concluding the 'Confederate Cause' altogether hopeless. He expressed himself as anxious to avoid any useless effusion of blood or destruction of property, and desirous, therefore, of a suspension of hostilities for a short time until he could learn the fate of 'Johnston's army.' Should that be defeated, or surrendered, he said he should regard the 'Confederate Cause' as lost, and would disband his organization. He does not propose even in that event to surrender them as an organization for parole, but to disband the battalion, giving

to each individual to choose his own course. He informed me he had already advised his command that those who chose to do so could come and give their parole. For himself he said he had no favors to ask, being quite willing to stand by his acts, all of which he believed to be justifiable, and in the course of my conversation with him, he remarked that he did not expect to remain in the country. I made an agreement with him for a suspension of hostilities for forty-eight hours longer, expiring at noon on the 20th, and a conditional agreement for a further suspension for ten days. These agreements are herewith inclosed, and I will inform Colonel Mosby of the action of the General commanding so soon as advised. I did not give him to hope that this agreement for a ten-days' suspension would be concurred in. I regret that I have not the pleasure of communicating the surrender of this force, but trust my actions in the premises will meet approval. The interview throughout was characterized by good feeling. Perhaps I ought, in justice to Colonel Mosby and his officers, to state an universal regret was expressed because of the assassination of the President.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
 GEORGE H. CHAPMAN, Brigadier-General.

This arrangement was communicated by General Hancock to General Halleck for instructions, and the following from General Grant returned:

WASHINGTON, April 19, 1865.

Major-General HANCOCK, Winchester:

If Mosby does not avail himself of the present truce, end it and hunt him and his men down. Guerrillas, after beating the armies of the enemy, will not be entitled to quarter.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

In accordance with this instruction from Grant, the truce was ended at noon on the 20th, and on the following day the command met by orders at Salem (now Marshall). There was a full attendance, eight companies, numbering about 600 men. It was a splendid body of cavalry—young, active, well dressed, with gay trappings and fine horses, each man armed with two pistols and many with four. The men being drawn up in line, the following address was read to them:

FAUQUIER, April 21, 1865.

Soldiers,—I have summoned you together for the last time. The vision that we have cherished of a free and independent country has vanished, and that country is now the spoil of the conqueror. I disband your organization in preference to surrendering it to our enemies. I am no longer your commander. After an association of more than two eventful years, I part from you with a just pride in the fame of your achievements and grateful recollections of your generous kindness to myself. And now at this moment, in bidding you a final adieu, accept the assurance of my unchanging confidence and regards. Farewell.

J. S. MOSBY, Colonel.

There were few dry eyes among the men as they pressed around their chieftain and bade him adieu, and the parting was dramatic in the extreme. Colonel Mosby, with some 50 followers (myself included), started South to join Johnston, but Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman, with the greater part of the men surrendered to Hancock, and Chapman's great haste in this matter has caused a reflection on his name which I do not believe he deserves. It is contained in the following:

HON. E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War:

Nearly all of Mosby's command has surrendered, including nearly or quite all of the officers except Mosby himself, who has probably fled. His next in rank, Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman, surrendered with the command. *He is as important as Mosby, and from conversation had with him I think he will be valuable to the government hereafter. Some of Mosby's own men are in pursuit of him for a reward of \$2,000, offered by me.* As near as I can tell, about 380 of Mosby's men are paroled.

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,
Major-General.

I do not believe there was a man in Mosby's command, possessed of courage sufficient for such an enterprise, who would have been guilty of such an infamous and damnable deed. Mosby's guard, too, were true and tried men, and would have shielded him to the last extremity.

On the 28th, Hancock's adjutant wires General Torbert: "The General wishes you to hunt up Mosby. If more money is needed it can be had," and on May 3d again wires him to offer \$5,000 reward for him.

Finding that these threats and rewards were unavailing, that Northern gold could neither tempt Southern honor nor soil Southern valor, a more pacific policy was tried. Brave men are more easily won by kindness than by force, and Mosby and his men were offered the same terms as General Lee's army, and as General Johnston had now surrendered, recognizing the futility of further resistance, we gladly availed ourselves of the offer. On the 8th of May, in company with my friends, Dr. and Captain Opie (the latter of whom, just before entering Winchester, had offered to fight the whole of Duvall's Brigade, one at a time), Majors Locke and Harrison, rode into Winchester and signed the following parole:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH,

Winchester, May 8, 1865.

I, George Baylor, captain Company H, Mosby's Battalion, C. S. Army, do hereby give this my parole of honor that I will not take up arms against the United States Government until I am regularly exchanged, and that if I am permitted to remain at my home, I will conduct myself as a good and peaceable citizen, and will respect the laws in force where I reside, and do nothing in detriment of or in opposition to the United States Government.

GEORGE BAYLOR.

Since then no cartel of exchange has been agreed on, and I have not been regularly exchanged, and shall not take up arms again if I am. I am tired of that business, and there need be no fear or apprehension on my account. If any portion of that parole was ever violated, it is the clause which says: "I will respect the laws in force where I reside." As is well known, the laws in force here were so abominable that one could scarcely obey, much less respect them. It must have been a trying ordeal for the victors to lay down their



Jno. U. Terrell.

arms and return to the peaceful pursuits of life, for the transition is not easy, but to the vanquished it was nigh unto death. The great conflict ended, the warfare over, my occupation was gone, and I sank into rustic simplicity and civic obscurity, and soon became, like Ichabod Grover, the Lethean shade of "innocuous desuetude."

I cannot conclude this narrative of the closing scenes of that eventful war without paying a tribute to that great and silent friend, which ever stood with open gates ready to receive and protect us. The careful reader has noticed that on nearly every occasion when danger threatened our little band, we would "flee to the mountain"—the Blue Ridge mountain. Without its aid and protection, our career in this section would have been short. "*Montani semper liberi.*" In that mountain we breathed the air of freedom. No foe ever dared to pursue us beyond its threshold. That beautiful blue mountain! How often have we longingly looked to it as our city of refuge, our citadel and our fortress! There it stood like a fond mother, with outstretched arms ready to welcome us to her breast. It was to us more than the great sea was to the army of Xerxes. Our eyes rested upon it as a hope, a trust, and an inspiration. With affection and reverence I shall ever behold it during life, and when I am called to go, lay me to sleep in the old churchyard, under its morning shadow, where the first ray of the rising sun passing above its head and over the mists that spread around its breast shall cast its halo of light on the little rounded hillock that marks my resting-place.

CONCLUSION.

When the witness is called to the box, his entrance is usually solemnized with the oath, *to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.* Having undertaken to recall and record the actions and doings of the Baylor Light Horse, I feel that I would be guilty of dereliction of duty if I failed to chronicle the part played by our colored comrades.

When Company B was first organized, the company wagon, a pair of mules, and a trusted colored driver was furnished by the captain. Among the young colored people at my home were three boys—Carter Robinson, Phil Williams, and Tom Langford—near the ages of my brother Richard and myself, playmates in our boyhood, whose presence with us was deemed essential to our comfort and welfare. These boys were eager to accompany us, and their wish was duly gratified. Uncle John Sorrell, an aged man, was the wagon-driver; Carter, our mess-cook; Phil and Tom our hostlers. With such a retinue, we felt thoroughly equipped for the war. It may surprise our opponents, but the Confederate officer had no orderly or the like, but officers and men ranked as social equals.

The Timberlakes also brought with them into camp as part and parcel of their contingent a colored boy by the name of Overton, who cooked for them and looked after their wants and necessities. This quartette formed a social group of their own, and seemed happy and contented. They shared with us our hardships and at times even our dangers, entered into our sports and jests, and never were more joyous than when taking part with us in our horse races.

Uncle John had rendered himself very obnoxious to the Yankees by taking an active part in tolling them over the Potomac river at Harper's Ferry and into a trap laid for them

by a posse of our men, and ever after stood in great awe and dread of capture by them.

In 1862, when General Ashby and his men were camped just south of Newtown, on the Valley turnpike, we were surprised one morning by a part of Banks's cavalry driving our picket rapidly into camp. There was much consternation and confusion. "Boots and Saddles" was speedily sounded, and each hurriedly prepared for the expected onset. Before our men had bridled and saddled, Uncle John was discovered driving out his team on the turnpike and heading towards Winchester. A portion of our men on barebacks, with no headgear on their horses but the halter, were ignominiously retreating to the rear. The Captain, discovering Uncle John heading towards the foe, hastily overtook him, and in language not over polite and refined, inquired why he was going in that direction. Uncle John quickly replied, "I seed them soldiers, sah, charging up dat way, and spose, sah, de Yankees must be coming down thar." Being apprised of the true situation, he quickly wheeled about his mules and was soon at a safe distance from the enemy.

At the battle of Brandy Station, Tom and Overton, who had on the Banks retreat well supplied themselves with arms, joined in the company charges and succeeded in capturing a Yankee darkey, who had ventured too far in front of the Yankee column, and brought him safely into camp. They were highly delighted with their trophy and retained him a prisoner for several months, compelling him to rub down their horses, bring water and wood, and do other chores about camp. At night he was required to sleep with them, and threatened with instant death if he attempted escape. Sorrow was felt for the unfortunate prisoner, but his captors so much enjoyed his discomfiture, we would not interfere with their pleasure. After several months' captivity, however, one night the poor wretch made a rush for liberty and safely escaped.

Tom and Overton, not only good soldiers, but excellent

foragers, also scoured the country adjacent to camp and supplied their respective messes with the best the neighborhood could afford. The mode and manner of their acquisitions was not always strictly ethical, but as few inquiries were made of them, their consciences were as well satisfied as our stomachs.

I remember on one occasion being invited by several of the Timberlakes to accompany them a short distance from camp to the home of one of their lady acquaintances; and I'll here remark by way of parenthesis that Company B never camped anywhere in Virginia where the Timberlakes failed to have a cousin or dear friend close by. It is needless to mention that the invitation was accepted and I accompanied them. Provender in abundance was found for our horses; we supped at full board, and retired that night on downy couches and dreamed of Elysian fields. In the morning we rose refreshed, dressed and whetted our appetites for buckwheat cakes and butter, of which we had been partially advised. But how great was our chagrin and disappointment, when seated at table, our lady hostess informed us she was sorry she had no butter for our breakfast, as some one had robbed her spring-house during the past night and stolen all she had, adding very significantly that she did not mean to accuse us, but it was very strange it had never happened before.

Great was our indignation, and vengeance was determined on for the offender should we be able to ferret him out. The meal was eaten without relish, and we speedily repaired to the barn, when each man was put on oath and the guilty party not found. We returned to camp wounded and deeply mortified, and the matter was frequently the subject of conversation on the march and around the camp-fire, but the mystery remained unsolved until some six months after, when Overton revealed the secret, that he had followed us to our snug quarters that night, and while we were sleeping had robbed the spring-house. Even at that late day our anger was not appeased, and Overton was severely upbraided, not for viola-

tion of the biblical law so much as for not using more circumspection and discrimination than to violate the laws of hospitality.

