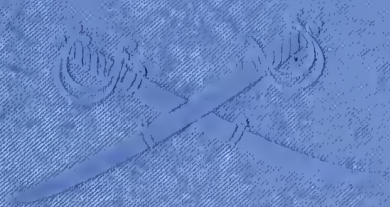
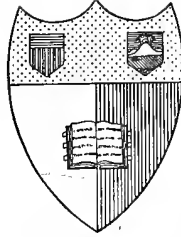


History
of the
9th Va. Cavalry

Beale





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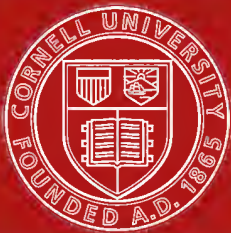
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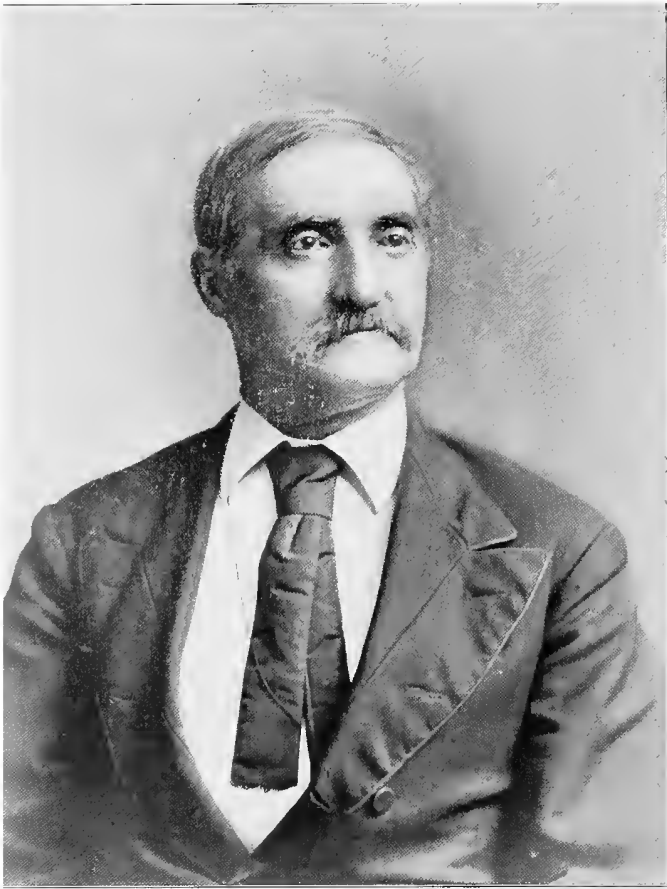
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Most affectionately

R. L. J. Best

HISTORY

OF THE

NINTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY

IN THE

WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

BY THE

LATE BRIG. GENERAL R. L. T. BEALE.

RICHMOND, VA.:
B. F. JOHNSON PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1899.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The following narrative of the operations of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry during the Civil War was written by the late Brigadier-General R. L. T. Beale, their old commander, in 1865. It was found among his papers at his death, on April 17, 1893, written upon the consecutive pages of a thin blank-book. It has been carefully copied, and arranged in chapters with headings to indicate their contents. As full and accurate a roster of the regiment as it has been possible to obtain has been added. It has been possible to secure only a very imperfect list of the casualties. If this record of the regiment had been commensurate with the admiration and affection in which the author held its officers and men, it would have been far more extended than it is. Comparatively few of the veterans whose names appear on these pages now survive. The narrative will, however, interest their children, and, perhaps, many others who cherish the record of Southern devotion and valor, as displayed by the daring horsemen who wielded the sabre and followed the plumes of Stuart, Hampton, and the Lees.

G. W. B.

HEATHSVILLE, VA., *February, 1899.*

PREFACE.

Now sea-girt Sumter's pealing guns proclaim
The angry strife of words to bloody blows
Has come! Through vale, o'er hill, their echoes ring.
And lo! from drowsy couch of gentle peace
Great States leap forth full armed. And the red flag
Of cruel war by stalwart arms is borne
From the green hills, laved by crystal lakes
To Rio Grande's tepid flow.

No people ever marched with a stride more rapid to empire and greatness than have the English colonies of North America. For achievements in science and art, if not superior, they are at least equal, to the older nations of Europe; yet no page in the history of this people will prove more attractive to those who follow us than that which records the scenes of the unhappy war which raged from April, 1861, to April, 1865. An active participant in that memorable struggle, and connected with a regiment which was attached to the army under command of General R. E. Lee during its entire history, the author of the following narrative has undertaken, with the aid of notes taken while the events were occurring, to record the part that regiment bore in the contest for Southern independence and Constitutional liberty.

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CHAPTER I.

Enlistment of a Company in 1861—Their un-Military Appearance—Capturing a Merchantman—Under the Fire of Gunboats—Marching to Manassas—Picketing the Potomac—Formation of a Regiment—Evacuation of Fredericksburg.

In the month of May, 1861, by an order obtained through a special application made in person by the author of the following narrative to General R. E. Lee, commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, Major Carr, at Fredericksburg, was directed to muster into service a cavalry company from the county of Westmoreland, to which the officers had given the name of LEE'S LIGHT HORSE, in memory of "Light-Horse Harry" Lee, of the Revolution. This order was executed by Major R. M. Mayo, at Montross, on the 23d of May, 1861. The company numbered on that day sixty-one, and whilst composed chiefly of young men, contained several who were forty-five years of age. Thomas S. Garnett was captain; R. L. T. Beale, first lieutenant; B. Walker, second lieutenant; and A. G. Dade, third lieutenant.

There was nothing very martial in the appearance of the company. The officers and men were clad in their citizens' dress, and their horses caparisoned with saddles and bridles of every description used in the country. Their only arms were sabres and double-barrelled shotguns collected from the homes of the people. The company thus equipped, after two brief encampments at Nomini Ferry and Oak Grove, marched early in June under Lieutenant Beale to Mathias Point, in King George county, where it was quartered in Hooe's Chapel, and was employed in picket duty on the Potomac.

Its first military essay was an attack upon the "Christiana Keen," a four-hundred-ton merchantman grounded on the bar off Upper Mochodoc Creek, made in two flat-boats by a detachment under Lieutenant Beale, and which resulted in the destruction of the vessel and the capture of its sails, ropes, and sundry valuable nautical instruments. This was followed by some skirmishes with marines from the steamer "Free-born," in which the enemy used his artillery very freely.

On the 6th day of July, dismounted and in line with an infantry company from Caroline county, armed with rifles and called "The Sparta Grays," and led by Major R. M. Mayo, they attacked a body of marines which had been landed, and were throwing up breastworks on the shore, and drove them, with considerable loss, back to the steamer, which was forced to slip her cables and retire with the loss of Captain Ward, United States navy, her commander.

Though daily exposed to the fire of cannon from gunboats in the river, and often to that of the rifles of the marines, the company escaped without the loss of a man.

About the middle of July we were ordered to Brooke's Station, in Stafford county, on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad, and on the morning of the 20th of that month assigned to duty with the Thirtieth Virginia Infantry, commanded by Colonel R. Milton Cary, of Richmond city. As the advance guard of this regiment, we moved in the evening to the old village of Acquia, and bivouacked for the night.

The march was resumed early on the morning of the 21st. The roar of artillery in the direction of Manassas told of a great battle, and our patience was sorely tried by the tedium of an infantry march. The enthusiasm of Virginia was at this time intense. Relying upon our perfect familiarity with firearms from boyhood and our horsemanship, we feared not the disparity of numbers, and though without an officer who had ever seen service, or studied tactics, we felt confident of our ability to cope successfully with thrice our

numbers. To many it seemed apparent that this was to be the only big fight, and, missing this, no other chance of flashing a maiden sabre would ever occur.

The infantry marched rapidly, making thirty-one miles by nine o'clock that night, and reaching Manassas Junction.

The battle was won! We remained under arms on the 22d, and on the 23d moved near the headquarters of Brigadier-General T. H. Holmes, *en route* for Brooke's Station.

We remained at the latter point drilling and marching in detachments to various places until the latter part of November; then moved to Shaw's Mount, in Westmoreland, and near the close of the year went into winter quarters near the Hague.

Various changes had occurred among the officers of the company. Our captain, Thomas S. Garnett, had been made lieutenant-colonel in July, and assigned to the Forty-eighth Virginia Infantry. Captain Beale, who succeeded him, had been made major by Governor John Letcher in October. Lieutenant Walker had resigned in May, and the company in January, 1862, was commanded by Captain John Murphy and Lieutenants John W. Hungerford, A. G. Dade, and William Murphy.

During the winter we were employed in picketing the lower Potomac under orders of Major Beale, provost-marshal, and thus far had acted as an independent company.

Breaking our camp in March we moved to St. Paul's church, in King George; then to Office Hall; then to King George Courthouse, at which point, about the 1st of April, we joined Colonel Johnson, assigned to the command of the Ninth Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, with W. H. F. Lee as lieutenant-colonel, and R. L. T. Beale as major.

The regiment was composed of ten companies, viz: Company "A," of Stafford, E. M. Henry, captain; Company "B," of Caroline, Samuel A. Swann, captain; Company "C," of Westmoreland, John N. Murphy, captain; Company "D," of Lancaster, Meriwether Lewis, captain; Company "E," of

Spottsylvania, Corbin Crutchfield, captain; Company "F," of Essex, R. S. Cauthorn, captain; Company "G," of Lunenburg, William H. Hatchett, captain; Company "H," of King William, Beverly B. Douglas, captain; Company "I," of King George, John Tayloe, captain; and Company "K," of Richmond county, Joseph R. Jeffries, captain. The letters designating the several companies above continued to distinguish them until the close of the war.

A part of the regiment, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lee was stationed near Berea Meeting-House, above Falmouth, and the companies under Johnson, after a few days' stay, marched from the Courthouse to a place called Boscobel, near the old stage-road connecting Fredericksburg and Potomac creek. The weather was very inclement, rain and snow falling freely. For several days we remained without tent or shelter of any kind. This exposure told upon our ranks, and the hospitals in Fredericksburg were crowded. Company C contributed its share, and Privates Robert L. Tallent and Richard Beale, both good soldiers, returned to us no more.

On the evening of the 16th of April, hastily striking our tents, we moved towards Fredericksburg. The baggage-wagons crossed Coalter's bridge, and the troops having prepared for action, moved up the river to Falmouth, and, descending the hill to the right, took position near the road leading to Potomac creek. Here, dismounting and sleeping upon the ground with our bridles held under our arms, we waited until roused to wakeful attention by a volley of musketry, followed by loud cheers. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, driven out of his camp near nightfall at Berea, had fallen back to the heights above Falmouth, and had been reinforced by a portion of the Fortieth Virginia Infantry under Major Taliaferro. In that position they were charged by the enemy's cavalry. The infantry allowed them to come close up, then pouring upon them a deadly fire, repulsed them with

considerable loss. A second charge brought the enemy a no more favorable result.

We remained in suspense until after daybreak, when, reversing our march, we moved through Falmouth, and, with heavy hearts evacuated the Northern Neck. The bridges were fired after we passed, and soon the invading army under General Archer descended from the heights and came pressing down upon the burning bridge. We were ordered to remain and check any attempt of the enemy to extinguish the fire. Whilst engaged in this service, and drawn up in line on the road leading down the river, the enemy opened upon us with artillery posted on the crest of the hill just above Falmouth. The first shell came crashing into our ranks, wounding several, and among them Private R. S. Lawrence. One or two horses were also killed. We stood without flinching, eliciting some praise from our officers, and escaped further injury, though the fire was continued as long as we remained. One man of Company E lost his life, unfortunately, by the accidental discharge of his gun, the ball having entered the lower part of his head and, passing out at the top, carried his hat many feet into the air. Our route was through Fredericksburg, and here all was hurry and confusion, army-wagons rattling away, steam engines hissing, women lamenting, and bodies of troops moving towards the old Telegraph road leading to Richmond.

At nightfall the rain fell in copious showers, yet hungry and without shelter, all save those detailed for picket service, gladly stretched themselves upon the earth and slept soundly after the fatigues of the preceding twenty-four hours.

Massaponax church, on the following day, became our regimental headquarters, and we picketed down to the hills overlooking Fredericksburg. There was a considerable force of infantry in the immediate neighborhood, commanded by General Joseph R. Anderson, and for some days we expected to fight the enemy along the line of the Massaponax. Whilst

camping at this point Companies A and C were marched under command of Major Beale to Culpeper Courthouse, making minute examination of several fords across the Rapidan. We returned to Massaponax without encountering the enemy at any point.

CHAPTER II.

The Regiment Reorganized—Badly Uniformed and Poorly Equipped—On the Massaponax—Falling Back to Richmond—The Raid Around McClellan—Death of Latané—Complimentary Orders—J. E. B. Stuart—Anticipating a Great Battle.

Near the close of April the regiment reorganized, the privates electing the company officers, and these electing the field officers. These elections were general throughout the army, and were regarded as a great political blunder, amounting almost to a crime, in the legislative department of the Confederate Government. The consequences, doubtless, would have been disastrous in the extreme but for the firmness, energy, and good sense of the military commanders.

In our regiment, Colonel Johnson was displaced, William H. F. Lee becoming colonel, R. L. T. Beale lieutenant-colonel, and Meriwether Lewis major. It was not until after this reorganization that all the companies composing the regiment were brought together. Owing to some coolness between Johnson and Lee, or for some other cause, they had been separated, and whilst some of us under Johnson camped at Massaponax Church, four or five companies under Lee occupied Hick's Hill, near the river road from Port Royal.

The appearance of the regiment at this time was but a slight improvement upon that ascribed to one of the companies the year previous. Three of the companies had been partly armed with inferior carbines and pistols by the counties in which they were raised; most of them were supplied with such sporting guns as could be collected by the officers from the people of the country. The equipment of the horses was of the most inferior kind, and varied with the

means of the individual troopers. No regular squad, company, or regimental drill had been generally adopted, and the supply of books of tactics was wholly inadequate to the wants of the officers.

Captain John F. Hughlett had succeeded Lewis in Company D; O. M. Knight, Hatchett in Company G; and William Latané, Cauthorn in Company F. The officers of the previous year commanded the other companies.

We continued guarding the outlets of Fredericksburg and learning something of the trooper's duties in occasional attacks upon picket-posts and night alarms until about the 1st of May. Whilst picketing around Fredericksburg we had seen for many days long trains of forage-wagons escorted by detachments of the enemy moving down the north bank of the Rappahannock, their cavalry horses quietly grazing upon the grass-covered fields of Stafford, and the bitter thought of defenceless homes and helpless families brought more of sorrow than all the hardships of camp life and dangers of the field of battle.

After a short encampment at Hick's Hill, where much sickness prevailed among the men, the regiment marched towards the close of May, in the direction of Richmond, following the infantry, and taking the Telegraph road. On the third day of our march we reached Yellow Tavern, five miles from Richmond, and a day or two afterwards went into camp on Mrs. Mordecai's farm on Brooke turnpike. Our duties here consisting simply in picketing a few points about Ashland and Hugh's Cross-Roads, some attention was paid to drills; guard mountings and dress-parades were held daily, and the horses being well fed, recovered from the effects of the recent hard usage since breaking camp in March. Some few desertions of privates and many elopements of negro servants occurred while we occupied this camp.

On the 12th day of June it was whispered through camp that we would that night march in company with other regiments upon some daring mission. All were enthusiastic for

action. The order to prepare rations was received with joy, and executed promptly. In the evening we moved to the junction of the Telegraph road with the Central railroad, and slept on the ground. The next morning seven companies of the Ninth (Companies A, H, and I being on detached service) were formed into three squadrons, the supernumeraries being assigned to an officer commanding a provost-guard, and, with two squadrons from the Fourth Virginia Cavalry to complete a full regiment, placed under command of Colonel W. H. F. Lee. To this force were added detachments under Colonel Fitz. Lee and the Jeff. Davis Legion under Colonel Martin, forming the largest body of cavalry we had seen, and consisting of about twelve hundred troopers, and a section of light artillery. It was quite imposing in appearance, and commanded by Brigadier-General J. E. B. Stuart.

About light on the morning of the 13th a rocket ascended high in the air, and the order to march was immediately given. We moved rapidly along a road leading to Hanover Courthouse. Before reaching that point we were halted, and troops from the column in rear of us made a detour to the right in pursuit of a small party of the enemy. They accomplished nothing. Passing the Courthouse and nearing Howe's Shop, the advance guard under Lieutenant W. T. Robins, our adjutant, encountered a picket and captured a private. Companies B and C, under Captain Swann charged. The enemy fell back to the Totopotomoi river, and formed in line of battle on the left of the road, with a marshy strip of land in their rear. Our squadron had been moving at full speed for several miles, and as soon as seen, after a momentary halt to pull down the fence, the enemy was charged. In vain the officers tried to lead the enemy out to meet our charge. They broke and retreated at full speed across the bridge, a few hundred yards in their rear. Upon reaching the marshy land some of our horses mired, a number of the troopers were dismounted, and several of the horses without riders followed the flying steeds of the Federals. Companies B and C were

now dismounted, and ordered to cross the bridge and advance in skirmish line on both sides of the road. The squadron next in front, composed of Companies E and F, under Captain William Latanè, then crossed the bridge and charged up the road in column of fours. Moving rapidly, Latanè reached the level land beyond the bridge in advance of the dismounted men, and, riding some paces in front of his men, was shot and killed instantly by a party of the enemy in the woods on the right of the road. Nothing daunted by this heavy blow, the squadron moved onward, and, nearing the crest of the hill, found Companies D and E, Fifth Regiment, United States Dragoons, in line of battle a little to the left of the road. Wheeling by fours into line, they charged with the sabre. The charge was soon ended, and the dragoons were routed. Two or three were killed, and a lieutenant and ten privates captured. The casualties with us were Latanè killed and two privates of Company E wounded very slightly with sabre-cuts.

Our whole command then moved rapidly on the road to Old Church, rifling the camp of the picket force of some carbines, pistols, horses, a little wine, and a few prisoners. Confounded by the suddenness of the blow and panic-stricken, the enemy fled in detached parties along every road leading to their rear. The citizens, assured of the presence of the infant flag, hurried to the road-side; many ladies ran out, and, with waving handkerchiefs and eyes filled with tears, breathed their blessings on us. The excitement became intense; cheer after cheer rent the air as Stuart, at the head of the column, bade all hope of support from our army good-bye, and daringly pursued the road to the White House, on the banks of the Pamunkey, immediately in rear of the Federal army under McClellan.

At Old Church, a guidon, the first trophy of the kind that had fallen into our hands, was captured by one of Company C, and afterwards sent to Governor Letcher. Prisoners were taken at various points; ambulances moving quietly, and as

their drivers supposed, securely, were overhauled and sacked, and, with the horses detached, were left standing in or near the road.

On, on, we marched, and reached Tunstall's Station on the York-River railroad before sunset. From column of fours we were now formed into column of platoons, and in this order approached the station, ready to make, or repel, an attack. The country, denuded of fences, offered no obstacle, and our line of march was through the fields bordering the road. Sutlers' wagons loaded with varieties of fruits and confectioneries, and heavier wagons filled with quartermaster and commissary supplies in quantities and variety such as we had not seen before, were standing in the road, deserted by their drivers, and in some cases without the teams. This temptation proved too strong for resistance, and many troopers broke from the ranks to seize and appropriate the rich spoil. In some instances these became laden with more than could be carried.

We reached the station and found our advance guard in quiet possession. The telegraph wires were cut, and orders given for the destruction of the muskets with which the depot was well filled. Quickly the announcement was made of a train of cars coming from the direction of the Federal army. Dismounted men were placed in ambush, and others set to work to put obstructions on the track. Our regiment was concealed from view in a valley. A train of cars soon came down the road, and a hundred yards or so above our ambush began to slow down, and was leisurely approaching the station, when a volley was fired by our men. Like a bird startled by the ineffectual fire of the fowler, the engineer instantly let on full steam. The regiment dashed up the hill, and as the train passed at a fearful rate of speed they sent a shower of buckshot and ball in pursuit, with what effect we never learned. The train had escaped.

A number of the enemy who had leaped from the train when it was moving slowly, were pursued. Most of them

surrendered; one or two refused to do so, and in endeavoring to escape were shot.

We halted here for over an hour, awaiting the return of two squadrons sent under command of Captains Knight and Hammond to Putney's Ferry, on the Pamunkey, where some vessels were landing military supplies. This party, after meeting a slight show of resistance, captured the place, and, having destroyed such things as they could not remove, including two vessels loaded with stores, brought off some prisoners and many mules and wagons. The wagons found near Tunstall's Station generally were without teams, these having been captured by our men in advance of us, or else ridden off by the teamsters upon our approach. These wagons we burned.

After darkness set in our march was resumed in the direction of Forge Bridge on the Chickahominy. Encumbered with our captives, which increased continuously, we moved slowly. About midnight a sutler's storehouse was reached, at Talleysville, and the command halting for some time to close up the column, many troopers helped themselves to such refreshments as the sutler had provided for his customers, without the usual ceremony of giving something in exchange. Continuing our march from this point, by dawn we reached the Chickahominy, and attempted its passage at a blind ford two miles above Forge Bridge. The river, swollen by recent rains, was too full to be forded. Tall trees were felled in the vain hope of their reaching from shore to shore, and a line formed of many haltereins tied together, was stretched across the stream, and several rafts made of fence-rails lashed together, were put afloat in the many efforts to effect a crossing here. A few men, led in person by Colonel W. H. F. Lee, swam over, and a few succeeded in crossing on the rafts. General Stuart, finding it impossible to cross the command at this point, withdrew, leaving about thirty-five officers and men of our regiment who had crossed to the opposite bank with Lieu-

tenant-Colonel Beale. The command now moved down to Forge Bridge, which they found had been burned. With the timbers of an old barn a bridge was built across the north channel of the river to an island, and men were sent over to collect materials and construct a bridge across the south and main channel, dividing the island and mainland in Charles City county. Lieutenant-Colonel Beale, hearing of this order, moved at once down the south bank to the point indicated, and, finding ample materials, detailed a party under orders of Robinson Taylor who soon built a substantial bridge upon the partly-destroyed foundations of the old one. However, before the intelligence of its completion reached the General, he had, after swimming the horses of his command over the northern stream, commenced to ford the southern one from the upper end of the island. This was successfully accomplished long before sunset, and with the loss only of a caisson and some of the captured mules. To prevent pursuit by the enemy, the bridge was ordered to be burned. We halted for some hours near Charles City Courthouse, and, resuming the march about midnight, took the road leading up the north bank of the James to Richmond, and reached our camp next day.

This bold march entirely around the Federal army elicited warmest praise from the whole country. A complimentary order from General J. E. B. Stuart was read to the troops, and a printed copy given to each officer and man engaged in the expedition. In this order special mention was made of our Colonel and Adjutant, and of one or two privates. A handsome tribute was paid in orders to our gallant Latanè. John R. Thompson, the editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, in a few verses of touching beauty, and the brush of a Richmond artist, canonized his memory, and preserved for after times in lines of life-like truthfulness the scene of his burial.

Lieutenant William Oliver succeeded to the command of Company F, and the youthful brother of Latanè was made third lieutenant.

The captured horses and mules were distributed ratably to the quartermasters of the several regiments of Stuart's command. Some arms, which had been captured, were also distributed. The fact that we would fight was now fixed upon the minds of our commanding officers, and never afterwards doubted. The pride of officers and men was excited, confidence in the leadership of Stuart established, and, though this delicate plant matured so suddenly, in all the after trials of the war, it showed no signs of decay.

A proposal to form a company selected from the best men of the regiment, to be placed under command of our adjutant as captain, met such determined opposition from the officers, that it was abandoned.

The quiet of camp life was unbroken until the close of June, then rumors of a great movement among our troops became rife. The near approach of the enemy's lines to Richmond, and the reported strength of the opposing armies produced a seriousness amongst officers and men that had not been seen before: It indicated no feeling of fear but revealed clearly that the impression was general that we were on the threshold of great dangers.

CHAPTER III.

In the Van of Stonewall Jackson's Troops—The Battle of Cold Harbor—Bringing in Prisoners—Capture of the White House—Expedition to New Kent Courthouse—Marching Under a Mistake—Malvern Hill—Picketing on the James—Resting in Hanover.

On Wednesday, the 25th of June, rations were cooked, and that night the regiment marched, taking the road leading to Ashland. We had, along with other regiments, a few days previously received the Confederate battle-flag. At a late hour of the night, after breaking our camp, we came in sight of the camp-fires of Major-General T. J. Jackson's command. They were surrounded by men busily engaged in cooking rations.

At early dawn next morning we advanced upon the road running towards Mechanicsville, and as we progressed the line of march deflected to the left. In the afternoon the sound of heavy volleys of small arms, accompanied by the roar of artillery on our right-front, told of the general advance of our lines, and the terrible conflict at hand. Later in the afternoon our movement was very much impeded by broken bridges and trees felled across the road, which told us the enemy was retreating. A few sutler's carts were the only captures we saw. It was soon understood that General "Stonewall" Jackson commanded in person the force of which our cavalry was the van.

We lay at night upon the road, bridles in hand, near Pole Green meeting-house, a few miles east of Mechanicsville. The firing upon our right-front was resumed in the morning, and, from the sound, seemed to be crossing our front to the left. We moved forward at an early hour. Upon reaching the

stage-road east of Mechanicsville our march was down that road in the direction of Old Church to a mill, where we halted, fed our horses, and ate our dinner. On leaving the mill our line of march diverged from the main road along by-roads to the south. We halted about three o'clock P. M. in the immediate vicinity of Cold Harbor. We had encountered no enemy, and, after leaving the stage-road, had not seen our infantry.

At thirty minutes past three o'clock the fight commenced with deafening volleys of musketry, so continuous that the intervals were scarcely perceptible. The artillery fire was heavy, but seemed light compared with the sound of the small arms. We could see only the clouds of smoke, though shells continually shrieked and exploded over our heads. We were ordered by General Jackson late in the evening to move to a position less exposed. A squadron under Captain Thomas Waller was placed in position to charge a battery, but, for some cause, was ordered back. The battle lasted without the slightest abatement in the fire of small arms for four hours. When it ceased we marched rapidly on the road leading to the White House, but, finding the enemy was not retreating in that direction, returned and bivouacked on the edge of the field of battle.

This fight was among the hardest of the war, and upon no other field in Virginia, perhaps, was the continuous fire of musketry so long sustained. The enemy was routed at all points, and, driven from his entrenchments, retired during the night across the Chickahominy, leaving the air in places sickening with the smell of blood and large numbers of his dead upon the field.

We were in the saddle by light next morning. Captain Waller was detached, with orders to report with his squadron to General Ewell. Before we left Cold Harbor Waller sent in over one hundred prisoners.

Our march led us to Dispatch Station, on the York-River railroad, very near the bridge over the Chickahominy. We

passed near a large hospital filled with sick and wounded men. On approaching the station we saw a squad of the enemy's cavalry. They fled as soon as we were seen. After a long halt we followed the line of the railroad in the direction of the Pamunkey. Beyond Tunstall's Station the enemy seemed prepared to dispute our passage across a run on the road leading to the White House. We were ordered, in company with the command of Colonel T. R. R. Cobb, to support a North Carolina regiment in its charge. In order to get the proper interval it was necessary to move the regiment back, and the order was given to wheel about. Just at that moment the rear squadron, which was on the crest of the hill, saw the Carolina regiment and, supposing them to be the enemy, wheeled and retreated in double-quick time. They were soon halted and good order restored. No charge was made; whether because of this sudden panic or not, we never knew. The men were dismounted and lay in the road while a section of artillery under Captain John Pelham, from an elevated point on our left, cannonaded the enemy until night. In moving off to bivouac the accidental discharge of a comrade's gun inflicted a serious flesh-wound upon young Robert J. Washington, of Company C.

At early morn the march was resumed to the White House, the private property and home of our Colonel. On reaching the run behind which the enemy was posted on the previous evening, we discovered the sills of the bridge had been so weakened that any charging party must have broken them in attempting to cross. The night's delay seemed to have lost us the opportunity to capture a very large quantity of commissary supplies and sutlers' stores. The great mass of them had been set on fire the night before, and the place hastily evacuated. Gunboats lying in the river fired a few shots, and the enemy's cavalry retreated on the road to New Kent Courthouse. To the latter place our regiment was sent in pursuit, and, returning in the evening, we joined the command at the White House.

The evidence of the immense resources of the United States Government was displayed at this point. The accumulation of commissary supplies seemed endless. We saw a small lake of vinegar, which, bursting from huge piles of barrels, had extinguished the fire, and covered the ground for some feet beyond the charred mass of staves and hoops. The houghs of hams and shoulders were still discernable over a surface of a thousand feet of charred bacon and smouldering ashes. Eggs packed in salt were here—some raw, some partly cooked, some cooked hard, and some burnt—in numbers larger than we had ever seen before. Many barrels of salted fish remained unscathed by the fire.

The sutlers' encampment, the canvas of which only had burned, showed evidences of a hurried evacuation. Cheeses, crackers, lard, butter, cakes, oranges, lemons, raisins, dry goods (embracing even hooped skirts), stationery, tobacco, and, in a few instances, trunks containing money, watches, and jewelry, fell into the hands of our troopers. Riding in early twilight among the blackened poles of the tents, the writer of this account saw many chickens roosting, and our troopers gently lifting them from their roosts, and, following their example, he bore away two, to furnish him the first meal for that day. Immense piles of muskets we found burned, and many wagons had been backed over the bank into the river. Many also remained as they stood before the evacuation. The hospital tents remained intact, and in the distance resembled a village of painted cottages. The embalming office, a small, neat, wooden structure, was located in a ravine, which made into the river above the bridge. A sign giving the embalmer's name, painted in large letters upon a piece of cotton duck, attracted the writer's attention. Dismounting, he entered the small room, and found in a costly coffin of walnut the lifeless body of a man, noble in features, of manly form, and covered with a winding-sheet, its sole tenant. A ball from a rifle or bursting shell had penetrated the forehead near the hair, and freed the spirit once animating this body.

The approach of our forces had frightened the embalmer away, and denied to his relatives the mournful satisfaction of a farewell look upon that noble brow of the sleeping warrior. Nothing was left to indicate his name.

The encampment here was extremely uncleanly; indeed, vermin might be seen crawling on the ground, a result probably of the crowds of negroes who had sought its shelter.

Having remained at the White House during the night, we marched next morning to Forge Bridge on the Chickahominy. Beyond the river the enemy had an outpost, sustained by a few pieces of artillery. Captain Pelham, galloping with several of his pieces down to the river's side, by his bold and effective gunnery dispersed them, with considerable loss, and we lost the opportunity to charge. Camping near the bridge, a squadron under Lieutenant John W. Hungerford was sent to picket the road about New Kent Courthouse. The night was very dark, and near the Courthouse this squadron encountered the enemy's pickets and drove them back. It joined us early in the morning in time to make a forced march to Gaines' Mill to witness, as we were informed, the surrender of McClellan's army. *We were mistaken*, and, retracing our steps wearily back to Forge Bridge, we crossed it, and directed our line of march towards Malvern Hill, and halted at a late hour, and slept in the falling rain by the roadside. It seemed a singular fact that as we marched this evening we could see plainly the flashes of light from the guns at Malvern Hill, but heard no sound of artillery from the terrible conflict enacted there. Early in the morning we reached the scene of the fight, and were drawn up in line, and remained so until near night, the rain falling heavily all day. About nightfall we bivouacked with the trees for our shelter. Being without rations, an officer with a detail of men was sent out to scour the country and purchase beeves. Proceeding a short distance, this detail found seven fine bullocks left by the enemy, and, having driven them to camp, the men were soon busily engaged in butchering them, and

cutting off steaks, which they cooked on sticks set in the ground in front of the fires.

The great battles around Richmond were over, and McClellan's shattered army lay toilworn and beaten upon the James, resting under shelter of the guns of the fleet. The losses upon our side had been great. The private soldier saw that the plan of our commander had been marred in its execution, and the fights and losses of the first and last of these bloody fields were fearful blunders. A demonstration in front of Mechanicsville on Thursday whilst Jackson was reaching the rear was all that needed to be done at the time. And the occupation on Sunday of the roads leading to the James by the right wing of our troops would have saved us the disastrous battle of Malvern Hill, and cost the United States their splendid army. At least, thus we thought at the time, drawing our conclusions from the limited range of facts within our observation.