All of our colored contingent survived the war and returned after the surrender to their old homes. In the late fall of 1864, while the company was scouting and raiding in the lower Valley, Phil was sent with the company wagon and extra horses to a quiet retreat, east of Harrisonburg, near the Massanuttan Mountain, where he remained oblivious of our defeat, the cessation of hostilities and how it affected his fortunes, until some time in May, 1865, when I appeared at his quiet resting-place and informed him he was now free, and at liberty to go where he pleased. In great solicitude he inquired if he could not live at his old home, and when assured he could, if he wished, a great burden seemed lifted from his heart, and he moved on cheerfully. Shortly after we were under way, homeward bound, he imparted the information that an old colored woman had told his fortune several days before, and that she had seen him struggling in the waters. I ridiculed the old woman's dream, but when Milford, in the Luray Valley, was reached, and my horse swam over a swollen branch of the Shenandoah river, Phil, in attempting to follow with wagon and mules, had been left in the middle of the current with the body and hind axle of the wagon, the mules and front gear having made the opposite shore in safety, I realized the old woman's tale had at least a sprinkling of truth and warning in it. Detaching the lines, however, from the mules, and succeeding in casting one end to Phil, I drew him and the floating wagon safely to shore. On the remainder of the journey, however, I could not induce him to cross a swollen stream.

Uncle John remained at the old home and was kindly cared for by the family until April 6, 1884, when death claimed him for his own, he having survived my father about one year.

Phil, after a long sickness, died on October 1, 1899, and is buried near by the spot that witnessed his boyhood sports.

Overton returned home with the Timberlakes and met death by an accident, while Tom married and moved West.

Carter, however, still lives in the vicinity. After the war he married at his home, but his wife died many years ago, and he has since lived a widower. About two years ago he came to my office and informed me he was going to be married again, and wished me to accompany him to the clerk's office to get a license. I called with him, and while the clerk was preparing the license I returned to my office. Some ten days after he again called, and as I was about extending congratulations, he informed me that the license *was no good*, and the minister refused to tie the knot, and now the girl had gone back on him. I examined the license, and found the clerk had neglected to affix his signature or seal. He wished to know if he could not recover damages of the clerk. I dissuaded him from such a course, thinking there was about as much benefit as damage accruing from the clerk's omission, and the matter was finally adjusted by the clerk returning the fee. Having concluded his settlement, he went on his way, rejoicing more in the recovery of his fee than sorrowing at the loss of a wife.

Slavery had its evil and its good. The master and the slave often "were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided." The Emancipation Proclamation has been sounded. The Carpet-Bagger, Scalawag, and Northern Missionary have come, have done their worst, and departed. Above the wreck, ruin, and desolation produced, the unity and good feeling of the old slave habitation remains unbroken. a sacred relic of those times the Northern fanatic is wont to term a barbarous age.

While slavery in the abstract is repugnant to every conception of liberty and equality, and its restoration would meet the earnest opposition of its former advocates, I nevertheless feel there are bright spots in its past upon which the memory will ever love to linger with pride, pleasure, and affection.

Leaves

...From...

My Scrap-Book.

Be true if you would be beloved. Let a man but speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the emotion, the actual condition of his own heart, and other men, so strangely are we knit together by the tie of sympathy, must and will give heed to him.—*Carlyle*.

DEDICATION.

I HAVE COLLECTED THE FOLLOWING CRUMBS AND FRAGMENTS,
NOT BECAUSE OF ANY MERIT THEY MAY HAVE,
BUT RATHER BECAUSE THEY ARE, AS IT WERE, FOOT-PRINTS
ALONG THE WAY OF LIFE,
INDICATING THE CHARACTER OF A TRAVELLER ON THAT HIGHWAY,
AND AS SUCH DEDICATE THEM WITH
LOVE AND AFFECTION TO MY DAUGHTER
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VALEDICTORY ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE
THE LAW CLASS OF 1866-'67 AT WASHINGTON
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Fellow Students: We have met to-day for the last time as a class. I feel that it is an occasion of no small importance. We are about to sever the bonds which so closely united us, and each go forth to his respective sphere of action to battle with the tide of life. Let us not forget that though our duties here are finished, there is still work for us to do, still battles to be fought, still victories to be won. When the doors of the temple of Janus were thrown open, when the red beacons were beaming from our hills, and cruel and unrelenting war ravaged and desolated our fair land, you would have esteemed him a poor soldier who did not keep his armor bright and ready for action; but in these times of comparative peace, when the beat of the drum and the bugle-blast is heard no longer through our valleys or over our hills, too many of us are prone to lay back on our oars and forget that, as peace hath her victories no less than war, she must have her battles also. Let us not, then, be caught with a rusty sword in this new contest. The goal of our destiny is not yet reached; the race is but begun. We have now new duties and new responsibilities resting upon us, which will require all our time and attention, all our zeal and energy. Observation and experience have taught us that a bold front is half the battle. Let us not, then, despond or grow faint-hearted because the future seems dark and foreboding. Often the storm that bends the fragile plant afterwards waters its roots and stimulates its growth and prosperity. Behind the impending cloud let us paint our bow of hope. Let ambition stir the latent spark of manhood in our hearts and arouse the dormant energies of our souls. Let that spirit which characterized

us as soldiers in the conflict through which we have just passed, still animate our bosoms, and the great barriers which now seem impassable will soon be overcome, and those obstacles which now seem so formidable soon be surmounted, and instead of difficulties increasing in our farther progress, we will find our march unobstructed and springing up along the way flowers of joy and comfort, whose beauty and fragrance will soften the hardships and asperities of life, and place upon the brow of duty the coronet of pleasure. We must not expect to become great in a day. *Nulla palma sine pulvere.* Honor and distinction would be poorly appreciated, if so soon or so easily acquired. True greatness and eminence in our profession will require a master effort. Pelion must be piled upon Ossa and Ossa upon Oeta, and the strength of a giant exerted before we dare attack the strongholds of Olympus and contend with the gods of our profession. Boasted superiority of mind and talent will avail nothing, if we have not energy and industry. History chronicles no great achievements of indolence and ease; for honor and renown are the fruits of study and perseverance. Those great discoveries which have mapped out worlds and unveiled the hidden riches of the earth; those great inventions which startle the eye of the beholder and make him pause in wonder and astonishment; those beautiful fabrics of legal jurisprudence which seem as if reared by some divine architect and moulded in the lap of eternal justice, are the results of profound research and deep application. They are the gathered flowers which gem the vase which all appreciate and admire, but if we would find the great moving cause which produced these sublime results, we must go to the garden from which they were culled and pry beneath the soil wherein they grew, to find the root that gave them life and nourishment. This root is labor and study. The past warns us from "listening with too much credulity to the whispers of fancy and of pursuing with too much eagerness the phantoms of hope"; it warns us at once to nerve our hearts for the great battle and



Bushrod C. Washington.

bravely face the stern dangers which must be encountered—for trials, labors, and hardships are the essential ingredients of the cup of success; they must be endured, and he who wishes to rise triumphant over them all and pluck the wreath of glory must not shirk their responsibility or escape their burden. Nor must we let our political horizon, which seems so fearful and inauspicious, deter us from the path of duty or rob us of the fruits of peace. Let us forget the past excepting its glories, its noble heroes and the noble lessons they have taught us. Let us cull from its garden the roses worthy of memory and consign the rest to the charnel-house of the dead. Let us cultivate amity and good feeling. Let our hatchet with our sectional animosities and our hatred be buried in the tomb of the Capulets, the graves of the "loved and lost." Let us place the white rose with the red in the vase of Auld Lang Syne, and let us go to work in earnest to recuperate our fallen fortunes and scatter smiles of plenty over our desolate land; for I feel that though marred, mutilated, and torn, we still have a glorious land. Though the foot of a military satrap tramples still upon her sacred soil, and his hand desecrates the altar where liberty sung her syren strains, yet this is still our land. Her sons have fought but not lost; "tho' conquered, victors still; tho' not triumphant, right." Yes, this is still our home and our country. It has become sacred to us as our burying ground, the urn that contains the hallowed dust of our heroes, warriors, and statesmen. It is doubly dear to us now. It was bequeathed as a priceless heritage by our ancestors, it is now the mausoleum of our gallant dead. Yes—

"This is the Southron's Father land;
Great God, look down and bless this land,
And give her noble children souls
To cherish while existence rolls
And love with heart and aid with hand,
Our universal Southron land."

But there is no cause for discouragement. There is still hope ahead. The goal is within our reach, the victors' prize

within our grasp. Then, let us then be up and doing. Let us not by inactivity lose our golden opportunity. Should we need examples to encourage us, we have only to look to the fresh graves that dot our land; we have only to look to the heroes whose sun of life has set, but left upon the mountain top a light of glory. Let us strive to imitate them, and we will cheer the starless future and protect ourselves from the demoralizing influence of apathy and indifference. Let us often revert to these men and their deeds, for we feel that from them

“ There springs a rooted and mysterious strength,
A loftiness to face a world in arms,
To strip the pomp from scepters and lay
On duty’s sacred altar life’s warm blood.”

There are three graces which preside over the destinies of the human race. Let us seek from them the germs of prosperity and happiness. The first is the peerless queen of creation. Around her, dignity flows as a majestic robe, and experience like a veil heightens her youthful charms. In her right hand she holds truth and justice; in her left, knowledge and power. Her penetrating eye scans the mighty labyrinths of time and scales the walls of eternity. Her voice is the voice of a god. She is the Mind. At her side sits her sister. The rosy hue of her cheek denotes the fiery ardor of her temperament, yet conscience like a guardian-angel ever hovers near to restrain the burning lust of passion. She is the great moral power of the world. She has a smile for us in prosperity and a tear for us in adversity. Friendship and love are the active qualities of her being. She is the Heart. In communion with these is the likeness of a third. There is divinity in her shape. She is the glorious scintilla of the Almighty’s presence within us; the ligament, the connecting cord between mortality and immortality; between time and eternity, between God and man. She is the Soul. At the shrine of these three, we must all bow. These are the ennobling faculties that raise man above the brute creation,

and make him but little lower than the angels. Upon these three let us build, for I feel assured on the proper cultivation of these great mental, social, and moral qualities will depend our welfare and success. It is related of a certain knight who donned his armor to fight for the Holy Land, that as he lay mortally wounded on the field of battle he was upbraided by a comrade for his rash conduct and reckless daring. "Upbraid me not," said the dying knight, "he who dares not in a good cause is unworthy of the victory." Let us, then, unfurl our banner to the breeze and inscribe on it the words of this dying warrior, and with it the equitable division of time given us by Sir Edward Coke:

"Six hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot and all to heaven,"

and I feel assured our greatest expectations will be realized. In this hope, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

PRESENTATION OF CANE.

An Address on Presentation by Law Class of 1866-'67 of a Gold-Headed Cane, to Judge John W. Brockenbrough, Law Professor of Washington and Lee University:

Our worthy and esteemed Professor: I have been selected by my classmates to express to you their appreciation of your worth and to present to you a slight testimonial of their respect and esteem. I fear language is indeed a poor mirror in which to glass the one or reflect the other. Your value, your excellencies, and your virtues, need no orator to sound their praise, and the swelling tide of emotion speaks louder than trumpet tones the warmth and feelings of our hearts. One year ago we gathered around you to hear your words of wisdom and receive your instruction and guidance in laying the corner-stone of our profession. Our mission now is ended, but we feel we have not come in vain; our expectations have been more than realized. We feel that you have not only performed every duty incumbent upon you as our professor and instructor, but that you have laid out for us a course for the future. You have been careful to teach us that much more is to be done after we leave these classic grounds. You have led us to the fountain and bade us drink the inspiring draught, but you have told us we are yet to follow the meandering stream in its winding mazes. You have taught us, too, that ours is no menial task; that in solving these complicated problems of jurisprudence we are going another step nearer Eternal Justice, and instead of being instruments in defeating the great purposes of universal good are architects rearing the temple wherein homage is paid to Him.

Sir, upon this foundation which you have so wisely laid for us, with your teachings and instructions as a guide to our

wandering steps, with truth, justice, and right as the polar star of our destiny, we will "go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart." But, sir, not only we, but all those who trust that this legal structure may become more godlike in its proportions, in its means of administering justice and disseminating truth, who delight to look on its past with pride and its future with hope, will revere your memory as one of those whose lifelong aim has been to lay the foundations of her empire in true greatness, in the supremacy of reason and majesty of right. The truly great never die. It cannot be that one like you, who has filled a life of nearly eighty years with dignity and usefulness to your fellow-citizens; one who was so much gifted on his entrance on life and who has increased his powers so much by culture; one who has raised himself to such honor and distinction, should ever fear the Lethean billow or the corroding rust of time. Though our association has been instructive, pleasant, and agreeable, we come now to loose the silver cord and sever the golden chain. Our race here is run. We came as pilgrims to this shrine of learning and strangers to you, but by your dignity you won our respect; by your kindness you won our esteem; by your wisdom and knowledge you won our admiration, and by your nobility and generosity of soul you won our warmest friendship. There is not a heart in our midst that has not a warm regard for you. But fate bids us part. Life at most is but a meeting and a parting. We weave and bind the silken cord only to loose it. We now pass from this stage to engage in the busy scenes of life. We leave you here, to pursue the even tenor of your way, with these vacant chairs to tell the story of the absent. There is a power and a magic in the ruined battlement, and when these ties are severed and these associations broken, memory will throw around this spot a magic charm, and often, in fancy, we will revisit this place around which cluster so many fond recollections, and, like Old Mortality, chisel deeper the traces of friendship on the tablets of our hearts. But, sir, did we

need them, we carry with us living monuments to your greatness, for in each book of our course and on nearly every page of them are inscriptions to your genius; landmarks which will in after years serve to recall the worth and excellence of him who nurtured and fostered our infant studies. Rest assured that wherever destiny shall cast our lot, in calm or in storm, in prosperity or adversity, we shall ever look back with pride and pleasure on the happy moments spent with you; they shall be

“Sunny islands in our stormy main,
Spots of azure in our clouded sky.”

We extend to you now at parting our heartfelt wishes for your prosperity and happiness, and present you this cane as a slight testimonial of our respect and esteem. May it be a prop to your declining years, a support to your failing strength, and may it in the future serve as a talisman to recall the forms of those who now revel in the sunlight of your presence, but who will then be far out on the ocean of life battling with the waves of its tempest. We would write upon it, sir, as our heartfelt prayer that simple yet touching and beautiful motto inscribed by St. Pierre on the banner of Paul and Virginia—“May the brothers of Helen, lucid stars, the father of the winds, guide you, and may you only feel the breath of the zephyr.”

LEE MEMORIAL MEETING.

(Kansas City Times, October 15, 1870.)

Long's Hall in Mourning Drapery—Resolutions, Speeches, etc.

Tens of thousands all over the land are mourning over a great national calamity—the death of that eminent statesman, ripe scholar, peerless warrior, and Christian gentleman—General Robert E. Lee. Kansas City adds another sob to the thousands convulsing the nation and drops another tear to swell the river of grief that is deluging the land. Long's Hall wore its most sorrowful habiliments last night—the walls were literally covered with crape, and even the lights from the chandeliers were more subdued from the heavy encircling drapery. In front of the stand were three beautiful arches of evergreens thickly entwined with flowers, and from the center one was suspended the protrait of him whose memory they had met to honor, while at each side of the arches was a beautiful wax portrait.

Altogether, the hall was decorated in the most tasteful manner. The ladies, ever ready to pay tribute to virtue and nobility, worked faithfully through the long day. Those most active and to whom great credit is due for the perfectness of the arrangements were Mrs. Lykins, Mrs. Tyre, and Misses Lucy Stonestreet, Ella Perry, Ella Sites, and Kate Trefren.

At an early hour the audience began to assemble, and before the hour of 8 the spacious hall would hold no more.

Major E. A. Hickman, in accordance with the arrangements of the committee, called the meeting to order, and the exercises began with a solemn, impressive, and appropriate prayer from Rev. Mr. Madera.



Robert L. Wysong.

The Committee on Resolutions, through its chairman, Colonel John C. Moore, reported as follows:

Whereas our beloved and honored countryman, General Robert E. Lee, has been taken from us by death; and

Whereas the bereavement at the loss is not confined to his relatives and personal friends, but is felt universally throughout the land; and

Whereas the citizens of Kansas City feel it both a duty and a privilege to meet and express their grief at so great a calamity: be it, therefore,

Resolved, That while we humbly recognize the inscrutable ways of Divine Providence, we cannot but see in the death of General Robert E. Lee a most deplorable event—the loss of the noblest specimen of American manhood—the practical educator and the gentle and Christian gentleman.

Resolved, That our hearts are in perfect sympathy with those elsewhere who mourn his death, with his grief-stricken family, with his noble mother State, whose pride he was, with the entire South, who in war and in peace looked to him as their exemplary chieftain—with the American people, who ever confessed his integrity of purpose and his consummate ability, and loved him because he possessed all those noble attributes that make the name American respected at home and honored abroad, and with all those everywhere who regarded him in the nineteenth century as Washington was regarded in the eighteenth—“First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

Captain George Baylor, the courteous gentleman and gallant soldier, stepped forward and said:

Ladies and gentlemen: We have met to-night to pay a small tribute of respect to the memory of our noble chieftain, Lee. I feel myself unable to do justice to the virtues of so illustrious a hero. This is an occasion when the heart is more eloquent than the tongue. You all knew him well, and his deeds need no orator. Sprung from an honored line of ancestors, he inherited a name that has long brightened the

pages of the nation's history. Born and reared on the soil of the Old Dominion, he in common with her sons inherited that State pride which is characteristic of every true Virginian. A soldier by profession, when the tocsin of war sounded and the two sections stood arrayed in hostile attitude, he offered his sword to his native State, and was honored as commander-in-chief of the Virginia troops. Afterwards, when his State united her destinies with her Southern sisters, he was commissioned a general in the Confederate army and assigned to duty in the western part of Virginia. In 1862, when McClellan was investing Richmond and drawing closer and closer the lines of circumvallation, he was ordered to that post, and when General Johnston was wounded, was placed in command of the Army of Northern Virginia. Here his eventful career commenced—Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Cedar Mountain, Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Spotsylvania, and a host of other battles, culminating in the surrender of the little army he had so gallantly led at Appomattox, are the monuments he has left along his line of march to commemorate his skill and generalship. That he was a great soldier, none can deny. Contending at all times with a force superior to his own in numbers, arms, and equipments, well clothed and fed, for three years he baffled all the attempts of his enemy and frequently wrenched victory from their grasp, and, when at last he surrendered his sword and stacked his 8,000 muskets in the face of more than 100,000 of the foe, the victors laid their dearly-won laurels at his feet. No brave soldier could fail to respect and admire him. Among his own soldiers he was loved and revered by all. Such was their veneration for him that none dared to speak ill of him. In the spring of 1864, on the morning of the first day's fight in the Wilderness, when the army of General Grant, having massed during the night on Lee's center, were throwing our men back and threatening to demolish our small force before reinforcements could be brought to their rescue, Lee,

seeing the peril of the situation, galloped forward and rallied the men. His appearance was greeted with a shout that caused the advancing line of the enemy to halt. The men realizing the danger to which their commander was exposed, begged of him to retire, and when he refused to yield to their solicitations, two of their number caught his horse by the bridle and led him away to a place of safety, while their comrades, encouraged by his noble example and cheering words, gallantly charged the foe and drove them back into the wilderness. There was a calm serenity about his face that denoted a courage which neither victory animated nor defeat depressed. Through all his campaigns he displayed the courage and fortitude of a Cæsar and the nobility and generosity of an Alexander. He was not a Pompey, a Marlborough, a Napoleon, but a Camillus, a Scipio, a Cincinnatus, a Washington; yes, he was more than these, for these were great only in victory. He was greatest in the hour of defeat. However much the American mind may differ upon questions at issue in the contest, all will agree in assigning him a true soldier's meed of praise and a spotless escutcheon.

But his sword is now sheathed forever—that sword which so often led to victory is sheathed forever.

**“Forth from its scabbard all in vain,
Forth flashed the sword of Lee,
It is shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudfully and peacefully.”**

The surrender at Appomattox and returning peace opened to him a new field for the exercise of his noble virtues. Thus far others may have been his peers, but we must view him now as the individual man standing alone in his glory with none to divide with him the universal applause. Here, example fails, illustration finds no parallel, and Lee stands alone the model hero in defeat. Hungary wept without a crime, but peace soiled the bright armor of her favorite son.

Italy mourned her lost liberties, and her warrior is to-day a hapless adventurer; but Virginia's peerless soldier is her peerless citizen. Foremost in war, he battled heroically and manfully in her cause; foremost in defeat, he bore the burden of her oppression; foremost in peace, he taught her sons the noble lesson that all was not lost, that knowledge is power, that the unconquerable mind could look up through the ruin and desolation that surrounded it, and in the fields of literature and science fight new battles and gain new victories. I search history in vain for his peer! I look hopelessly to the future for his equal! But it has pleased God to remove him from his sphere of usefulness. But he is not dead. The truly great never die. Fathers and mothers will delight to tell their prattling children how he lived, fought, and died, and the name of Robert E. Lee, the brightest in the galaxy of the heroes of the Furl'd Banner, will ever be household words and his fame lasting as that conqueror of ages—time itself. He sleeps now in the land he so much loved, near by the soldiers he so gallantly led, and beneath the monument which commemorates his triumphs of peace. We leave him there to rest, assured he will not be forgotten. When the revolving seasons bring back the spring-time and the flowers, the sons and daughters of the South will delight to gather around that grave, water it with the tears of affection and strew it with the roses of memory.

**"And throughout coming ages,
When his sword is rust,
And his deeds in classic pages,
Shall Virginia bending lowly,
Still a ceaseless vigil holy
Keep above his dust?"**

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA vs. HITT.

Edward Hitt was tried at Luray, Va., in July, 1882, for the murder of Strickler, which took place some five years previous. After killing Strickler, Hitt fled to Ohio, where he took an assumed name, married the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, who, upon her marriage, became acquainted with the fact that her husband was a fugitive from justice, and insisted that he should return and stand his trial. In accordance with her wishes he returned to Virginia and surrendered himself to the authorities, was tried and virtually acquitted, the jury imposing only a fine of \$100. Senator Riddleberger and Major Armstrong for the State and J. W. Meniffee and George Baylor for the defence. George Baylor's closing remarks were as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: There are others beside this defendant interested in your verdict. In a distant State, the home of his refuge, it has pleased God to raise up for him a friend, that sticketh closer than a brother; one whose heart beats in sympathy with his own and they have become

'Two souls with a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one,'

and she has confided her life, her honor, and her happiness to his keeping. Her woman's heart was moved to tenderness at the story of this unfortunate, homeless, wandering boy, and gave him its priceless jewel of love and affection.

'She loved him for the sorrows he endured,
And he loved her that she did pity them.'