The infantry had won a full measure of glory, the artillery had achieved its laurels, while the cavalry in its flank marches, its scouting parties, its lonely picket posts, had not attracted any special attention, or gained any new reputation. A feeling not wholly exempt from contempt was entertained by many towards the trooper. Evils, too, were now developed, from which this arm of the service was never afterwards wholly free. No adequate supply of rations for man or horse was provided: The trooper rode his own horse, and if lost, he alone had to replace it. The quartermaster rarely had funds to pay the valuation. The trooper's roving for food for his horse, and his trespass upon private property were put upon that universal scapegrace Necessity, and winked at.

The regiment remained near Malvern Hill for about two weeks picketing the country on the James river below the enemy, and supporting artillery, which was sometimes ambushed near the banks of the river, and fired at transports going up. Whilst thus employed a very gallant act was performed by four young men from Company C—Privates Beale,

Turner, Wheelwright, and Wright. Our picket was posted behind a barricade across the main road leading down the river. The enemy advanced a column of infantry upon this road, preceded by a few cavalry in the fields as skirmishers. Leaving the barricade, these four youths formed in the field to the right, then full of shocks of wheat recently cut, and boldly advanced to meet a squad of the mounted men. Their fire was reserved till within good range, and then so well delivered as to cause the mounted men to retreat precipitately. Their retreat was followed by that of the infantry.

Company H rejoined us here. Captain B. B. Douglas had been promoted as major, and assigned to the Fifth Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Colonel T. L. Rosser, and Lieutenant Thomas W. Haynes became captain of Company H.

About the middle of July the regiment was moved up and camped near Atlee's Station on the Central railroad, where we remained several weeks, taking our tours of picket duty near our old ground at Malvern Hill. A squadron under Major Lewis was engaged in a skirmish while on picket, and a private of Company A was killed, and the squadron complimented in orders for gallantry.

Colonels Fitzhugh Lee and Wade Hampton, commanding the First Virginia and the Hampton Legion Cavalry, were promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and the regiments formed into brigades. One of these, composed of the First, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Ninth regiments, was commanded by General Fitz. Lee. Our camp was now moved to the banks of the Pamunkey, near Hanover Courthouse. Here we had regular daily drills, and some progress was made in learning regimental evolutions. Private W. Schley, of Company D, a good musician, who had been detailed for the purpose, instructed the buglers in the use of their instruments, and familiarized the men with the various calls. While at this camp Captain J. R. Jeffries, threatened with blindness, resigned, and Lieutenant R. H. Pratt succeeded him in the captaincy of Company K.

CHAPTER IV.

Breaking Camp in Hanover and Storing Baggage at Louisa Courthouse—
Through Orange and Culpeper—Raid on Catlett's Station—Capture
of General Pope's Coat—March to Manassas Junction—Capture of
Supplies—Second Battle of Bull Run—Heading Towards the Poto-
mac—Fight at Sugar Loaf Mountain—Boonsboro'—Sharpsburg.

Having broken camp on the Pamunkey about the 15th of August, the regiment marched through Caroline to Louisa Courthouse. Orders were issued to store all baggage here not absolutely essential to be carried. The sick and dismounted men were left here, and guards detailed for the baggage of each company.

The head of column now pointed to the North, and, marching rapidly through Louisa and Orange, we crossed the Rapidan into Culpeper at Somerville Ford. The wagons containing the few cooking utensils brought from Louisa now separated from us, and our sole reliance for rations for man and horse was upon the country traversed.

The enemy was met in small numbers on the south bank of the Rappahannock, near Richard's Ferry. Company E, under Captain Smith, attended by Colonel W. H. F. Lee in person, captured a lieutenant and five privates, and ascertained that the Federal army, under General Pope, occupied the north bank. We fell back half a mile to a creek and camped for the night. We found on the persons of the captured men well executed counterfeit Confederate Treasury notes. Our march was resumed at early dawn along the road leading up the south bank. Large bodies of infantry, moving in the same direction, forced us frequently to march through the fields. We bivouacked for the night near Hart's Mill, and

on the following morning crossed early to the north side of the river, and moved directly to Warrenton.

This place had been evacuated, and only a few stragglers fell into our hands. We now found that our whole brigade was up. It rained in torrents, swelling the little rivulets into foaming streams. General J. E. B. Stuart was present, and after a halt at Warrenton our brigade (under General Fitz. Lee), and, perhaps, other regiments, marched on the road leading towards Catlett's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad. We reached a position near this place about dark. The rain continued, masses of dark, angry clouds, driven by furious winds, rolled over us, lit up at intervals by livid lightnings, and mingled with reverberating thunders. The Storm King dwarfed to stillness the tramp of our horses.

After a few moments' halt, in which the rear squadron of the Ninth was detailed to guard a road in our rear, the command was ordered to prepare for action. The darkness was intense, relieved only by the lightning's flash, and, to guard against collision among our own men, the writer suggested that some sign be given us. This was done by requiring the question to be asked, "Who is there?" and the answer, "Colonel Lee!" "Draw sabres!" "Forward, march!" "Trot, march!" followed in quick succession. The column of fours dashed along a road through a body of timber, and at the command "Charge" which rose with repeated yells above the howling winds and drenching rain, moved at full speed. Whither? What were we charging? Whether battery, army corps, or wagon-camp, none seemed to know. "Who is there?"—a moment's pause—then "bang" rang sharply out, and flickering lights gleaming through the woods made visible lines of canvas tents. The rear squadron, led by Captain Pratt, came suddenly abreast of a long line of lights. The order to fire was given, and a volley of buckshot and ball rattled and tore along. The steam-horse threw them from his polished side and, snorting, hurried his attendant train in rapid flight beyond the reach of a second volley.

“ Stop firing; you have killed Captain Hayne’s horse,” now shouts an unknown voice. The question: “ Who’s there? ” is heard, followed by the flash of a pistol, and as the dying man falls the exclamation: “ D—n you, take that,” reveals the presence of Lieutenant Dade. To the command: “ Forward, march! ” “ Close up, Captain Pratt! ” The Captain replies: “ There are no squadrons in front to close up on; they have gone upon some other road.”

Halting now, and for the moment without orders, we find on looking around, that we are at a railroad station. Lights in the windows soon revealed the bright barrels of muskets and men hurrying to and fro. When ordered, they surrendered, and soon quite a large number of prisoners was collected by this squadron. Another squadron, as they charged in, passed a tent, the fly of which was drawn aside, and within a man was seen in his shirt-sleeves. As rapidly as possible two or three of these troopers entered the tent. The man had escaped. On a table in the tent they found a flask of brandy, and near by a military coat and several note-books. These articles were soon found to belong to General Pope, the commander of the Federal army. One of the note-books, retained by the writer of this account, was nearly filled with battle orders, written with pencil and pen, and cypher dispatches, and signed by General Pope, or his assistant adjutant-general. Near by were an ambulance and horses, which General Fitz. Lee directed to be brought off.

The command was now very much scattered. Officers and privates alike were engaged in searching wagons and stores. Upon riding up to one of the men thus engaged, and who hastily crouched beneath a wagon, Colonel Lee was greeted with the exclamation, “ I surrender,” and the response to the inquiry, “ What regiment? ” was “ Ninth Virginia Cavalry.”

The collection of wagons was by far the largest we had seen, the flashing lightning revealing an immense encampment. The teams generally were tied to the wagon-poles. Ambulances, too, there were in great numbers. The effort

to burn them, owing to the torrents of rain, effected little damage. For an hour, perhaps, we rode about the camp, and then returned to the rendezvous, which was near the point from which the charge began. The roadway was crowded with prisoners and horses and troopers guarding them. While the officers were endeavoring to reduce the regiment to order a sharp volley of musketry from the enemy, directed upon the wagons still occupied by our men, drove the stragglers in, and caused, temporarily, much confusion. Troopers without guides and horses without riders rushed recklessly away. In the hurry to escape a private was caught under his fallen horse, and in sore distress exclaimed: "O! I'm gone," just as a comrade more fortunate dashed by replying: "No, you arn't, but I *am gone.*"

Order was speedily restored, though in the darkness many prisoners and horses escaped. The regiment secured about one hundred prisoners, brought in a good many horses, and, on private account, a good deal of clothing, cutlery, coin, and greenbacks, and escaped any serious casualty. Indeed, we heard of but one man lost in our whole command—Private Hiram Blackwell, of Company D, was severely wounded and captured. Two military chests were secured, containing eight or nine thousand dollars in gold and currency, which were turned over to the quartermaster.

After halting for some hours, the march was resumed leisurely back through Warrenton to camp near the river, where we remained that night, and recrossed at Hart's Mill the next morning as the enemy came in view along the hills. Quite a spirited attack was made by them to get possession of Waterloo Bridge, resulting, however, in an artillery duel only, in which Captain Pelham, though contending with much heavier metal, won an easy victory. The march was resumed in the evening up the south bank of the river, which we crossed at a rocky ford, and moved through Fauquier towards Thoroughfare Gap. This we reached the following day, and late in the night arrived at Bristoe Station, finding the rail-

road at that point held by General Jackson's infantry. By dawn we moved rapidly upon Manassas Junction, joining the Fourth Regiment under Colonel Williams C. Wickham, which had a brisk skirmish with some cavalry before we got up. The infantry was also here. The depot, full of supplies and a train of cars well laden near it, had fallen into our hands. "Touch not" was the order, and heavily we sighed as we rode away, leaving the McClellan saddles and handy sabres.

We moved to the right of the Junction, and, resting in line of battle, witnessed the advance of a New Jersey brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General G. W. Taylor, to attack the Junction. Pelham's Battery was on the crest of the hill directly in front of the plain on which Taylor's Brigade must advance. Our infantry, some distance to the left of the Junction, was concealed behind the hills in that direction. The New Jersey brigade, deployed in line of battle at the eastern side of the plain, moved steadily forward in the face of Pelham's fire. When they had passed over about half the distance they discovered our infantry. The line was instantly faced about, and the retreat commenced. The artillery was now run down close upon them. Twice their flag went down, but was as often caught up and borne onward. Steadily and in perfect order they marched on. Before reaching the timber skirting the plain, our infantry, which seemed to have been posted with a view to getting in their rear, opened its fire upon their left flank, and a few companies then broke and ran, but the great body of the brigade preserved its perfect alignment and order till lost to sight in the woods.

The Ninth and Fourth regiments under Brigadier-General Fitz. Lee marched immediately, on a line south of and parallel with the railroad, leading towards Fairfax Courthouse. Our march was over fences, across ravines and through swamps. Along the railroad bodies of the enemy were moving in the same direction. So close was our march to the road that stragglers seeking water and fruit were often captured, almost in sight of their companies. At dark we crossed to

the north side of the road, and, picketing all the approaches to a hollow or bottom, lay with our bridles on our arms to sleep. Having started out at midnight we reached Fairfax Courthouse at sunrise, and made some captures of ambulances and prisoners in full view of a line of infantry drawn up in battle array across the 'pike, about half a mile from us. A squadron, under the command of the lieutenant-colonel, was detached to engage their attention, and was so manoeuvred as to keep the enemy on guard against a charge until our pickets were in and our captures safely borne away.

Our march was then directed to Centreville, which was occupied by the cavalry forming the advanced guard of General Pope's army. The Ninth Regiment, led by Colonel W. H. F. Lee, charged them in the village, driving them at full speed back upon the infantry. Captain Haynes and a few privates pursued the flying horsemen through the woods, and received the volley of a regiment of infantry. Private William O. Guttridge, of Company C, never returned, and was doubtless killed. Wat. Bowie's horse was killed. Captain Haynes followed his man, captured him, and brought him out. Several of the enemy besides were captured and a few killed. Four or five of our men were wounded.

Our horses were now nearly exhausted. Several of them fell in the charge, and were abandoned. From Waterloo Bridge to Centreville, they had been without food, and had had only a few hours of rest. We halted at a late hour and bivouacked on the road leading up the north side of Bull Run towards Sudley Mills, where we procured hay for our horses. Our rations for two days consisted of a few crackers, handed around to the men whilst mounted at Manassas.

We passed Sudley Mills early the following day and camped at a point north and east of Manassas Junction. Forage and rations were supplied, and we remained nearly inactive, though in sight of the forces engaged while the second great battle was fought on that bloody field. The day after the battle we marched through woods and fields, avoiding the

roads, and near night were formed in line of battle by General Stuart in a ravine near the 'pike leading from Fairfax Courthouse to Alexandria. Several pieces of artillery were posted on the hill in our rear. We could hear wagon-trains moving on the 'pike, and soon our artillery opened a rapid fire in that direction. The regiment bivouacked at dark on the Chantilly road, down which the column moved at early morn. Just after sunrise the Fourth Regiment in front surprised a squadron of United States Dragoons at breakfast, and captured every man without firing a shot.

For one or two days we remained in this vicinity picketing. A squadron of the Ninth had here a smart skirmish with a body of Union home guards.

We witnessed the commencement of the battle fought near this road. A section of Pelham's Battery, under his immediate command, was moving down the Chantilly road about one hundred yards in front of our column. On these guns the enemy's sharpshooters opened fire from the cover of woods about one hundred and fifty yards to the right of the road. With perfect coolness and great rapidity the guns were unlimbered and a raking fire of grape poured upon the assailants. Our command remained as support to Pelham for a few minutes, when the infantry skirmish-line came up, and then we moved at a trot to the extreme left.

In posting videttes, Private Moncure Hull, of Company B, was shot by the enemy and killed instantly. The enemy retreated, and we remained on our post till morning. We here saw the body of the brave General Phil. Kearney in an ambulance, attended by an escort and borne into the Federal lines.

Our march now was to Fairfax Courthouse, which we reached about night. Bivouacking near the Courthouse, we continued the pursuit next morning, and arrived at Fairfax Station by sunrise. The station had been fired, yet so hurriedly that ample supplies for our men and horses were rescued. After a few hours' halt, we resumed the saddle, and at night rejoiced to join once more our long-lost wagon-train

at Drainsville. A day's rest was granted, and we learned definitely that on the morrow the army would cross the Potomac and test the sympathy of Northwestern Maryland with the Confederate cause. A good many furloughs were granted, and some servants returned to their homes. These facts brought paper, pens and pencils into demand, and many letters were prepared for the loved ones at home.

By three o'clock in the morning (September 5th) the bugles sounded to horse. Near Leesburg we breakfasted on roasted corn and apples, and when in sight of that town, filing to the right, we soon reached the river and forded it at Edward's Ferry. The Ninth Regiment was in the rear of the brigade, and the Fifth in front. A dashing charge, we heard, was made upon some troops at Poolesville by a portion of the latter regiment, under the lead of Major Douglas. All was quiet when we reached the village about dark. The merchants here accepted our Confederate Treasury notes, and many bare feet were clad in boots and shoes. Our march was continued to Barnesville, where we camped for the night. Leaving a squadron at this point under command of Captain Waller, the command moved next to New Market, near which we remained quietly for two days, and then marched rapidly back towards Barnesville. Waller's squadron had been attacked by a force greatly superior in numbers. His outpost picket of ten men was captured. Moving his camp after dark delayed the attack upon his main body until light. He fell back on the road to New Market, contesting every foot of ground on the way. Lieutenant Williams, of Company A, was killed, and Lieutenant King, of Company I, and four or five privates were wounded. The object of the enemy's advance was the possession of Sugar-Loaf Mountain, on which a signal station had been established commanding very extended views of the surrounding country, and from which the movements of General Lee's army could be observed. We met Waller near the eastern base of this mountain, and checked at once the charging squadrons of the

enemy. They then dismounted and advanced on foot, and now came a contest most unequal. We had but a single squadron armed with carbines and these of inferior quality, while our foes were fully equipped and outnumbered us three to one. Colonel Lee, selecting a wooded slope, posted Captain Knight's squadron in skirmish-line, protecting the flanks with the remaining squadrons mounted. The firing was very rapid, and charge after charge was gallantly repulsed, yet the numbers seemed to increase. Artillery began to belch forth its humming missiles. Captain Knight began to despair, and, being slightly lame, was leisurely retreating from the woods when met by Colonel Lee, who inquired if he was wounded. "No," responded the Captain, "but the enemy are in such force we can't hold the position." He was ordered back, and for hours held the ground, repulsing every effort of the crowd which pressed his front till darkness threw her mantle over the scene. Our men were well protected behind trees and logs, and our casualties were but few. The enemy's losses, we thought, were much more serious.

Our object having been accomplished, we were withdrawn during the night, and traversed the road back through New Market towards Frederick City. We crossed the mountain to receive and cook rations, the first received for two days. Before this was done, however, we mounted and moved rapidly back to the New Market road, upon which a charge was made by the Fourth Regiment, resulting in the capture of a few wagons. The entire force returned to the foot of the mountain, and remained in line of battle till after midnight, when the march over the mountain was again made, and continued until about ten o'clock the following morning. It was Sunday, and our halt was close to a large mill. The regiment remained here until the evening, feeding the horses, cooking, and eating. A party of women seemed amused and delighted at the ragged outfit of our men, and were certainly as intensely hostile as any blue-stocking "school marm" of Massachusetts.

At four o'clock the bugles sounded to horse, and after a march of four hours we halted with our wagon-train, which we found camped near Boonsboro'. We had heard heavy cannonading in this direction during the day, and now the sound of artillery and wagons passing rapidly down the 'pike leading through the village could be distinctly heard. About eleven o'clock we parted from our wagons, and, taking the 'pike running through the South Pass, ascended the mountain for over a mile and halted in column of fours on the road. The infantry in detached parties of from ten to two hundred marched by us, moving down the 'pike. After sunrise on the morning of September 15th we followed them, moving slowly and often facing about. The Fourth Regiment was in front in the retrograde march, and the Ninth in the rear. As we got well out from the mountain the dark-blue columns of the enemy, with their bright muskets gleaming in the morning sunshine, were seen filing down the 'pike, and on both the right and left of that road. We reached Boonsboro', and found a large building on the Main street converted into a hospital, and filled with Confederates wounded in the previous day's fight, made by General Longstreet at South Pass. The order "Forward" was given, but, from some cause, was not executed by Colonel Wickham in time. Before the Ninth Regiment cleared the town our rear guard, under General Fitz. Lee in person, I think, were driven at full gallop upon our rear. A fire was at the same time opened upon us from the upper windows of some of the houses. The order to wheel about, given by Colonel Lee, was heard only by the officers commanding the rear squadron, and before it could be executed the enemy's cavalry was upon us. Clouds of dust enveloped everything. The column became a confused mass, hurrying without order down the 'pike, and many escaping through the fields. Colonel Lee was dismounted early in the action, and the enemy pressed up closely, using their carbines. Rallying a few men, the Lieutenant-Colonel led a charge with the sabre, when his horse, too, was killed

within twenty yards of the enemy's line, deployed across the 'pike and the field on our left. Captain Haynes, now leading a few men, pressed on, broke the enemy's line, forcing them back somewhat, and bringing out three or four prisoners from the Eighth Illinois Cavalry. This check enabled Colonel Lee to make good his escape, and kept the enemy at a respectable distance. Private Thomas Lewis, of Company B, insisted that the Lieutenant-Colonel should accept his horse, thus enabling him to assist in the speedy rallying of the command. The enemy continued their pursuit for over a mile, bringing up artillery to aid the cavalry. The regiment, however, was rallied and reformed and fell leisurely back without further annoyance, and bivouacked late in the night in the neighborhood of Sharpsburg.

Our loss was the heaviest yet sustained. Two officers, one of them Lieutenant A. E. Fowlkes, of Company G, and sixteen privates were killed, and ten privates captured. The advancing column of General McClellan's army nearly surrounded us, and nothing but our own rapid, though disorderly retreat, prevented the capture of the whole regiment. Captain Hughlett had two horses killed under him before clearing the town. Concealing himself in a lot of Indian corn on the skirts of the village he remained undiscovered all day, and had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing his fallen comrades committed to the earth by the enemy's hands. He saw also that the loss which we had sustained was nearly equalled by that which we inflicted. When darkness came, he sought and received shelter and food from a mother who had two sons in the opposing army, and, after some adventures, he rejoined us on the following day. Worn down by toil and hunger and bruises received from their falling horses, the field-officers of the regiment were compelled to rest a day. A good many of the men followed their example, and found food in the adjacent country. The regiment, commanded by Captain Samuel Swann, was employed in picket and vidette duty on the left flank of the army. Several officers

passed over to Shepherdstown to procure fresh horses to replace those killed or disabled at Boonsboro'. In the afternoon of September 16th the regiment, supporting a masked battery, witnessed the advance of McClellan's army and the commencement of the battle of Sharpsburg. We remained on the extreme left until morning, and were then ordered to the rear of the centre of our lines. Major Lewis and Captain John Murphy, who had been left in Hanover, rejoined the regiment to-day. Though exposed to shells throughout the day no casualties occurred among our men. We bivouacked at night on the Sharpsburg 'pike. The next day we were ordered to collect the stragglers from the ranks of our army. These brave men, exhausted by toil and hunger, and without ammunition, were found in numbers in the corn-fields.

Replacing the infantry outposts as they retired after night-fall, our regiment held the extreme left of our line. This was regarded as full of danger. The right wing of the army was at Sharpsburg, and the left some two and a half miles north of it. A vigorous pursuit at dawn was expected by all, and, owing to the remoteness of our position from the point of crossing at Shepherdstown, we concluded the enemy on the right would reach it before we could. In moving to the posts assigned us, our march was over the fields so hotly contested by Hooker and Jackson. The dead in many places covered the ground. Near our reserve straw had been strewn over a large surface, and hundreds of wounded Federals collected and laid upon it. Surgeons with numerous assistants, were in charge of them. Poor fellows! intense suffering was unavoidable, and many, sinking under it, slept their last long sleep.

The sound of axes, falling trees and moving wagons kept us on the alert during the night. The bugle calls in the enemy's camp, beginning about three o'clock in the morning, caused some anxiety. They died away, however, as did the tramping of their horses. The signal gun was fired about sunrise. We fell quietly back, and crossed the river before

many of our wagons reached it. It was not until ten o'clock in the day that we saw from our side of the river small bodies of the enemy's cavalry cautiously advancing over the hills we had left. Quite a large number of our wounded were left to the care of the foe, and many of our dead lay on the field unknelled. Sharpsburg as called by us, Antietam as named by the Federals, was, as we had abundant ocular demonstration, a bloody field.

CHAPTER V.

Facing About to Meet the Enemy at Shepherdstown—On the Opequon—Resisting Pleasanton's Raid—Promotion of Officers—Charge at Mountsville—Fight at Aldie—At Union—At Upperville—A Gallant Exploit—Fight at Markham—At Barbee's Cross-Roads—Again in Culpeper—Reorganization of Brigade—March to Fredericksburg—In Winter Quarters in Essex—Capture of a Federal Squadron at Leedstown—Gloucester Point—Battle of Fredericksburg.

Our regiment, after crossing the Potomac at Shepherdstown and halting for a few hours, moved for some distance on the Charlestown road, and, then changing direction to the right, camped not far from Leetown. We had now less than two hundred men for duty.

Early on the following morning we marched rapidly back towards Shepherdstown, and were placed in position on the extreme right of Major-General A. P. Hill's line. The enemy in some force had crossed the river, and General Hill, facing his troops about, marched back to meet them. The opposing forces met less than a mile from the river. Our troops charged with great impetuosity, broke the enemy's line, and drove them panic-stricken over the river. Many in their flight leaped from the precipices overhanging the road leading from the ford up to Shepherdstown, and were killed. We lay on our arms guarding the fords of the river here until the following day, and then leisurely followed the infantry, and pitched our tents some three miles from Shepherdstown on the road leading to Newcomer's Mill.

We remained in the vicinity of the Opequon till the close of October, our longest stay being on the banks of that stream. Green food cut from the fields of growing corn was the only provision that could be obtained here for our horses,

and in a short time it rendered very many of them unfit for service. It became necessary to establish a camp remote from the army for the treatment of the diseased horses.

Our pickets on the Potomac while here grew quite friendly with those of the enemy. The two parties would leave their clothing on either shore and, meeting in the middle of the river, enjoy a bath together. Orders were issued forbidding the practice.

About the middle of October, whilst we were on picket the Union cavalry under command of General Pleasanton, crossed the river in large force at early dawn, and vigorously attacked our outpost under Captain Waller, occupying a position just outside of Shepherdstown. Two of his men, in trying to reach a point for observation, were captured. Our reserve, composed of two squadrons, was in camp at the intersection of the road to Newcomer's Mill with that leading from Martinsburg to the Leetown 'pike. Their advance, despite the efforts of Waller to check it, was so rapid that we barely had mounted when the columns of the enemy appeared on the hills half a mile in our front. One squadron, dismounted, was placed in ambush behind some large rocks on the left of the road, and the other was held back a hundred yards or so in the rear to await the onset. The enemy advanced rapidly and boldly, but before getting abreast of the ambuscade the dismounted men fired with but little effect. This fire, however, threw the Federal horsemen into confusion, and, on seeing our mounted men charging, they broke and fled precipitately. We pursued at full speed for some distance, when a large body of dismounted men and two pieces of artillery were discovered, so posted as to command the road. The rally was then sounded, and our men reformed on their former ground.

The relief regiment under Colonel J. M. Drake now reached us, and, though he was the senior officer, he declined to interfere with the arrangements that had been made, and gladly aided in carrying them out, taking the position as-

signed his regiment on our right. The enemy, however, did not renew the attack, contenting himself with opening a brisk fire upon us with his artillery. We remained in our position until our pickets were recalled, and were then ordered to fall back by Colonel W. H. F. Lee, who, in the absence of General Fitz. Lee, commanded the brigade. Private William A. Weaver, of Company C, was killed in our charge, and Privates Bird Lewis and Wat. Bowie were wounded. The first was kindly buried by some ladies as soon as the enemy passed, and we found his humble grave close by the road-side, where he fell. What loss our foes sustained we never knew.

As we retired to Newcomer's Mill, General Pleasanton moved down the road to Martinsburg. General Stuart, as soon as he was informed of what was occurring, dispatched General Wade Hampton by a circuitous route to occupy the road above Shepherdstown, while he, with a portion of our brigade, moved upon Martinsburg. General Pleasanton made a rapid retreat to avoid the snare, and we galloped some five miles or more, but saw only some charges by squadrons of the Fourth Regiment in our front, and shells from the artillery bursting over our heads. We reached Shepherdstown after dark, as the last files of Pleasanton's command were crossing the ford over which they had passed in the morning.

On the 18th of October, 1862, Colonel W. H. F. Lee, who had been temporarily disabled by the kick of a horse, was made brigadier-general; R. L. T. Beale, colonel in his stead; Meriwether Lewis, lieutenant-colonel, and Captain Thomas Waller, of Company A, major. Our quartermaster and commissary, Charles Waite and A. G. Dade, were promoted by Lee. Captain M. Forbes was made quartermaster of the regiment, and G. C. Taliaferro adjutant. Our efficient and faithful surgeon, J. S. Gilliam, was promoted by Lee, and Dr. Thomas Taylor succeeded him as surgeon of the regiment. Captain John Murphy, of Company C, resigned, and Lieutenant John W. Hungerford was promoted in his place.

The advance of General McClellan's army having crossed the Potomac river east of Harper's Ferry, we broke our camp on the 28th of October, and, after marching rapidly by Berryville, bivouacked near the Shenandoah. Many of our horses were disabled from a singular disease in the feet. Resuming the march at early morn we crossed the Blue Ridge at Snickersville, and, passing Bloomfield, camped for a day upon the road leading to Upperville. Captain Haynes, commanding Companies G and H, was left on picket before reaching Bloomfield. We moved from camp on the morning of the 31st, the Ninth Regiment in front, followed by the Fourth, Colonel Wickham commanding the brigade, and General Stuart accompanying in person. Our march was directed to Mountsville. Near this point Lieutenant Robinson, of Company C, commanding our advance guard, captured a picket of the enemy, having dashed upon them so suddenly that only a single pistol-shot was fired. He was complimented for his address and good management.

The command halted for a moment at the post of the picket, yet short as was the halt it served to notify some Federal officers of our presence. These were at a house close by, where they had ordered dinner. We at once commenced a charge. After moving at a gallop for a few hundred yards the cry of " Artillery " was heard at the head of the column. Nothing daunted, forward we dashed, knowing not, and seemingly caring little, upon what arm of the foe we charged. Upon reaching the fork of two roads a camp of the enemy pitched in the open space near the junction of the roads, was seen. They were panic-stricken and in great confusion. Some who had mounted made at full speed for the woods in the distance; others pushed for the roads, while some, motionless from fright, stood still by their horses. Two squadrons were ordered upon either road, and the chase became intensely exciting. Breaking from the ranks, our troopers, singly and in squads, rode after the flying enemy. The rally was sounded in vain. The leading men were brought to a

halt about three miles from the starting point of our charge by a few volleys of rifles from well-dressed lines of mounted men not far from Aldie. Whilst the squadrons of the Ninth were being collected and reformed the Fourth Regiment forced these lines back upon Aldie, but were compelled in a few minutes to retreat before what seemed to be a very large force. Indeed, the heavy masses of troops seen about Aldie suggested very strongly that the scene through which we had just passed was about to be repeated with the parties in the chase exchanging places. We were placed in line of battle with our sabres drawn, covering the retreat of the dismounted men, and momentarily expecting to charge. Two of our guns opened fire from the hills behind us, sending their missiles in rapid succession over our heads into the opposing ranks, and this was continued until darkness came, when we quietly withdrew to bivouac near Union. The result of the day's work was decidedly encouraging. Captures on various private accounts were acceptable to the men, and the acquisition of pistols, sabres, saddles, bridles, and blankets gave to the Ninth a greatly improved military appearance. We had encountered nearly a full regiment (the First Rhode Island Cavalry) rifled their camp, killed some, and among them Lieutenant L. D. Gore, captured many, and, when pursued to their heavy supports, held the positions gained, and retreated at our leisure. We had a single man wounded, seemingly slightly, with a shot in the leg. He was a gallant youth—John Rust, of Company C—and died in hospital from this wound.

On the following day the enemy, in very strong force, advanced towards Union, and by noon we were hotly engaged with cavalry and artillery. Though the enemy greatly outnumbered us, General Stuart drove them, and we bivouacked at nightfall fully a mile in advance of our position in the morning.

The following day was Sunday, and was ushered in by a bright sun rising through a cloudless sky, and an atmosphere

in perfect repose. As the morning grew that stillness was broken by the dread sounds of war, and the artillery was sending its shrieking balls quickly and loudly. The enemy was driving us, and the brigade, fighting and contesting every position, was compelled to retreat before a large force, composed of infantry and cavalry. Private Luttrell, of Company K, had his arm shattered by a shell near Union. The enemy seemed to be pressing both flanks, as well as our front. General Stuart ordered that the Ninth Regiment should move to the left and occupy the Bloomfield road. We joined Captain Haynes on this road some miles from Bloomfield, from which he had been driven, after suffering the loss of some ten men, chiefly by capture. One or two of these escaped and rejoined us. A column was now pressing forward on this road, and also one upon the Trappe road, running parallel with and near the mountains. The two roads united near the town of Upperville.

Our instructions were to hold this force in check while the General fell slowly back upon the direct road connecting Union and Upperville. We reached by nightfall a position beyond the junction of the roads, and in sight of Upperville, and bivouacked, with three squadrons, in a graveyard, while the other two picketed the roads in front of the enemy's two advancing columns. The night was passed in quiet. The squadrons on picket fell back at dawn to the position held by the others. The enemy appeared close in their rear; halted on coming in sight of us, and threw out a skirmish-line of dismounted men, which, extending across our front, sought to reach a wooded ridge on our right and a stone fence on our left. Our Mountsville captures now proved of essential service. The long-range rifles in the hands of our dismounted men defeated every effort to reach our flanks, and finally drove the skirmishers back to the cover of the hill. Before noon we discovered that a road a mile to our right upon which the Fourth regiment was placed had been carried by the enemy, and we could see their squadrons in the fields moving down on our right flank.

The troops under General Stuart were passing through Upperville, and across our rear towards Paris, and as soon as the artillery reached the point of intersection of the Trappe road, on which we were, the order came to fall back. It being impossible to withdraw our skirmish-line in time to pass down this road, directions were sent to them to take the by-paths skirting the mountains. The main body of the regiment received the fire of the enemy's mounted men at very short range, as we passed to the 'pike, escaping, however, without any very serious casualties.

On reaching the 'pike, orders came from Colonel Rosser, commanding the brigade in place of Wickham, who had been badly wounded, to protect two or three guns which were drawn slowly along by jaded horses. No other troops save our regiment were to be seen, and considerable bodies of the enemy's cavalry were advancing on the road we had held, and also up the 'pike. The Federal skirmish-line soon pressed hotly upon our rear and flank, and some men, badly wounded and supported in the saddle by comrades, were hurried past us. General Stuart was in the midst of our rear squadron when faced about and deployed by Major Waller as skirmishers to repel the too near approach of the more daring Yankee troopers. The shells, too, began to explode over our heads as we approached the high hills through which the 'pike ran. Looking back upon the hosts of the enemy, the capture of our small body seemed probable, when, opportunely enough, the sound of artillery in front from long-range guns posted on the heights told of the precaution of our General for our safety. The pursuit ended at once, and we proceeded for some miles along the 'pike, and then took a road to the left, which formed an acute angle with the 'pike, and led to Piedmont Station on the Manassas Gap railroad. The guns were placed in our rear, and the orders from Colonel Rosser were that we should approach the station cautiously, as the enemy might occupy it.

An advanced guard under our Sergeant-Major Richerson

was ordered to move half a mile in our front. Not far from the station a foraging party from the Fourth and Fifth regiments was met, who, having reported their regiments as quietly camping with the wagon-train at Piedmont, the advanced guard was recalled, and the Sergeant-Major directed to ride on and provide something for supper. The men of the foraging party whom he met returned with him. When within a few hundred yards of the station a pistol-shot was heard, followed by the sound of horses' hoofs coming rapidly towards us. The regiment was instantly halted, and, with sabres drawn, prepared to charge. The men proved to be the party which had ridden ahead, who stated they had discovered what they took to be a Yankee picket stationed at the intersection of our road with the railroad. A courier was at once dispatched to Colonel Rosser with the information. Major Waller, coming to the front to learn what had halted us, the Colonel said to him: "We must ascertain certainly whether the enemy is at Piedmont, and I have some difficulty about the best way to do it." Private Bell, of Company A, having heard the remark, volunteered to do it if he could get a pistol. One was handed him, and, selecting a comrade, he rode forward. Before the courier who had been sent to Colonel Rosser returned with an order to ascertain certainly the truth of the information sent, Bell and his companion returned, bringing a mounted prisoner captured from the picket itself, from whom all necessary information was obtained.

Bell gave this account of the mode by which he accomplished his undertaking: A few yards from a run which washed the base of the railroad embankment, the road formed a right angle. On reaching the corner here his companion halted, and he, moving on alone, found himself in close proximity to ten or twelve Yankees on their horses on the bank of the railroad. Fearing to turn back he rode into the run, and his horse, suffering for water, pressed up the run until stopped by a fence, which crossed it and ran along the roadside. While his horse was drinking one of the picket

rode down to water his horse, also, which pressed up the stream until he brought his rider in close contact with him. He was holding his pistol cocked in his hand, and, bringing it to bear upon the heart of the Yankee, he whispered to him to ride out with him without a word or sign, or die. He accepted the first alternative presented, and, on turning the corner, quietly surrendered his arms, and was brought in. The prisoner confirmed this statement, and uttered curses on his comrades for suffering one man to take him right under their eyes.

It was now dark, and, reversing our course, the regiment moved back along the road we had come for a mile or two, then moving to the left, travelled over a hilly country, along by-roads, on which it was very difficult to drag the artillery. After halting a few hours to feed the horses and allow the men to eat what might be gotten, we reached the railroad at Markham Station about daylight. Leaving Companies G and H, under Captain Haynes, we resumed the saddle before noon, and, being in advance, marched quietly to Barbee's Cross-Roads. The Fourth Regiment and our squadron under Haynes had to hold the enemy in check, and were engaged in skirmishes for some hours. Haynes lost two or three men, and the officer in charge of the artillery complimented him very highly, saying that his gallantry and courage had saved his guns.

In the afternoon the brigade passed us, moving towards Orleans. We were left on picket at the Cross-Roads, and two pieces of artillery remained with us. Leaving Captain Hungerford with Companies C and K, the other four squadrons were withdrawn with the two guns, some three miles on the road leading to Orleans, and we bivouacked. About midnight an order came from General Stuart directing that we should reoccupy Barbee's Cross-Roads before light on the morrow. This was done, and shortly afterwards it was learned that General Hampton's brigade was in position on our left front. Our brigade, owing to the loss of the horses

from diseased feet, barely numbered five hundred men fit for duty. The enemy's cavalry were quickly seen moving towards us, on the road, and to the right and left of it. Our position was at the intersection of the roads close to Barbee's house, the head of the column of fours resting just under the little hill at that point; and within fifty yards of the crossing, with one squadron dismounted and deployed in skirmish-line to the front and right beyond the Cross-Roads.

Some few solid shot and shells were fired at us from guns posted on the slope of the mountain to our right. The road leading to Markham had been strongly barricaded the previous night, and was so still, and a panel of fence on the left of the road removed to make a passageway.

The enemy encountered Hampton, and by weight of numbers pressed him back rapidly. Our skirmish-line, under Captain Stith Bolling, was next engaged. They made a stubborn resistance, and apparently inflicted some loss upon the enemy. They were, however, driven back behind the barricade, and from that line back further to a stone fence bounding the road on the left, immediately to the left of our mounted squadrons. The enemy's mounted column now charged down the road on Barbee's, Pelham's two guns to our left and rear opening a rapid fire on them as they came. When they had nearly reached the barricade the order was given for us to charge. Intending to lead three squadrons to the left of the houses, Lieutenant James K. Ball was ordered to charge with the squadron in front (Companies D and E) up to the barricade and through the open fence-panel, where the ground was open and free of obstructions. Moving with Ball at the head of the column to the crossing, and, pausing to await the next squadron so as to direct it up the left road, the Colonel found himself at the instant of reining up his horse assailed by a party of Yankees who had charged around the houses. When extricated from this personal combat, he found the regiment had fallen back and were reforming a hundred yards in rear of the position previously

occupied. The fault was not the regiment's, but the Colonel's. Lieutenant Ball and Adjutant Gawin C. Taliaferro were the only officers who understood the order to charge, and they were both dangerously wounded. The men in the lead of the charging squadron dismounted on reaching the open panel of fence, and at the same time the enemy's dismounted skirmish-line, closing in upon them, opened fire at close quarters. Our loss was three killed, six wounded, and six or seven missing, and about twelve horses killed and disabled. Adjutant Taliaferro, with thigh shattered, was left on the field, and fell into the hands of the enemy.

Captain Pelham, with his guns, checked any further advance of the Yankees, and after remaining in line of battle some time, the brigade leisurely fell back to Waterloo Bridge on the Rappahannock.

At early dawn next morning we crossed to the south bank, and, being ordered to guard the ford at Hart's Mill, proceeded to that point. After reaching it an order came to hold it at every hazard. From the topography of the country this seemed to involve the sacrifice of the regiment. An amphitheatre of broken rocks, covered with a growth of small brush-wood on the opposite bank, commanded every inch of ground on our side within rifle-shot of the stream. No enemy made his appearance, and at nightfall four squadrons were sent to Jeffersonton, the Colonel remaining with one till morning, when he rejoined the brigade at that point. Captain Crutchfield left the regiment about this time, and shortly afterwards sent in his resignation. His name was finally dropped from our roll. The Colonel's last horse having become totally unfit for service, the regiment was placed under Major Waller's command, and was employed on picket duty north of Hazel river. The brigade moved towards Culpeper Courthouse, and the regiment followed next day. Two days later it recrossed the Rappahannock with a body of infantry and cavalry under General Stuart, and, with some difficulty escaping overwhelming numbers of the enemy, reached

Rixeyville. Here the Colonel rejoined the regiment with a fresh horse, finding them doing picket duty in the vicinity of New Boston. While here an order was received to report to Brigadier-General W. H. F. Lee at Brandy Station. A new brigade now assigned to his command was composed of the Ninth, Tenth, Thirteenth, and Fifteenth Virginia, and the Second North Carolina cavalry regiments.

The results of the campaign had materially changed the appearance of our troops. United States army pistols and sabres, and good McClellan saddles were now generally owned by our men. In these particulars of cavalry equipment our government had been very deficient, supplying only a few saddles of very inferior make.

After a rest of a few days at Brandy Station we made a forced march to Fredericksburg, where we met the Fifteenth Regiment. After a day's halt here we moved into camp at Hick's Hill. A permit for detached service was here obtained, and for the purpose of recruiting the dismounted men and allowing those with disabled horses to secure fresh ones, we marched down the river to camp near Lloyd's, in Essex county.

Robert J. Washington had been selected as adjutant in the place of Lieutenant Taliaferro, who was retired on account of permanent disability. Dr. Clarence Garnett was appointed assistant surgeon. Our ranks were now speedily recruited to their usual number for duty. Two small brass guns, commanded by Lieutenant Betts, were sent down and kept near us. The Federal army, under General Hooker, occupied the northern side of the Rappahannock, and their pickets were extended down the river opposite to our encampment. We could see and hear from them almost daily, and the Colonel's desire to cross the river and strike them a blow was warmly seconded by the officers and men of the regiment. Scouts were sent across the river to find out the position and strength of the parties picketing in King George and Westmoreland, and the exact situation of the camps, picket posts and reserve

stations, and the paths by which they might be approached and surprised. The Eighth Regiment of Pennsylvania Cavalry were camped, it was ascertained, at Greenlaw's, in King George, with a squadron at Leedstown, in Westmoreland county. Boats were provided, and plans arranged to cross with three hundred men—two hundred to be led by the present writer to attack the camp at Greenlaw's, and one hundred under Major Waller to secure the squadron at Leedstown. Application had been duly forwarded to our commanding General for leave to execute this purpose, and a favorable answer was eagerly awaited. The answer came, but allowed only a part of the force to be sent, and forbidding that any officer should go above the rank of Major. Major Waller was, therefore, directed to carry out the plan against Leedstown, and one hundred men were selected from those who eagerly volunteered to go. These moved up the river some six miles after dark. The two brass guns and a supporting force were moved to a point previously chosen nearly opposite to Leedstown to guard, as well as we might, against any untimely appearance of a gunboat in the river.

The night proved icy cold, and an unfavorable tide rendered the crossing in the boats very difficult. Many of the men and officers, however, had been reared near rivers, and understood well how to navigate them, and, burning to strike the foe who was plundering their homes, braved the difficulties and rowed across. About sixty went over. The trusty guides led the separate parties quietly through the fields and along ravines until close upon the pickets, who were surprised and taken. Major Waller, now uniting his force, moved down to Leedstown, surrounded the house in which the picket-reserve was quartered and noiselessly disarmed them. He then marched his men towards the Taylor residence, a quarter of a mile distant, where the main body of the enemy was camped. After approaching near the house silently, the men, after firing a volley from their carbines, rushed with a yell upon it. The surprise was complete. A few pistol-shots

followed, and all was still. We, who were on the opposite shore, could hear the shouts and firing, and knew all was well. The result was the capture of the entire party of sixty men and horses, except one picket of three or four men who escaped. Two privates of the Fifteenth Virginia Cavalry and two citizens, held as prisoners, were released. Before light Waller recrossed the river with Captain Wilson and his squadron; and he succeeded in swimming over forty-eight horses, though the river was quite a mile wide. Sergeant R. B. Lewis, of Company C, was wounded. This was the only casualty among our men.

The author having been denied the privilege of crossing the Rappahannock, his attention was turned to Gloucester Point. Two intelligent and reliable scouts were sent down to collect the necessary information, and a request was forwarded to General R. E. Lee for permission to attack the place, if found practicable. This was promptly granted, and arrangements were made to move as soon as the scouts returned with their report. The information obtained was minute and accurate. The position of each gun, the range of the two gunboats, the ditch, the tortuous approach through felled timber, were all inspected, and the enterprise promising no chance of success was abandoned at once.

On the 12th day of December orders reached us to march with dispatch to Fredericksburg. Though forty miles distant at the time, we were in position on the extreme right of our army at the crossing of the river road and the Massaponax run by sunrise on the morning of the 13th. A dense fog enveloped the flats on the river, and concealed everything in front. We had crossed the run and were resting in column of squadrons in the field on the right. As the fog rose a formidable array of artillery was discovered in our front at short range. We were ordered to recross the run at a trot, leaving our dismounted riflemen to hold the field. Heavy guns posted on the heights above Fitzhugh's and along Gray's lane, beyond the river, fired at us at intervals throughout the day.

No damage, save a few slight wounds and the loss of six horses, was sustained.

From our position we saw the flashes and smoke on the bloody field before Fredericksburg. We saw also the line of Federals as it moved across the River road to assault Jackson at Hamilton's Crossing; their flight back over that road; the panic which seized the reserve line as the yells of Jackson's men reached them, and the promptness with which their officers checked incipient disorder. Near night Pelham ran his guns down on the plain, followed by two or more batteries from the infantry line, and opened a rapid fire upon the lines of the enemy near the river. The enemy's batteries replied, and as night threw her mantle of darkness over the land the mass of sulphurous smoke was lit with a lurid glare from the explosion of shells.

The long dark line of our infantry descended from the hills, and we expected momentarily the rattle of musketry, but it came not, and we bivouacked in the woods which skirted the field we had occupied during the day. A few shells disturbed our quiet next morning, and we were made more uncomfortable by a cold rain and great scarcity of provisions. On the 15th of December we marched to Port Royal and camped with the brigade on the hills overlooking that village, performing picket duty up the river as high as Moss Neck. Near Christmas General Stuart, with details from many regiments, made a reconnoissance in the rear of the Federal army. Major Waller commanded the detail from the Ninth. They went around the right flank of the Yankee army, and advanced as far as Fairfax Station, and returned through Fauquier and Culpeper without any serious encounters.

CHAPTER VI.

Picketing the Rappahannock—Outrages of the Enemy in the Northern Neck—Changes in Officers—Sergeant King Declines an Election—March to Gloucester Point—Camping Again in Culpeper—Under Fire at Rappahannock Bridge and Beverly's Ford—At Kelly's Mills—In Rear of General Hooker's Army—Opposing Averill—Charge at Rapidan Station—Charge at Trevillian's—On the Three-Chop Road—A Remarkable Coincidence—Captain Forbes Falls at Chancellorsville.

The campaign of 1862 was the first in which we had seen much of the realities of flagrant war. The infantry had suffered the heaviest losses; the cavalry was still regarded by those not familiar with its duties as offering a place of comparative safety.

Our winter camp was now located at Occupacia, in Essex, and some weeks later on the Dragon, in King and Queen county. At the instance of a majority of the officers the duty was accepted for the regiments of picketing the Rappahannock from Port Royal to Urbana, with headquarters fixed near Lloyd's. This duty was the more cheerfully accepted because of the hope which it offered that we might cross the river and strike the marauding parties which were sent out by the enemy from their camps in Stafford as far down as the lower end of Westmoreland. Scouts were sent over and plans made to cross the river, but after repeated applications we got the liberty to do so, coupled with an order not to remain under any circumstances over twenty-four hours. One enterprise seemed practicable, even with this condition, and arms and boats were made ready, but the morning of the day of its execution brought the Colonel of the regiment an order for his presence at camp, to preside over a court-martial, and this unwelcome service continued through the winter. A

record of the vile deeds done at this period among the helpless and unarmed people of the Northern Neck by Federal soldiers and armed negroes, would find its parallel only in the accounts of the atrocities of savages.

Many changes had occurred among the officers of the regiment. R. K. Smith had succeeded Crutchfield as captain of Company E, Captain John Tayloe and Lieutenant John Tayloe, Jr., of Company I, had resigned, and Lieutenant Billingsley (a prisoner) had been made captain. Sergeant King had commanded this company, and, though a plain mechanic, had shown fine soldierly qualities during the year previous, and had never been absent when duties demanded his presence, and as a reward for his fidelity and good conduct he had been recommended for appointment as first lieutenant at a time when the company was too much reduced in numbers to elect its officers. Before the appointment came the wagon-train and its attendants (Company Q) joined us, and as elections would be held in several companies, the Colonel, not doubting but that King would be the choice of Company I, said to the Adjutant he had as well embrace that company in the order for holding the elections. This remark was communicated to King, and he promptly called at the log-fire at regimental headquarters. Finding several officers present he remarked that he preferred that no election should be had in his case, as he would "value much more highly an appointment from such men as Stuart and the Lees." He was told very well; that no election would be ordered by his company. King tarried, however, until he was alone with the Colonel, and then informed him that, supposing his commission certain, he had *cursed* one of the men that morning, and he thought if the election was put to a vote *he would be beaten*. G. W. Beale was elected lieutenant in Company C, and George E. Chancellor in Company E.

The brigade was soon after this brought together at Saluda. Upon reaching this place and rejoining the regiment the Colonel, with other officers, was summoned to a council, and

found the object of the movement was an attack upon Gloucester Point. He advised strongly against it, but was overruled, and orders were issued to march early the following morning. A halt was made late in the evening, and the commandants of regiments were summoned to receive orders. The Ninth was assigned to the capture of the fort; the Thirteenth and Second North Carolina to the attack of a regiment of cavalry, said to be encamped on the point, a few hundred yards from the fort, and the Fifteenth Regiment was to be held in reserve. After dark we moved, and after proceeding cautiously and silently halted when in close proximity to the Point. Captain Bolling was sent forward with a party to reconnoitre, and on his return, General Lee concluded not to make the attack; so, facing about, we returned to our camp in Essex.

The campaign of 1863 opened about the 1st of April. Having struck our tents near Occupacia, we joined the brigade, and, marching by Newtown, Waller's Tavern, and Chesterfield Depot, halted and camped for some days about a mile from Orange Courthouse. We then crossed the Rappahannock and moved to the farm of John M. Botts in Culpeper, near Brandy Station. On reaching this camp the regiment numbered seven hundred and fifty men for duty. The enemy occupied the north bank of the Rappahannock in our front. A party of Federals one morning crossed at the railroad bridge, and, driving the picket out, occupied a redoubt on our side. The Ninth Regiment was ordered to drive them back and reinstate our picket. The enemy's position on the bluffs beyond the river gave them the power to rake with canister and grape the open plain over which we had to pass in order to reach the men in the redoubt. After inspecting the position, it was concluded that the duty assigned us would necessarily entail severe loss. On reaching the foot of the hills bounding the plain where the regiment was screened by some timber, we halted, and the front squadron, commanded by Lieutenant Boulware, was detached, and after

being deployed into line, was sent forward at a trot to charge the redoubt. To our surprise the enemy decamped at a double-quick, and forded the river without firing a shot. The picket was marched back to their old quarters, and the squadron withdrawn before the artillery beyond the river commenced its fire, and the shells fell harmless to us among the trees.

A part of the regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis was employed in picketing the fords on Welford's farm, at Beverly's, and above. A detachment, chiefly from Company C, was at Beverly's Ford. The rain had fallen heavily for twelve hours, and the streams were much swollen. A brigade of Federal cavalry having crossed at a ford above, drove the squadron at that point so rapidly back as to get well in the rear of the detachment at Beverly's before any notice of their approach was given. The reserve under Captain Hungerford were forced to beat a hasty retreat, leaving the dismounted men, with Lieutenant G. W. Beale, on the immediate bank of the river to their fate. Their horses at the reserve post were captured ere they had opportunity to know what was occurring. With rare coolness and courage this little band of seventeen men, fording a stream waist deep, traversed an open country for two miles, and repeatedly halting and facing them, kept a squadron of the enemy at bay, and made good their retreat to the woods.

As soon as the intelligence of the enemy's advance reached our camp, the Thirteenth Regiment, supported by the remaining squadrons of the Ninth, was sent in pursuit. Upon nearing Welford's the enemy was seen retreating rapidly to the ford. The Thirteenth Regiment, charging at full speed under a rapid fire of rifles from the opposite side, reached the ford in time to capture the rear files. The river, swollen by the rains, was too deep for fording, and a good many of the Yankees were drowned in attempting to swim it. Learning that a picket guard that had been stationed farther down the river had not yet escaped, a party was dispatched in pursuit

of them, who soon returned to us, bringing ten or twelve prisoners, and what were equally acceptable, as many good horses, well equipped, to supply the places of those captured from us. We had one man—George Garrison, a private in Company A—killed.

The regiment remained inactive until about the middle of May, when the Federal army advanced. The cavalry in force crossed at Kelly's Mills, driving before them the dismounted pickets of the Ninth Regiment on guard at that point. After crossing they engaged the Thirteenth Regiment, which was pushed forward on the plain below Miller's Hill. Our regiment occupied the hill. The skirmishing was continued until near noon, by which time General Stuart discovered that the main Union army was advancing rapidly to the Rapidan. We moved speedily to that point, the Fourth Regiment preceding us. Charges were made upon the rear of the enemy by some of the squadrons of this regiment, and some thirty or forty prisoners brought in. These prisoners were placed in our custody about dark, and orders were received to return to Culpeper Courthouse. The rain and mud made our march tedious and slow, encumbered, as we were, with prisoners on foot. We reached the Courthouse barely in time to draw rations and resume the saddle by sunrise. We continued the march to Rapidan Bridge, where the rear squadron was left to guard it. Another squadron under Major Waller was detached to watch the fords above, and the remaining three were dismounted to feed. Before the horses were fed, the squadron at the river were skirmishing with the advance parties of the enemy, and men were at once put in the rifle-pits, and several cannon posted, to hold the bridge and ford. Thus we remained during the night, supported by the Thirteenth Regiment.

On the next morning General W. H. F. Lee, commanding the brigade, anxious to find out what force was pressing us, directed the present writer to take a squadron and break through their line of skirmishers beyond the river, and draw

the enemy out. This enterprise was full of excitement. As we ascended the slope leading up from the river, on the crest of which the enemy's sharpshooters were posted, the windows of several houses were raised and the ladies, leaning out, waved joyfully their handkerchiefs. A single volley from the skirmishers greeted us, and they fled. Beyond the ridge the reserve picket—a squadron or so—in column confronted us in the road. With drawn sabres, and our Adjutant's clerk, William Campbell, taking the lead, the squadron charged with a yell. In vain the officer commanding the enemy's party waved his sabre and urged his men forward. They wheeled and fled, and he, gallant fellow, leaping his fine charger over the fence to our right, held his ground till abreast of us, and then after emptying his pistol on us, retreated unscathed by the dozen bullets which were fired at his person. Our men kept up their headlong pursuit after the rally was sounded, and did not retreat until General Averill's regiments in line of battle were uncovered. Enough was discovered to satisfy us that the force in front of our little command was overwhelming. The enemy's artillery had been firing upon us during the whole time, to which our guns seemed to make but feeble replies. Our loss, after recrossing the river, was found to be but two missing. These were the brothers M. U. F. and J. N. Wright, of Company C, the latter of whom was severely and basely wounded after he had surrendered. They both rejoined us before the campaign ended.

About midnight we were ordered to burn the railroad bridge. This structure, saturated by continuous rains for days, was impervious to any fire we could make, and though the effort to burn it was not abandoned till our retreat commenced, the bridge was left standing.

Our march was now made through Orange Courthouse to Gordonsville. About the same hour that we left the Rapidan General Averill commenced his retreat to the north of the Rappahannock. The two men mentioned above, who were prisoners at the time with the enemy, told us on their return

that, from the conversation of their guards, they gathered the information that this retreat was caused from fear of an attack by us the following day.

After a brief halt at Gordonsville we were ordered to proceed down the railroad to Trevillian's Station, at which point it was reported that a part of General Stoneman's force was engaged in tearing up the railroad. When within a mile of the place two citizens were met who informed us that they had just left it, and that no enemy was in sight. A detachment under Lieutenant Robinson was directed to proceed down the road as far as Louisa Courthouse, unless the enemy was sooner discovered, and the regiment was withdrawn a short distance from the road on the right and dismounted to rest. This was scarcely done before rapid firing was heard on the road which Robinson's party had taken. Mounting and moving at a gallop back into the road, the head of our column reached it just as Robinson's men came up at full speed. The leading squadron was sent charging down the road, and the next dismounted and ambushed in a railroad-cut commanding the road. Another squadron was put in position a hundred or two yards further back under Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis, and the remaining ones were ordered to be arranged, some in ambush and some mounted, half a mile in our rear, under Major Waller. Before these dispositions were completed squads of the party charging began to return. A few of the enemy had been killed—some three or four—and one mortally wounded was brought in. About forty-five prisoners were taken. As these were found to represent three different regiments, it was concluded that Stoneman's whole force was in our front. A courier was dispatched to General W. H. F. Lee, and the enemy's advance quietly awaited. After waiting a short time we began to withdraw, when a feeble yell was heard, and a small squad of troopers charged past our dismounted men, and received their fire at very close range, but without any injury to them. Before they could wheel Lewis was on them with a mounted

squadron. These charged some distance without encountering any more of the enemy. Lieutenant Boulware, of Company B, who was riding a fresh and unmanageable horse, continued to charge, without sabre or hat, nearly down to Louisa Courthouse, and was made a prisoner. This was the only loss we sustained.

We remained in position until General Lee came up. No further charge was made, and the command moved back to Gordonsville to enjoy a supper, which ended a fast of thirty-six hours, and to get a much-needed night's rest.

In the early morning we were again in the saddle. The Union cavalry were reported to be moving on Columbia to destroy the canal at or near that place. Traversing the Green Spring country in Louisa, we reached Palmyra before night, fed our weary steeds and supped. The enemy had retreated, and about dark we moved in pursuit of him. We marched all night, and about daybreak halted on the Three-Chop road, in Goochland, for breakfast. The citizens reported the enemy as having passed three hours ahead of us.

One of our men got permission to go out to forage for a breakfast, and soon came back reporting a Yankee picket about a mile in advance of us. Captain Ryalls, of General Stuart's staff, who accompanied our command, asked for ten men to capture this picket, and they were furnished to him. A stronger force was soon sent for, and Major Waller, with Companies D and E, was sent. The whole command was now moved forward, so as to be in supporting distance.

Before we reached Waller he had encountered a squadron of United States Dragoons, belonging to the Fifth Regulars, and a spirited hand-to-hand sabre fight had taken place. Singular it was that squadrons of the same two opposing regiments should have twice met each other alone, using on each occasion the sabre and pistol, first on the Tolopottomoi, and now on the Three-Chop road. Company E, of the Ninth was engaged on both of these occasions.

The odds in numbers were in favor of the United States

Regulars. They met on this occasion in column of fours; before in line of battle. Three of the enemy were killed, a good many wounded, and eleven captured, including a Captain Owens, commanding, and a Lieutenant Buford. Our casualties were two privates wounded. After a continuous march of sixty miles in twenty-four hours, we again camped at Gordonsville.

On the following day we marched to the North Anna river, returning by Louisa Courthouse. A few stragglers were taken. Stoneman had recrossed the Rapidan; the great battle of Chancellorsville had been fought, and "Stonewall" Jackson, our greatest field marshal, had gone down; Captain Forbes, our quartermaster, who was in Fredericksburg when Hooker advanced, and had volunteered to serve on General A. P. Hill's staff, had been killed in the same battle.

CHAPTER VII.

Camping Again in Culpeper—Grand Cavalry Review—The Hard-Fought Battle of Fleetwood or Brandy Station—In Peril at Thoroughfare Gap—Looking for the Enemy in the Dark—Second Encounter With First Rhode Island Cavalry—Middleburg Fight—Death of Captain Hungerford—Fight at Upperville—Lt.-Col. Lewis Wounded and Captured—Captain Robinson's Capture and Daring Escape.

The regiment returned to its old camping-ground near John Minor Botts', in Culpeper, and pitched its tents nearer Welford's Ford than before, on the extreme left of the cavalry line. Eugene Baker, of Company B, was selected to fill the place of Captain Forbes, as quartermaster. Early in June the regiment took part in a general cavalry review under the inspection of General R. E. Lee, on the plain near Brandy Station—the most imposing display of Confederate horsemen we had yet seen.

On the morning of the 9th of June the enemy at dawn forced a passage over the river at Kelly's Mills and Beverly's Ford, and drove the regiment on the right of our line rapidly back. They pursued the Fourth Regiment quite up to General Stuart's headquarters about Brandy Station. The main force of the enemy crossed at Beverly's Ford, and, bearing to the right, swept up the river, and, when about breakfast-time, we were ordered out, several of their squadrons had reached the fields just to the south of the Welford house. These were speedily driven back, but with some serious loss in Companies G and H. Two pieces of our artillery were advanced, and posted upon a hill near a bend of the river, and four squadrons of the Ninth were posted in the rear for their support. Several attempts were made upon the position, but were repulsed by the dismounted men of the brigade, with

severe losses to the enemy. By three o'clock the centre of our line was forced back to Miller's Hill, and over half a mile in our rear. Our brigade was now ordered to fall back to Barbour's Hill. This change of position was critical, for, besides the enemy's force in our front, heavy masses of them were seen below Miller's Hill, and the line of our march crossed the road only about half a mile from them. The order from General Lee now was that the mounted squadrons of our regiment should occupy that road in advance of the point at which the brigade would cross it. Leaving our dead and wounded behind us, we reached the road and made ready to meet an attack. We held the position until all safely reached the hill, and then moved back to our position on the left. Just before reaching it a charge by the enemy was handsomely repulsed.

After reaching Barbour's Hill a body of the enemy's cavalry, which seemed not less than three regiments, were seen moving towards our left flank, and apparently seeking the ravines and woods to conceal their line of march. We did not penetrate the design of this movement at the time, but soon the few men forming the extreme left of our videttes were seen running from their posts, and Yankee troopers leaping the fence in pursuit. It was then perceived that the high land to our left commanded the whole field, and was a strategic point of great importance. The regiment, which was resting in column of fours, was ordered to charge up the hill to save the dismounted men. They came up in column, forming rapidly into line as they approached near to that of the enemy. The last squadrons did not halt on the alignment, but dashed upon the foe with the sabre, who broke, and were driven off in confusion. General W. H. F. Lee coming up at this moment, and seeing the enemy in retreat, commanded "Forward," and was at the same instant wounded. Fresh troops of the enemy were now seen emerging from the bottom, which ran parallel with the hill up which we had charged, and were forming a line across our rear. The rally

was now sounded, and our men, breaking through this line, became involved in a hand-to-hand fight to the foot of the hill. Here we reformed and again charged, and were in turn forced down the hill by fresh troops. Just where we had reformed before we met the Second North Carolina Cavalry dashing forward, followed by the Tenth Virginia.

An officer from General Stuart here accosted the Colonel, saying: "The General sends his thanks to Colonel Beale and the men of the Ninth for gallantry in holding the hill, and if you will hold it five minutes longer he will send reinforcements."

The reinforcement promised was in sight, but the Federals were in full and rapid retreat.

The enemy had a body of sharpshooters posted in the woods about two hundred yards beyond the summit of the hill, and also two guns to our right which commanded the ground on which we fought, and as soon as their mounted regiments were driven off they opened fire upon us. This checked the pursuit in every charge, and drove the Second North Carolina and Tenth regiments from the hill. No vigorous pursuit was made, and the commanding generals must have thought we were in peril of being whipped, as a line of infantry skirmishers were seen advancing after the fight was over.

Colonel Sol. Williams fell at the head of the Second North Carolina Regiment on the brow of the hotly-contested hill. About ten men in the Ninth Regiment were killed, including Privates Thomas Barber and Charles Jett, of Company C; James Orgain and F. Nash, of Company G, and Harry Ward, of Company K. We had many men wounded. Some twenty of the enemy's dead were left on the scene of the evening's conflict and buried by us.

The author witnessed in this battle the brim and band of Lieutenant Dandridge's hat cut smoothly from his brow by a cannon-ball without the slightest injury to him. The enemy removed their dead for the most part from the ground of the

fighting in the morning, but in several places we saw groups of cavalry horses piled upon each other, with here and there a man lying dead among them.

Our regiment suffered more heavily in this battle than on any previous occasion. The loss inflicted upon the enemy must have been many times greater than our own.

The command of the brigade now devolved upon Colonel John R. Chambliss, of the Thirteenth Regiment.

We returned to our camp after remaining at Brandy Station the night of the 9th of June. Our next march—a day or two later—was to White Plains, in Fauquier county. At the latter place we were ordered to proceed to Thoroughfare Gap, and ascertain if any enemy occupied it, but not to engage in any fighting. An officer from General Stuart's staff went forward with a detail of men to inspect the pass. This party returning, met us at a small house about a mile from the entrance to the Gap, and reported that they had gone to the summit, and, looking over the country beyond, had discovered no appearance of the enemy. On receiving this report, some of the officers were permitted to go to the house to get dinner, and the regiment, after being faced about, were directed to rest.