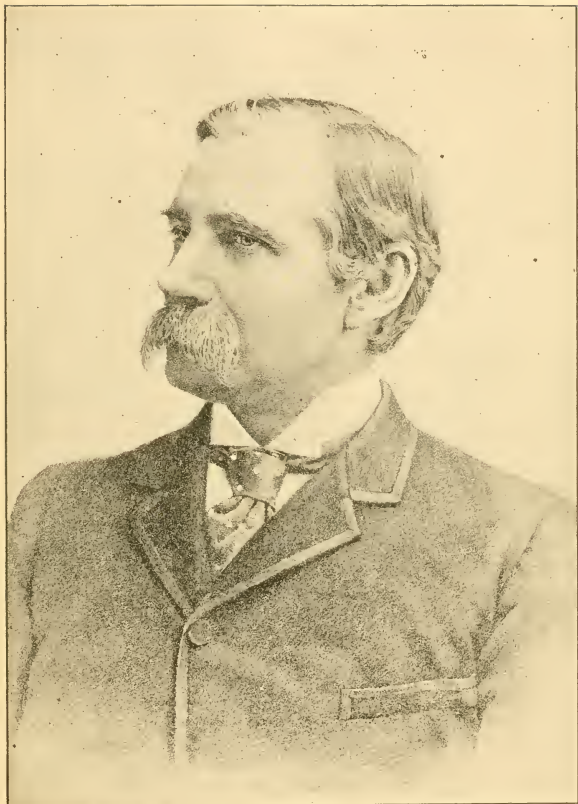
That woman who has sacrificed her all for him, asks you pleadingly to-day to restore him to her without a blot or stain on his name. She entreats you not to cloud her life as

well as his, with sorrow and disgrace. God grant that this day may end her trials and sufferings, and that this noble act of her young life may find its reward in your verdict. A father and a sister look longingly towards you, and the eyes of an angel mother are suffused with tears, as she views from the spirit land her darling boy. Can you withstand their tears? Can you coldly and unfeelingly turn aside heedless of these eloquent tongues of affection? "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," comes ringing in your ears. Say to the loving wife, you have sacrificed enough; here is your reward; we restore to you your husband. Say to the father who fondled his young life, we restore him and bless your grey hairs. Say to the fond sister, your prayer is heard and your brother is saved. Wipe the tear from the eye of the angel mother and light up her face with a smile, and as you go down to your homes and families to-night, the joy of these hearts will be ringing in your ears and render you nobler, better, and happier. I leave him in your care and keeping, and I know he is safe."

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA vs. BRAGG.

Bragg was indicted in 1881 for killing Spinks, in Charlestown. Spinks was a shoemaker, living in the lower part of the town, had been a soldier in the Confederate army, was severely wounded, and made a cripple. Bragg entered his shop to get a pair of boots which Spinks had mended for him and wanted to carry them off without paying for them. A quarrel ensued, and Spinks struck Bragg, who was a strong young man, physically superior to Spinks. Bragg ran out of the shop (Spinks hobbling after him) to the middle of the street, where he got a stone, which he threw at Spinks, striking him about the temple, and killing him instantly. Bragg was defended by the Hons. D. B. Lucas and James H. Grove, and was prosecuted by C. Moore, State's Attorney, and George Baylor, the closing part of whose speech was as follows:

“Gentlemen of the Jury: I have sought to lay this case before you in a calm and dispassionate manner. I have tried to do no wrong or injustice to this defendant. I know there are hearts here yearning for his restoration to liberty. I reverence the feelings and emotions of the parental heart. They are the attributes in fallen man which show likest God. Give these feelings a lodgment in your breast, but, remember, while you look on this defendant, and your hearts beat in sympathy and compassion for his aged father and mother, there is another household in which is seated the wife, whom he has ruthlessly widowed, and five infant children, who wait in vain for the ‘touch of a vanished hand, the sound of a voice that is still.’ These no longer gather around their father’s humble bench to beguile his labors with their childish sports; the bench is vacant; the sound of his hammer is heard no more; their voices have lost their music; their little hearts are sad as they look mournfully out on the world and ask its



Wm. L. Wilson.

charity. These claim from you a tear. But if this helpless widow and these orphan children do not appeal to you for justice, recall for a moment his victim, feeble in health, his crutches at his side, wounded, afflicted, bearing on his person the honorable scars of war, amid the throes of poverty, manfully, yes, heroically, battling with the waves of adverse fortune, nobly performing that highest and holiest duty of a husband and a father—the maintenance and support of his family—toiling in the late twilight of a Saturday evening in his humble little shop in your town, long after the strong and vigorous had retired from their labors, suddenly stricken down, and in a manner so brutal and so despicable as not to leave even a spark of manhood to lend either virtue or dignity to the crime. In a country that boasts of its chivalry, the person of the weak, the feeble, and the afflicted, should ever be sacred, and he who violates that sanctity not only breaks the law, but should forfeit title to the respect of true manhood, for his crime is not alone against law, both human and divine, but against nobility and humanity.

“But where will this defendant flee for refuge from this crime? In ancient days there was a tribunal in which insulted honor and offended dignity could seek redress for every wrong; a tribunal recognized in the law, and moving hand in hand and side by side with that tribunal in which the rights of person and the rights of property were protected. This was the tribunal of fair and honorable combat. Will this defendant seek here the shelter of that tribunal? He that comes into her court must wage no unequal conflict. In this case, on the one side I see youth and strength; on the other weakness and infirmity; on the one side I see a deadly missile; on the other I hear a feeble threat. In such an unequal contest the result is too apparent; the one revels in safety, the other lies stark and cold in death. No; there is no place of refuge for him here. He has trampled under foot every principle the genius of that institution consecrated, and she spurns him from her courts. Will he appeal to the bar of that

enlightened public opinion which accords to every man not a mean, degrading, and debasing, but a high and honorable self-defence; for the code of its wisdom does not compel a man to flee to the wall, but it does insist that he who seeks its protection shall have a reasonable apprehension of immediate grievous bodily harm. The groundless fears of a feeble heart encamped in a strong and vigorous body, when assailed by an unarmed, infirm, and crippled adversary, receives no countenance at her hands. There is no place in its courts for such a crime. 'Here is the smell of blood still, all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this hand.'

"To you gentlemen of the jury, is entrusted a most important part in the execution of the laws. You are sworn to try this case on the evidence; that duty you must not hesitate to perform. But I wish to caution you against a false idea of mercy that oftentimes creeps into the minds of jurymen and warps their better judgment. 'Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.' Mercy in its true sense is a noble attribute; it springs from the heart of the injured to the injurer; from an offended God to offending man, but that mercy which is the offspring of no noble emotion of the soul, which arises from no deprivation or damage suffered, which has its origin in an indifference and aversion to the infliction of merited punishment, is the child of injustice and cowardice. I trust you are free from this weakness. The manner in which you perform your duty to-day is a matter that not only affects the prisoner at the bar, but each and all of us. A brother's blood cries unto us from the ground. The law that he has violated is no law of human origin; it is the same law that the grand old sage whom the hand of God laid to rest over against Beth-Peor's heights proclaimed to the children of Israel as an ordinance among them and their posterity forever, and 'if he smite him with throwing a stone, wherewith he may die, and he die, he is a murderer, the murderer shall surely be put to death.' This is not only the teaching of Holy Writ, but it is the voice of nature uttering one of her

immutable truths. It is your high and holy duty to enforce the law not only as an example to deter others from the commission of a like offence, but as the just reward of his action. I ask you, then, to assert the dignity of true manhood, closing your eyes upon the offender, visit his offence with that punishment the law prescribes and justice demands. Let no false notion of generosity or humanity deter or swerve you from the line of duty. Remember your oath and the solemn obligation it imposes, not in vengeance but in true mercy; vindicate the equality of justice, the purity of judgment, the majesty and supremacy of the law. There is a consciousness of duty well performed which follows each of us and silently applauds us in the way. May you go from this jury-box this day with this pleasing reward of your labors and lie down this night to refreshing slumbers, fully assured that the law you have this day vindicated holds its protecting ægis over you and your families. I leave the case now in your hands with the full assurance you will weigh the testimony and render such a verdict as your consciences will approve."

Verdict: Voluntary manslaughter; four years in the penitentiary.

YOUNG LOVE'S DREAM.

To Miss Ellen Lisle while at Berkeley Springs:

AUGUST 20, 1867.

Slowly and mournfully,
 Ellen Lisle,
Pass the cheerless moments
 One by one;
For over the face of time,
Solemnly and sublime
Peals the saddening chime,
 Ellen's gone.

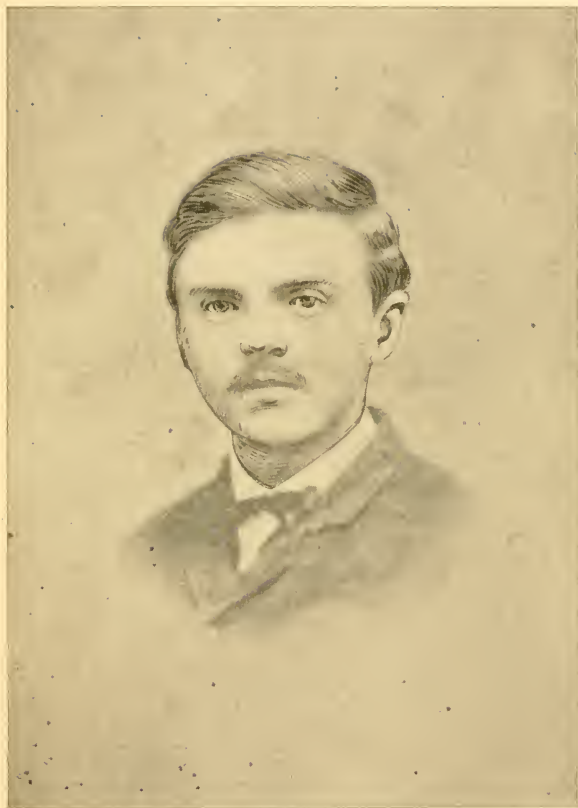
Sadly and feelingly,
 Ellen Lisle,
Throbs my uneasy heart
 All the while,
For over my heart-strings
Memory softly brings,
A voice that ever sings,
 Ellen Lisle.

Nightly and dreamily,
 Ellen Lisle,
Speeds my spirit away
 Many a mile,
And o'er my troubled dream,
Like a meteor's gleam,
Flashes the cheering beam,
 Ellen's smile.

Fondly and sincerely,
 Ellen Lisle,
My thoughts in devotion
 Follow thee,
Oh! in the merry dance,
Just now and then perchance
Return one pleasing glance
 Back to me.

Darkly and drearily,
 Ellen Lisle,
Pass the lonely moments
 All the while;
Come, bid this night begone,
Come, haste the rosy morn,
And cheer a heart forlorn,
 Ellen Lisle.

Quickly and speedily
 Ellen Lisle,
Greet with thy voice again
 Home, sweet home,
Then, filled with joy profound,
My spirits will rebound
And its echoes resound,
 Ellen's come.



Jno. O. Yates.

TO MY "LAST RESORT."

The following lines were written from Kansas City, Mo., in 1869, to a young lady in Jefferson, who had, on his departure West, promised the writer that after unsuccessful effort elsewhere, she would be *his last resort*.

"'Tis my last resort," my beautiful one,
For I've searched in vain all climes of the sun,
Till hope is eclipsed in the shadow of fear
And the tablet of joy is stained with a tear.
Come in thy beauty in this hour of despair
And bring back the face my heart used to wear;
Yea, teach me to live in the glance of thine eye,
To weep when thou'rt far and laugh when thou'rt nigh,
To trust in thy truth when storms are above
And anchor my faith in thy haven of love.

Stay not thy coming, for night shadows fall,
Investing my heart in an ominous pall;
Thy presence will bring the sun through the cloud,
The beams of thy love dispel the dark shroud,
Welcome the morrow with rosy delight,
And follow with joy the footsteps of night.

Be queen of this heart and make it thy home,
When safe from the storm no sorrow shall come,
Each moment be blest and instinctively seem
A Utopia of bliss, a fairly-land dream,
Till angels look down from heaven above
And crimson their blush in its mirror of love.

Oh! then I'll not mourn the loves that I have lost,
But estimate all as the sum of thy cost,
Nor think you o'er dear or prize you the less,
That these were wanting in genuineness.
"Since last shall be first," let anchor be cast
And you shall be first, and shall be the last.

(On seeing an old sweetheart after several years' absence, 1881.)

Bright dream of my youth! Sweet shade of the past,
I saw thee to-day, how changed since the last;
The hope of my youth is vanished and gone,
Its prayer unanswered, its desire undone;
Thy bright smile may still excite the cold heart,
But to hopes now dead, no life can impart,
A gulf lies between I dare not pass o'er,
Though a heart and a hand await me on shore;
But memory yet lives in scenes of the past,
And o'er its dreamland its halo will cast
As smiles that light up the face of the dead,
The beams still linger, when the spirit is fled.

LINES SUGGESTED BY DECORATION-DAY.

(Written just after Decoration-Day, 1873.)

I want your love just while I live,
While I can still that love return,
It will not joy or comfort give
When lamp of life has ceased to burn.

When the soldier's companion falls,
He waits to see the pause of life,
Then onward goes where duty calls,
And drowns his woe in battle strife.

Thus when 'tis fate for me to die,
Breathe but one sigh for memory dear,
And gently close the fading eye,
Affection asks not e'en a tear.

Pluck not, I pray, the wild flowers' bloom,
Nor chaplet wreath nor rustic crown,
To deck a cold and lifeless tomb
Where mortal dust alone is found.

Can sweetest flowers illumine the grave,
Or cheer or bless the tenant there,
Knows he the hand that loving gave
Those flowers so beautiful and fair?

I can as calm and sweetly sleep
In death's silent, reposing lair,
Without a friend to sigh or weep
Or place in love a rose-bud there.

But love me, friends, while I can still
Clasp hand with hand in kinship given,
Meet heart with heart in joyous thrill
And feel this earth is nearing heaven.

TO MISS MARY, 1881.

The morning sun whose cheering ray,
Dispels from earth the mists of night
And ushers in the joyful day

That brings my Mary to my sight,
A moment views the sleeping.

Then fondly wakes her with a kiss,
While I stand back abashed, afraid,
And almost die in sight of bliss.

Oh! were I a spirit of the air

That viewless wields its magic art,
I, too, would press those lips so fair,
And fold thee fondly to my heart.

What these sunbeams each morn fulfil

My heart approves, though yet forbears,
For love that's true is deep and still;
It would attempt, but seldom dares.

'Tis said love springs from fond desires

And has its home within the heart,
But the lips feed its vestal fires
And all its purest joys impart.

Then, Mary, grant a lover's prayer

One moment of ecstatic bliss,
No purer joy beyond compare
To press upon thy lips a kiss.

When death draws near, as soon it must,

We bear the signet of decay;
E'er this vile body turns to dust,
As evening shadows close its day.

In all your warmth and tenderness

Upon these lips, so parched and dry,
Mary, come near, and one kiss press,
And I will feel, "'tis sweet to die."

UNCLE SAM TO SENORITA EVANGELINE CISNEROS.

MAY 3, 1898.

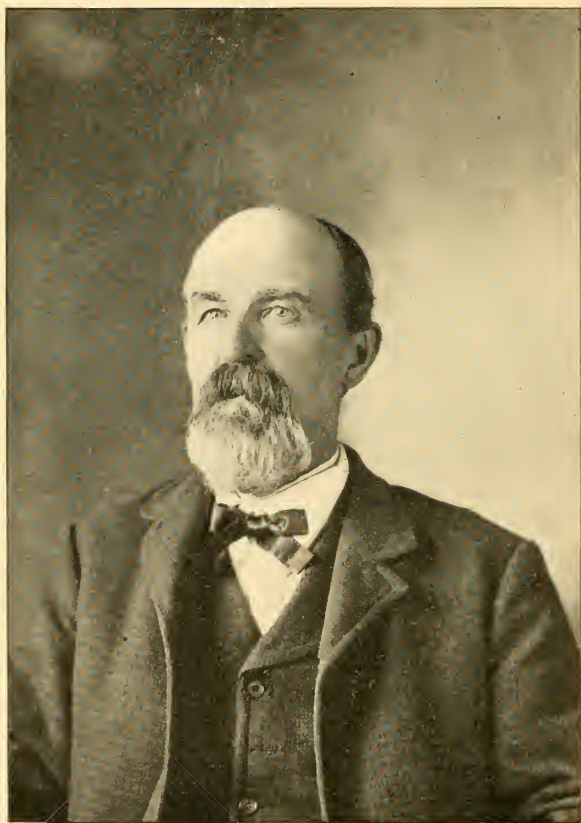
(The father of Evangeline Cisneros, while making preparations to join the Cuban forces, was taken prisoner and sentenced to be shot. Evangeline, then a girl of sixteen, hastened to see the Captain-General of Cuba, to ask clemency in his behalf. After much delay she gained admittance, and the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life in the Spanish penal colony in Africa. This commutation saved her father for a time, but resigned him to a slow and certain death. A new Captain-General came into office at this time, and Evangeline determined to seek from him further clemency. After being turned away from the gate of that officer's quarters for many days, she finally, through the kindness of his son, was admitted, and her father's sentence was commuted to imprisonment in the penal colony on the Isle of Pines, a small island lying south of Cuba. While her father remained in prison in Cuba, Evangeline daily prepared his meals and took them in a little basket to the prison, but she was seldom allowed to enter. When this sentence was imposed, Evangeline and her sister Carmen accompanied their father and shared his privations. Her beauty attracted the attention of Colonel Berriz, the governor of the island, and he became violently enamoured of her. When he found his addresses repulsed, he tried to influence her by severe punishments inflicted on her father, and finding these unavailing, he then attempted to ravish her, but her cries caused the Cuban prisoners to rise, and Berriz was severely handled. For this Evangeline and Carmen were charged with exciting the prisoners to murder Berriz, and she and her sister were sent to Havana and confined in a loathsome prison with

abandoned characters. Her sister was released after a short imprisonment, but Evangeline remained there fifteen months, when she was rescued by the heroic Carl Decker.)

I have heard thy voice, Evangeline,
 Bewailing thy father's cruel fate;
I have heard thy voice, Evangeline,
 Calling in vain at the despot's gate;
I have seen thee bear thy frugal gift
 And knock in vain at the prison door,
Yearning to solace thy father's life,
 His hunger feed from thy scanty store;
Cuba Libre's battle-cry is mine,
 Sword of the Lord and Evangeline.

I have heard thy voice, Evangeline,
 Thy songs wafted on the Southern winds;
I have heard thy voice, Evangeline,
 Awakening far out the Isle of Pines;
Spanish tyrants tremble at thy call,
 Tho' helpless thou wert, brave hearts were near;
To save virtue from Hispano lust,
 They break prison chains and banish fear;
Cuba Libre's battle-cry is mine,
 Sword of the Lord and Evangeline.

I have heard thy voice, Evangeline,
 Appealing from the felon's loathsome cell;
I have heard thy voice, Evangeline,
 Calling to me from Habana's hell;
I will avenge all thy cruel wrongs,
 Break thy father's chains, thy country free;
Berriz's blood shall Tarquin lust atone,
 And dear Carmen be restored to thee;
Cuba Libre's battle-cry is mine,
 Sword of the Lord and Evangeline.



Mason E. Young.

Appendix.

ROLL OF BAYLOR LIGHT-HORSE.

OFFICERS.

<i>Baylor, R. W.</i>		Captain.
	Wounded.	
<i>Rouss, Milton</i>		First Lieutenant.
	Wounded.	
<i>Baylor, George</i>		Second Lieutenant.
	Wounded.	
<i>Washington, B. C.</i>		Third Lieutenant.
	Wounded.	
<i>Timberlake, S. W.</i>		Orderly Sergeant.
	Wounded.	
<i>Conklyn, J. H.</i>		Second Sergeant.
<i>Trussell, C. W.</i>		Third Sergeant.
<i>Frazier, W. C.</i>		Fourth Sergeant.
	Wounded.	

PRIVATEs.

<p><i>Aisquith, E. M.</i> <i>Aisquith, W. M.</i> <i>Anderson, Isaac</i> Wounded. <i>Alexander, Charles</i> <i>Alexander, Herbert</i> <i>Averill, William</i> Killed. <i>Baylor, Richard C.</i> Killed. <i>Baylor, Robert W., Jr.</i> Killed. <i>Bartlett, Joseph</i> Wounded. <i>Baker, William H.</i> Wounded. <i>Baney, Thaddeus</i> Killed. <i>Barringer, James</i> <i>Beall, H. D.</i> <i>Bell, Daniel</i> Wounded.</p>	<p><i>Berry, Charles</i> Wounded. <i>Bonham, Edward</i> <i>Butler, J. D.</i> <i>Conklyn, C. C.</i> <i>Chamberlain, Lucien</i> <i>Crane, C. L.</i> <i>Castleman, Robert</i> Wounded. <i>Cooke, B. W.</i> <i>Coleman, John</i> Wounded. <i>Conrad, Morris</i> <i>Conrad, J. M. M.</i> <i>Crane, Joseph</i> <i>Crane, J. C.</i> Wounded. <i>Cookus, Robert</i> <i>Creton, George</i> Wounded. <i>Coyle, J. W.</i></p>
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- Craighill, R. T.
 Wounded.
 Dovenberger, Daniel
 Wounded.
 Easterday, Joseph
 Easterday, John
 Eddins, H. C.
 Wounded.
 English, W. D.
 Wounded.
Faughnder, Daniel
 Wounded.
Faughnder, Fenton
Fry, J. D.
 Gallaher, J. H.
 Wounded.
Gallaher, J. S.
Gallaher, Edward
Gordon, Abraham
 Wounded.
Gibson, W. H.
 Grantham, J. S.
 Henderson, Charles E.
 Wounded.
Henderson, Robert
 Hilbert, John
 Hilbert, George
 Howell, John
Huyett, R. D.
 Killed.
 Hoffmaster, J. W.
Hutchinson, Julian, Dr.
Hunter, H. C.
Isler, C. H.
 Killed.
Lackland, E. M.
 Lewis, B. F.
 Lewis, J. L.
 Lewis, Elisha
Lewis, George
 Killed.
Lewis, David
 Killed.
Locke, William
 Killed.
 Manning, C. J.
Manning, G. U.
 Killed.
 Manning, William P.
 Wounded.
- Manning, F. J.
 Wounded.
Manning, Ad.
 Myers, Thomas
 Mason, William S.
McKown, Warner
 Killed.
 McCluer, John
Moore, Monroe
 Killed.
North, Robert
 Rouss, C. B.
 Ranson, Thomas D.
 Wounded.
 Ranson, B. B.
 Randall, James
 Redman, T. B.
 Rowland, J. H.
 Strider, Isaac H.
 Wounded.
 Starry, Tustin.
Sadler, L. L.
 Selden, W. C.
 Wounded.
 Smith, John W.
 Killed.
 Tearney, Leo
 Thomson, William S.
 Timberlake, George
 Wounded.
Timberlake, Richard
 Killed.
 Timberlake, Stephen
Timberlake, J. H.
 Wounded.
 Timberlake, J. L.
 Wounded.
 Timberlake, T. W.
 Wounded
 Timberlake, Harry
 Trussell, J. T.
Trussell, E. C.
 Trussell, Moses
Terrill, Philip
 Killed.
Terrill, J. U.
Washington, George
 Wounded.
Washington, J. C.