As a matter of precaution, a sergeant and several men were sent to the top of the hills on our right to act as videttes, with instructions to select points from which the Gap might be watched. Before the last man could be posted the sergeant and his men were seen riding back at full speed. The hill was soon crowned with a party of bluecoats. Our only outlet was along the sinuous road winding around the hills, and the enemy were nearer the point at which the road emerged from the ravine than we were. Their fire brought the officers in at once. Waller was promptly in the field on the right with a squadron deployed as skirmishers, and we commenced our retreat. The enemy kept up a brisk fire, but if they were familiar with the country and aware of their advantage, they failed to use it. They followed us at a safe distance until we

got out of the narrow gorge on the highlands, when we faced about and formed line. They then moved away in the direction of Middleburg.

Colonel Chambliss now joined us with the other regiments of the brigade, and after dark the command marched with drawn sabres on the road which the enemy had taken. To aid in distinguishing friends from foes in the event of an encounter in the dark, a watchword and reply were passed down our line from man to man.

Two men had been sent from Thoroughfare Gap to General Stuart, at Middleburg, with dispatches, one saying that no enemy was there, and the other that they had come. Both of these couriers were captured.

After a tedious march we reached the vicinity of Middleburg at a late hour, and bivouacked in a grove on the edge of a large field. We were called to horse before sunrise. It was reported that some Yankee cavalry were close at hand, within the same field in which we had encamped and near one of the two roads leading south from Middleburg. We were directed to pursue them. Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis, with two squadrons, was sent on the road to the left. The Colonel, with three squadrons, took the one to the right. Captain Haynes, having gotten his squadron into line first, was, at his request, put in advance. He soon found the same unfortunate First Rhode Island Regiment, which a year before had furnished us so fine an outfit at Mountsville, now drawn up to dispute his passage. Impetuous and dashing himself, he hurled his men in headlong charge upon them. The dead and wounded marked the place of the encounter to us who followed. As often as they attempted to rally Haynes charged, and for several miles the chase was kept up till scarcely two of the regiments were together. About a hundred were pursued to the mountains, where some, abandoning their overtaxed horses, found safety on foot. Nearly a hundred prisoners were captured.

We afterwards marched to Middleburg, and, passing

through, camped a mile beyond, on the 'pike leading to Upperville. Before we had fed our jaded horses the enemy occupied Middleburg. The outposts were held by troops from other regiments, and after moving a mile farther up the 'pike, we enjoyed a quiet night.

The next morning we were placed in line of battle on the left of the brigade, and to the left of the 'pike, looking towards Middleburg. A battery was posted on the crest of the hill in our front, and some companies of dismounted men were thrown out beyond the guns along the wooded slope of hills facing the town. General Robinson's brigade extended the line of battle to the right beyond the 'pike. The artillery of both combatants was firing occasionally, and quite a spirited discharge of rifles was kept up during the morning.

About noon a courier brought an order for the regiment to move out on the 'pike. We did so, moving diagonally across the front of our line and in column. We struck the 'pike near a blacksmith's shop, and just opposite the ground held by General Robinson's troops, when we were placed in line in the morning. As the head of the column reached the 'pike Lieutenant Ball's order was heard: "Draw pistols; fire!" The Colonel was about to countermand the order to fire, supposing the men beyond the 'pike were friends, but, on looking up, saw a squadron of the enemy where Robinson's men had been, and in the act of discharging their carbines at us. The direction of Ball's squadron was immediately changed, and, charging across the road with sabre in hand, they drove the Yankees before them. A force of the enemy was seen a hundred yards or so distant in the 'pike, and to the right of it. The other squadrons were led in a charge against these. Before clearing the woods which skirted the road a considerable body of the enemy's cavalry was discovered in line to our right. Changing direction, our squadrons were now thrown on this line. We broke them, only to find, however, another line beyond, which, returning our charge, drove us back, beyond the shop. We had, too, re-

ceived a galling fire from the sharpshooters posted below the woods. We had scarcely rallied, beyond the shop, when a column of the enemy appeared in the 'pike, in fine order, and with glittering sabres, charged bravely up to within a few paces of our front, surrounding one of our guns. A charge was ordered, and we dashed at them. A shot fired by James R. Courtney, bugler of Company C, killed the captain. The enemy retreated, and we pursued them down to the field where the fire from a body of dismounted men, or infantry, again drove us back. In this charge Captain John W. Hungerford, of Company C, was killed. He was the sole remaining male member of a noble family. Few nobler gifts were laid upon the altar of civil liberty than the life-blood of this heroic Virginian.

The Thirteenth Regiment now came forward on the left of the road; and we reformed as its support, and while drawn up in line on the 'pike our killed and badly wounded were removed. We were here the target for a battery, and a piece of shell having disabled the present writer's arm, he rode back to the surgeon. Colonel Chambliss afterwards led the two regiments in a charge upon the line below the woods, and, failing to carry it, retired with the brigade in good order, and bivouacked a mile from the scene of the fight near the 'pike.

Private Robert Sandford, of Company C, was particularly distinguished for gallantry under the eye of the Colonel in our second charge. The latter rejoined the regiment on the day following—June 21st—and we moved to Dulaney's, where the brigade advanced to meet the enemy, but was soon faced about, and narrowly escaped being surrounded. We were some two miles to the right of the 'pike leading to Upperville, and were pressed by troops of the enemy numbering certainly twice as many as our brigade.

Our line of retreat was on a road, the general direction of which was parallel to the 'pike. Hampton's brigade occupied the latter road. Jones' brigade was to our left, as we faced

the enemy. Robinson's and Jenkins' brigades, supposed to be on our left, were not seen during the day.

The Ninth Regiment was the rear-guard of our brigade. One squadron, under the Colonel's immediate command, moved in support of two pieces of artillery. Two squadrons under Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis, and two under Major Waller, took positions alternately in front to check the enemy's advance. On reaching the Trappe road, Jones' brigade, moving from our flank, passed over the open country between us and the mountains. We followed the two guns up the Trappe road. The Second North Carolina, followed by the Tenth Virginia Regiment, were on our left as we moved on this road. Our aim was to form a junction with Hampton at the intersection of the Trappe road and the pike before the enemy, who were forcing him back, reached that point. From delay, caused by halting the artillery to wait for a guide, Hampton passed before we came up, and the enemy made dispositions to cut us off. A body of infantry were pushed up a bottom running in rear of Upperville, and posted behind a stone fence enclosing a field which lay beside the Trappe road, and a body of cavalry were put in position near the head of this bottom.

The Second North Carolina Regiment was moving in column through the field when the Yankee infantry from behind the fence fired upon them. This was immediately followed by a charge by some squadrons from the head of the bottom. The North Carolinians met the charge with a shout, and the Yankee troopers were driven to the fence held by the infantry, and back towards the bottom. The two guns which we were escorting passed from the road to the field on their right, and, quickly unlimbering near the road, opened a rapid fire upon the enemy in the field in which the cavalry was engaged. Deeming it useless to make fight against such odds, we were directing our march to the foot of the mountain in rear of our guns, and out of range of the musketry, when orders came for the regiment to relieve the Second North

Carolina, as the position must be held for a time. Turning to the left and making openings in the stone walls to pass through, we were joined by Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis with another squadron. As we passed into the field a fresh body of mounted men emerged from the bottom to our right. These Lewis was ordered to charge with his squadron, while the other squadrons were directed against the troops who were engaging the North Carolinians. A mixed hand-to-hand fight was kept up for a few moments, when, finding fresh squadrons of Yankees pressing up from the bottom, we got back through the stone walls and into the field beyond as best we could. We reformed near the road on the side next to the mountain, and waited till the order came to fall back, and then retired to the woods at the foot of the mountain, the enemy's guns throwing a few shells after us.

Though we were in this fight only a few minutes, twenty-seven of the small number engaged were missing. We suffered most from the deadly aim of the muskets or rifles fired from the breastwork of the stone fence. Among those who had fallen severely wounded or killed were Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis, Captain Charles Robinson, of Company C, and Acting-Regimental-Bugler Tappscot, of Company D. The latter survived only a few hours, having died at a house at the foot of the mountains. Lewis, shot through the chest and lungs, was left by the enemy in their retreat, to die at Middleburg. He survived, however, and though never able to return to active service, finally well-nigh fully recovered. Captain Robinson fell under the stroke of a sabre across the head, and was taken prisoner. He was confined at Johnson's Island, from which prison he made a daring escape, and, having crossed the frozen lake on foot, found refuge in Canada. Thence he sailed to Nassau, after having received much kind treatment from the Canadians, and finally succeeded in running the blockade at one of our southern ports, and returned to us in 1864.

Captain Haynes was painfully, though not seriously, wounded in the forenoon, and retired on furlough. We fell back after dark to the mountain-pass and bivouacked behind some of our infantry, near the banks of the Shenandoah river.

CHAPTER VIII.

Returning to Middleburg—Rendezvous at Salem—In the Rear of Meade's Army—At Fairfax Courthouse—Expecting a Fight Near Dranesville—Fording the Potomac—Chasing Scott's Nine Hundred—Capturing Wagon-Train Near Rockville—Marching Northward—At Westminster—At Hanover—At Carlisle—On to Gettysburg—Fighting on the Left at Rummell's Barn.

On the morning of June 22d we descended the mountain, and, passing through Upperville and Middleburg, observed many depredations committed by the enemy. We saw some of the graves of our fallen comrades, and numerous others of Federal soldiers, reminding us of the deadly strife in which we had been engaged on the two preceding days. In one place near where we had fought, the head-board showed that six members of the First Maine Cavalry had been laid in a common grave. We encountered no enemy until beyond Middleburg. Then, retracing our steps a short distance, we camped a few miles back near the Upperville 'pike, where we remained a day or two picketing towards the enemy. We then made a forced march to Salem, and reached its vicinity at a late hour. We here found a large Confederate cavalry force assembled. At two o'clock on the following morning we were again in the saddle moving towards Thoroughfare Gap, where we witnessed the cannonade of a wagon-train, and, continuing our march, bivouacked near Buckland. The day following we passed through Brentsville, and halted early in the afternoon near Wolf Run Shoals, on the Occoquan. Leave of absence was granted to Major Waller and some company officers, and the men whose horses were unfit for service were furloughed.

We were in motion early next morning—June 27th—with

our faces turned northward. At Fairfax Station the troops in front had a skirmish with some cavalry. At Fairfax Court-house a good many sutlers' stores fell into our hands, and late in the evening, near Dranesville, we were ordered to make ready to charge, but the enemy did not appear. About sunset we began bearing to the right, taking by-paths and the cover of woods, and winding through valleys, seemingly as though our wary General was approaching some unsuspecting foe.

After marching some miles repeated halts of the column satisfied those of us in the rear that the command was slowly passing some obstacle in front. The direction of our march, we knew, was to the Potomac. We reached it at last, and majestic, even here beneath the stars, was flowing the author's native river directly across our front. We had been conducted to a ford, to which no highway led on either side. The river seemed fully a quarter of a mile wide. The water generally reached as high as the saddle skirts, and in places covered the seat. When we seemed to be reaching the shore we found it an island, a hundred yards or more distant from the shore. The entire command, consisting of four brigades and some light artillery, was over before light, and the gray dawn found us on the hills in Maryland that skirted the canal and river.

We had spent a sleepless night, and our horses had had no food for twenty-four hours. Four companies of the regiment—A, B, D, and E—were now detached by General Stuart, the last of which did not rejoin us until the fall.

In searching for grain for our horses, our Quartermaster encountered a considerable force of Union cavalry, who pursued the party back to our camp, capturing several. Lieutenant Pollard, commanding Company H, was sent forward, who reported a regiment in front, but, without waiting for support, he charged them. Eleven dead and wounded of Scott's Nine Hundred marked the scene of the encounter. The rest fled in the direction of Washington.

The command was now put in motion, and we marched a mile or two before halting to feed, and while we were doing so Hampton's brigade passed us. By the time we had remounted an order was received to advance at a trot. On arriving at Rockville, the county-seat of Montgomery county, fifteen miles west of Washington, General Stuart directed us to form in line in a field a short distance from the village. While we were forming a second order came directing us to move out on the turnpike leading through Rockville to Georgetown. We marched at a trot. It was Sunday morning. The villagers seemed to be ready for church, as the doorways were thronged with ladies in their scarfs and bonnets. Many waved with their handkerchiefs a graceful greeting, and manifested evident pleasure at seeing us. On clearing the village, by order of General Stuart, one of our companies was thrown out on the right to guard our flank, and the remaining five were sent in pursuit of the enemy, who were retreating down the 'pike towards Washington. General Stuart informed us they were a wagon-train, attended by a strong guard, and that another regiment would be sent forward to our support. The chase now commenced. William Campbell and Isaac Curtis, with two men of Hampton's command, who resolved to share our dangers, led as a vanguard, each of them riding a fleet horse. As we passed a house near the 'pike a lady ran out clapping her hands in eager excitement, and exclaiming: "Push on; you have nearly caught them!" After riding a mile or so, we saw the guard of the train, a small party of cavalry, drawn up in line directly across the road, as if to bar our passage. The troopers having the fastest horses were now ordered forward to reinforce the men in advance; but before they got within two hundred yards of them, the enemy wheeled and fled, "without standing on the order of their going." A mile beyond a long train of canvas-covered wagons loomed up, moving at a furious pace. As we got near to them the drivers, especially the colored ones, forsook their teams, leaping to the ground

and over the fences, and running for shelter to the woods. Left to themselves, the frightened mules ran wildly, dashing wagon against wagon, upsetting some, and throwing several down embankments, catching and holding the teams beneath them. As fast as they were overtaken the wagons were turned about and sent back under guard. Curtis and his party, not far from the District of Columbia line, and almost within sight of the dome of the Capitol, overhauled the quartermaster in charge of the train. They received the fire of his pistol as they reached his ambulance, but before they could return it his hands were raised. His surrender was accepted.

Some three or four of the enemy were killed or wounded in refusing to halt or surrender when ordered. The regiment, now reduced to a score or two of men, by reason of details to guard wagons, mules, and prisoners, returned to Rockville. The wagons that were upset and broken were burned. The others were loaded principally with oats and corn. Bakers' bread, crackers, whiskey in bottles of great variety, sugar, hams, with some tin and woodenware, knives and forks, were also found. The bacon and crackers, as well as the whiskey, proved to our jaded and hungry troopers most acceptable. The train consisted of three new ambulances, two of which were captured by Hampton, and one hundred and seventy-five wagons, drawn by nine hundred mules. The wagons were brand new, the mules fat and sleek, and the harness in use for the first time. Such a train we had never seen before and did not see again.

We had scarcely set out from Rockville before many of us began to regret our capture, foreseeing that the train would impede our movements, and be very difficult to guard in passing through the enemy's country. And while we rested on the edge of that village the men might be seen collecting in squads, narrating the exploits in which each had shared, discussing the good qualities of the whiskey, hams, bread, and cheese, and commending the excellent taste of the govern-

ment officials who provided such luxuries for our Yankee brothers.

It was about sunset that the bugles called us to horse, and we resumed our northward march. We found the number of our prisoners embarrassing, and with the wagon-train our progress was slow. To what point we were tending no one save our General knew. The country over which we passed was entirely new to us. The next morning's sun, peeping through clouds, found us still moving slowly on. Knowing that we had crossed the line of march of General Meade's army, we were satisfied that they were now between us and our infantry. This weary day was passed without halting, and as night approached we learned that the head of the column was fighting. We now reached Westminster, and our twenty-four hours' march was rewarded with an ample supply of rations for man and horse, much of it appropriated without orders from the large railroad depot at this place. A quiet night's rest here after forty-eight hours spent in the saddle greatly refreshed us.

The march was resumed at dawn next morning. An order detailing a squad of men and an officer from each regiment to collect horses for our dismounted men satisfied us that we had passed from Maryland, and had entered the State of William Penn, whose armed sons we had so often seen upon the soil of our native Virginia. The time had come to pay back in some measure the misdeeds of men who, with sword and fire, had made our homesteads heaps of ruin, and, in many instances, left our wives and children not a horse, nor cow, nor sheep, nor hog, nor living fowl of any kind. Soon a country store was reached and trooper after trooper escaping from the ranks quickly filled it with Confederates, who, without asking the price, were proceeding to help themselves to any and every article they needed or fancied. The first field officer, however, who discovered what was going on, rode quietly up and cleared the store, compelling the men to put back what they had taken, and posted a guard to remain until the command had passed.

Our march was towards Hanover, but before reaching it we learned the enemy in large force occupied the place. On nearing the town the column halted for some time before attacking. Close beside the road was a house, and our attention was attracted by the screams of children. The Colonel of the regiment rode in, and found a little boy and girl clinging to their mother's skirts, who seemed herself to think that death was upon her. He assured her that she was safe and need not fear, and, taking from his saddle pocket a knife and fork, gave them to the little boy, leaving him quiet, and the family seemingly astonished at any words of kindness from a "rebel."

Our ranks were now closed up, and, descending from the hills, we moved in column of fours along the plain directly upon the town. The Thirteenth Regiment was in front, followed by two squadrons of the Ninth. We were on the main 'pike. The Second North Carolina moved upon a road to our left, which we supposed entered the town on the side opposite to us. We could see none of our other troops. When getting within about three hundred yards of the edge of the town a squadron of the enemy advanced slowly up the road in our front. The Major commanding the Thirteenth Regiment, seeming to hesitate, Lieutenant Pollard was ordered to the front with his squadron to charge the enemy. This was gallantly done, and the Federals, breaking, ran back into Hanover, followed by our whole force. The enemy's troops must have been raw levies, as the side of the 'pike was strewn with splendid pistols dropped by them as they ran. The author dismounted and picked up two, and leisurely surveyed the scene, supposing the town captured. Some of our men in charge of ambulances and prisoners, were soon met, however, and then the whole body of them came retreating, some through the fields and others on the road. The enemy followed our retreating troops—a body in the road, and several squadrons on our right. Those in the road advanced in column of sections. Some of our men, rally-

ing, charged down the road, driving these back. We could see no organized force of Confederates in the field to our right as we returned. General Stuart was in this field as the enemy swept over it. Our men in the road opened fire on them, and as soon as the fence could be broken down, a small party charged with the sabre. The mounted Federals retreated behind a line of dismounted men, who now advanced, extending across our front and as far to the right as we could see.

The author's command had now dwindled to a handful, and he rode back to collect the scattered men. General Chambliss, commanding the brigade, was met and told that General Stuart had been seen surrounded, and was probably captured. He then ordered the writer to go rapidly to the wagons on the hills and to collect all the men that could be found, reform them, and march them back. To our great joy, we met General Stuart, smiling as ever, and found a line of dismounted skirmishers was forming to meet that of the enemy. Company I, of the Ninth Regiment, under Captain Billingsley, formed the left of this line, and a heavy skirmish fire was maintained across the fields, our men yielding only as they were forced back by a fire on their flanks. We at length occupied a fine position on the hills, and our troops were posted to contest seriously any attack by the enemy. As our skirmishers approached this line of hills, the enemy's pursuit was less vigorously pressed, however, and before sunset we were marching northward on roads leading to the right of Hanover.

The loss of our three squadrons in the engagement at Hanover was about twenty, including Captain Billingsley. Most of this loss was in prisoners.

We again marched all night, halting once for an hour or more at Dover, to catch a little rest, and to parole our prisoners, now numbering about six hundred. The march continued the following day, and a good many prisoners were taken, being chiefly men going to rejoin their regiments.

Among them was a young surgeon, travelling with a span of fine horses, handsome buggy, and colored servant. His surprise at being halted by our picket was manifest. His handsome buggy was brought to Virginia. Nightfall found us in the vicinity of Carlisle, where we expected to find our infantry, behind whose sheltering muskets we hoped to find one night of sweet sleep. Painful was the intelligence that this hope must be deferred to some more convenient time and place, as our infantry had retired to Gettysburg, and the enemy occupied Carlisle.

A demand for the surrender of the place was declined, and our cannons opened. The United States barracks blazed. The women screamed. The author, in charge of our now thoroughly-hated wagon-train, and provided with a guide, who, with bated breath, begged that no names should be spoken, employed our half-asleep men in opening fences that we might pass across fields into the 'pike leading to Papertown, a little village nestling at the foot of the mountain. After reaching the 'pike the guide was informed, immensely to his relief, that he might retire. The whole face of the country, once familiar to the author, seemed now changed. Its great natural features, however, remained, and the recollections of boyhood were vividly recalled, as, when a student at Dickinson College, he had hunted over these grounds with his comrades, crossed the Yellow Breeches creek in a cider-trough and eaten lunch at a little spring up on the mountain-side.

On reaching Papertown a halt was made for the command to close up. Here some of our men were busy in a search for rations, but most of them, suffering an agony for sleep, lay on the road with bridles in hand, some on rocks, and others on the wet earth, slumbering soundly.

Our slumbers lasted only for an hour. Resuming the saddle, we moved over the mountain spurs along a broad macadamized road leading towards Gettysburg. The sound of cannonading reached our ears during the march, and once

or twice we were put into position in order of battle. We saw no enemy, however. The gardens along the line of our march suffered heavily from frequent charges by our hungry men. The author's individual share of these captures was two onions, fresh and juicy, washed down with a bottle of good domestic wine, kindly supplied to him by our accomplished brigade commander.

About three o'clock P. M. we reached the vicinity of Gettysburg, on what we deemed to be the left of General Lee's lines, and under Colonel J. Lucius Davis, who was now temporarily commanding the brigade, we were placed in order of battle, as support to a number of guns massed in our front. Directly in front of this artillery the land rose rapidly, culminating in very high bluffs, or ridges. A detail was here made to capture a few sheep, which were seen hard by grazing, and to impress the necessary implements for cooking them. The author rode up to one of the batteries, and was informed that the artillery was massed at this point, in anticipation of an attack upon the flank. We remained on our ground until nearly night; then moved at a trot a mile or so to the left, where the men who had rifles were dismounted, and advanced a few hundred yards on foot, and took position behind a fence to the left of the road along which we had come. A few shells began now to explode over our heads, and we were ordered at a double-quick to a position on the right of the road. The firing soon ceased, and at twilight we moved to a small field of flat meadow land, not very far from our first position. A carbine accidentally discharged here while the men were dismounting killed the horse of Flag-Bearer Charles Edwards. Hampton's brigade, we learned, had just charged and scattered the enemy's cavalry, a small body of which was advancing on the left, and to meet which we had been moved.

The writer was in conversation with Colonel Davis when a courier delivered General Stuart's request that the command should be kept in the saddle all night, with the further

assurance that the promise was fair that Pennsylvania would on the morrow be open to our army. The reply was sent that the request would be cheerfully complied with; but that the utmost verge of endurance by men and horses had been reached, and that whatever the morrow might bring, we feared that neither horses nor men could be used either to march or fight. We were soon ordered to dismount in the fields immediately around us, where we found food for the horses. The captured sheep came in due time, and then the grassy sod supplied a couch softer to the wearied limbs than any downy bed in days of moping peace.

We were in the saddle early next morning—the memorable 3d of July. We moved in column a mile or two to the left, on the York turnpike, and after bearing to the right, formed line of battle in a body of woods, east of the ridges which had confronted us on the previous evening. One of our squadrons was dismounted and thrown forward on foot, some three hundred yards in front, occupying a barnyard and two fences which connected with the barn, and formed an obtuse angle. Some of the men of Jenkins' brigade dismounted, held the line to our right, and Hampton's and Fitz. Lee's commands were on our left. A deep depression in our front and to the right, partly wooded, was bounded beyond by high ground which sloped very gently; and to our left beyond the head of the bottom it became almost a plain. The author was mounted upon a borrowed horse which had all the qualities of an ox, except its freedom from stumbling and falling; he was in no charge, though on the field and a close observer of what was passing. On the hills to our right and front the enemy had several field-pieces. Beyond these a broad road descended from the ridges, running south, and from the frequency of the passage of horsemen along this road, we concluded it was the line of communication between General Meade and his supply and ammunition-trains. The firing on our skirmish-line began before noon, and steadily continued, and at times so hotly that it required some effort on the part

of officers to hold the men to it. The men immediately to our right began finally to give way, and the Federal sharpshooters advanced so as almost to enfilade our right flank. About the same time the roar of artillery began on the ridges to our right, and also to resound from the hills yet farther to the west. The roar of the guns created the impression that our lines must run in an irregular, semi-horseshoe shape around the high ridges. After the roar of the artillery, the grandest and most terrific we had ever heard, had ceased, several hundred of the enemy's skirmishers were thrown forward to reinforce and extend the right of their skirmish-line. We viewed the approach of these troops as they descended from the highland beyond the bottom with some anxiety because our left was already in danger of being turned. We soon discovered another body of the enemy, emerging from a distant grove to our left. They marched until they reached the fence which crossed the plain, and connected with the right of the line already in the field, and then halting along the fence, opened a hot rifle fire upon our new force, which was now moving up directly in front of them. This fire did not check our men, but, advancing steadily until close upon them, they rushed at the enemy with a hearty yell, which was echoed down the entire line, and the men in blue, running from all points, were pursued by our men so rapidly and with such ardor that they could not be recalled in time to save them from the charge of a mounted regiment which, passing through them, captured some.

The mounted men of our brigade were now ordered to charge. They passed through the yard of the barn, under a raking fire from the guns to our right, and, doubling the head of the bottom, dashed up the slope to meet the foe. The little band led by Chambliss did not apparently exceed two hundred men. Reaching a fence which separated them from the enemy, they halted in line, and used their carbines until the fence was thrown down. It seemed to one who stood in a place of comparative safety that the enemy slackened their

fire, curious to see if so few would dare to cross sabres with them. When the fence had been thrown down the brigade, with headlong impetuosity, hurled its columns upon the enemy's line, and for a few moments sabres flashed and pistols cracked. The work was soon over. Pierced and doubled up from centre to flanks, the enemy fled in disorder, leaving many prisoners in the hands of our men. Meanwhile fresh troops of the enemy were dashing to the rescue, and our brigade, threatened in the rear, had in turn to fly. The captors of prisoners became now prisoners themselves. The charging party pursued our men to the barn-lot, where Lieutenant Beale's horse fell, pierced with three balls. The shouts of Hampton's men, hastening to their support, are heard as our brigade pass the barn, near which they speedily reform. Upon looking towards the plain, the Federal line is seen now to have grown in numbers, and extends so far that we cannot see the end of it. Hampton is riding at a gallop at the head of his column, and halts not until he reaches the foe, where wounds from pistol and sabre are inflicted upon him at the same time. He was but fairly engaged upon the left flank, when Fitz. Lee's division came in upon his left, and now the rays of the setting sun are thrown back from a thousand flashing sabres, and the ringing clash of steel is heard above the sharp reports of Colt's revolvers. The enemy's guns, as though dreading some fresh advance, were trained upon the field in which the writer stood.

The Confederate sabre proved now, as it had generally proved before, too much for our foes, who, breaking in rout, were driven—cavalry and artillery—entirely over the hills. We were informed by a captured lieutenant that our men ended their pursuit within three or four hundred yards of General Meade's train of wagons, with his reserve ammunition. Darkness now covered the scene, and some of our dead were necessarily left upon the field.

We saw at the close of the charge made by our brigade, in the hands of Privates Thomas Jett and George Carroll,

the hilts of their sabres, from which the blades had been cut, as they were warding off the blows of their antagonists. The brim of Carroll's hat had been neatly parted with a sabre, and a gash inflicted along the roots of his hair on the forehead. He said his foeman's weapon was again uplifted to cleave his head, when the pistol of a comrade planted its ball in the heart of his partner in the bloody game.

For the numbers engaged, our losses were heavier than on any previous day's fighting. Private W. A. Richerson, of Company B, was mortally wounded, and his brother, Sergeant-Major Reuben Richerson, remaining with him, was captured in Gettysburg. Private Burdett B. Ashton, of Company C, was missing, and though a party was sent over the battle-field in search of his body, it was not found, nor was it ever heard of afterwards.

On hearing the next day of Pickett's glorious charge, we wondered that our fight had not been made simultaneously. Diminished as our numbers were, if we met all whom General Meade had on that flank, we might have ridden through his line of communication in the morning more easily than we hurled back his attack upon us in the evening. We moved back early in the night, and bivouacked on a road leading into Gettysburg.

CHAPTER IX.

Retreat from Gettysburg—Passing Our Infantry Line—On Road to Emmettsburg—Meeting the Enemy in a Mountain Pass—Ride to Leitersburg in the Dark—March to Hagerstown—Fighting in the Town—Pursuing Enemy Towards Williamsport—Charging Cannon—Lieutenant Ball's Gallantry—Sergeant Washington's Death—Bivouacking Near the Potomac—Fighting on Boonsboro' Road—Driven into Hagerstown—On Greencastle Road—Expecting a Great Battle—Recrossing the Potomac.

On the morning of July 4th we moved to the right of our army, passing along in front of the infantry line, who appeared defiant and undaunted. Nothing betokened that we had suffered any reverse until we reached Pickett's division. Here we learned the extent of our loss on the day previous, and the certainty was disclosed of a disagreeable and fatiguing retreat before us. We next came to a great camp of prisoners of war, and barely cleared the infantry lines by dark. The night set in rainy and very dark. After halting in the road some time, we moved slowly, and arrived at Emmettsburg about light next morning. A few prisoners, ambulances, and sutlers' stores fell into our hands. We left the main 'pike leading from Emmettsburg before noon, and, filing off to the right, followed a narrow road which penetrated the Catoctin mountains along a ravine, having on either side precipitous bluffs and spurs. About three o'clock P. M. the sharp report of rifles was heard at the head of the column, and Lieutenant Pollard was ordered to the front. Dismounting his men, and throwing them out along the side of the mountain, the firing soon receded and we pushed on. At the western end of this mountain defile the country opened with an undulating landscape of rolling hills, and a battery of the enemy posted to command the gorge began

throwing its missiles as soon as the head of our column appeared at its mouth. Climbing up the steep mountain-side on our right, and using some cavalry horses to aid those of the artillery, several of our guns were drawn to the summit, and they very soon drove the enemy's guns to a distance so respectful that their balls fell short of our men. From the mountain we could see a body of the enemy's cavalry in the distance, but could form no idea of their number.

About sunset General Stuart pointed from a hill in the direction of Leitersburg, and directed the writer to proceed thither with a part of his command, but to be wary, as the enemy might be there. He said he could not furnish a guide. He sent a dispatch, to be forwarded to General R. E. Lee, who was expected at a point about seven miles to the right. Our party was small, consisting principally of Company C. The night was intensely dark, and the road had several forks and crossings, so that the danger of becoming lost became great and imminent. Twice we barely escaped coming into contact with bodies of hostile cavalry ten times our numbers. However, we finally reached the little town in safety. An officer with ten men was sent with the dispatch to General Lee. Pickets were posted on the roads leading into the village, and the Colonel and his little reserve rested on their arms in the town.

About three o'clock A. M. the party who had been sent with the dispatch to General Lee returned without having found him. They reported having come upon many of our wagons with the spokes of the wheels cut, and that just as they reached a little village three hundred Yankee cavalry were leaving it, and that they were marching towards Leitersburg. At the same time our pickets reported large forces of cavalry approaching us on each road. The fences were hastily removed, and a way opened to a body of wood not far off. We were speedily relieved of all apprehension by the information that the approaching cavalry was General Stuart's.

After a good breakfast, our brigade under Chambliss took the road for Hagerstown. Our regiment was sent forward to ascertain if the enemy was there, and to communicate with Colonel Chambliss. We found no enemy there, and this information was sent back. While our pickets were being posted, however, several regiments of the enemy were discovered approaching from the southeast on the road which entered the town by the Female College. The greater part of the brigade having gotten up, we were instructed to tole the enemy in. We had scarcely time to join the picket on the College road, under Lieutenant Davis, of Company G, before the enemy was discovered coming fast enough. This picket held their ground until the leading squadron charged them, and then wheeled and retreated. Colonel J. Lucius Davis had drawn up his regiment—the Tenth—in line from north to south, on the main street leading through the town, and directly across that on which the pickets were retreating. These men, intermixed with the leading files of the charging enemy, came at full speed into contact with the men of the Tenth Regiment. Colonel Davis, spurring his horse forward, ordered a charge. His horse was soon shot, and fell beneath him, and the Colonel was seen defending himself with his sabre. The regiment was soon moving back up the main street. There was, however, no panic. The Tenth quickly halted and faced about. Our whole force was now ordered back to the hill above the town. Several of the enemy who followed us up Main street were shot, or cut down with the sabre.

On elevated ground beyond the town we found several companies of our infantry, some of the men posted behind stone fences, and some in the yard of a house beside the 'pike. Our men with carbines were here ordered to dismount, and were sent back to dislodge the enemy from the town. Captain Haynes commanded, and, though it was a critical undertaking, it was very handsomely accomplished. While Haynes and his men occupied the inclosed space about the

market-house, with their ammunition almost exhausted, a squadron of Federal cavalry charged up Main street, receiving the fire of the whole force. Their leader was killed, and the men, seeming not to know what else to do, came at full speed up through the town. The infantry gave them a volley at close range, disabling several horses and wounding a number of men. Our mounted men, occupying the road under Lieutenant Beale, now charged, driving the enemy into a field, and capturing the entire party. They belonged to the First West Virginia Cavalry.

Two Federal guns were placed in the yard of the Female College, and were fired upon us; but no shot was returned. As soon as Haynes reached the farther end of the town with his body of sharpshooters, the Thirteenth and Ninth regiments again occupied the Main street.

Late in the afternoon loud cheers along our line announced the presence of General Stuart, whose horse's feet clashed against the pavement at the side of the street as he dashed forward to the front. The enemy were now retreating from their position above the college across to the turnpike leading to Williamsport, and down that 'pike. We speedily followed them, the Thirteenth Regiment in front, and ours next to them, on the 'pike, and a large cavalry force that had arrived with General Stuart to our left on a line parallel with the 'pike. We moved down the broad macadamized road at a trot. Before we had gone a mile, shells thrown from guns posted on the crest of a hill in front of us began to burst over and near us. As we approached the hill these guns disappeared, but no sooner had we reached the crest and began to descend into the valley beyond than they opened upon us from the next elevation with renewed vigor. At the foot of the hill, in the bottom, a small body of cavalry was stationed some three hundred yards in front of the guns. As we approached, this party fled to the left of the 'pike into a small body of timber which stood near, and were pursued by the Thirteenth, leaving the Ninth on the 'pike, with a few

men also of the Thirteenth. Now volleys of canister swept down the smooth broad 'pike. As we neared the guns our pace was quickened. Lieutenant Beale and Sergeant Richard Washington were leading. As soon as the ascent of the hill began on which the guns were posted our column of fours divided, two files taking one side of the broad roadway and two the other side. Upon nearing the summit, and when not over twenty paces from the muzzle of the guns, the last charge of canister, before escaping from the net of wire which enclosed it, struck one of our men in front, who, reeling, fell heavily to the ground. Our column paused, though the guns were deserted by the enemy. The fence on either side of the 'pike was lined with riflemen. Riding from the centre of the regiment to the front, the writer called to the men: "Take those guns, boys," just as our General's voice was heard ordering the column into the field to the left, saying as we passed from the 'pike: "That place will be too hot for you." While this was passing the enemy limbered up, and the guns were gone; and the fire of the dismounted men ceased as soon as the guns were removed. We had now passed into a wheat-field, and were broken into small squads.

Under the impression that his son had been killed, and, unwilling to leave his body there in the road, the writer stopped and for some minutes was quietly discharging his pistol at the Federal line of mounted men in our front, extending across the 'pike and through the field to the right, and which must have been composed of two or three full regiments. In our rear along a wooded bottom was the command that had been brought up with General Stuart. He was now riding in front of their line waving his sword and commanding: "Stop your firing; you are shooting our men. Charge!" It seemed a critical moment. Had the enemy made a vigorous charge it would have been disastrous to us. Just at this moment Lieutenant James K. Ball, of Company D, rode up to the author, exclaiming loudly: "Rally, Ninth! Here's Colonel Beale; he will lead us!" The men fell rapidly into

order without regard to companies, and, led by that gallant lieutenant, they were hurled against the centre of the enemy's line in front. Ringing shouts from the forces behind told that they had caught the enthusiasm, and ere they had crossed to the right of the 'pike the whole body of the enemy were wheeling and running. The country was open towards Williamsport, and as far as could be seen no rallying in front of our troops was allowed. When we followed their track, a half hour later, the work of their sabres and pistols told a sorrowful tale for our foes.

Returning to the scene of our charge upon the cannon, the writer found that not his son, but Sergeant Richard Washington lay dead in the arms of his weeping brother. Lieutenant Beale was ordered to see that the remains of his brave, high-toned, noble, fallen comrade were safely conveyed across the Potomac.

The Colonel, attended by the bugler and color-bearer, now rode forward to collect the scattered companies. Passing over the field of the fight and seeing the dead, we knew the enemy's loss had been severe. We paroled next morning over eighty officers and men. It was considerably after night-fall when the bulk of the regiment was found on the hills above Williamsport. We bivouacked in a field, and our flag-bearer, going to a neighboring house for fire and water, brought back a message from the lady occupant, asking that we would please encamp in her yard, as the house was full of Yankees. We found two Federal and one Confederate officer very seriously wounded in the house and about six Union soldiers nursing them. A search of the stable was made, and three more were found. We left three to nurse the wounded officers, and sent the others to the provost-guard.

The gallantry of Lieutenant Ball was specially mentioned in the Colonel's report, but received no higher official notice.

We now retraced our steps to Hagerstown, and, passing through Funkstown, encountered the enemy on the Boons-

boro' road. For two days the command held the cavalry in check, finally driving them back upon their infantry. The loss of the regiment was considerable during these two days, chiefly from Companies G and H (under command of Second-Lieutenant Nick Davis, of Lunenburg), who were acting on foot as skirmishers. We recrossed the Antietam at Funkstown under fire of the Federal artillery, and, passing through the line of our infantry, bivouacked on the Hagerstown road. Next day we moved to the north and east of Hagerstown, and, crossing the Antietam a mile from the town, felt the enemy in that direction. We then recrossed the river, and became the outpost guard at the bridge, the remainder of the brigade bivouacking between us and the town. General Meade's army, in full force, was now immediately in our front. General Lee was in position east and south of Hagerstown quietly awaiting an attack. Our regiment was stationed about four hundred yards from the bridge, at the intersection with the 'pike, of a road leading to a ford below. General Robinson's brigade occupied positions higher up the stream to our left. By some mistake the pickets sent from our regiment had been posted in front of Robinson's men. It was not till after nine o'clock P. M. that Lieutenant Beale, sent with a company to barricade the bridge, reported the fact that our front was open. Pickets were immediately posted at the bridge and crossings of the river, and Captain Oliver was ordered to take a position in advance of us with a squadron, with instructions for the men to rest on their arms.

About dawn of the following morning a scout came in and reported that all the obstructions had been removed by the enemy from a road leading to a ford above the bridge, and that cavalry was being massed on the road beyond the bridge. At the same moment a courier from General Chambliss reported that he had moved to reinforce General Robinson. Orders were given the company officers to saddle up and mount the men as rapidly as possible. Captain Oliver was ordered to hold the bridge. The enemy, however, crossed

the bridge and were driving Oliver back. He was joined by Lieutenant Davis with his squadron, and these held the enemy in check until the remainder of the regiment was moved out. We fell back from hill to hill, holding each as long as possible, the enemy pressing up closely. Just before we entered Hagerstown a charge by a heavy column drove us in some disorder into the town. The enemy only used carbine and pistol. We had several men wounded; but few seriously, and none mortally. Several of our videttes were made prisoners.

Our brigade now passed to guard the Green Castle road, and all expected another grand battle would this day be fought on Maryland soil. It rained, as it had done for two weeks previous, in showers heavy and almost continuous. General Meade, showing no disposition to improve the advantage gained at Gettysburg, our army was put in motion at night, and, evacuating its positions, recrossed the Potomac at Falling Waters and Williamsport. Our brigade forded at the latter point. The river was high, and the current rapid, and the water rose to the top of our horses' backs. The wetting received was not uncomfortable, however, to men who had not been dryly clad for fourteen days.

CHAPTER X.

The Author Obtains Leave of Absence—Heavy Skirmishing Near Shepherdstown—The Return to Culpeper—Fight of September 13th—Colonel Beale Wounded—At Raccoon Ford—Fight at Morton's Ford—Battle at Brandy Station—March to Warrenton—Engagement at Auburn Mills—On the Plains of Manassas—Captain Haynes Wounded—Under Fire at Manassas Junction—Lieutenant Davis Killed—Return to Culpeper—Retreat from Culpeper—On Robinson River—Pursuing Averill.

The author was sick and broken down on reaching Virginia, and was forced to linger in the rear until the regiment reached Culpeper, when he obtained a ten days' leave of absence. Major Waller was in command, and the regiment camped near Leetown for several days. The enemy's cavalry having crossed the Potomac and moved up to Shepherdstown, the road to that point was taken by our division, and some heavy skirmishing occurred. Colonel Drake, of the First Regiment, was killed, and the Ninth suffered some loss. The march afterwards was through Leetown and Smithfield, and they bivouacked on the road to Front Royal. Next day the Shenandoah was crossed by a blind ford, and after marching through Rappahannock county, the regiment was left on picket at Gourdvine Church. From this point they returned to the vicinity of Brandy Station, and again encamped on the farm of John Minor Botts. An advance of the enemy from Rappahannock Bridge on August 4th brought on an engagement in the plain below Miller's Mill, in which the regiment took an active part, and was for some minutes a target for several of the enemy's guns. The casualties were slight.

We remained in camp in a measure inactive until the 13th of September. On the morning of that day, at three o'clock,

we were ordered to pack our wagons and move them towards the Courthouse before daylight. Ere sunrise a long line of dismounted cavalymen advanced over the hills east of Brandy Station, accompanied with artillery, and, followed by heavy columns of mounted men. Brigadier-General Lomax, in the absence of General Chambliss, was in command. The numbers of the enemy were overwhelming, and in the endeavor to check their columns in front, we were exposed to great danger of being surrounded by their forces threatening our flanks. The author had charge of the right wing, consisting of the Fifteenth Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, dismounted, and a part of the Ninth, mounted. The force was insufficient to cover the ground assigned them, and a request was sent for a reinforcement. This was promised, and, it seems, was sent, but it came not. Finding both flanks heavily pressed, the author rode towards the centre to look for and direct the promised support, and he found both the centre and left in full retreat, and some distance in the rear. Orders, with a view to extricating the little command, were at once given, and our retreat commenced. Collins was directed to follow a line of ravines and then the railroad embankment, and Pratt was ordered with his mounted men to watch the left flank and rear. Riding with the brigade staff towards the right of our line, a bullet passed deep into the writer's leg, and the loss of blood forced him to move on to the Courthouse.

The dismounted men, in falling back, were charged twice before reaching the Courthouse, and some of them were captured. A dashing charge by our mounted squadron released a good many of our men, and captured some of the enemy in turn. A charge made by the enemy in the street of Culpeper resulted in the capture of a gun under escort of a squadron of the Ninth—the first ever taken. The command was gradually forced back towards the Rapidan. As they retired a dash by a mounted force on the wooded hills beyond the town was repulsed by our men, pistols being used at very close quarters.

Captains Pratt and Bolling were wounded, and Lieutenant Love, of Company G, badly so in the shoulder. Private Richard Corbin, of Company B, and several others were killed.

The author, after being wounded, was taken to Orange Courthouse, where the bullet was extracted. Thence he was taken to Charlottesville to the care of a sister (Mrs. Davis). His wound, with several painful and serious complications, confined him for many weeks. He reached home in October, and returned to the command in November, but was sent back by General R. E. Lee as unfit for duty. He did not resume command of the regiment until the 25th of December. It was then encamped on the mountain above Charlottesville. During his absence the movements of the regiment were carefully noted and recorded for him by another hand.

On the day after the retreat to the Rapidan the command moved down the river and camped near Raccoon Ford, in which vicinity we remained until about the 10th of October. We then followed our infantry, which had been passing for two days, and, proceeding up the river, were halted at the Madison House, in the fork of the Rapidan and Robinson rivers. Early next day we began to retrace our steps to the camp we had left. Here we halted but for a night, and then moved down to Morton's Ford. At this point the enemy had crossed to the south side of the river, and were occupying a line of rifle-pits which our infantry had evacuated. As we approached, their sharpshooters opened on us from these works. They used their artillery, also, with some injury to our men.

A squadron was dismounted under Captain Bolling, and put in line with detachments from other regiments, and a small force of infantry which had been left on guard. This party, under Colonel Rosser, made a vigorous and determined attack, carried the position, and drove the enemy across the river. The artillery commanding the approaches to the river checked our efforts for a time to force a passage. By noon,

however, the enemy retreated, and we were in full pursuit. Captain Bolling was again wounded. The enemy was falling back towards Brandy Station by way of Stevensburg. As we drew near to the station we were ordered to prepare for action. A long line of bluecoats, moving rapidly from the direction of Culpeper Courthouse, could be seen hastening to support the brigade that was flying before us. Forming a column of squadrons, we marched at a trot till we were very near the station, and then paused a moment to dress our ranks. Our direction was now changed a little to the right and, crossing the railroad under a severe fire from the enemy batteries, we charged into the right of their line a few hundred yards north of the station.* Heavy bodies of mounted men dashed up to support the enemy's broken line, and for some minutes, with broken ranks, in confused order, and without leaders, we fought hand to hand. We were being forced back by the weight of superior numbers, when on our support, the Thirteenth Regiment, came up, and, making a magnificent, dashing charge upon the enemy, enabled us to rally, reform our ranks, and charge again. This last charge was decisive, and we were victors on this part of the field, the enemy being driven back under cover of their infantry and artillery on Miller's Hill. Still exposed to the fire of the enemy's artillery, we were withdrawn from the field of battle and ordered to form a line under the shelter of the hill of Fleetwood. We then moved forward under command of Captain Samuel Swann, Major Waller being wounded, to dislodge some sharpshooters who were posted on the opposite hill. Reaching a small body of woods at the base of the hill we halted and returned the enemy's fire until Colonel Ross came up with the Fifth Regiment, when we advanced with him, the enemy retreating rapidly. Night now closed in upon us, and we were withdrawn to bivouac on Green's farm, near

*A graphic account of this charge and of the "rebel yell" that accompanied it, by Comrade J. Harvie Dew, of New York, may be found in the Appendix.—G. W. B.

Welford's Ford, the Third Squadron being sent to guard the Ford, and watch the retiring foe. Our loss was from sixteen to twenty men killed, wounded, and missing.

The next day we resumed the pursuit, crossing at Welford's Ford and camping at a mill on the Rappahannock river. We marched next to Warrenton, having a slight skirmish on the way, and capturing a few stragglers from the enemy's lines. Near Warrenton we halted to feed, and, then moving forward, encountered the enemy near Auburn Mills. Here our dismounted sharpshooters were engaged until night, and the mounted squadrons were often within range of the enemy's rifles. We had two men killed. Returning on the road leading to Warrenton, we bivouacked for the night. Here General Rhodes' division of infantry passed us, moving towards Auburn, and Captain Oliver's squadron was detailed with orders to report to that General. Continuing the march next morning, we followed the turnpike leading towards Alexandria, and in the afternoon bore to the right towards Bristoe Station, where, about sunset, we witnessed a sharp and bloody encounter between the advance brigade of our infantry and the rear one of Meade's army.

After having received at nightfall full supplies of food for men and horses, we marched on the following day to the familiar, blood-stained fields of Manassas, with Major-General Fitz. Lee commanding the brigades of Wickham, Lomax, and Chambliss. These were drawn up in order of battle, and the long line of skirmishers in front was placed under command of our brave and skilful Captain Thomas Haynes. We met the enemy on the plain, in the midst of which stands the large brick house, which was on a former occasion the headquarters of General Beauregard, and they were driven before us beyond Bull Run. They selected a strong position beyond the stream, and occupied it with a considerable force. With the rifles of our dismounted men, aided by artillery, the attempt was made to dislodge them. Captain Haynes was commanding a line too long to watch on foot, and as he

rode on horseback from point to point encouraging his men and directing their fire, he became a target for hundreds of rifles. He presently fell, pierced by a bullet which, passing near the spine, paralyzed his lower limbs. He was borne back to the brick house, as was supposed, to die, his wound being pronounced fatal. Disabled for life, he did survive; but no more could his bright sabre be seen flashing in his uplifted hand; nor his manly voice be heard above the din of battle cheering and inspiring his men to deeds of daring and glory.

We bivouacked as darkness came on near the house where the wounded Captain lay, and many of the soldiers came to look with tears for the last time upon him, known and loved as he was by every man in the regiment.

We remained in this vicinity for two days, and on the 18th of October marched over to Manassas Junction, and, halting near night, were ordered not to unsaddle. Lieutenant Nick Davis commanding Companies G and H, was sent on the road leading over Bull Run, and the Second Squadron was posted so as to support him if attacked. These dispositions having been made, the remainder of the regiment bivouacked, and began preparations for supper. Ere the frying-pans were warm, however, a rapid discharge of rifles was heard on the road in front, and the bugles rang out *To horse!* throughout our camp. Before a squadron could be formed the red flashes of carbines and pistols could be seen in the gathering darkness. Nearer and nearer the firing came, both of our squadrons being pressed and driven back by an overwhelming force. Rallying his few scattered men near where the regiment was forming, Davis cried: "Follow me," and, turning upon the enemy, made a gallant stand nobly vindicating the high appreciation and confidence which his superior officers held him. It was, he must have known, a forlorn hope, but the enemy must be checked until the other squadrons could form, and though in the shadow of twilight this young officer went down to be seen by us no more on earth, he accomplished his brave purpose, saved 1

comrades, and laid down his young life on the altar of his country, with all its budding hope and promise, and added another name to the sacred catalogue of martyrs who have dared to die for Duty and for Liberty. The regiment was now mounted, and though it was growing dark, the enemy pressed up, and we exchanged shots at very close quarters, and, indeed, some hand-to-hand blows. Our retreat was without panic and in good order. Our loss was eight killed and wounded. Two privates, Lewis and Haskins, of Company F, were killed. The horse of Lieutenant Davis came in. His body was with the foe.

The enemy appeared in our front, beyond a stream, next morning, but was held in check by our artillery. Our march in the afternoon was along the line of the Orange and Alexandria railroad, and we bivouacked at night without food for man or horse. Resuming the saddle, we marched to Catlett's Station, and near by halted to graze our well-nigh famished horses. We next made a forced march to Buckland, near which we encountered the pickets of General Kilpatrick's command. We were very soon hotly engaged. Before night the whole body of the enemy were in rout, and were pursued by us over a large stream. Lieutenant Cullen, of Company H, was wounded.

The next day our march was through Fauquier county, along the line of our recent advance, and we passed over the field of our fight at Auburn, and saw from numerous fresh graves that our shots had been well aimed. We reached Welford's Ford at dark. The river was very high, but after some delay we effected a passage, and cold, wearied, wet and hungry, bivouacked on the Green farm.

The regiment, now commanded by Captain Hughlett, of Company D, was on the following day ordered to report to General George H. Steuart, commanding a brigade of infantry, and stationed at the railroad bridge over the Rappahannock. We were for three days in front of this brigade, and on several occasions skirmishing with the enemy without

receiving or inflicting any loss. Recrossing the Rappahannock, we remained for some days in Culpeper, doing picket duty near the bridge. On the 6th of December we moved with our division to Miller's Hill, and were put into position, awaiting the advance of the enemy. We fell back in the evening to the Courthouse, and early next morning marched out on one side of the town, as the enemy's cavalry came in on the opposite side. After making a short detour on the Sperryville road, in which we were exposed in crossing a field to the fire of a masked battery, we moved to the vicinity of the Madison House, near the junction of the Rapidan and Robinson rivers.

Here we remained doing picket duty, and allowing details of the men to go home in quest of fresh horses, until Christmas. An order was put into effect while here to distinguish the regiments in the brigade by a sign or badge, to be worn on the hats of the men. The Ninth regiment was henceforth designated by a star, which was afterwards generally to be seen attached to the front of the men's hats.

Our next move was to a point a few miles above Charlottesville, whence the regiment accompanied the expedition in search of Averill. Their line of march was through Augusta, Rockbridge, and Botetourt counties, by way of Lexington, Natural Bridge, Buchanan, and Fincastle. Thence they passed near the White Sulphur Springs, over into Lost River Valley, and on to the vicinity of Moorfield, in Hard county, W. Va.

While crossing Jackson river Private Luther Marmaduke of Company K, was swept down by the swollen current and drowned. The weather was intensely cold, and the earth covered with snow. Pitiless rains fell, forming sheets of ice along the roads. It was impossible to keep the horses rough shod, and on the steep mountain descents the troopers were forced at times to dismount and lead their weary steeds cautiously over the slippery roads.

The brigade flag with the men who remained fit for ser-

vice reached the camp above Charlottesville on the 14th of January, 1864. Most of the horses employed in this dreadful expedition were completely broken down, and many of the men, ragged, frost-bitten, and worn out, returned limping to camp in squads.

CHAPTER XI.

Marching from Charlottesville to Centre Cross—A Small Force in Camp
Weary Marches Under Mistaken Orders—A Bootless Chase After Kilpatrick—Capture of Dahlgren's Party—Papers and Book Found
Dahlgren's Body—Marching and Countermarching in King and Queen—Hastening to Check Kilpatrick in Middlesex—His Passage Through the Northern Neck.

The author had returned to camp the day after Christmas and was waiting impatiently the arrival of General Chambliss with the brigade, hoping to secure permission to move the regiment to the banks of the Lower Rappahannock to winter and recruit horses and men. Some of the men now in camp had horses in serviceable condition, but the majority of the were practically dismounted. The order to move was received on the night of the 19th of January. A military ball in Charlottesville that night had attracted most of the officers and men whose wardrobes could supply an unpatched suit and a heavy draft had been made for sabres as a part of the hall decorations. By day-dawn on the morning of the 20th our tents were struck and wagons packed, and the regiment partly mounted and partly afoot, with a small train of wagons, was put in motion for the lower country.

The march was necessarily slow, yet the anticipation of good commissariat, mingled with the hope of a short furlough to greet once more the dear ones at home, seemed to give elasticity to both hoof and heel. Our first bivouac for the night was near Trevillian's Station, on the Central railroad. Resuming the march early next day, we passed White Hall, and halted again for the night at Chesterfield Station. Another day's march brought us to Newtown. On the 24th of January we reached the vicinity of Centre Cross, in Essex

and on the following morning located our camp near by, on the land of a Mr. Hundley. Company G, from Lunenburg county, were furloughed on the march down. Companies C, D, I, and K, from the counties of Westmoreland, Lancaster, King George, and Richmond, were sent to their respective counties in the Northern Neck, to assist Majors Waite and Dade, division quartermaster and commissary, in collecting tithes of bacon, and forwarding grain, cattle, and sheep to convenient points for shipment to the south side of the Rapahannock for the use of our army. Opportunities were found to furlough the remaining companies in details for short visits to their homes. Our picket-line extended from the Piankatank to the Mattaponi river, and the details for this duty, with the absence of the companies mentioned above, left us only about one hundred and fifty effective men in February, when an order was received to move with the utmost dispatch to support General Young at Fredericksburg. After having made a hurried and laborious march of twenty-four hours to Hamilton's Crossing a courier informed us rather cavalierly that the order which we had received had been a mistake of the Adjutant's. The writer called on General Hampton, represented the condition of the regiment, and begged that no further mistakes of the kind might be made. He was assured by the General that he knew nothing of the order. After obtaining such scanty rations as could be supplied for men and horses, we retraced our steps to the camp, in Essex.

About ten days later, we were ordered to Hanover Courthouse to find again, after reaching there, that it was all a mistake. Upon each of these occasions we marched over winter roads at least sixty miles in twenty-four hours.

Near the close of February an order was received for the regiment to proceed to Hanover Junction, and await further orders. We marched for the third time sixty miles in twenty-four hours. At the Junction we received no orders, but, finding that Kilpatrick was making a raid towards Richmond,

our march, after we had drawn a supply of ammunition, we continued to Taylorsville. At this point we were informed by one of our generals of infantry that the enemy had been headed off by Hampton, and must retreat to the Rapida and that we would probably encounter them about Ashlan To Ashland we directed our march. When within two miles of this point, information was obtained that the main body of the enemy were near Old Church; but that we might strike a force of about two hundred at Hanover Courthouse. Our direction was immediately changed for this point. About dark we reached it, and found that the force of which we had been informed had passed in the morning, without halting. Rest for man and horse was now an imperative need, and the command bivouacked around a church a few hundred yards from the Courthouse. Before our supper of cold bread was over one of our pickets sent in a man taken under such suspicious circumstances as to induce the belief that he was Yankee. He was at once subjected to a rigid examination, and it was found that he had been captured in the morning by a party of the enemy under command of Colonel Ulrich Dahlgren, and had made his escape; and, further, that the party, after passing the Courthouse, had moved to Indian town Ferry, on the Pamunkey, at which point about one-fourth had crossed, and the remainder had moved down the south bank towards Old Church. We also learned from him that the party that crossed the river had orders to go by Saluda to Gloucester Point. In doing this they would approach dangerously near to our camp in Essex. A trusty and tried soldier was, therefore, immediately summoned, and, furnished with an order to impress horses, if needed, on his way, was sent with information and orders to the officer in charge of the camp. He was directed to reach the camp without fail by dawn next morning.

As soon as the horses had eaten the bugle sounded, and we moved down the road in the direction of Old Church. Just before light the advance was halted by a picket near this place.

It proved to be a picket of Colonel Bradley T. Johnson's command. We now halted, got breakfast, and then marched rapidly as far down as Tunstall's Station. We saw only the half-extinct fires of the enemy's camp, and the evidences of their outrages upon helpless and defenceless families, and after a bootless chase returned to the junction of the road leading down to New Castle Ferry. Here we halted and bivouacked to await the return of a courier that had been sent to General Hampton in the morning.

Whilst seated around our fires here a courier rode up, inquiring for the colonel of the regiment. He bore a dispatch from Lieutenant James Pollard, commanding Company H, who had been located with his command at King William Courthouse before we set out on our march. The dispatch was accompanied with a bundle of papers and memorandum-book. The dispatch was to the effect that Pollard, having been notified by his pickets of the approach of a party of the enemy, had hastily collected in addition to his own command, a number of the Home Guards, furloughed soldiers, and reserves, and, after crossing the Mattaponi, had taken position at Dunkirk to dispute their passage. After waiting some time he learned the party had discovered a boat and crossed two miles below him at Aylett's. He immediately pursued them, and his party, availing themselves of their familiarity with the country, before nightfall succeeded in getting ahead of them. As he pursued his march he was joined by others of the above-mentioned troops, until his force numbered about one hundred, the Home Guards being under Captain Richard Hugh Bagby—all ready to dispute the enemy's advance. The men were posted in ambush. From a reconnoissance made, none expected an advance before morning. Captain Campbell Fox, of the Fifth Virginia Cavalry, being the senior officer present, took command. About eleven o'clock the tramp of horses was heard. When they had approached within twenty paces, the Federal officer commanding cried out: "Surrender, you damned rebels, or we'll charge you!" "Fire," ordered

Captain Fox, and the Federal horsemen retreated rapidly. The leader, who proved to be Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, had fallen as his horse wheeled. He was killed instantaneously, being struck by five buckshot. The men of the party, deserted during the night by their officers, next morning from the flat below the hill, sent in the white flag by two Confederate prisoners, whom they had previously captured.

The papers which were sent with the dispatch conveying the above information, were those found on Dahlgren's person. Most of these papers had been copied from the memorandum-book. They comprised an address to his command in view of the hazardous enterprise in which they were to engage; the order of attack upon the city of Richmond; enjoining the release of the prisoners on Belle Isle; the assassination of the officers of the Confederate Government; the burning and gutting of the city, with directions where to apply for the combustibles necessary to set it on fire, and an exact copy of the last field return of our cavalry made to General Stuart, with the location of every regiment indicated. This return had been furnished by the Bureau of Information in Washington. The orders and directions were unsigned. The papers were forwarded by Pollard's courier to Richmond. The order-book was retained. After the papers were published in the newspapers and their authenticity was denied by the northern press, inquiries came to the writer from the government in Richmond, and an order for the book, which was accordingly sent on.*

We set out next morning for our camp by way of New Castle Ferry, and reached it the following day. Our orders from General Stuart now were to watch the movements of Kilpatrick, who was at Gloucester Point, and to prevent, if possible, his crossing the Rappahannock into the Northern Neck. Should he attempt to move up between the Rappa-

*An interesting account of the Dahlgren capture, and the incidents leading to it, written by Captain Pollard, and published in the *Philadelphia Times* of September 17, 1887, appears in the appendix.—G. W. B.

hannock and the Mattaponi we were instructed to keep in his front, and to advise General Stuart at Hanover Junction. Lieutenant Pollard, with his company, was placed, in conjunction with a squadron from Colonel Robins' regiment (Twenty-fourth Virginia Cavalry), on the line from the Mattaponi to the Dragon. By permission of General Fitz. Lee, Pollard, withdrew his company to King William, leaving a body of Home Guards to hold the picket line in his place.

About the middle of March a portion of Kilpatrick's command moved up through Gloucester into King and Queen county. They encountered Robins' picket near Little Plymouth, and their presence at that point was reported at our camp at nightfall. Our force in camp, numbering perhaps one hundred and fifty effective men, was made ready to march, and couriers were sent to our picket reserves with instructions to keep a sharp lookout for the enemy, and to report immediately any advance beyond Plymouth. No further intelligence was received until nine o'clock next morning. The enemy was then ten miles further up the country, and had routed the reserve and burned their camp near Carlton's Store.

The force was reported as very large, and it was concluded that Kilpatrick's whole command was present. Having orders to keep in the enemy's front, our aim was to get into the road leading up to Newtown a little in advance of him. Lieutenant Baker, of Company B, was sent with a detail of men to watch the enemy at Carlton's Store. The command, after crossing a small tributary of the Dragon at a bridge a mile or so from our camp, moved to Exol meeting-house, on the road leading towards Newtown. Within a few hundred yards of Exol, our picket and some Home Guards were met, from whom we learned that the enemy's column would reach the intersection of the roads before we did. The command was ordered to the right at once through a body of timber, and a direction taken so as to strike the road half a mile above Exol. Captain Oliver, with his company, who had been in

front, was ordered to bring up the rear. We had scarcely cleared the road when we heard the enemy yelling in full charge down it. Wheeling at once into column of platoons, and facing in that direction, we prepared to meet them; but they did not appear.

It was soon discovered that Oliver had gone at full speed back over the road on which we had come, and that the enemy were in hot pursuit of him. It was concluded that the party in pursuit of Oliver were the advance of the main body, and, though it was hard to resist so good a chance of striking an effective blow by charging upon them from the rear, we hurried on to the main road, and, finding an admirable position, made ready to resist the enemy's advance as soon as they should appear. We waited half an hour with no signs of the enemy appearing. Scouts meanwhile came in and reported that the artillery which had been seen below Exol had gone back. It now looked as though we had been misinformed as to the enemy's force, and that it was merely a raiding party, bent on a dash into our camp. So at a gallop we moved in that direction. We soon learned that the Yankees, after driving Oliver over the Dragon, had taken the road to Carlton's Store, on which Lieutenant Baker, with a detachment, had been sent. We at once followed in pursuit, having learned that five of Oliver's little band had been captured, and that he had taken two prisoners belonging to a Pennsylvania regiment, commanded by Colonel Spear. Our command was now divided, and the men with good horses put in front, and we followed the tracks of the enemy at the trot and gallop. Below Carlton's Store we found that a second party of the enemy had retreated from the direction of King and Queen Courthouse, and citizens informed us that they were moving so rapidly that the spokes in the wheels of their gun-carriages could not be counted.

Signs seemed to indicate that we would strike the enemy at Plymouth, and a squadron dashed forward with drawn sabres, to find, however, that the horsemen seen were our own scouts.

Scouts were sent forward to ascertain the enemy's precise location, who soon reported that they were camped two miles distant, just behind a marshy swamp, crossed by a narrow causeway. A forlorn hope, under Lieutenant Beale, was ordered to lead a night attack. While resting our horses and preparing for the attack, information was received through a note from a lady that some regiments of negro infantry were encamped near her house, and that they were repairing a bridge across the Dragon, now much swollen from recent rains. This information led to the belief that Kilpatrick was preparing to cross his force into Middlesex to embark at Urbanna. In such an event, our orders required that we should move promptly to reinforce Captain Bolling at that point. Our march was accordingly resumed for this purpose. In order to get over the Dragon it was necessary that we should go back twelve miles. This march brought us near to camp, to which we returned, and secured rations for horses and men. Before sunrise next morning the command was in position on the Middlesex side of the Dragon, fronting the bridge which the enemy was repairing, and over which it was expected they would attempt to cross. The scouts sent forward to observe the bridge soon sent back a note from the lady who had written before, saying the enemy had broken up their camp and retreated on the road to Gloucester by which they had come.