Wysong, R. L. Wounded.	<i>Workman, John</i> Killed.
Willis, Beale	<i>Wingard, George</i> Wounded.
<i>Willis, Albert</i>	
<i>Willis, Frank</i>	<i>Yates, John O.</i>
Wilson, William L.	Young, Mason E.
<i>Wiltshire, J. C.</i> Killed	<i>Zombro, J. W.</i>
<i>Whittington, Ben</i>	<i>Zombro, T. B.</i> Killed.
Wolfe, John W.	
<i>Wright, Samuel</i> Killed.	Zombro, J. D.

Killed, 19. Wounded, 35. Dead (Italics), 62.

MARCH 1, 1900.

ROLL OF SURVIVORS OF BAYLOR LIGHT HO. SE, COMPANY B
TWELFTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY, WITH OCCUPATION
AND PRESENT ADDRESS.

Milton Rouss, farmer, Kabletown, Jefferson county, W. Va.
George Baylor, lawyer, Charlestown, W. Va.
B. C. Washington, grain dealer, Charlestown, W. Va.
Aisquith, E. M., merchant, St. Joseph, Mo.
Anderson, Isaac, farmer, Bloomfield, Va.
Beall, H. D., Sun Editorial Corps, Baltimore, Md.
Bell, Daniel, physician, Marshall, Mo.
Butler, J. D., farmer, Charlestown, W. Va.
Conklyn, J. H., farmer, Berryville, Va.
Conklyn, C. C., farmer, Charlestown, W. Va.
Chamberlain, Lucien, farmer, Bel Air, Mo.
Castleman, Robert, farmer, Berry's Ferry, Va.
Cooke, B. W., teacher, Trimble, Ky.
Coleman, John, speculator, Waco, Texas.
Copeland, Philip, builder, Baltimore, Md.
Conrad, J. M. M., merchant, Baltimore, Md.
Crane, Joseph, Charlestown, W. Va.
Crane, James C., merchant, Exeter, Mo.
Cookus, Robert, farmer, Brock's Gap, Va.
Craighill, Robert T., lawyer, Lynchburg, Va.
Dovenberger, Daniel, farmer, Benedict, Neb.
Easterday, Joseph, stoves and tinware, Charlestown, W. Va.
Easterday, John, Charlestown, W. Va.
English, W. D., ex. M. C. and lawyer, Oakland, Cal.
Frazier, Wm. C., farmer, Summit Point, W. Va.
Grantham, John S., Middleway, W. Va.

- Henderson, Charles E., vice-president P. & R. R. R., Philadelphia, Pa.
Hilbert, John, Washington, D. C.
Hilbert, George, Baltimore, Md.
Howell, John, merchant, Charlestown, W. Va.
Hoffmaster, John W., farmer, Benedict, Neb.
Lewis, John L., farmer, Middleway, W. Va.
Lewis, Elisha, farmer, Middleway, W. Va.
Lewis, Frank, builder, Berryville, Va.
Manning, C. J., agent, farming implements, Bridgewater, Va.
Manning, F. J., farmer and grain dealer, Charlestown, W. Va.
Manning, William P., physician, Washington, D. C.
Myers, Thomas, merchant, Danville, Ill.
Mason, W. S., farmer, Woodville, Va.
McCluer, John, lawyer, Parkersburg, W. Va.
Ranson, Thomas D., lawyer, Staunton, Va.
Ranson, B. B., physician, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.
Randall, James, farmer, Hardscrabble, W. Va.
Redman, Thomas B., druggist, Louisville, Ky.
Rowland, J. H., miller, Wheatland, W. Va.
Rouss, Charles B., merchant, New York, N. Y.
Strider, Isaac H., farmer, Leetown, W. Va.
Starry, Tustin, Charlestown, W. Va.
Selden, W. C., Warrenton, Va.
Tearney, Leo, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.
Thomson, William S., lawyer, Atlanta, Ga.
Timberlake, S. M., merchant, New York, N. Y.
Timberlake, Stephen, merchant, Staunton, Va.
Timberlake, James H., merchant, New York, N. Y.
Timberlake, George, farmer, Stephenson's, Va.
Timberlake, T. W., farmer, Milldale, Va.
Timberlake, Harry, merchant, Winchester, Va.
Trussell, James, farmer, Kearneysville, W. Va.
Trussell, Moses, farmer, Charlestown, W. Va.
Wysong, R. L., grain dealer, Duffields, W. Va.
Willis, Bealle, Waco, Texas.
Wilson, William L., president Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Wolfe, John W., Lovettsville, Va.
Young, Mason E., sergeant, Charlestown, W. Va.

BAYLOR FAMILY.

John Baylor was born in 1650 at Tiverton, Devonshire, England, came to Gloucester county, Virginia, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and acquired a large estate by extensive trade as a merchant. He was Burgess for Gloucester county in 1692 and King and Queen in 1718. He married Lucy Todd O'Brien, of New Kent, in 1698, and at his death, left a very considerable property, his personal estate being appraised at £6,500. (Va. Mag. of Hist. & Biography, Vol. IX., p. 363.) The books kept at his various counting-houses in Gloucester, King and Queen and New Kent are still preserved at New Market. Mention is made of six or seven ships, belonging to him at different times, engaged in trading with the Old World. He and Colonel George Braxton were the Burgesses for King and Queen in 1718. (See Burk's Virginia, Vol. III., and Virginia Historical Register, Vol. II.) His portrait is now at New Market. John Baylor and Lucy Todd O'Brien had several sons and daughters (two only of whom I have been able to trace)—John (2), born May 12, 1705, and Gregory, born February 10, 1710, both at Walkerton, King and Queen county.

John (2) married Lucy Walker, at Yorktown, January 2, 1744, several sons and daughters being the issue of this marriage. John (2) was with Washington at Winchester. He represented the county of Caroline in the House of Burgesses from 1740 to 1760. In 1748 I find that he and Lunsford Lomax were Burgesses from Caroline, and in 1757-'58 he and Edmond Pendleton. (See Burk's Virginia, Vol. III., ch. 2, p. 134.) John (2) moved to New Market in 1726, and occupied a large grant of land. This grant is still preserved at New Market, which has been continuously in possession of the family from that time to the present, its present owner

being James B. Baylor. John (2) held several commissions, one of which constituted him lieutenant of the county of Orange, signed by Robert Dinwiddie at Williamsburg in 1752, and is still extant. John (3), oldest son of John (2), was born at New Market September 4, 1750; was sent at the age of twelve to Putney Grammar School, from which he was removed to Cambridge, and was a classmate of Wilberforce. While in Europe the letters of Junius appeared, and for some reason he felt so deep an interest in the subject, style or authorship, as to transcribe them as they were published, the manuscript being now in a perfect state of preservation at New Market. The performance of a task so laborious as that involved in copying these famous letters from the Public Advertiser, the numbers of which could as well be preserved, presents a puzzle which his family are unable to solve.

John (3) married while in England his cousin, Fanny Norton, of Gould Square, London, and shortly afterward returned to Virginia. They were followed by the brothers of Mrs. Baylor. Several of their descendants have devoted their lives to the ministry. The Rev. John H. Norton is one of them. The Historical Register, Officers of the Continental Army, registers John (3) as follows: "Lieutenant Third Continental Dragoons, 15th February, 1777; Captain 1780, and served to close of war." John (3) Baylor's portrait, painted while at Cambridge, is at New Market. He died at New Market, February 5, 1808. The issue of John (3) Baylor were Francis Courtney, born October 10, 1779; Courtney Orange, born May 31, 1781; John (4), George, and Lucy.

John (4) Baylor, of New Market, married in 1819 Maria, daughter of Mingo Roy, of Caroline, and had only one child, Dr. John (5) Roy Baylor, born 1822; died July 26, 1897. John (5) Roy married Anne Bowen, of Albemarle county. They had issue—James Bowen (who married Ellen Carter Bruce, of Staunton Hill, Halifax county), and John (6) Roy (who married Miss Howard, of Richmond), and Maria Roy.

George, the second son of John (2) and Lucy Walker, was born at New Market January 12, 1752. He was aide to General Washington at the battle of Trenton, and enjoyed the honor of presenting the colors there taken to Congress. His portrait appears in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. In the Journals of Congress, Wednesday, January 1, 1777, will be found the following:

“Congress being informed that Lieutenant-Colonel Baylor, one of General Washington’s aides-de-camp, who brought the dispatches from General Washington, read yesterday, was at the door, ordered, that he be admitted. Lieutenant-Colonel Baylor being accordingly admitted, gave a particular account of the late action at Trenton, and withdrew.

“*Resolved*, That a horse properly caparisoned for service be presented to Lieutenant-Colonel Baylor, and that he be recommended to General Washington to be appointed to the command of a regiment of light horse, and that he rank with Colonel Sheldon, lately appointed to like command, saving to Colonel Sheldon any preference which arises from the senior date of his commission.”

And in the Journals of Congress, January 23, 1777, we find the following:

“*Resolved*, That 41,640 dollars be advanced to Colonel George Baylor for the purpose of purchasing horses and paying the bounty of men for the regiment of cavalry he is ordered to raise; that the same be paid to Major A. Clough and charged to Colonel Baylor, who is to be accountable.”

Historical Register, Officers of the Continental Army, registers: “Baylor, George, Lieutenant-Colonel and aide-de-camp to General Washington, 15th of August, 1775, to January 9, 1777. By the act of January 1, 1777, it was resolved that a horse properly caparisoned for service be presented Lieutenant-Colonel Baylor, colonel Third Continental Dragoons, 9th of January, 1777; surprised, wounded, and taken prisoner at Tappan; 28th of September, 1778, exchanged.

His regiment consolidated with the First Continental Dragoons 9th of November, 1782; retained in command of the same and served to close of war. Brevet brigadier-general, 30th September, 1783; died March, 1784."

It is noted in the same book: "Third Dragoons; Colonel George Baylor, 9th of January, 1777, to close of war; Lieutenant-Colonel Benjamin Bird, 14th of March, 1777, to 20th of November, 1778; Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Washington, 20th of November, 1778, to close of war; Major Alexander Clough, 8th of January, 1777, to 28th of September, 1778; Major Richard Call, 2d October, 1778, to 9th of November, 1782; Major John Belfield, 1780, to 9th of November, 1782; Major John Swan, 9th of November, 1782, to close of war. The First and Third regiments were consolidated 9th of November, 1782, and thereafter the consolidated regiment was known as 'Baylor's Dragoons.'"

George Baylor married at Mansfield Lucy Page, and left surviving him one son, John Walker (who married Anne Fitzhugh, and left one son, who died without issue), and four daughters—Lucy Page (who married John Heath Brent), Mary Digges (who married Robert Horner), and E.iza (who married Joseph Horner). His widow married Nat Burwell, of Frederick county.

The following letter was in possession of the late Mrs. J. H. Brent, granddaughter of George Baylor, a few years ago:

To the Honorable Don Martin Navaro, Intendant General of the Province of Louisiana:

Sir,—I beg leave to introduce to your acquaintance Colonel George Baylor, a character entitled to the attention and admiration of every lover of virtue and patriotism. He is a gentleman of the best connections in Virginia. His great zeal in the service of the country and many brilliant actions performed by him in the course of the late war, have rendered him conspicuous in America. He was the General's first aide-de-camp, and on various occasions has had not only the approbation but the eulogiums of the Commander-in-Chief. The fatigues of the war and the effects of wounds render a

sea voyage absolutely necessary for the recovery of his health. He intends to pay a visit to New Orleans, and to return home *via* Mississippi and Ohio. May I request your friendship and politeness to this American hero during his stay in your town, and on his departure you will be pleased to honor him with your letters to the commandants on his route upwards, commending him to their care and good offices. I have the honor to be, with sentiments of the most perfect respect and esteem, sir, your most obliged and most humble servant.

DANIEL CLARKE.