The wharf at Urbanna had been burned on the previous day by Captain Bolling, and that on the opposite side of the river in Lancaster had been burned, as directed, by Captain Ball. These facts, as we afterwards learned, were signalled by the enemy. Kilpatrick returned to Gloucester Point.

In the encounter of the preceding day Lieutenant Baker had four of his party captured, and he reported two of the enemy killed.

The citizens along the route of this marauding expedition were informed that it was to avenge what our Yankee brothers termed the *murder* of Dahlgren. *Revenge*, it was,

executed upon women and children, and upon a false accusation. The enterprise was suited to the capacity of a mean, little soul, however ill it became a major-general of the Union army and the flag under which he fought. The enemy burned King and Queen Courthouse and several private residences.

Later on, after our regiment had been withdrawn, Kilpatrick transported his force up the bay, landing in Lancaster, and moved a motley crowd of negro men, women, and children in wagons, carts, carriages, and buggies, and afoot up through the counties between the Rappahannock and the Potomac.

CHAPTER XII.

Removal from Centre Cross to Orange—In Grant's Deserted Camps—On the Wilderness Battle-Field—Marching to Meet an Unarmed Regiment—At Spottsylvania Courthouse—Fight at the Gayle House—Watching the Left of Grant's Army—Fighting Near Guinea's Station—In a Tight Place on the Telegraph Road—A Well-Aimed Cannon Shot—On the North Anna—A Slave's Fidelity—Battle of Hawes' Shop—In the Rear of Warren's Corps—Federal Outrages—A Quartermaster With a Gold Chain.

We were greatly recruited, and our horses in good order when the campaign of 1864 commenced in the last days of March. The regiment numbered for duty about six hundred, though nearly one hundred besides were on detached service, employed as couriers, scouts, and on other special details. From Essex we marched to the vicinity of Fredericksburg, and our camp was pitched on the battle-field near Hamilton's Crossing. Our duty was to maintain a line of pickets for some distance along the Rapidan, until near the close of April, when, having marched through Orange Courthouse, our camp was pitched a short distance beyond, at the Madison House, in the forks of the Rapidan and Robinson rivers.

As General Grant commenced his advance we recrossed the Rapidan, and, moving back down the river, bivouacked near Morton's Ford. Here we remained inactive during the two-days' battles on the turnpike and plank-road connecting Orange Courthouse and Fredericksburg. The present writer having obtained a permit to absent himself from camp, rode down on the evening of the second day, and witnessed from our lines the last charge of the enemy made on that bloody Wilderness field. It was speedily repulsed.

On the 8th day of May our brigade having crossed the Rapidan about nightfall, moved by Stevensburg, and, passing through the deserted camps of Grant's great army, still replete with large stores of army material and numerous tents unstruck, reached Ely's Ford by daylight. Some stragglers were caught, and a charge very handsomely made by the Thirteenth Regiment resulted in the capture of some prisoners. Our march was now directed towards the Rapidan, and, crossing that river, we took the road leading up its southern bank, and then bearing to the left, reached the Plank road near the old Wilderness Tavern. Near this were two Federal field hospitals, filled with wounded men, and among them some Confederates. These pleaded earnestly to be taken along, and as many as our ambulances could bear were taken. The road-sides near the hospitals were thickly strewn with cast-off arms in piles. Some poor fellows who had died under the amputation of their limbs still lay stretched on the surgeons' tables.

Our line of march led over the ground where the writer had witnessed the Yankee charge. The open land as far as we could see was thickly dotted with the dead, who lay as they had fallen under a burning sun, many of them with their faces to the sky, and quite black from incipient decay.

One of our squadrons, under Captain Robinson, which was on detail duty when we left camp the evening before, had followed us, and upon reaching the plank road, discovered a Federal regiment close behind them. We were ordered out, but found they were not for fight, and, agreeing that they should not be molested in removing the hospitals, we rejoined the brigade, and marched towards Spottsylvania Courthouse.

On the following day our brigade was formed for action several times on the march, but very few of us got in sight of any enemy. Passing our reserve ordnance trains near the site of the Old Courthouse, and then a line of earthworks occupied by infantry, we bivouacked on the road leading

from Massaponax Church to Spottsylvania Courthouse. We remained here watching the enemy's left flank during the heavy fighting in front of the Courthouse, and to the left. On the next day a squadron was sent under Major Waller across the Ni, and the remainder of the regiment was ordered to advance. We moved across a field that bordered the road, and into the woods on the opposite side. The men were now dismounted and formed in line of battle. Going forward and emerging from the woods, we discovered a force of infantry two hundred and fifty yards in front, well posted about the Gayle dwelling-house, and behind its enclosures. Directed to charge them, we moved through the field under a rapid fire from the enemy, which was vigorously kept up until we got within perhaps thirty yards of them. Our men then, rushing forward, yelling and firing, drove the enemy from the garden palings and fences into and behind the dwelling. We were in the act of tearing some panels of palings, when we were ordered to retire quickly. Turning our backs on the enemy, our line marched in order to the woods. Just before reaching them a heavy line of Federal infantry appeared and fired two volleys, instantly killing two privates—Lee B. Martin and R. C. Pemberton, of Company H, who fell close beside the writer. Several others were mortally wounded. In the woods we received a shower of shells. Later, we resumed our position on the road.

We again advanced in the afternoon, formed on the right of two brigades of infantry, as their support. Wright's Georgia brigade was on our left, moving on the line of our advance in the morning. The position of the enemy had been much strengthened by forming breastworks of the fences. The brigade of Georgians, after advancing thirty or forty yards from the woods in the open field, halted and returned the enemy's fire, waiting, as we were afterwards told, for the brigade on their left. They then with yells sprung tiger-like upon the foe, a few of our men, regardless of orders, joining the skirmishers. The charge was beautifully made and com-

pletely successful. The loss on our side we estimated to be scarcely one-tenth of that of the enemy. A good many prisoners were taken. A detail was sent and the bodies of Martin and Pemberton, which lay as they had fallen in the morning, were removed.

The next day we were ordered to picket every road from the Ni to the Rappahannock river. Orders received directly from General Robert E. Lee made it manifest that anxiety was felt about the movements of the enemy on our right flank. A penciled order under his own hand, given the author, showed a familiarity with the topography of the country, extending not only to by-roads, but even to paths, that was matter of great surprise. Our brigade moved to Stanard's Mill on the Po, where we joined it, after leaving one squadron on picket. Two skirmishes occurred about this time with the enemy's cavalry, the Ninth Regiment taking part in the first, just above Guinea's Station, and other troops with two of our squadrons, engaging in the second. No serious casualties occurred with us.

On the night of the 20th of May, General Grant commenced his flank movement around the right of our army. The squadron composed of Companies C and K, under Captain Robinson, was on picket on the north side of the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad. Lieutenant Law. Washington, with a detail of twelve or fifteen men at Hamilton's Crossing, was cut off, and escaped by crossing over the Rappahannock to the Northern Neck. Robinson and Lieutenant Beale, with the main body of the squadron, were on the road to Bowling Green, a little below Guinea's Station. Along this road Grant's advance column moved. Pressed by the enemy's cavalry, Robinson was forced before daylight to cross the river at a bridge two miles below Guinea's. Lieutenant John T. Stewart held the bridge above and near Guinea's, and handsomely repulsed a charge made upon it about daylight. When light came, from our position on the hills overlooking the river, Guinea's, and the country beyond dense

columns of bluecoats could be seen passing down the road leading to Bowling Green. Dispatches were signalled by us every fifteen minutes to General R. E. Lee. He was not satisfied as yet that Grant's whole army was moving.

Observing an interval between the different corps of the Federal troops, as they marched, and availing ourselves of the advantage it offered, Lieutenant Ball was ordered about ten o'clock to cross the river with a small detachment, and to scour the road, collecting all the information he could. This was executed with the spirited gallantry which always characterized that officer. His first capture was two fine cows belonging to a Federal major-general; next some mules well laden with hard-tack; then a courier with a dispatch, which assured us definitely of the character of the movement. Ball was pursued ere long by the cavalry in advance of the next corps, and made good his passage across the bridge near Guinea's, his pursuers recoiling suddenly and retreating rapidly, under the fire of Stewart's rifles.

The enemy seemed to be annoyed by our proximity, and showed a purpose of forcing a passage at the bridge. Our companies at hand were now all dismounted save one, and Major Waller was directed to march them down and hold the bridge, and to post videttes well up and down the wooded sides of the river. Late in the afternoon this force at the bridge was suddenly assailed by volleys on both flanks and in front. Detachments of the enemy's infantry or cavalry dismounted had crossed the river adroitly both above and below, and our videttes had failed to report, or their warning was misunderstood. One or two of our men were killed and six or eight captured, and Captain Stith Bolling was badly wounded. The whole force ran, scattering through the fields, but bringing off our killed and wounded. Ball, with his company, every man mounted, took position on the brow of the hill, concealing all but the front set-of-fours, and, with sabres drawn, were held ready to charge. Another company, galloping to the right and left along the slope, formed a line of skirmishers at the foot of the hills.

Several companies of Union Zouaves in red breeches had now formed on the right or lower side of the road; a battalion of infantry were on the opposite side, and a body of cavalry occupied the road in the centre. They seemed reluctant to advance. Finally, a line of dismounted cavalry, deployed as skirmishers, advanced. Our squadrons were now well-nigh mounted, and the peril of capture to our dismounted men under Waller had passed. We fell back slowly, keeping up a desultory fire as the enemy advanced. This fire was kept up by the pickets through the night.

At sunrise on the 22d we joined the brigade on the Telegraph road, our skirmishers three hundred yards in our rear, still exchanging shots with the enemy. Numerous small parties of infantry were moving down this road, following after their several commands. As many as we could direct were advised to bear to the right.

Here Robinson's squadron that had been skirmishing heavily all the previous day, and was cut off by the enemy's advance on this side of the river, after a circuitous and difficult march all night, joined us in safety.

Generals W. H. F. Lee and Chambliss were now both with us in person, and the brigade, with two pieces of artillery, under Captain Breatherd, moved upon country roads for some miles to the right, and, then changing direction, bore towards the Telegraph road. We were moving in this direction about noon through woods, when rapid firing as of muskets in front, told of the presence of the enemy. Our artillery, ambulances, and regiments were crowded in a small open piece of ground hedged in on every side by woods. The space was too limited for evolutions. The Tenth Regiment in front dismounted and charged into the woods, which skirted the Telegraph road. As the squadrons of the Ninth were formed in close order, the men of the Tenth were pressed back, fighting. Two of our squadrons were hastily dismounted and thrown forward to the right. The rest, with drawn sabres, were held ready to charge. Our guns now

opened fire, and more rapid discharges we never heard. The Thirteenth Regiment was ordered to move out by the road we had come, followed by the caissons, ambulances, and one gun. We were ordered to bring up the rear with our mounted squadrons. Captain John Lee, of the division staff, was conducting the movement. After going perhaps four hundred yards we were perplexed and uncertain as to the road we were to take, and halted while Lee went back for instructions. He did not ride two hundred yards, however, before he found his passage barred by a line of the enemy, which, moving obliquely from the Telegraph road above us, was almost in rear of the men of our own regiment and the Tenth, whom we had left fighting. Turning instantly down a road to our left which led to a private dwelling, we passed at a double-quick gait across a wooded bottom, and, ascending a hill beyond, emerged upon an open, high table-land overlooking the road.

The firing had now ceased, and we gave up our comrades behind us as captured, deeming their escape almost impossible. They began, however, very soon to come out from the thick wooded cover into the bottom which we had crossed, bringing off safely the gun that had just done us such good service.

We had struck a corps of Grant's army near the head of the column, and could now see them moving forward, regiment following regiment. One column, as flankers, was on the side of the road next to us, marching in close order, about a mile distant, and offering a fair target. Our gun was again unlimbered, aimed, and fired, and a shell was thrown within a yard or two of the flank of a regiment, and exploded just as it struck the ground. A wide gap was made in the column, and a good many of the enemy ran in confusion. A second shell from our gun fell way beyond the road. We moved on and entered a body of timber, where our road deflected to the right. We were quite out of range when the Federal artillery opened on the woods, and their shells fell fast and furious, but harmless, behind us.

We crossed the North Anna in the afternoon and bivouacked for the night beside the track of the Central railroad. On the next day we made a short march back over the North Anna, and recrossed it again in the afternoon to take part in a fight with some infantry near Noell's Turnout. The battle was over when we arrived, though we were under the artillery fire for a while.

We moved next morning over New Found creek and camped near by it. We remained here two days picketing on the North Anna, and were subjected to a severe cannonade on the last night.

It was while we were making our brief stay in this camp that the author met with a striking illustration of the fidelity of a colored servant, who came with a two-horse wagon from Westmoreland county, beyond the Rappahannock. He was the family carriage-driver, and had been sent by Mrs. Beale with a birthday present of pastries, cakes, bacon, eggs, etc., to her husband and sons. She expected them to be found in Spottsylvania, and that the wagon would reach them by the 22d instant. When the faithful servant, Edward Lee, had crossed the river at Layton's with his wagon he found the whole Union army between him and the objects of his journey. Nothing daunted, however, he moved on and succeeded in eluding every picket, and out-generalling every scouting party, and brought his horses, wagon, and supplies safely through, though often in extreme danger. On his return he flanked the Federal army, going almost to Fredericksburg, and reached home without an accident.

We marched next through Ashland and to a wooded road leading to Old Church, on which we camped. Large bodies of our infantry were passing through the night and until a late hour next morning. After a march again of some miles the heavy rattle of small arms reached our ears from the direction of Hawes' Shop, and to that point our course was directed. On reaching there we were posted to protect the flank of the men engaged. It was a severe battle between

dismounted cavalry on each side, the Yankee infantry finally coming to support their line. On their approach our men retreated leisurely. We were treated to a volley from the infantry at short range, but without receiving serious injury.

Returning, we bivouacked at Atlee's Station, and moved next day to Fair Oaks. Here we remained for two days watching a large force of Grant's infantry about Hanover Courthouse, who threatened to move up the road from Cash Corner towards our position. On the evening of the second day two of our squadrons were thrown forward on that road. A skirmish was had for some time with the rear guard of the enemy, and on reaching Cash Corner a dash was made at a small body of cavalry, who fled towards Hanover Courthouse. A larger body on that road was also put to flight. We were informed by some prisoners that General Warren's headquarters had been temporarily in the house at Cash Corner.

The barbarous outrages of the command whose tracks we had followed, though on a smaller scale, equalled the worst acts of Sheridan in the Valley. At several houses occupied by women and small, helpless children nothing in the way of food was left, save poultry not yet feathered. And in one of these humble homes our men extinguished the fire that had been kindled for its destruction, as if to conceal under its ashes the ruthless vandalism which had broken and torn up every article of household and kitchen furniture. It appeared that these outrages had not been committed by irresponsible stragglers and vagabond camp-followers, but under the eyes of commanding officers.

The children thus left to starve shared the scant supply in our haversacks, and next morning our rations of bacon were turned over to their destitute mothers.

Near the close of our pursuit a party of the enemy, approaching on a by-road, presently entered the main road, along which their corps was moving. They did so just as a few of our most adventurous boys, who were on foot, stealing shots at the rear of the enemy as opportunity offered,

had passed the intersection of the roads. This adventurous group, looking back and seeing the party in blue on horses, concluded they were a heavy force of the enemy's cavalry. "Without standing on the order of their going," like startled quail, they took cover. Their comrades, however, who were a little farther back with their led-horses, discovering that the company were only a quartermaster and his guard, charged them, demanding, and receiving, their surrender.

The quartermaster's outfit of wagon and horses was new and complete. All that was needed to cheer nature's flagging energies and make up the comfort of the physical man this bomb-proof soldier had. He had that, too, which was ornamental. A massive chain, which looked like gold, if it was not, attracted our troopers' eyes; and with evidences so fresh of a malignity which would rob helpless infancy of its last crumbs of bread, our needy cavaliers felt no rebuke of conscience in making the delivery of the watch and chain, one of the conditions of surrender. These were taken to brigade headquarters, and our general commanding ordered their restoration to the prisoner.

CHAPTER XIII.

Under Minie Balls and Shells Near Hanover Courthouse—At Gaines' Mill—Forcing the Enemy's Picket Line—A Night Surprise—Nance's Shop—Gallantry of Major Clemens—On Stony Creek—Heading Off Wilson's Raiders—Engagement at Sappony Church—A Sudden Encounter—A Rapid Gallop on the Heels of Colonel Spear—Sharpshooting at Malvern Hill—Fight at White Oak Swamp, in Charles City—Death of Captain Oliver—Brigadier-General Chambliss Slain.

On the morning following our march in the rear of Warren's corps we moved towards Hanover Courthouse. Near night a spirited fight commenced, most of the other regiments dismounting and going in on foot. We were ordered in on our horses. In passing over an open country to our position on the line of battle, the shells screamed and the minie balls whistled, but passed harmlessly over our heads. The combatants were very near each other, but darkness was covering the field. We were ordered to hold the ground while the other troops were withdrawn. This was done, and when the night was well on the regiment retired on the road to Ashland, halting to sleep only an hour or two on the road, and were in the saddle again at four o'clock A. M. We marched to the farm of General W. C. Wickham, and there were placed in line of battle, but no fight occurring, we returned to Ashland. Here a sharp skirmish occurred, and several squadrons of the Ninth Regiment were detailed, and separated, acting under the direct orders of Generals W. H. F. Lee and Chambliss. In the afternoon one squadron, mounted, was warmly engaged under Lieutenant Christian in the road. A portion of the regiment, also, dismounted, were put forward in a body of woods, where they encountered

the enemy entrenched in a ditch, and a severe engagement followed at close quarters. Lieutenant John Harwood, of Company K, was killed, and Lieutenant McGauley, of the same company, captured. Private John Neale, of Company C, was killed, and R. B. Spilman severely wounded. Color-Bearer Williams, of Company D, was mortally wounded, and several others were badly wounded. Near night a charge was made with the Colonel and Captain Swann leading. It was checked by barricades across the road and resulted only in the capture of a few prisoners, and one or two of the enemy being killed.

About daybreak on the following morning we bivouacked near Ryall's Mill, and then moved to camp near Meadow Bridge on the Chickahominy. From this point we marched next to Bottom's Bridge. Grant was now passing his army to the south of the James. We were moved close up to the blood-stained trenches at Cold Harbor, and went into camp on the now classic and famous Gaines' farm.

The body of our cavalry, now commanded by General Wade Hampton, the gallant and lamented Stuart having fallen at Yellow Tavern while we were on the lines at Spottsylvania Courthouse, had marched to Trevillian's Station, in Louisa, to check a raid by Sheridan. We remained here quietly for several days. At length General Chambliss received an order from General R. E. Lee to force the enemy's line of pickets, which were so posted that our scouts couldn't enter to find out what force occupied Old Church and its vicinity. General Chambliss ordered our regiment to perform this duty, and accompanied us in person.

We marched until we were within sight of the enemy's pickets. Three squadrons were now held in reserve; and Captain Robinson, with Companies C and K, was ordered to charge the picket, which was mounted, and Lieutenant Ball, with D and E, to follow to guard the roads on their flanks. This charge was splendidly made, and the Yankees were quickly flying upon every road. Their reserve camp was car-

ried with a yell, and many of the enemy fled precipitately to the woods. Robinson halted only at the line of breastworks, close upon Old Church. One of our men, in the impetuosity of his course, dashed over into the works, and did not return. This line of works was held by negro troops, many of whom abandoning them fled back to Old Church. The cavalry of the enemy who had taken this road, dismounted, and sheltering themselves behind the works, opened a feeble fire.

As our men returned they were threatened seriously by the enemy, who had rallied and reappeared on the diverging roads. With great tact and skill on the part of Lieutenants Ball and Beale, they were, however, held in check, until our squadrons were safely withdrawn.

Despite the impediment of numerous strands of telegraph wire drawn across the road at several points, this dash was so rapid and successful that between seventy-five and a hundred of the enemy were captured, killed, and seriously wounded. We had two men wounded, and, as we afterwards learned, Private Sullivan, of Company D, who was carried into the enemy's works, was shot in the wrist, so that he could not readily control his horse. Some of our best horses were wounded; but a good many fine ones, with equipments, were secured.

We were left on outpost duty that night, and the enemy attempted to surprise us, and were very near succeeding. Our squadrons were extended over a long line. The regimental headquarters were immediately in rear of the line of breastworks at Cold Harbor, which our infantry had held when opposing Grant's recent bloody assaults. Close by was the intersection of two roads. On one of these, two miles distant, some dismounted cavalry pickets were posted, and about midnight the lieutenant in charge sent in word that the enemy in force was moving on this road. Lieutenant Thomas Christian and about sixty men were called out and posted in the breastwork. When this had been done two Texans who chanced to be present said they had been on

guard at this point the night previous, and that this same lieutenant had sent in a similar report, and it had proved to be a false alarm. A party of mounted men were now sent to ascertain the truth, and soon returned reporting no enemy. Our force was then sent back to quarters. We had not fallen asleep, however, before an occasional rifle-shot was heard on the road from which our scouts had returned. The reports sounded nearer and nearer. We thought we could distinguish the sharp cracks of the enemy's carbines. Springing from our blankets we again took position in the breastworks. The men had orders to hold their fire until the enemy were within thirty paces. Two comrades of our Texan friends came within sight about dawn and close behind them a squadron of Yankee horse. We saw the two men in the road attempt to run, and the enemy dashing after them. One of the men stumbled and fell within a hundred yards of us, and the two within our line exclaimed: "Don't let them take him!" "Don't let them take him!" Our whole force rose and fired, and the squadron at once retreated, much to the intense relief of the man who had fallen. They came forward again, taking shelter behind the trees, and firing, but soon fell back. A courier had been dispatched to General Chambliss, and he came down with the brigade, General W. H. F. Lee accompanying him. Six of the enemy were left dead, or dying, in our front, two were buried a mile or two below, and citizens reported that they bore off some wounded in ambulances.

The next day we met the enemy near an old saw-mill in the vicinity of Nance's Shop, and had a spirited engagement, which was growing very interesting, when we were ordered back. One private was killed and several were wounded—E. F. Cox, of Company C, fatally so. Lieutenant Pollard was wounded in the ankle joint slightly, as was thought at the time, but the injury caused the loss of his leg.

Major Waller had been assigned at Ashland to the temporary command of another regiment, and Captain Swann was now our acting major.

Not far from the field to-day we met the divisions of Hampton and Fitz. Lee returning after the heavy battle at Trevillian's. We bivouacked in the neighborhood of Nance's Shop.

Early next day (June 24th) the movement of troops indicated a fight on hand. The Ninth was sent to the extreme right to watch that flank. About noon we were recalled and ordered to the left to report to General M. C. Butler. General Chambliss, with the Thirteenth Regiment, was absent, and the author commanded the Ninth and Tenth regiments until he arrived. The position assigned us was immediately to the left of Butler's brigade, with directions to advance and assault a line of barricade in the woods held by the enemy, as soon as our line could be formed. After advancing about two hundred yards, driving the enemy's skirmishers before us, we were met by a very severe fire from a log breastwork in the woods, which curved considerably to the left. With a yell our line rushed forward to engage this unseen foe at close quarters. Such was the suddenness of our assault that the enemy seemed taken by surprise, and ran in confusion, not, however, without pouring a volley at us as we approached, and turning and firing as they retreated. The cool and brave Lieutenant Cecil Baker fell dead at the breastwork from a random bullet, which diverted from its course, as was supposed, by a limb, and, ranging downward, passed through his heart. A number of the enemy retreating from the barricade, fell under our fire. The pursuit was rapid through the woods, until our right emerged from the cover into an open field. Our line of march being oblique to the edge of the woods and the formidable line of the enemy beyond, Company B became the first exposed to this second fire, and began to break and retreat. They were speedily halted and reformed. It was seen that the left and centre of our line would nearly reach the enemy's position before clearing the woods, whereupon the companies on the right were ordered to form in rear of the centre. When this was done the order

was given to charge, just as General Chambliss rode up on the left.

The men of the Tenth Regiment, supported by Colonel Robins, of the Twenty-fourth, on their left, had reached the barricade in their front, and as young J. Lucius Davis, the son of the chivalrous Colonel of the first-named regiment, leaped upon it, cheering his comrades, he received a bullet through the body, and fell back lifeless. The works were carried, and the enemy's right turned. Our own direction was now somewhat changed, and, moving on a line nearly parallel with that of the enemy retreating before the Tenth Regiment, and somewhat in their rear, they found they must change front or be attacked in the rear. We soon found they were massing on their right to check us until their centre could be withdrawn. They had selected the crest of a gentle slope, and along the edge of a body of woods had formed a barricade, made hastily of logs, rails and earth. Our approach was chiefly through an open field, with about three companies of the Ninth on the right moving through woods on the farther side of the road. Five companies, and the whole force of the Tenth Regiment, had a plain several hundred yards wide to cross. The march of these troops under a murderous fire could not have been excelled. With excellent alignment and orderly movement two hundred yards were passed at a double-quick. The barricade was well filled with the enemy, and their fire grew rapid, but as the first guns of our men on the right were heard, a yell was raised along the entire line, and, dashing at the works, they were speedily abandoned. The enemy's column defiling across the front of our right wing, got volley after volley as they retired, and presently broke and ran. Their rout was complete. With a mounted regiment at hand at this conjuncture, it seemed as if more than half of the whole Federal force might have been captured.

Conspicuous upon this bloody field was Major Clemens,)
commanding the Tenth Regiment. At every stage of the)

fight his manly form might be seen, and his clear, ringing notes heard, now leading, now just in rear of his men, as they needed encouragement or restraint.

Some of the men having fainted from the excessive heat and exhaustion, after running a mile in pursuit, the regiment was halted, and the men, with the led-horses, ordered up. We had suffered severely. Comparatively few of the commissioned officers were present. Of these, Lieutenant Love was painfully wounded. Company C lost five valuable men, who had become veterans, having been among the earliest to volunteer. They were Sergeant S. C. Hardwick, Corporal George B. Carroll, and Privates Henry Porter, B. B. Brown, and William Reamy. Other companies suffered as heavily.

The loss of the enemy must have been heavy for the numbers engaged. Two colonels were captured and one killed. At one point, near the last barricade, fifteen of their men were seen dead or nearly so. In general orders full recognition and praise were given the brigade for their part of the day's work.

Our next move was to the south side of James river, and beyond the Appomattox, which we crossed at Petersburg. Our march was continued to Stony Creek Station, on the Weldon railroad. Here we learned that General Wilson, commanding a heavy cavalry force, was making a raid in the direction of the Danville railroad, and that our co-brigade, with General W. H. F. Lee, was pursuing them. Having halted near the depot to feed, we moved out on the road leading South. The Ninth was in rear, following the Tenth and Thirteenth regiments. On reaching Sappony Church, we could see one regiment on the right and the other on the left of the road half a mile in front, engaged, dismounted, with the enemy, and driving them back. We were directed by our General to push forward, mounted, and we moved down the road at a trot in column of fours. Companies D and E in front, supported by G and H, were thrown forward. Two companies—C and K—were sent to watch and hold a road one mile to our right.

As Lieutenant Ball advanced against a line of dismounted men who occupied a body of woods about two hundred yards in front of him a heavy fire of rifles from the right was concentrated upon his squadron. He was now ordered to form a line on the right of the road, and to charge into the small body of pines from which this fire came. The charge was promptly and beautifully made, the squadron dashing into the pines and up to a barricade too high to leap, behind which, and partly concealed by a young growth of pines, the enemy was in force. The flashes of rifles (it was now growing dark) revealed the fact that the enemy's line ran far to our left. The dismounted men of the Tenth and Thirteenth regiments were withdrawn. Ball was reforming his men under fire on the knoll from which he had made the charge, when he was ordered farther back. About twenty men retiring wounded, or with wounded horses, gave the appearance, as they filed past, of our having sustained a considerable loss. Private D. P. Slocum, of Company D, was mortally injured.

The enemy now advanced, showing in line a number of men quite double that of our own, and seemingly determined to force a passage at Sappony. The location here was admirable for defence. The meeting-house stood upon a narrow tongue or strip of land flanked on either side by a small stream, and the intervening ground not over five hundred yards wide, and passable by cavalry only at one or two points. It was past twilight when we reached the church-yard, and were ordered to dismount and occupy the road and ground to the left, between the two regiments already in line. Seizing upon rails, boards, the stalks of green corn, any and everything we could get hold of, the best barricade we could make was hastily thrown up. The Yankees were within two hundred and fifty yards of us, and a vigorous charge at this time would, by sheer weight of numbers, have carried our position, for we had no support in reach. Fortunately, they halted to form a barricade and to bring up their artillery.

In the dark their guns opened with shot and shell, riddling

the church-building in our rear, but ranging too high to hurt us. Their line then advanced. Reserving our fire until they came up quite near and then opening a volley, they broke under it and retreated. This was repeated with the same result. Holcombe's Legion of three hundred men now joined us, and the Ninth and Tenth regiments, by giving way to the left, yielded to them our place in the centre. During the night, at intervals varying from fifteen minutes to an hour, there were heavy volleys of rifles exchanged; and about four o'clock artillery in our rear began with a welcome roar to respond to the Federal guns.

We had known for some time that Hampton was approaching with reinforcements. At dawn Holcombe's Legion advanced, and suffered severely from the fire from the wooded cover to which our squadron had charged on the previous evening. This injury was received from the enemy's rear-guard, however. Wilson was leaving; had left, indeed. We now advancing, passed over the field of the fighting, and our surprise was great to find so few dead upon it, and these close up to our lines. Furious as the fight had seemed, and terrible in sound as it truly was, our four squadrons having used, as reported by the ordnance sergeant, thirty-one thousand rounds of ammunition, it was barren of casualties among our men.

The pursuit of the enemy was rapid, but in a mistaken direction. A few prisoners were captured by us. A non-commissioned officer among them, hearing the author's surprise expressed at the few killed, pointed to the extreme left of their line and said that if he would ride thither his surprise would cease.

We returned by noon to Stony Creek, and after halting only long enough to feed, moved out on the Halifax road. Butler's brigade was in front, followed by the Ninth and Tenth regiments, with the artillery, and the Thirteenth a little behind as rear-guard. The whole command had crossed the bridge over the Rowanty, near Perkins' house, save

Colonel Phillips in rear. When approaching Perkins' Phillips discovered a column of the enemy coming down a by-road to his front and left. Concluding that the force was too strong for him, he moved to the woods on his right. The enemy proceeding to the bridge, were there met by a party of the Ninth and Tenth regiments, who demanded their surrender. The demand was promptly granted. We were a few hundred yards over a hill beyond, moving in front of two guns, when we heard a volley behind. Just as the Tenth Regiment charged a body in front, a column of the enemy dashed down into our line from an obscure road in the woods on our left. They entered the road just as one of our guns was passing, and within a few feet of General Hampton and his staff. The General, facing about on one side of the road, commanded: "Unlimber that gun." Our regiment was instantly faced about, and made ready to charge. Calls were made to the enemy to halt and surrender; and the rattling of falling arms told that they were prisoners. They were the leading squadron of Colonel Spears' Pennsylvania Regiment. A motley gang of fugitive slaves had swelled his numbers, and many cannoneers whose guns had been captured, were riding the artillery horses.

Their leader, in a desperate endeavor to escape, had allowed this part of his command to approach beyond a hill, while he, with the remaining men and negroes, after crossing the Rowanty, turned to the right and fled along the by-roads skirting that stream. Three of our squadrons were thrown out on the left of the road on the lookout for the approach of other bodies of the enemy, and one squadron was detailed as a provost guard to hold the prisoners. General Hampton ordered the writer, with the remaining squadron, to follow Spear, who was now a mile or two ahead of us. After going about three miles as rapidly as we could gallop the rear of the fugitives was seen in the distance, raising volumes of dust as they fled. Our men with the fleetest horses were now borne far ahead of the others. Some of the enemy's horses

fell in the road from exhaustion. Many groups of cavalrymen and negroes were overtaken. The little party of our men in the lead dashed across a field where the road formed an angle, and, striking the enemy's column near the front, brought it to a sudden halt. The enemy began to throw down their arms, and there were signs of a general surrender. Quickly, however, the obscuring clouds of dust were lifted, and the smallness of our party was discovered. The Federals rallied at once and began to fire their pistols. Our men were forced to withdraw speedily, and Private William Jett, of Company C, was severely wounded. The approach of darkness now ended the chase. A number of the enemy were killed, and several hundred prisoners taken. The author, returning, reached the bridge after dark. Separated from the command and alone, he led his jaded horse to a grassy bottom and laid down and slept.

Hampton, with our command, was at Stony Creek, and when the author rode into camp early next morning the regiment was mounting for the march again. He secured a captured horse from the brigade quartermaster, and moved out with the regiment in pursuit of Wilson. We were too late, however, having struck the line of his march six hours after he had passed.

Some Henry rifles (sixteen-shooters) were taken on the day previous, and one, captured by Lieutenant Washington, was presented to the Colonel of the regiment. All of our men not previously supplied were now furnished with good McClellan saddles and Colt revolvers.

The two brigades comprising Major-General W. H. F. Lee's division—Barringer's North Carolinians and Chambliss' Virginians—were now united and camped on Hatcher's and Gravely runs, in Dinwiddie county. We remained doing picket duty and comparatively inactive until about the middle of August, except that in the last days of July we made a rapid march to the north side of the James, and were engaged in a spirited action with the enemy on the classic field

at Malvern Hill. We had ten or fifteen men wounded and some horses. The Colonel of the regiment was temporarily absent on leave.

We were recalled to that side of the river again on the 14th of August, and after covering the retreat of a North Carolina infantry regiment on the 15th, bivouacked near White's Tavern, on the Charles City road. The Thirteenth Regiment held the picket line some two miles in our front, along Fisher's Run. Early on the morning of the 16th General Chambliss and staff moved out, after giving orders that the Ninth and Tenth regiments should follow. The necessity of going a long distance for water had drawn a good many of our men away from the camp, and, unaware of any need of haste, the regiment was leisurely forming. The Tenth had moved forward, when a courier brought an order for us to move up at a trot. We had not gone over a mile, when our attention was arrested by a sharp volley of musketry in the woods to our right. The regiment was immediately dismounted and formed in line at right angles with the road, on the margin of a bottom densely covered with undergrowth and huckleberry bushes. The enemy opened fire on us at once, and it was returned as fast as we could load. This was continued until a man on our left was seen to fall as if shot from the rear. The author then galloped to the road, and found a body of dismounted cavalry beyond the road, and in our rear. The men were now faced about, and, keeping well under cover of the woods, were moved back. In this movement the flank of the regiment farthest from the road drew a volley from a body of the enemy who had advanced unperceived on that side. We were ordered to double-quick for a few hundred yards, and as soon as an open field was passed, we were halted and ordered to make a barricade.

While engaged in making the barricade a courier from Colonel J. Lucius Davis rode up with an order for us to continue to fall back. He further informed us that General Chambliss' horse had come in, and that he had been either

killed or captured. It was intensely hot, and we moved slowly back through the woods, and over a bottom of dense undergrowth and briers, to the crest of the hill beyond, in an open body of large trees. Here we were halted under the direction of Major-General Lee, and remained unmolested and quietly resting for over an hour.

The enemy, availing themselves of the dense cover in front, moved quietly into the bottom below, and opened fire upon us suddenly and rapidly. The first volley killed four or five of our men, among them Lieutenant John T. Stewart, of Company C, who, after being badly wounded, received a second bullet as his comrades were bearing him off to his horse. Sheltering ourselves behind the trees, and using the carbine vigorously, we checked the enemy's further advance, and successfully repelled an effort to turn our right flank.

We were now directed by an order from General W. H. F. Lee, delivered by Captain John Lee, of the division staff, to throw out a line of videttes to connect with General Gary on our right. While this was being done, General Gary rode up and joined the author, who had ridden forward in the woods to direct the posting of the videttes. The General, wishing to know the exact position of our regiment, rode back with us to where it had been left in line. The line was not to be seen. It had been ordered forward to charge, and a yell, followed by a sharp fire in front of the position which they had left, told us where they were. We then rode forward as rapidly as possible through the thick woods and tangled underbrush, and soon heard a volley in the rear. Major Swann soon appeared with a horse wounded, and four men had also been wounded in Company B by a volley from a mounted squadron of Gary's command, and our right squadron was found in confusion. Major Swann was directed to reform and bring this part of the line up. The other squadrons were pushed forward, and gained an open piece of country, where, on the opposite side of the field, could be seen a body of our men in confused order. Colonel Phillips was

found at this point, and our line was reformed. We then advanced across a little ravine, and over a narrow plateau covered with bushes. When half way over this a heavy fire of musketry was opened on us from the slope of the hill which bounded the bottom in our front. Our line hastily ran back to the ravine about fifty yards behind us, and the troops in the rear mistook the movement for a panic. Halting at the ravine, the enemy's fire was returned, and, seeing that their position could be easily turned, Colonel Phillips was sent around to the right. He opened fire on the enemy's flank, which held a small barricade of rails, and we at the same time charged over the plateau in front. They broke and ran, and we occupied the barricade which they had abandoned. We were using it as a shield from the fire of some dismounted cavalry on the left of the road, and now became a target for our friends in rear of us. The author had to ride back to tell them to withhold their fire.

The conduct of the regiment, which created a momentary apprehension of a panic, called forth bitter denunciation from our Major-General.

We afterwards learned that our brigade had been formed and assigned position on the right of the road, and Barringer's on the left; that the Tenth Regiment was next to the road on the left, the Ninth in the centre, and the Thirteenth on the right. It appeared, also, that after driving the infantry, which occupied our side of the road throughout the fight, out of the woods, two of our lieutenants—Christian and Washington—seeing a body of mounted Federals on the road which they could approach, ran with their men across the front of the Tenth, not yet out of the woods, and the greater part of the Ninth and Thirteenth regiments, supposing these were the line of battle, ran over and joined them.

When the barricade of rails was reached our men were much exhausted, and very short of ammunition, and they were ordered to lie down and rest. Raising his head above the logs to watch the enemy's movements, Captain William

Oliver, of Company F, received a ball in his left temple and survived only a few hours. He had faced the last great enemy on many fields, and was now the second captain of that gallant company to fall on the verge nearest the foe.

The loss inflicted upon the enemy was heavy in killed and prisoners. The day was the most trying our regiment had ever experienced. Not one drop of water could be had; the heat was intense, and the wood was dense and tangled. A large force of infantry was in our front with a support of cavalry, itself superior, numerically, to our own. Our Brigadier-General, the accomplished, gallant, and loved Chambliss, had fallen under the volley which led us to dismount and form line on foot in the morning. His body, recognized by the Union General Gregg, an old West Point schoolmate and friend, was sent within our lines under flag of truce for burial, with a letter to the wife of the fallen General that was kind and magnanimous.

CHAPTER XIV.

Under the Enemy's Breastworks in Charles City County—Engaged Near Petersburg—Charging the First District of Columbia Cavalry at Malone's Crossing—Mounting Breastworks at Reams' Station—A Large Haul of Prisoners—On the Expedition to Cabin Point to Capture Beeves—In Contact With the First District of Columbia Cavalry Again—Charging Infantry—Heavy Captures—Thomas Waller Made Colonel—Fighting on the Plank Road—On Warren's Raid—At Hatcher's Run—At Dinwiddie Courthouse—At Five Forks—Retreating to Appomattox—Dispersing for Home.

At the death of General Chambliss, Colonel J. Lucius Davis assumed command of our brigade. On the night following we took the picket line, delighted to find ourselves near free, flowing water. We remained two days on this post, and on the evening of the last day our pickets in front were driven in, and a demonstration was made by us. We passed over a narrow causeway with an impassable marshy bog above and below, and formed a line on the farther side at the foot of a wooded hill. Our skirmish-line became engaged quickly with the enemy posted behind a line of breastworks on the brow of the hill. We made no attack, but were withdrawn, having had Sergeant Edwards, of Company K, killed, and Sergeant Lewis, of Company C, wounded.

On the following day we marched to the James river and crossed on a pontoon bridge, and proceeded to the south of Petersburg. We returned the day after to Swift Run, and halted for the night; and then moved to the immediate vicinity of Petersburg. On the 21st instant we were on the left flank of our infantry in a bloody assault made on the enemy near the line of the Weldon railroad. We were under the fire of sharpshooters for an hour or two, but escaped injury.

Our next camp was south of the Rowanty at Tabernacle meeting-house. From this point we moved on the 24th of August and again crossed at Malone's Bridge. We were ordered to engage the enemy at Malone's Crossing, on the Petersburg and Weldon railroad. We were dismounted, and, advancing, reached a small stream and swamp, where two Union cavalrymen belonging to a picket post were found busily engaged in skinning a cow. They were denied opportunity to complete the operation. The picket was driven in. We advanced against the enemy, occupying a cut of the railroad on the right, and an old brick kiln on the left. The enemy's line extended beyond ours on the right, and our men were ordered to lie down, and a message was sent for the Tenth Regiment to come forward so as to extend our line.

On the left, however, our line extended beyond the brick-kiln, and our men in that quarter got well past the enemy's flank. When Major Clemens came up with the Tenth he was directed to move along the base of the hill and form on our right. Our men in the field, catching a glimpse of this reinforcement, raised a yell and began charging, and carried the enemy's line before the Tenth could get into the line. Flying in dismay and receiving an enfilading fire on the left as they ran, the enemy in considerable numbers threw down their fine rifles and ammunition in the road. They proved to be a regiment from Washington—the First District of Columbia Cavalry—who had been armed by our Yankee sisters. They acted ignobly in running, suffering an inferior force in numbers to drive them from a position which a few brave men could have held for hours.

Our loss in this engagement was about fifteen. Following up the road towards Reams' Station, a large body of cavalry and led-horses was seen occupying a field half a mile in front. The opportunity for a charge was the rarest we had seen, and Ball's squadron, which was kept always mounted, and which carried only pistols and sabres, was up and ready for the fray. We waited under Hampton's order for one of But-

ler's regiments. Meanwhile the enemy disappeared in the wooded country, and the chance was gone.

A body of infantry now came into sight moving at a double quick, and halted about four hundred yards from us, and from a barricade of fence-rails opened a harmless fire. Another column was soon seen deploying into line on our left flank. Finally, artillery opened on us, and the line on our left advanced. We were now ordered back to Malone's Crossing. Soon the roar of cannon and the rattle of small arms reached us from up the road in the direction of the enemy, and as the evening wore on the enemy vanished from our front. We were presently ordered forward. As our little brigade advanced on foot across the field we were preceded by Colonel Roberts and the Second North Carolina Cavalry, escorted by Ball's squadron.

About a mile above our position Roberts encountered a line of low barricade occupied by the enemy. This Ball charged, leaping it with his horses, and capturing about one hundred prisoners before the dismounted men of the regiment could get up. The men in advance here waited until those behind reached this line.

Our line was now reformed and very heavy shelling commenced. After some delay we were put in motion, and soon entered the woods, where an occasional shot was fired by a retiring vidette. We then reached a number of rifle-pits, from which, with little or no firing, about fifty men surrendered. The few men of the Thirteenth Regiment on our extreme left were put in charge of the prisoners and sent back. We now came into woods where the bushes had been chopped off, and the trees felled, and where marching was very difficult. But we pressed on, and got through it. A gentle slope was seen to lead up from the edge of the wood to a heavy line of breastworks extending from the railroad for a quarter of a mile along the crest of the hill. The woods to our right receded from these formidable works, and a tremendous volley issued from the enemy occupying them against that part of

our line, now on open ground and fully exposed. Nothing could stand against such a fire. The men were ordered to lie down. The fire had in a measure ceased in the breastworks in front of the left of our line, and Pratt's squadron was ordered to scale the rampart. This was magnificently done. A double line of bluecoats occupied the line of fortifications beyond a transverse on the crest of a knoll. These were intently engaged firing at our men who threatened them in front. From the transverse Pratt's men gave them a galling volley in flank and rear, and instantly hundreds of hands were raised down the line.

The author, unable to leap the fortification, rode down to the railroad and passed through a roadway at the corner, and then, galloping forward to join the men in the works, met Captain Robinson with one or two of his men leading out a body of two hundred or more prisoners. The firing had commenced again. Discovering how few of our men were in the works, many of the Yankees who were about surrendering, ran into a growth of sugar-cane, or sorghum, back of the line, and fired. Several heavy volleys came also from a body of woods near by. As the enemy ran back from the breastwork the right and centre of our line, which were rapidly advancing, directed a steady fire upon them. The enemy had several guns in position on the edge of the woods opposite the railroad, and these were actively engaged for several minutes with a battery on our side. Pratt's men, pushing down the line, were joined by those who had charged in front across the open field, as darkness covered the scene.

The brigade was credited with over seven hundred prisoners. Pratt's squadron took three regimental flags. Our loss was not heavy. With one hour more of daylight we would have entailed much heavier losses upon General Hancock's fine corps, perhaps the flower of the Army of the Potomac. Our infantry under General A. P. Hill assaulted the works here on the opposite side in the morning, and the battle lasted till past noon. Two sides of the entrenchments

had been carried in this attack. The field beyond the railroad was well dotted with groups of artillery horses that had fallen, four in a place, where they had stood harnessed. This morning encounter, doubtless, materially influenced the success of the handful of cavalry in the evening. The behavior of the regiment to-day elicited high praise from General Wade Hampton in orders.

We remained on picket for a few days at Reams' Station, and some of us witnessed the burial of the enemy's dead under flag of truce. It was done hurriedly, and a few remained for us to bury. The enemy's loss in killed must have been at least five hundred. We learned afterwards that Colonel Baker's District of Columbia Regiment, which we met first in the morning, and which made so feeble a resistance at Malone's was sent well to the rear of Grant's army on James river to recruit and act as a guard to beef cattle.

Our next camp was at Malone's, from which, after a few days we moved to Cat Tail Creek. Whilst here, about the 15th of September, the regiment was ordered out under command of Major Waller, to take part in an expedition in quest of several thousand beeves, which were reported to be penned down near Cabin Point, on James river. The brigades of Rosser, Barringer, and Chambliss were put in motion for this enterprise. The left of Grant's army was passed and our march continued nearly all day along the rear of his lines. In the evening the command was halted, and the men were allowed to unsaddle their horses and take several hours of quiet rest. At a late hour in the night we mounted and the march was resumed towards the cattle pound. Our division was ordered to occupy and hold the roads between the Federal army and the beeves, while Rosser captured and drove them off. Our march was cautious and silent. Just before light the sharp reports of Rosser's guns were heard. They were a signal for us to charge. A squadron or two of the enemy were guarding the road on which we charged. Most of them were cozily sleeping in their tents, and quite unpre-

pared for so early a visit. Some were made prisoners, and many, hastily rushing from their tents, and casting aside their blankets, with *white flags fluttering in their rear*, sought the protecting cover of the woods. We found them to be the remnant of the First District of Columbia Cavalry, upon whose ranks we had previously made so heavy an inroad at Malone's Crossing. The herd of portly beeves, numbering over two thousand four hundred, were secured and driven within our lines. About three hundred horses and equipments were secured, and eleven wagons containing supplies. Rosser had a few men killed and wounded. Our division met with no loss.

Our next camping-ground was at Chappell's farm, where we remained quietly until the 27th of September. On that day we marched towards Petersburg. On the 30th we were dismounted and posted on the right of our infantry line.

We were ordered to advance in the afternoon to support a piece of our artillery. The gunners were running, and a force of Yankee infantry on the opposite side of the field were about to charge the gun. Changing from column into line as rapidly as possible, we charged across the field, firing only a few shots. The enemy broke before we came up, and were retreating from the field. If we had been mounted the probability is we might have overtaken and captured several thousand. As it was, we took one colonel (commanding the Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry), many company officers, and over five hundred privates. On the following day we had a skirmish on the Squirrel Level and Vaughan roads. The brigade lost about fifty prisoners. The Captain of company A and several privates were wounded. After a day or two passed in bivouac near Petersburg, we returned to Chappell's, on Goose creek.

On the 17th of October Colonel Davis, having left us, the author was assigned to the command of the brigade, and turned the regiment over to Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Waller, who was made colonel. Samuel Swann became lieutenant-colonel, and R. H. Pratt major.

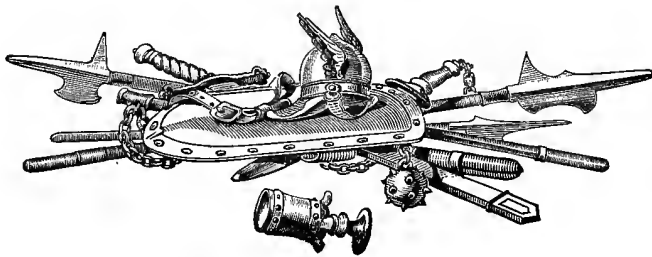
In the fight of the 27th of October, dismounted on each side of the Plank road below Petersburg, the regiment acted a conspicuous part, and drove the enemy from several positions. Lieutenant Lal. Washington, of Company C, was severely wounded. Privates B. B. Beale and J. N. Brown, of the same company, were killed, and several others were badly wounded.

In the pursuit of Warren's corps along the Weldon railroad down to Belfield Station in midwinter they were several times under fire and suffered for want of rations and exposure to ice and sleet. Much of the winter of 1864 and 1865 was spent in comfortable winter quarters near Belfield Station, each of the squadrons taking its turn of picket service, on a line about thirty miles from camp. They were on the right of our infantry at Hatcher's run in the month of February, 1865, and in an engagement on the 5th of that month suffered considerably.

In the last days of March at Five Forks and Dinwiddie Courthouse, and in all the privations and dangers of the memorable days from Sunday the 2d to Sunday the 9th of April they bore themselves in the same daring, dashing manner which they had shown for four years, exhibiting on the morning of the ill-fated 9th the same steady courage, the same intrepid bearing which marked them in the beginning. Supporting and participating in part in the last charge which was made upon the artillery by any arm of the Army of Northern Virginia, they cheered their comrades of the Fourteenth Regiment, led by the gallant Captain E. E. Bouldin, of the Charlotte Troop, returning with two twelve-pound brass guns, wrested from General Sheridan while the terms of surrender were being signed.* One company alone gave way under the crucial test of the last few days, the majority of them, with their captain, having left on the 5th of April.

*In this last charge the brave young color-bearer, James Wilson, and Samuel Walker, of Company H, Fourteenth Virginia Cavalry, both from Rockbridge county, laid down their lives, the last men to fall in battle in the Army of Northern Virginia.—G. W. B.

Leaving the field of Appomattox, they dispersed, some in companies, some in squads, and some alone, to march to their homes, there to weep with their loved ones over a fate which no sacrifice could avert and no bravery postpone. Reared in the school of Washington and Madison, of Jefferson, Marshall, and Calhoun, they had fought in obedience to the mandates of an honest conviction of duty; and that high-toned Honor which bade them tread the toilsome path waited upon its every step, and no act forbidden by the rules of modern civilized warfare could be truthfully laid to their charge; and when Lee bowed his great soul to the will of God, whatever the victor might have imposed, that self-respect which is ever handmaid to conscious rectitude was a jewel of which they could not be deprived.



ROSTER.

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

First Colonel.....	John E. Johnston.
Second Colonel.....	William H. F. Lee.
	May, 1862, to October, 1862.
Third Colonel.....	R. L. T. Beale.
	October, 1862, to October, 1864.
Fourth Colonel.....	Thomas Waller.
	October, 1864, to April, 1865.
First Lieutenant-Colonel.....	W. H. F. Lee.
	March, 1862, to May, 1862.
Second Lieutenant-Colonel.....	R. L. T. Beale.
	May, 1862, to October, 1862.
Third Lieutenant-Colonel.....	M. Lewis.
	October, 1862, to June, 1863.
Fourth Lieutenant-Colonel.....	Thomas Waller.
	June, 1863, to October, 1864.
Fifth Lieutenant-Colonel.....	Samuel A. Swann.
	October, 1864, to April, 1865.
First Major.....	R. L. T. Beale.
	March, 1862, to May, 1862.
Second Major.....	M. Lewis.
	May, 1862, to October, 1862.
Third Major.....	Thomas Waller.
	October, 1862, to June, 1863.
Fourth Major.....	Samuel A. Swann.
	June, 1863, to October, 1864.
Fifth Major.....	Ro. H. Pratt.
	November, 1864, to April, 1865.
First Adjutant.....	W. T. Robins.
Third Adjutant.....	Gawin C. Taliaferro.
Fourth Adjutant.....	Ro. J. Washington.
First Surgeon.....	Joseph S. Gilliam.
Second Surgeon.....	Thomas L. Taylor.
Assistant Surgeons.....	W. Passmore and Clarence Garnett.
Quartermasters.....	Charles Waite, J. M. Forbes, and Eugene Baker.
Commissaries.....	A. G. Dade and ——— Alsop.

Sergeant-Majors.....	W. T. Robins and J. Reuben Richerson.
Clerk to Adjutant.....	William Campbell.
Ordnance Sergeant.....	Mungo P. Harvey.
Quartermaster's Sergeant.....	William Coakley.
Color-Bearers.....	J. H. Stiers, Erasmus Williams, Charles R. Edwards, and Walter Callis.
Regimental Bugler.....	Toucey Jett.
Postmaster.....	Gus. A. Betts.
Chaplains.....	Charles H. Boggs and William H. Wheelwright.
Blacksmith.....	R. M. Clements.

ROLL OF COMPANY A, NINTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

Pursuant to an order entered at the April term of Stafford County Court, the muster roll of Company A, Ninth Virginia Cavalry, is now a matter of record. The company was mustered in in April, 1861, at Stafford Courthouse by W. J. Green. It is as follows:

OFFICERS.

Waller, Thomas.....	Captain.
	Dead.
Towson, Thomas.....	Captain.
	Dead.
Henry, E. M.....	Captain.
Adie, Hugh.....	Captain.
Williams, Cassius.....	First Lieutenant.
	Dead.
Curtis, A. M.....	Second Lieutenant.
Stewart, J. N.....	Third Lieutenant.
Hickerson, R. G.....	Quartermaster-Sergeant.
	Dead.
Spindle, C. W.....	First Sergeant.
Powers, Sidney.....	Second Sergeant.
	Dead.
James, E. T.....	Third Sergeant.
Swetnam, J. F.....	Fourth Sergeant.
	Dead.
Kellog, W. A.....	Fifth Sergeant.
	Dead.
Taylor, J. W.....	First Corporal.
Gordon, W. W.....	Second Corporal.
	Dead.

Eustace, W. H.....	Third Corporal.
	Dead.
Herndon, K. E.....	Fourth Corporal.
Duffy, W. L.....	Bugler.
	Dead.
Stiars, J. H.....	Ensign.
	Dead.

PRIVATES.

Ashby, Thomas	Courtney, L. W.
Dead.	Cannot be located.
Ashby, G. R.	Crittenden, R. M.
Alsop, A. B.	Dead.
Dead.	Cummins, J. W.
Appleby, James	Clift, J. F.
Cannot be located.	Embrey, J. C. W.
Arrington, S. C.	Embrey, L. J.
Dead.	Embrey, E. A.
Armstrong, Thomas	Embrey, J. T.
Dead.	Embrey, E. W.
Baker, J. P.	Dead.
Dead.	Embrey, W. H.
Brown, J. J.	Dead.
Dead.	Embrey, W. S.
Bridwell, John	Embrey, S. D.
Dead.	Embrey, R. M.
Bell, Benjamin A.	Cannot be located.
Bailey, J. W.	Embrey, W. W.
Dead.	Cannot be located.
Barber, J. E.	Embrey, E. E.
Briggs, C. A.	Cannot be located.
Berie, M. A.	Embrey, Madison
Bennett, M. C.	Evans, A. W.
Blackburn, Alex.	Evans, J. A.
Dead.	Eustice, J. I.
Combs, B. C.	Eustice, John
Dead.	Ellington, J. C.
Combs, S. R.	French, G. J.
Dead.	French, Uriah
Carter, J. W.	Dead.
Cloe, C. W.	Franklin, William
Cooper, S. R.	Dead.
Cooper, L.	Forbes, James
Cloe, W. S.	Dead.
Cooper, J. W.	Fitzhugh, Henry
Cooper, G. R.	Garrison, H. T.
Dead.	Gallahan, J. W.
Curtis, J. S.	Gallahan, Thomas
Dead.	

Garrison, George	Lomax, Frank
Dead.	Dead.
Guy, S. C.	Mountjoy, Robert
Griffis, Robert	Dead.
Dead.	Mountjoy, Alex.
Green, Thad.	Mountjoy, W. E.
Dead.	Mountjoy, Ludwell
Green, J. L.	Dead.
Green, A. M.	Maddox, R. E.
Harding, J. L.	Morgan, S. S.
Dead.	Monroe, R. W.
Hooe, Isaac	Norman, W. M.
Huffman, Edward	Norman, T. T.
Dead.	Norman, G. B.
Hansborough, W. H.	Dead.
Hansborough, E. T.	Oliver, J. P.
Herndon, Joseph	Oliver, Nathan
Herndon, Dudley	Powers, W. T.
Humphrey, J. L.	Patton, J. M.
Cannot be located.	Payne, Trav.
Henry, Pat.	Reamy, T. B.
Dead.	Rehil, Edward
Harman, John	Royal, W. L.
Honey, Phil.	Sterne, C. M.
Honey, Z. M.	Schooler, P. D.
Helm, William	Dead.
Dead.	Schooler, C. W.
Irvine, J. W.	Starke, Edward
Dead.	Dead.
James, George C.	Skidmore, W. L.
Dead.	Dead.
James, John	Skinker, T. J.
Dead.	Tolson, William
Jones, J. W.	Dead.
Cannot be located.	Tolson, Daniel
Jones, T. A.	Tolson, J. A.
Dead.	Dead.
Jones, L. E.	Towson, Suttle
Jones, Thomas	Dead.
Jones, R. M.	Taylor, E. V.
Johnson, Thomas	Tackett, C. A.
Knight, H. T.	Warren, W. C.
Kendall, G. W.	Dead.
Dead.	Warren, T. G.
Knoxville, Robert	Waller, J. E.
Dead.	Dead.
King, G. W.	Williams, Willflam
King, J. P.	Wallace, Charles
Lomax, Ed.	Dead.
	West, B. S.

ROLL OF COMPANY B, NINTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

Following is a roll of Company B, Ninth Virginia Cavalry. This roll was made up by Judge E. C. Moncure, of Bowling Green, Va., who was second lieutenant of the company, from an old roll and from memory, and consequently there are a few inaccuracies:

OFFICERS.

Swann, S. A.	Captain.
Promoted. Was for a number of years Superintendent Virginia State Penitentiary. Died since the war.	
Ware, John	Captain.
At Newport News.	
Baker, Cecil.....	First Lieutenant.
Killed in battle.	
Boulware, James.....	First Lieutenant.
Farming in Caroline county, Va.	
Wright, Charles.....	Second Lieutenant.
Farming in Caroline county, Va.	
Moncure, E. C.....	Second Lieutenant.
Judge of Caroline County Court.	

SERGEANTS AND CORPORALS.

Moncure, T. G.	Broaddus, John W.
Chandler, S. T.	Puller, J. E.
Waller, D. J.	Shaddock, M. E.
Rollins, A. B.	Faust, Thomas
Toombs, W. H.	Gravatt, James D.
	Kidd, John W.

PRIVATEES.

Ambold, Ernest A.	Buckner, R. H. W.
Andrews, John J.	Killed at Brandy Station.
Andrews, Charles H.	Books, R. L.
Andrews, W. S.	Burke, Thomas
Andrews, W. S.	Burruss, J. G.
Anderson, Alfred A.	Burruss, A.
Boutwell, A.	Battaile, John
Broaddus, James A.	Boulware, W. J.
Broaddus, S. B.	Boulware, Muscoe
Broaddus, H. O.	Branham, J. H.
Broaddus, Woodford	Burke, J. W.
Broaddus, H. N.	Campbell, M.
Broaddus, A. T.	Campbell, F. D.
Broaddus, Eugene	Wounded.
Killed on courier duty.	Campbell, C. R. D.

- Chandler, W. S.
 Chandler, W. T.
 Wounded.
 Chandler, R. W.
 Wounded at Gettysburg.
 Chandler, Henry
 Cullen, W. P.
 Callis, R. T.
 Killed at Five Forks.
 Callis, W. S.
 Carter, L. H.
 Cash, D. S.
 Cash, W. S.
 Killed in battle.
 Carneal, L. J.
 Collawn, J. W. S.
 Collins, J. C.
 Collins, James T.
 Conway, Catlett
 Conway, A. H.
 Conway, P. H.
 Coleman, J. L.
 Lost a leg in battle.
 Chapman, W. S.
 Crutchfield, G.
 Wounded.
 Dickinson, J. C.
 Digges, W. C.
 Wounded.
 Dickinson, W. B.
 Dade, H. T.
 Duffee, George G.
 England, John W.
 Wounded.
 Edwards, J. T.
 Died in hospital.
 Farish, Charles H.
 Died in hospital.
 Farish, K. R.
 Farish, Joseph
 Lost a leg at Brandy Station.
 Farish, W. D.
 Farish, Charles T.
 Killed at Brandy Station.
 Farish, W. P. T.
 Forbes, A. T.
 Faulkner, John W.
 Died in hospital.
- Fitzhugh, Henry
 Gatewood, J. T.
 Wounded at Brandy Station.
 Goudin, W. S.
 Gray, E.
 Gray, R. A.
 Gravatt, R. A.
 Gravatt, T. E.
 Gravatt, G. C.
 Goodwin, Clarence
 Killed in battle.
 Greenstreet, A. J.
 Goodloe, George
 Gwathmey, J.
 Hull, R. G.
 Hull, J. M.
 Killed in battle.
 Harris, John T.
 Killed in battle.
 Hove, J. T.
 Wounded.
 Jesse, James M.
 Jesse, W. G.
 Jones, S. C.
 Wounded.
 Jordan, Alexander
 Died in hospital.
 Jordan, B. A.
 Killed in battle.
 Jeter, James A.
 Jones, W. E.
 Jerrell, Luther
 Killed in battle.
 Kidd, B. W.
 Killed in battle.
 Kidd, H. S.
 Kidd, B. F.
 Landrum, H. L.
 Long, George W.
 Lewis, Thomas F.
 Loving, W. H.
 Lightfoot, W. B.
 Luck, W. S.
 McLaughlin, James A.
 Wounded.
 Moncure, R. C. A.
 Moncure, M. A.
 Moncure, J. D.

Martin, A. H. Died in hospital.	Taylor, W. R.
Mason, John G.	Taylor, Temple
McKenney, Edgar	Taylor, R. J. Wounded.
McKenney, James L.	Temple, M. D.
Moncure, R. C. L., Jr.	Temple, W. S.
Norment, T. N.	Temple, Charles
Oliver, William M.	Temple, L.
Oliver, R. B.	Terrell, A. B.
Powers, D. B.	Terrell, John M. Lost a leg.
Powers, Thomas Killed in battle.	Thomas, J. W.
Powers, Willie Died in prison.	Thomas, R. N. Wounded April 6, 1865.
Pitts, O. D.	Thomas, W. W.
Penny, J. L.	Thornton, T. C.
Parrish, J. G.	Todd, George T. Died in hospital.
Pave, Sample	Upshur, R. H.
Rowe, H. C.	Wright, R. S.
Rowe, Carleton Killed in battle.	Wright, Wesley
Rowe, James W.	Wright, W. B.
Richardson, J. R.	Wright, W. S.
Richerson, W. A. Killed at Gettysburg.	Wright, B. B.
Richerson, George G.	Wright, J. C.
Robb, P. L.	Wright, B. M.
Samuel, P. T.	Wright, J. F.
Scott, F. W.	Woolfolk, W. W.
Sutton, F. K.	Willis, Charles Wounded.
Sutton, Archibald	Warwick, C.
Sutton, Page T.	White, Columbus Killed at Brandy Station.
Slaughter, J. A.	Wigglesworth, J. S. Killed in battle.
Sale, J. J.	Waite, Charles
Satterwhite, Benjamin	

SUMMARY.

Whole number of officers and men, 175; killed in battle, 18; wounded, 15; died in hospital, 9.

ROLL OF COMPANY C, NINTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

OFFICERS.