Richmond, in Virginia, December 4, 1783.

It is needless to say this letter was never delivered, Colonel Baylor having died at Barbadoes on the trip around by sea, in March, 1784. Colonel George Baylor, after his promotion by Congress and vacating the position of aide-de-camp to General Washington, seems to have kept up a brisk and intimate correspondence with that officer. I have selected a few of these letters from the Virginia Historical Register, Vol. II., pp. 141-144, showing not only the intimacy between these officers, but a peculiar trait in the character of Washington—his great solicitude for the welfare of his relatives and friends:

MORRISTOWN, January 9, 1777.

Dear Baylor: Your letter of the 1st from Baltimore came to my hands this day. Your desire of commanding a regiment of horse, I cheerfully yield to, because it is the recommendation of Congress, your own wish and my desire. As nothing contributes so much to the constitution of a good regiment as a good corps of officers, and no method so likely to obtain these as leaving the choice in a great measure to the gentleman who is to reap the honors or share the disgrace arising from their behavior, I shall vest you with the power of nominating the officers of your own regiment, except the field officers and those of the troop commanded by George Lewis, which I shall annex to your regiment (instead of Sheldon's), and except a lieutenancy in some troop for little Starke. When I talk of giving you the nomination of the officers, I would have it understood that I reserve to myself a negative upon a part or the whole, if I

have reason to suspect an improper choice. I earnestly recommend to you to be circumspect in your choice of officers. Take none but gentlemen; let no local attachments influence you; do not suffer your good nature (when an application is made) to say yes, when you ought to say no. Do not take old men, nor yet fill your corps with boys—especially for captains. Colonel Landon Carter some time ago recommended a grandson of his to me, and if he still inclines to serve, and a lieutenancy would satisfy him, make him the offer of it.

Let me hear frequently from you.

I am, very sincerely, yours,

G. WASHINGTON.

MORRISTOWN, January 17, 1777.

Dear Baylor: There is a gentleman, a friend of mine, whom I should be glad to provide for in your regiment of horse. I therefore desire you will reserve a troop for him. Let me hear from you by every post; send me a list of the officers you have fixed on, and again let me urge to you how much everything depends upon dispatch.

I am, sincerely your affectionate friend and servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

MORRISTOWN, February 15, 1777.

Dear Baylor: Two young gentlemen, namesakes of mine, the one son to Mr. Lawrence Washington, the other to Mr. Robert Washington, both of Stafford county, are desirous of entering into the horse service. If, therefore, you have not disposed of all the cornetcies in your regiment, I should be glad if you should appoint each of them one.

I am, sincerely, Dr. Sir, your affect'e,

G. WASHINGTON.

In the Virginia Historical Register, Vol. II., pp. 213-217, will be found the following correspondence between General Washington and Colonel Baylor:

MORRISTOWN, May 25, 1777.

Dear Sir: By this day's post, I received your favor of the 13th instant. I am sorry to find you have to combat so many difficulties in raising your regiment. These, however, I

flatter myself, in a little time will be all surmounted by your persevering activity. A chaplain is part of the establishment of a corps of cavalry, and I see no objection to your having one, unless you suppose yours will be too virtuous and moral to require instruction. Let him be a man of character and good conversation, and who will influence the manners of the corps both by precept and example. A paymaster is indispensably necessary, and as his duty will be to make up all abstracts and receive and pay all money due the corps, and also keep and settle all transactions respecting it, he must be a person of good character and well versed in accounts. His pay will be fifty dollars per month, and I hope you will make choice of one who will answer the description I have given.

I am, dear Baylor, your affectionate, humble servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

HEADQUARTERS, WHITE PLAINS,

3d August, 1778.

Dear Sir: I am favored with yours of the 13th ultimo. As you seem to have proceeded as far as you can in the purchase of horses, without indulging the exorbitant demands of the holders, I would have you desist and come immediately to camp with all the officers, men, and horses. If you have any arms or accoutrements unfinished, or any men and horses unfit to come forward when this order reaches you, leave an officer upon whose diligence you can depend to bring them on when they are ready.

Lieutenant Baylor, under arrest for gaming, is to come on with you. I have written to Colonel Bland and desired him to give over purchasing and to come on to camp also, as it is my intent to draw as strong a body of cavalry as possible together, that we may keep the enemy from foraging or drawing other supplies from this part of the country.

I am, dear sir, your most obedient servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

Walker Baylor, third son of John (2) and Lucy Walker, married Jane Bledsoe, of Virginia, and had issue: Robert E. B., John Walker, Walker, Keith, and Cyrus. He was lieutenant Third Dragoons, 28th of June, 1777; Captain, February, 1780, and resigned July 10, 1780. He was disabled at

Germantown by a ball which crushed his instep. He seems to have incurred his father's displeasure, and is not mentioned in his will. (13 Gratt., 152.)

Robert Emmet Bledsoe Baylor was born in Lincoln county, Ky., May 10, 1793; died at Gay Hill, Texas, January 6, 1874. He served in the War of 1812 under Colonel Boswell, and was in the fight near Fort Meigs. In 1819 he was elected to the Kentucky Legislature, and in the following year removed to Alabama, where he became a prominent lawyer, and was a member of Congress from that State 1829-'31. During the Creek Wars he commanded a regiment of Alabama volunteers, and rendered efficient service. He afterwards, in 1839, removed to Texas, and was immediately elected a judge of the Supreme Court, and was a member of the convention which framed the Constitution. Later, he was chosen a district judge, and held that office for twenty-five years. Baylor University, Texas, to which he made gifts of lands and money, was named after him, as was also Baylor county, Texas.

John Walker Baylor, son of Walker and Jane Bledsoe, had issue: Walker, Henry, John Robert (who was Governor of Arizona, Brigadier-General Confederate States army, and a noted Indian fighter. He has grandchildren now living at Cotulla, Texas), George Wythe (who is still living in Texas, and was a colonel in Confederate States army), Charles (who married Lula Wadsworth, daughter of Commodore Wadsworth, United States navy, and whose family now live at Jamaica Plains, Boston), Sophie (who is now living with her daughter), Francis Courtney Baylor (Barnum), author of "On Both Sides," "Behind the Blue Ridge," "Claudia Hyde," etc., at Savannah, Ga.; Cyrus (who manumitted his slaves and removed from Texas to Illinois, where, we understand, he raised a large family. One of his sons, United States army, was killed in storming Kenessaw Mountain, and his diary fell into the hands of General John Robert Baylor,

Confederate States army, his first cousin); and Fannie (who married Colonel James Belger, United States army).

Robert Baylor, fourth son of John (2), married Francis Gwyn, of Gwyn's Island. He served in his brother's regiment of dragoons and shortly after the war he, in company with his cousins Richard and William Baylor, sons of Gregory, and others who had served in the Continental army, emigrated to Jefferson county (then Berkeley), and purchased a large tract of land on "Bull Skin," adjoining the lands of Lancelot Lee and heirs of Corbin Washington. He was one of the justices of the County Court of Berkeley county prior to the formation of Jefferson county in 1801. In 1804 he sold his lands in Jefferson county and moved to Logan county, Ky.

Among the land records of Jefferson county, in D. B. 2, p. 97, of date February 13, 1804, is the following: "Robert Baylor and Frances Baylor, of the county of Jefferson, in consideration of 6,120 pounds, sells and conveys to Henry S. Turner the farm on which said Baylor now lives, containing 765 acres," etc. The survey calls for corners to Lancelot Lee and heirs of Corbin Washington. In same D. B., p. 202, I find the following: "Know all by these presents, that I, Robert Baylor, at present of the county of Jefferson and Commonwealth of Virginia, but expecting and intending to remove to the State of Kentucky, have made, constituted, and appointed, etc., Ferdinando Fairfax, of said county of Jefferson, my true and lawful attorney, etc., to superintend and manage the suit now depending in the High Court of Chancery, at Staunton, Virginia, in the name of John Baylor and others against me," etc. This was a suit to enforce the provisions of the will of John (2) Baylor, and is now reported in 13 Gratt. 152. After Robert removed to Logan county, Ky., he appointed his son, Gwyn Baylor, his attorney in fact to settle his business in Jefferson county. (See D. B. 4, p. 493.)

Lucy Baylor, daughter of John (2) Baylor and Lucy

Walker, married John Armistead and was the mother of General Walker Armistead and Colonel George Armistead. The latter commanded at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, during the British bombardment, and when Francis Scott Key wrote the "Star Spangled Banner." In honor of him President McKinley has ordered one of the new forts in the harbor of that city named "Fort Armistead." She was also the grandmother of General Louis Armistead, killed at Gettysburg. The spot on which he fell is marked with a monument on which is inscribed, "High-water mark of the Southern Confederacy."

Gregory Baylor, the younger son of John (1) and Lucy Todd O'Brien, married, in 1749, Mary Whiting, of King and Queen county, where at the old homestead near Walkerton on the Mattaponi, they lived, dispensed a generous hospitality, died and were buried. In 1775 he and William Lyne belonged to the Committee of Safety for King and Queen. He left surviving him three sons and eight daughters—Richard, Robert, and William; Mary (who married William Harrison), Frances (who married Thomas Richards), Ann (who married Whitehead Coleman), Lucy (who married John Robinson), Elizabeth (who married William Lyne), Hannah (who first married Crosbie, then Starke), Catherine (who married William Tapscott), and Martha (who died unmarried). Richard, son of Gregory and Mary Whiting, married first Miss Lowry, of Jefferson, by whom he had no children; then Mrs. Richards, of Essex county, whose maiden name was Anne Tilden Garnett, by whom he had four sons—Richard Garnett, Robert William, Thomas Gregory, and George (who died unmarried), and one daughter, Anne Maria (who married John Newton Walke, of Norfolk, Va.).

Richard, son of Gregory, served as a private in the Baylor Dragoons, under his cousin, Colonel George Baylor, and after the war emigrated with his brother William and his cousin Robert (who was a brother of Colonel George Baylor) to Berkeley (now Jefferson county), and purchased of Nicho-

las Orrick a large tract of land near Leetown, known as "Woodbury," and in the immediate neighborhood of Major-Generals Charles Lee, Horatio Gates, and Adam Stephens. He and his cousin Robert were justices of the County Court of Berkeley when Berkeley and Jefferson were one, and after the formation of Jefferson, Richard Baylor was commissioned by Governor Monroe one of the justices of the County Court of Jefferson, which position he held until his death, in 1822.

On March 26, 1804 (see Deed-Book 2, page 125) he purchased a tract of land from Lawrence Augustine Washington and Mary Dorcas, his wife, described in the deed as follows: "Part of 'Richwoods,' devised to Lawrence Washington by the last will and testament of his father, Samuel Washington, who held it under title from Lawrence Washington, deceased, of Fairfax county, to whom it was conveyed by deed from Robert Worthington of date the 16th day of June, 1748, and recorded in the clerk's office of Frederick county."

Richard Garnett Baylor, son of Richard and Anne Tilden Garnett, married Catherine Brooke Tunstall, of Norfolk, and left surviving only two children having issue—Thomas Gregory and Robert William.

Thomas Gregory Baylor, son of Richard Garnett and Catherine Brooke Tunstall, married Lou Galt and left issue—John Galt and Kate Galt (who married Dr. H. G. Perley, United States army). Thomas Gregory Baylor was a graduate of West Point, and rose to rank of Colonel of Ordnance in the United States army. Robert William Baylor, second son of Richard Garnett and Catherine Brooke Tunstall, married his cousin Mary Garnett Baylor and left issue—Robert William Baylor, son of Richard and Anne Tilden Garnett; married Mary C. Moore, daughter of Cato Moore and granddaughter of Cato Moore, who is registered among the officers of the Continental army as follows: "Moore, Cato (Va.), first lieutenant of Grayson's Additional Continental Regiment, 3d February, 1777; wounded at Brandywine, 11th September, 1777; resigned 3d February, 1778." (See His-

torical Register, Officers Continental Army, p. 298.) He was captain in Confederate States army, severely wounded April 27, 1862, at McGaheysville; president of the County Court for many years, and at the date of his death, in 1883, he had issue—Julia Moore (who married Robert V. Shirley), Richard Channing (killed at Parker's Store November 29, 1863), George, Margaret Strother (who married Charles W. Aisquith), Robert William (killed at Charlestown November 29, 1864), Tilden Garnett, Henry Bedinger, and Charles Edwin.

Thomas Gregory Baylor, third son of Richard and Anne Tilden Baylor, married Margaret Cooke, of Norfolk, and has surviving three sons and one daughter—John Walke, Richard Garnett, Buckner Cooke, and Lucy (who married Dr. John Fletcher Shackelford, of Columbus, Ga.) Thomas Gregory Baylor was killed at Petersburg July 2, 1864. Robert Baylor, second son of Gregory and Mary Whiting, married first Lucy Todd Garnett and had issue five children—Gregory, Eliza Todd (who married Alexander Tunstall), Mary Whiting (who married William T. Brooke), Robert Fitzgerald, and Lucy Garnett (who married William Hill), and Robert for second wife married Ann Brooke, and had issue—Robert Hunter, John Brooke, Robert, Richard, William, Baynham, Ann (who married John Capron), Arthur, Alexander, and Robert Alexander.

Richard Baylor, the fourth son of Robert and Ann Brooke, married Lucy Waring, of Essex county, and had issue—Ann Waring, Lucy Latane (who married Samuel Morrison), Robert Payne (who married Virginia Williamson Tunstall), Mary Garnett (who married Robert William Baylor), Elizabeth Payne, Harriet Rouzer (who married John C. Taylor), Helen Stanley (who married Louis Kossuth Hudgins), Richard (who married Isabella T. McIntosh), Catherine Brooke (who married Dr. W. A. Thom), and Henry Latane.

Baynham Baylor, sixth son of Robert and Ann Brooke, married Eliza F. Sharp, and had issue—John Capron and Robert Baynham.

Robert Alexander Baylor, son of Robert and Ann Brooke, married Mary Robinson, and had issue—Ann Brooke (who married Charles O'Connor Mallory).

Alexander Tunstall and Eliza Todd Baylor had issue—Robert Baylor, Richard Baylor, Catherine Brooke (who married her cousin Richard Garnett Baylor), Caroline and Maria Ann.

Robert Baylor Tunstall married Elizabeth Walke Williamson, and had issue—Baynham Baylor (who married Robertson Taylor), Alexander (who married Annie D. McIntosh), Virginia Williamson (who married Robert Payne Baylor, and after his death, Alfred Pembroke Thom), Annie McC. (who married James Frank Hunter), Richard Baylor (who married Isabelle M. Heiser), Robert W. and William Brooke (who married Eleanor Turner).

Richard Baylor Tunstall married Virginia Waller, and had issue—Belle Waller (who married Dr. Frank Anthony Walke) and Kate Brooke (who married L. D. Smith), Elizabeth Baylor, daughter of Gregory and Mary Whiting, married William Lyne, and had issue—Gregory Baylor, William Henry, Mary Ann Whiting, Robert Baylor, Frances Lowry, Elizabeth Baylor, and Thomas Lowry.

Mary Ann Whiting Lyne married Benjamin Wilson, and had issue—William Lyne Wilson.

William Baylor, third son of Gregory and Mary Whiting, moved from King and Queen (where he was born) shortly after the war, in company with his brother Richard and his cousin Robert, and located near Shepherdstown, in Jefferson county (then Berkeley), and married Lucy Lowry, and had issue—Mary, Patsy, and Fanny—all of whom died without issue.

(Extract from Confederate Military History, Vol II., p. 155.)

Captain Robert W. Baylor, of Charlestown, Jefferson county, was conspicuous among the strong and energetic spirits who served as rallying points of patriotism in North-

western Virginia in 1861. He held the rank of Colonel of Virginia troops at the outbreak of the war, but not being continued in that position at the organization, raised a company of young men in Jefferson county, which was subsequently distinguished in the Confederate service as Company B, of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry. It was a notable company in membership, many famous families of Virginia being represented, and a considerable number of them are now prominent in civil life, perhaps the most conspicuous being William L. Wilson, ex-Postmaster-General and President of Washington and Lee University; and Charles Broadway Rouss, of New York. This company, known as the Baylor Light Horse, entered the service in Ashby's Cavalry, but was not long under the command of its organizer, as he was severely wounded in an engagement at McGaheysville April 27, 1862, and taken prisoner. He was subsequently tried by a Federal court-martial and condemned to be executed, on account of his activity in the Southern cause; but the sentence was set aside by General Kelley, with the approval of Secretary Stanton. He was held as a prisoner until late in 1864, but when exchanged his wound still disabled him. He survived until 1883. He was of an old Virginia family, descended from John Baylor, who emigrated from England about 1694. His father, Richard Baylor, served as a private in the Baylor Dragoons, Continental army, commanded by his cousin, Colonel George Baylor. Three sons of Captain Robert W. Baylor also served in his cavalry company—Richard C., who was mentioned by General McClellan for bravery in going through the lines at Auburn to warn General Lee of the critical situation of General Stuart's command, and was killed at Parker's Store, near Fredericksburg, November 29, 1863; Robert W., who was killed at Charlestown November 29, 1864; and George, now a prominent attorney at Charlestown, who was the brilliant leader of the company after his father's capture. Captain George Baylor, born in Jefferson county in 1843, was educated at Dickinson College,

Carlisle, Pa., and graduated in 1860, and subsequently was an instructor in the Episcopal High School in Fauquier county until April, 1861, when he enlisted in Company G, of the Second Virginia Infantry. He served with the Stonewall Brigade during the first year of the war, took part in the battle of Manassas, and received excellent training as a soldier under his famous commander. In the spring of 1862, he joined the Baylor Light Horse, of which he was elected second lieutenant, and with this company, which formed part of the command of Turner Ashby, participated in the Valley campaign of 1862, fighting at Kernstown, Winchester, Middletown, Cross Keys, and Port Republic. After Jackson moved to the Chickahominy, his company was left in the Valley, where it engaged in frequent raids upon the Federal outposts, aiding materially in causing the enemy to fall back to Harper's Ferry. They then participated in the Second Manassas campaign, the capture of Harper's Ferry, and the battle of Sharpsburg. In a fight near Charlestown he received a wound in the leg. Lieutenant Baylor was in command of his company from June, 1862, throughout its subsequent campaigns and engagements. In February, 1863, during a raid in Jefferson county, he was captured by the Fourteenth Pennsylvania Regiment, and sent to Fort McHenry. Attempting to escape, he was confined two weeks in a cell, and then sent to Fort Delaware, but was so fortunate as to be one of twenty officers who were exchanged in April, the only exchange that year. Returning to his command, now Company B, of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, W. E. Jones's Brigade, Stuart's Cavalry Corps, he participated in the operations of 1863, including the engagements at Brandy Station, Oakland, and Altamont, Md.; Mine Run, Upperville, Warrenton Springs, Auburn, Bristoe Station, Parker's Store, and Little Baltimore. At Warrenton Springs, the Twelfth Regiment being under command of Colonel Funston, Lieutenant Baylor held the front, and was ordered to charge the bridge, held by the Federals, in the dusk of the

evening. He led his men in columns of fours along a narrow causeway, in the face of a sharp fire, until at the abutment he found the planks had been removed from the bridge, and that he must retrace his steps and try the ford. Without the slightest confusion, the command obeyed the order to right-about wheel, and in a moment it was plunging through the ford, amid the wild huzzas of the Confederate infantry, and, dashing up the hill, soon cleared the enemy from their rifle-pits, and won a passage for the remainder of the Confederate force. For this brilliant performance, Lieutenant Baylor and his troop enjoyed the unique distinction of receiving a furlough of ten days by order of General Lee. He subsequently took part in the West Virginia raids under Jones and Rosser, and at Medley, near New Creek, in January, 1864, received a wound in the shoulder, which compelled his retirement until May, when he rejoined his command. Joining General Lee, he was in advance on the morning of May 5th, in the Wilderness, his brigade opening the ball by the defeat of Wilson's Federal Division of Cavalry near Tod's Tavern, and subsequently fought at Haw's Shop, Ashland (where he led the charge), Sappony Church, Trevilian's, Charles City Courthouse (where he was slightly wounded), Reams Station, and the famous cattle raid. Then, being ordered with his brigade to the Shenandoah Valley, he was engaged at Brock's Gap, Tom's Brook, Cedar Creek, and Middletown. On November 22d, while on a reconnoissance, with six men he stampeded at night a Federal outpost at Allstadt's Lane, and captured 13 men and twice as many horses. He was then detached with his company to operate in the lower Valley, and on the night of November 29th attacked the camp of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry at Charlestown, killing and wounding 11 of the enemy, and capturing 27 prisoners and 37 horses. In a subsequent fight near White Post a Federal squadron in pursuit of him suffered defeat and a similar loss. On April 5, 1865, he joined the command of Colonel Mosby as captain of Company H, and was engaged on the same day at Millville,

and on April 10th at Fairfax Station. He surrendered at Winchester May 8, 1865, and then returned to civil life. He was graduated in law at Washington-Lee University in 1867, and after practicing at Kansas City, Mo., five years returned to Charlestown. Here he formed a partnership with William L. Wilson, which continued until 1881, when Mr. Wilson was elected president of the West Virginia University. During the same period he held for four years the office of prosecuting attorney for his county. Since then he has continued in the practice of law, and is now counsel of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and distinguished in his profession.

(Extract from Confederate Military History, Vol. II., p. 294.)

William L. Wilson, a distinguished son of Jefferson county, who espoused the Confederate cause, was born May 3, 1843. He received a thorough education at the Charlestown Academy, Columbia University, D. C., and the University of Virginia, and while yet a youth participated in the Confederate military service. As a member of the Baylor Light Horse, Company B, of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, he shared the adventurous duties of his comrades under the leadership of the famous Turner Ashby and J. E. B. Stuart. After the close of hostilities, he entered upon the study of law, and was graduated at the Columbian University, and until the repeal of the test-oath in West Virginia held the position of Professor of Latin in that institution. He practiced at Charlestown from 1871 to 1882, and in the mean time became prominent in politics. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention of 1880, and in the same year elector for the State at large on the Hancock ticket. He became president of the West Virginia University in September, 1882, but resigned in June following to accept a seat in Congress as the representative of his district. He served with distinction in the Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, Fifty-first, Fifty-second, and Fifty-third Congresses,

being particularly conspicuous as a leader in the movement for tariff reform. In 1892 he was permanent president of the National Democratic Convention. In the Fifty-third Congress he was chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and reported and had charge in the House of the tariff bill which distinguished the last administration of Cleveland. He also introduced and carried through the House a bill repealing the Sherman silver law. In the political reaction which followed he was defeated for re-election, and in the following April he became a member of President Cleveland's Cabinet as Postmaster-General of the United States. Since the close of that administration he has given his attention to those scholarly occupations in which he had long been distinguished. He was regent of the Smithsonian Institute, 1884 to 1888; is a member of several historical and scientific associations, and has received the degree of Doctor of Law from various educational institutions. In 1897 he became president of Washington-Lee University.





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