Garnett, Thomas S.....	First Captain.
Promoted colonel of Forty-eighth Virginia Infantry; killed at Chancellorsville.	
Beale, R. L. T.....	Second Captain.
Twice wounded.	
Murphy, John N.....	Third Captain.
Resigned.	
Hungerford, John W.....	Fourth Captain.
Killed at Middleburg.	
Robinson, Charles C.....	Fifth Captain.
Wounded and captured at Upperville.	
Beale, George W.....	First Lieutenant.
Twice wounded.	
Dade, A. G.....	Second Lieutenant.
Promoted major in commissary department.	
Murphy, W. W.....	Second Lieutenant.
Resigned.	
Stewart, John T.....	Second Lieutenant.
Killed in Charles City county.	
Washington, Lawrence.....	Second Lieutenant.
Severely wounded.	
Lewis, Ro. B.....	Second Lieutenant.
Twice wounded.	
Washington, Richard.....	First Sergeant.
Killed near Hagerstown.	
Hardwick, Stephen C.....	First Sergeant.
Killed at Nance's Shop.	
Edwards, Thomas W. B.....	First Sergeant.
Captured.	
Benson, Henry.....	Sergeant.
Branson, John W.....	Sergeant.
Severely wounded.	
Bowie, Gordon F.....	Corporal.
Wounded in Charles City county.	
Graham, John.....	Corporal.
Died in service.	
Marmaduke, W. C.....	Corporal.
Captured.	
Critcher, John.....	Corporal.
Promoted colonel Fifteenth Virginia Cavalry.	
Carroll, George B.....	Corporal.
Killed at Nance's Shop.	
Baker, Henry C.....	Corporal.

PRIVATES.

- Arnold, Thomas
 Transferred to Company I.
 Ashton, B. B.
 Killed at Gettysburg.
 Ashton, Charles H.
 Atwill, Benjamin
 Wounded.
 Baber, Thomas B.
 Barber, Ellison
 Wounded.
 Barber, Thomas
 Killed at Brandy Station.
 Bates, Burton B.
 Died in service.
 Battaile, Eugene
 Wounded.
 Beale, Albert
 Beale, B. B.
 Killed in Dinwiddie.
 Beale, Richard
 Wounded.
 Beale, Richard S.
 Died in service.
 Beale, Robert
 Beale, Robert H.
 Bispham, Ham.
 Killed at Hatcher's Run.
 Branson, Benjamin
 Accidentally wounded.
 Brooke, James
 Brooks, Horace A.
 Captured and imprisoned in Fort
 McHenry till close of the war.
 Brown, B. B.
 Killed at Nance's Shop.
 Brown, Edwin D.
 Severely wounded and discharged.
 Brown, John N.
 Killed in Dinwiddie.
 Brown, Thomas
 Callahan, Thomas
 Chandler, Richard H.
 Wounded.
 Claybrook, Edwin C.
 Captured.
 Courtney, Benjamin
 Courtney, Bushrod
 Courtney, David C.
 Courtney, James R.
 Bugler.
 Courtney, W. Hank
 Chowning, William W.
 Combs, John
 Cox, Abraham F.
 Captured.
 Cox, Ephriam F.
 Killed.
 Crabbe, Eugene
 Courier.
 Crabbe, Tasker
 Crask, Joseph
 Ambulance driver.
 Crask, Seldon
 Discharged.
 Douglas, Rhody
 Dozier, Philip
 Died in service.
 Dozier, William R.
 Discharged.
 Edwards, Charles
 Color-bearer: wounded.
 Eliff, George
 Discharged.
 English, James
 English, Thomas
 Evans, T. W. G.
 Blacksmith.
 Everett, Charles
 Franklin, William H.
 Died in prison of wounds received
 at Hanover, Pa.
 Garland, J. J.
 Died in service.
 George, Philander
 Gordon, John
 Killed.
 Gouldin, Chester
 Killed near Reams' Station.
 Goldman, Jesse
 Severely wounded at Hatcher's
 Run.
 Gregory, Joseph R.
 Captured.
 Gregory, Levi
 Discharged.
 Greenlaw, Thomas P.
 Severely wounded at Upperville.

- Griffith, Frederick
 Guthrie, William
 Discharged.
 Guttridge, George
 Wounded and captured at Upper-
 ville.
 Guttridge, W. Octavus
 Killed.
 Haislip, Joseph
 Hall, James
 Hall, Luther
 Drowned.
 Hall, Shelton B.
 Discharged.
 Haynie, Hackman
 Died in service.
 Hardwick, Henry
 Harvey, John W.
 Harvey, Mungo P.
 Ordance sergeant.
 Holliday, James R.
 Hunter, Richard
 Killed at Charles City county.
 Hutt, ———
 Hutt, Ogle
 Hutt, Steptoe D.
 Discharged.
 Jenkins, James
 Wounded accidentally.
 Jett, Charles W.
 Killed at Brandy Station.
 Jett, Lucius L.
 Jett, Thomas
 Badly wounded in foot at Brandy
 Station.
 Jett, Toucey
 Regimental bugler; wounded at
 Brandy Station.
 Jett, William
 Severely wounded.
 Johnson, Philip
 Johnson, William
 Jones, Churchwell
 Kennedy, Robert
 King, Benjamin
 Lawrence, R. S.
 Wounded at Fredericksburg.
 Lowe, David
 Marshall, Robert A.
 Mason, Julian J.
 Promoted as aid to Gen. Fields.
- Massey, Thomas H.
 Substituted.
 Maupin, Chapman
 Transferred to engineers.
 McKenney, George
 Discharged.
 McKenney, James
 Discharged.
 McKildoe, Lucius
 Wounded.
 Montgomery, Jeter
 Moone, Joseph J.
 Wounded.
 Morris, James
 Wagoner.
 Murphy, Robert
 Neale, John
 Killed at Ashland.
 Owens, Benjamin
 Palmer, W. W.
 Wounded at Gettysburg; captured.
 Payne, Richard
 Porter, Edward
 Wounded.
 Porter, Edward F.
 Porter, Henry
 Killed at Nance's Shop.
 Porter, J. Horace
 Porter, R. Louis
 Pullen, Joseph A.
 Purcell, John
 Died in service.
 Reamy, Broaddus
 Reamy, James
 Killed at Five Forks.
 Reamy, William A.
 Killed at Nance's Shop.
 Reed, Emmett
 Rice, Clarence
 Rice, Robert Wilbur
 Rice, William
 Robb, James
 Rust, Charles
 Transferred to Company H.
 Rust, John
 Died of wounds.
 Rust, William R.
 Severely wounded at Gettysburg.
 Rose, William W.
 Killed.

Sanford, Robert A. Wounded.	Turner, Charles Severely wounded at Upperville.
Self, Robert	Turner, Henry
Settle, John	Walker, James Discharged.
Sisson, Frank	Walker, William M. Severely wounded in Dinwiddie.
Spilman, Robert B. Severely wounded at Ashland.	Washington, Ro. J. Wounded; promoted adjutant.
Spilman, Thomas M.	Weaver, William A. Killed near Shepherdstown.
Stringfellow, Bruce Severely wounded.	Wheelwright, F. D. Discharged.
Sutton, Hansford Disabled by a fall, and discharged.	Wheelwright, F. D., Jr. Wounded.
Sturman, John E.	Wheelwright, Thomas C. Wounded.
Smith, William Died in service.	White, John
Talliaferro, Gawin C. Adjutant of the regiment; leg fractured and amputated, at Barbee's Cross-Roads.	White, Thomas L. Wounded.
Thrift, Henry Wounded.	Wright, J. N. Wounded after being captured.
Thrift, Joseph Discharged.	Wright, M. U. F. Wounded and captured.
Talent, Robert L. Died in service.	Yeatman J. J. Died of injuries received in service.
Taylor, Charles	Yeatman, Oscar
Taylor, Henry	
Taylor, Thomas	
Taylor, Robinson	

The above list shows a total enlistment of 175 men, of whom 36 were wounded, 26 killed, and 11 died in service. Of the whole number about 70 are living, and over 100 are dead. G. W. B.

ROLL OF COMPANY D, NINTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

The following is a roll of Company D, Ninth Virginia Cavalry, Confederate States Army. This roll was found among the papers of the late Captain James K. Ball:

OFFICERS.	
Lewis, Dr. M.	First Captain.
	Severely wounded.
Hughlett, John F.	Second Captain.
Ball, James K.	Third Captain.
	Wounded.
Peirce, Ro. T.	First Lieutenant.
Ewell, James L.	Second Lieutenant.
Tapscott, A. D.	Third Lieutenant.

Peirce, W. R.....	First Sergeant.
Dunaway, R. W.....	Second Sergeant.
Hubbard, B. H. B.....	Third Sergeant.
Kirk, C. R.....	Fourth Sergeant.
Williams, S. G.....	First Corporal.
Dunaway, A. B.....	Second Corporal.
Harding, James O.....	Third Corporal.
Ewell, John C.....	Fourth Corporal.
	Wounded.
McCarty, James B.....	First Bugler.
Tapscott, William C.....	Second Bugler.

Killed.

PRIVATES.

Alderson, George D.	Carter, Charles L.
Anderson, James	Chilton, R. H.
Ball, William Lee	Chilton, John R.
Ball, Thomas	Chowning, John W.
Barrett, L. J.	Chowning, John S.
Barnett, Levi	Chowning, Thomas M.
Barnes, Alph	Currie, John
Wounded.	Currell, C. L.
Beazeley, Joseph	Wounded.
Basye, William	Currell, Isaac H.
Basye, Henry	Severely wounded.
Betts, G. A.	Currell, John S.
Betts, Luther	Cundiff, C. C.
Biscoe, Mel.	Cundiff, A. N.
Blackwell, Edgar	Cundiff, William P.
Blackwell, H. H.	Wounded at Sappony Church.
Severely wounded.	Clarke, Ryland
Blackwell, Moreau	Cox, George
Brent, Elias C.	Davenport, C. Brown
Brent, Joseph W.	Davenport, R. O.
Brent, Elias E.	Davenport, David F.
Brent, Thomas O.	Davenport, William H.
Brent, William H., Sr.	Dix, R. T. M.
Brent, William H., Jr.	Dobyns, C. A.
Brown, James H.	Dobyns, James S.
Beane, George E.	Downing, Joseph (Major)
Bramham, John B.	Downing, John B.
Ball, Horace L.	Downing, Samuel B.
Callahan, T. C.	Severely wounded by shell.
Carter, C. F.	Downing, T. J.
Carter, E. J.	Wounded.
Carter, R. W. D.	Dewbry, Samuel
Wounded.	Doulin, Thomas
Carter, Ro. W.	Killed.
Carter, William H.	Doulin, Joseph

- Dunton, C. A.
Douglas, Dr. W. W.
Edwards, George W.
Edmonds, A. R.
Edmonds, B. B.
Eubank, William O.
Flippo, L. M.
Glasscock, John D.
Gilliam, Dr. James S.
Hale, William L. B.
Hathaway, John H.
Harding, Dr. H. W.
Harding, John E.
 Wounded.
Harding, John H.
Harcum, Rufus
Hastings, H. H.
Haynie, William H.
Henderson, C. E.
Hill, H. H.
Hubbard, Warren
 Wounded.
Hurst, T. B.
Hall, H. P.
Ingram, L. H.
Jesse, W. H.
Kennon, John D.
Kent, D. C.
Kelley, James W.
Kirk, James O.
Kirk, William M.
Kirk, Raw. W.
Leland, Charles W.
Lampkin, T. T.
 Wounded at Sappony Church.
Lee, James B.
Lewis, John W.
Lyll, John M.
McClanahan, William T.
Montague, Dr.
Middleton, William J.
Mitchell, Robert J.
Mitchell, L. D.
Neale, John N.
 Wounded at Upperville.
Neale, John W.
Neale, Silas C.
Norris, H. C.
- Norris, Richard
 Mortally wounded at Brandy Sta'n
Northern, George D.
Palmer, John A.
Peirce, A. C.
Peirce, William L.
Peirce, John A.
Pinckard, Thomas A.
Pope, John F.
Purseley, John B.
Reynolds, A. D.
Rice, Samuel A.
 Killed at Upperville.
Robbins, John M.
Rogers, John A.
Saunders, James P.
Sanders, Joseph S.
Sanders, R. M.
Saunders, William H.
Sandford, R. B.
Sampson, T. T.
Smither, T. E.
Smith, James
Smith, John
Sorrell, Edgar G.
Sorrell, Richard T.
 Killed at Dinwiddie C. H.
Sullivan, James L.
 Wounded and captured.
Sullivan, John L.
Sullivan, Rawl. W.
Shay, Walter
Sydnor, W. P.
Slocum, D. P.
 Mor. wounded at Sappony Church.
Sypes, Alex.
 Wagoner.
Tapscott, Henry
Tebbs, William F.
Towles, Thomas P.
Towles, John C.
Webb, James R.
Wiatt, T. M.
Williams, Erasmus P.
 Mortally wounded.
Williams, A. W.
Wiatt, A. T.
Waddy, William B.
Yerby, Joseph T.

ROLL OF COMPANY E, NINTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

OFFICERS.

Crutchfield, Corbin	Captain.
Smith, Robert.....	Captain.
Broadus, John.....	Lieutenant.
Gayle, Josiah P.....	Lieutenant.
Waller, William D.....	Lieutenant.
Wyatt, Henry M.....	Lieutenant.
Frazer, James L.....	Lieutenant.
Chancellor, George E.....	Lieutenant.

PRIVATES.

Alrich, John R.	Chewning, Aurelius G.
Amis, Joseph	Coleman, Ned
Armstrong, Mahlon	Coleman, Frank
Ashton, Lewis	Coleman, James
Ballard, Camden	Cox, John T.
Died 1864.	Cox, E. Francis
Barton, Green	Transferred to Co. "C"; killed.
Beasley, James	Connor, William Frederick
Killed.	Killed.
Beasley, Beverley	Crump, Robert
Killed.	Crutchfield, Charles
Beverly, Frank C. (Captain)	Crutchfield, Robert
Beverly, John G.	Curtis, Ben.
Beverly, James G.	Crutchfield, E. M.
Boulware, George	Davis, Dr. John W.
Brown, James M.	Davis, James L.
Brent, Josiah	Day, William L.
Brightwell, Dabney	Decker, M. E.
Buchanan, William S.	Decker, W. J.
Bullard, Lee	Decker, R. C.
Bullard, John C.	Dickinson, William C.
Cammack, Horace A.	Dillard, W. W.
Cammack, Dr. William	Duerson, Thomas L.
Cammack, Dr. Joseph	Duerson, John J.
Chancellor, Vespasian	Duvall, Foster I.
Chancellor, Thomas	Durrett, Dr. A. L.
Died 1863.	Farish, Bruce
Chewning, Charles	Farish, Robert
Chewning, William	Farish, Gabe
Chewning, James	Falconer, John B.
Chewning, Marcus A.	Falconer, Ab.
Chewning, Joseph S.	Falconer, Ed.
Chewning, William Y.	

- Fitzhugh, Norman R.
Promoted major.
- Finney, Dr. Thomas W.
- Finney, John T.
- Foster, William E.
- Foster, O. D.
- Foster, Powhatan
- Foster, Thomas
- Foster, James
- Garnett, Robert
- Gayle, Thomas B.
- Goodwin, William M. B.
- Goodwin, Thomas C.
- Goodwin, Littleton
- Green, John
- Graves, Benjamin
- Grady, William
- Hansborough, James
- Harding, Tamelia
- Harrison, E. W.
- Harris, Thomas A.
- Hart, Charles G.
- Hart, Ferdinand H.
- Hart, Cutlip
- Hatcher, E. A.
- Hart, John
- Hayney, John
- Hening, Fred. C.
- Hening, Richard
- Hening, Robert
- Holladay, Laburn
- Holladay, William M.
- Holladay, William C.
- Herndon, Dr. Thomas
- Hopkins, Othaniel
- Higgins, James
- Howser, Peter
- Jenkins, Thomas F.
- Jenkins, Willard
Died 1864.
- Jenkins, Benjamin
- Jerrell, Robert H.
- Johnson, Wyatt
- Johnson, Joseph
- Johnson, Eliflet
- Jones, Walter C.
- Jones, James A.
- Jones Isaac F.
- Jones, Churchill
- Jones, James M.
- Jones, James Walker
- Jones, William L.
- Jones, Andrew B.
- Jones, Joseph
- Kyle, David J.
- Kyle, Theodore
- Kishpaugh, Alfred
- Landram, Chesterfield
- Landram, Henry
- Leavell, Benjamin L.
- Lumsden, Fife
- Martin, William
- Martin, Henry
- Massie, "Jack"
- Morgan, William H.
Died 1861.
- Morgan, John S.
- Owens, Howard
- Paytes, S. C.
- Peak, Charles R.
- Pendleton, William M.
- Pilcher, Mason
- Pool, King
Died 1863.
- Powell, Henry
Killed.
- Powell, Charles G.
- Powell, James L.
- Pulliam, Dr. John D.
- Pulliam, Coleman
- Pulliam, John J.
- Pulliam, Thomas R.
- Rawlings, James L.
- Richards, Quintus
- Richards, Taswell
- Richards, Titus
- Robey, William B.
- Rowe, George W.
- Roach, Thomas
- Sanford, Lawrence
- Sanford, Joseph
- Shadrock, William
- Slaughter, ——
- Southworth, Charles B.

Spindle, William H.	Todd, R. L.
Spotswood, John	Todd, Oscar
Smith, William C.	Todd, William
Smith, Dr. G.	Twyman, John
Smith, Anthony B.	Twyman, Benford
Smith, William S.	Twyman, Red
Sanders, Edgar	Tyler, Joseph
Straghan, Alfred	Waller, John
Swift, William	Killed.
Swift, Richard G.	Waller, Thomas
Swift, John	Waite, William L.
Stanley, John L.	Waite, Charles (Major)
Talley, Richard C.	Division quartermaster.
Talley, John	Wallingsford, William
Talley, James M.	Wallingsford, Meade
Tatum, John A.	White, Lawrence B.
Taylor, James	Williams, William S.
Tinder, James B.	Wright, John
Tinder, I. Allen	Wright, Luther
Tinder, Alonzo	Wyatt, James A.
Tinder, William	Killed.

ROLL OF COMPANY F, NINTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

The following is a roll of Company F of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry of the Confederate States Army, enlisted from the — day of —, 1861, to the — day of April, 1865:

OFFICERS.

Cauthorn, Richard S.....	First Captain.
Latanè, William.....	Second Captain.
	Killed on the McClellan raid.
Oliver, William A.....	Third Captain.
	Killed in battle.
Wilson, John H.....	Fourth Captain.
Waring, William L.....	First Lieutenant.
Jones, Aubry H.....	Second Lieutenant.
Lewis, Waring.....	Second Lieutenant.
Latanè, John.....	Second Lieutenant.
	Died from wounds.
Dandridge, P. P.....	Cadet.
Wright, George T.....	First Sergeant.
Cauthorn, M. Alonzo.....	First Sergeant.
Garnett, John M.....	Second Sergeant.

Hundley, Edwin F.....	Second Sergeant.
Baird, E. R.....	Third Sergeant.
Hoskins, William R.....	Third Sergeant.
Dutton, A. F.....	Fourth Sergeant.
Croxton, Thomas.....	First Corporal.
Wright, J. R.....	First Corporal.
Waring, Thomas L.....	Second Corporal.
Mitchell, S. W.....	Second Corporal.
Wright, George M.....	Third Corporal.
Spindle, John A.....	Bugler.

PRIVATES.

Andrews, J. B.	Clarke, Robert
Andrews, T. B.	Cauthorn, R. A.
Atkins, J. T.	Dishman, H.
Baylor, Robert	Dishman, J. P.
Beasley, Ephram	Douglass, Robert
Beasley, George T.	Douglass, Richard
Beasley, Joe	Dyke, John L.
Bentley, John B.	Davis, Samuel
Severely wounded.	Deshazo, John
Bird, R. Clay	Dunn, Winter
Boughton, C. R.	Durham, James
Boughton, L. R.	Eubank, P. C.
Boulware, William T.	Evans, A. M.
Brockenborough, B. B.	Evans, J. B.
Brown, C. E.	Evans, W. C.
Brown, M.	Fisher, Thomas E.
Brown, William	Fauntleroy, W.
Brown, A.	Fleet, C. B.
Bristow, S.	Garnett, A. B.
Bristow, J. B.	Garnett, Jenipher
Boughton, T. L.	Garnett, L. C.
Bayless, C. R.	Garnett, L. H.
Campbell, William	Garnett, M.
Carlton, V. S.	Garnett, T. S.
Carmeal, George D.	Gatewood, Phil.
Cauthorn, George W.	Gleason, J.
Cauthorn, L. Byron	Glenn, M.
Cauthorn, W. A.	Glenn, R. M.
Chinn, Joseph E.	Gordon, Thomas
Clarke, George M.	Gouldman, A. B.
Clarkson, James	Gouldman, R. A.
Clayton, ———	Gray, P. B.
Clements, R. M.	Garnett, J. M.
Covington, T. R.	Gray, George

Hoskins, T.	Pines, H. S.
Hoskins, William	Roane, T. R.
Killed at Manassas.	Drowned.
Hundley, J. M.	Robb, R. R.
Hundley, J. T. T.	Robertson, Logan
Hunter, James	Robinson, W. P.
Hunter, James D.	Rouzie, R. R.
Jones, T. M.	Reynolds, J. M.
Jones, W. S.	Sale, B. L.
Kay, H.	Samuel, W. B.
Kay, William	Sherwood, J. R.
Kountz, Lewis	Smith, E.
Layton, ———	Street, J. R.
Lewis, Phil. W.	Street, W. H.
Lewis, Warner	Taliaferro, G. D.
Lewis, Henry	Temple, John
Lipscomb, E.	Tunstall, ———
Mills, J. G.	Tribble, S. W.
Mitchell, J. W.	Ward, C. B.
Mitchell, John W.	Ware, R. L.
Mitchell, W. E.	Waring, C. W.
Moore, T. M. A.	Waring, W. Lowry
Mundie, J. M.	Waring, R. H.
Muse, E. N.	Waring, W. L.
Muse, W. A.	Waring, W.
Muse, L. W.	Waring, S.
McGeorge, W. R.	Waring, T.
Mason, Ezra	Watts, William
Montague, vs. C.	Whitlocke, A.
Newbill, C.	Williams, W. A.
Newbill, Jack	Wright, B. P.
Oliver, B. F.	Wright, Ro. S.
Killed at Boonsboro', Md.	Wright, W. D.
Parker, A.	Wright, C. Z.
Perkins, William G.	Wheat, ———
Philip, J. W.	Waring, H.
Pilkerton, J. W.	Young, J. T.
Pitts, L. S.	

ROLL OF COMPANY G, NINTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

This company was organized several years prior to the war, and was styled "The Lunenburg Light Dragoons." Its first captain was William E. Stockdell, who was succeeded by W. H. Hatchett. After some time spent at Ashland, where the company was drilled by Colonels Fields and Lomax, it was ordered early in 1861 to West Virginia, where it remained with the "Lee Rangers," under Captain W. H. F. Lee, until the latter part of the winter of 1862, when it was ordered to Fredericksburg, where it was made one of the constituent companies of the Ninth Regiment of Virginia Cavalry.

OFFICERS.

Hatchett, W. H.....	Captain.
Knight, O. M.....	Captain.
	Resigned.
Bolling, Stith.....	Captain.
	Wounded; promoted lieutenant-colonel.
Love, D. R.....	Captain.
	Wounded at Nance's Shop.
Stokes, J. A.....	Lieutenant.
Staples, J. A.....	Lieutenant.
Fowlkes, A. E.....	Lieutenant.
	Killed at Boonsboro'.
Davis, N. E.....	Lieutenant.
	Killed at Manassas.
Smith, O.....	Lieutenant.
Neblett, N. M.....	Lieutenant.
Hardy, C. B.....	Lieutenant.
Avoney, C. E.....	Orderly Sergeant.
Bolling, Stith.....	Orderly Sergeant.
Love, D. R.....	Orderly Sergeant.
Hardy, C. B.....	Orderly Sergeant.
	Wounded.
Winn, George.....	Orderly Sergeant.
Bragg, J. O.....	Sergeant.
Smith, O.....	Sergeant.
Wilson, R. W.....	Sergeant.
Trindale, W. H.....	Sergeant.
	Wounded.
White, Frank.....	Sergeant.
McCormick, B. D.....	Sergeant.
Smith, W. W.....	Sergeant.
	Wounded.
Love, A. H.....	Corporal.

Hatchett, P. M.....	Corporal.
Staples, C. A.....	Corporal.
McCormick, B. D.....	Corporal.
Smith, W. W.....	Corporal.

PRIVATEES.

Arvin, G. T.	Davie, A. L.
Arvin, M.	Dawson, John
Arvin, M. L.	Dowdy, John
Armes, R. A.	Dowdy, W. B.
Arvin, T. J.	Durby, H.
Atkinson, W.	Dyson, F. H.
Bailey, Jim	Edmonds, Sitt.
Barnes, P. B.	Edmondson, J. B.
Barnes, W. A.	Wounded.
Barron, Henry	Estes, I. I.
Baugh, J. A.	Wounded.
Bell, A.	Estes, Duck
Blackwell, J. C.	Eubank, A. J.
Blackwell, R. A.	Eubank, James
Blackwell, W. T.	Eubank, John
Bishop, I. H.	Eubank, William
Bolling, J. R.	Eubank, Robert
Bolling, H.	Elder, John H.
Bolling, H. E.	Faris, B. S.
Boswell, Thomas	Featherstone, Jim
Boswell, H. E.	Wounded.
Bruff, I. H.	Featherstone, Richard
Burnett, William	Figg, B. E.
Burke, John	Forrest, R. J.
Burton, Thomas	Fowlkes, C. B.
Brooks, John	Forrest, W. B.
Wounded.	Fitzgerald, D. C.
Butterworth, James	Fuqua, L. T.
Clarke, George	Fuqua, S. A.
Clarke, J. H.	Gary, W. T.
Clarke, James I.	Gary, L. M.
Killed.	Gillespie, W.
Clarke, Van.	Gee, George E.
Wounded.	Gee, L. M.
Coleman, Wat.	Goulding, A. E.
Cox, G. W.	Goulding, J. M.
Crowder, R. B.	Gregory, ——
Chumney, G. C.	Hamlin, William
Chumney, W. M.	Hardy, A. A.
Davie, W. S.	Wounded.
Daniel, George	

Hardy, I. I.	Moore, John
Hardy, L. G. Wounded.	Malkintine, ——
Hardy, J. E.	Neblett, H.
Harding, H. A.	Nickleon, ——
Hardy, Wilson Killed.	Nash, F. Killed.
Harris, J. M.	Neale, J. C.
Hardy, C. M.	Overton, R. J. Wounded.
Harding, A. D.	Orgain, James Killed.
Hatchett, A.	Palmer, J. W.
Hite, L. J.	Passmore, W.
Harris, J. H.	Petty, J. D.
Hawthorne, H.	Phillips, William
Hawthorne, Fred.	Powell, L.
Hite, James,	Pugh, ——
Hughes, M. J. P Killed.	Ransom, John
Hurt, J. P.	Ransom, P. J.
Hurt, M. B.	Richards, H. B.
Jeffress, L. M.	Robinson, R. F.
Jones, M.	Rennolds, ——
Jones, P. E.	Richerson, John
Jones, J. W.	Raysdale, J. G. Transferred to artillery
Johns, B. T.	Russell, J.
Johnson, J.	Rux, A. P.
Johnson, Rufus	Rawlett, A. E.
Johnson, William	Russell, J. B.
Jordan, ——	Rudd, T. J.
Knight, George	Snead, F. M.
Lee, J. H.	Shackleton, J. A.
Lee, William A.	Singleton, ——
Love, J.	Smith, C. C.
Love, S. H. Wounded.	Smithson, Buck
Love, Tom	Smith, J. B.
Malone, C.	Smith, H. C.
Malone, W.	Smith, John H.
Manson, F. S.	Smith, O. M.
Marable, Jim	Smith, B.
Mize, Jacob Wounded.	Smith, Robert
Mize, S. S.	Street, W.
Moore, T. G.	Smith, George
Mug, John	Shelton, L.
Marshall, E. O.	Stokes, S. A.
	Stokes, E. M.

Stokes, J. Bedford	White, E.
Killed.	White, F.
Stokes, W. H.	Winn, George
Sturdivant, T. W.	Winn, Harrison
Tarry, G. W.	Winn, John
Thomas, Pomp	Winn, Wash.
Thomas, W. R.	Wilson, Ad.
Tirdale, W. C.	Wilson, William
Vaughan, N.	Wise, W. A.
Vaughan, W.	Whitmore, G. A.
Wagstaff, G. B.	Williams, T. J.
Walker, Al.	Wilkerson, J. W.

ROLL OF COMPANY H, NINTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

Roll of Company H, Ninth Virginia Cavalry ("Lee Rangers"),
from — day of ———, 1861, to — day of April, 1865:

OFFICERS.

Lee, William H. F.....	Captain.
Dead.	
Douglass, B. B.....	Captain.
Promoted major Fifth Virginia Cavalry; dead.	
Haynes, Thomas W.....	Captain.
Permanently disabled from wound; dead.	
Croxton, William V.....	First Lieutenant.
Dead.	
Pollard, James.....	First Lieutenant.
Lost a leg.	
Christian, Thomas J.....	Second Lieutenant.
Bassett, George W.....	Junior Second Lieutenant.
Dead.	
Cullen, John A.....	Junior Second Lieutenant.
Dead.	
Meredith, Fleming.....	First Sergeant.
Allison, James.....	First Sergeant.
Killed.	
Slaughter, John L.....	First Sergeant.
Jones, A. H.....	First Sergeant.
Howerton, Robert G.....	First Sergeant.
Dead.	
Burke, F. R.....	First Sergeant.
Killed.	
Williamson, Benjamin T.....	First Sergeant.
Dead.	

Mitchell, William H.....	First Sergeant.
	Dead.
Robins, William T.....	First Sergeant.
	Promoted adjutant, and later colonel Twenty-fourth Virginia Cavalry.
Bassett, G. W.....	First Sergeant.
Haynes, Thomas W.....	First Sergeant.
Anderson, Handsford.....	Corporal.
Bush, John W.....	Corporal.
Harrison, Charles A.....	Corporal.
Morrison, Alfred.....	Corporal.
Ellis, John.....	Corporal.
	Killed.
Pemberton, John.....	Corporal.
	Killed.
Toole, John.....	Corporal.
	Killed.
Moore, P. P.....	Corporal.

PRIVATES.

Apperson, Richard	Crouch, Thomas L.
Anderson, Peter	Dead.
Killed.	Clements, Eugene
Blackburn, F. H.	Killed.
Berkeley, W. H.	Clements, William H.
Berkley, W. W.	Dead.
Dead.	Clayton, ——
Boulware, Vivian G.	Chamberlayne, S. D.
Boulware, Aubin L.	Dead.
Dead.	Davis, Edward
Boulware, Wickliffe	Dead.
Killed.	Davis, Smith
Burruss, R. H.	Dead.
Beadles, <i>id.</i>	Dabney, A. B.
Broach, A. M.	Dead.
Dead.	Duncan, Edward A.
Brock, H. C.	Dead.
Burgess, James	Dunstan, Richard R.
Killed.	Dead.
Bagby, William	Deans, Herbert
Killed.	Dew, J. Harvey
Callis, James A.	Dew, Boone
Campbell, James W.	Killed.
Casey, James J.	Edwards, Julian T.
Dead.	Edwards, P. C.
Cardwell, John L.	Edwards, Kleber
Dead.	Eubank, Edward F.
Cooke, Charles H.	Eubank, W. S.
Crouch, Richard H.	

- Figg, Joseph
 Dead
 Gary, William M., Jr.
 Gary, James H.
 Gatewood, Charles M.
 Dead.
 Garrett, William L.
 Gouldin, John G.
 Gregory, William
 Gregory, Roger
 Gregory, J. C.
 Gresham, Oscar
 Gresham, Walter
 Gwathmey, R. B.
 Killed.
 Travis, Harwood
 Hawes, Walker A.
 Hay, Joseph
 Habliston, Charles B.
 Dead.
 Habliston, Fred. H.
 Henshaw, Thomas E.
 Dead.
 Howerton, William T.
 Dead.
 Hill, Robert C.
 Hill, John
 Hill, A. B.
 Hodges, E. P.
 Killed.
 Horsey, Thomas J.
 Dead.
 Jackson, Lucian
 Jeter, James P.
 Jacobs, Edward
 Jones, Walter S.
 Knot, John S.
 Dead.
 King, Miles C.
 Kent, James B.
 Kemp, William P.
 Dead.
 Kinsela, A. E.
 Layton, Charles P.
 Lacy, John B.
 Killed.
 Lacy, John P.
 Littlepage, James I.
 Dead.
 Littlepage, John C.
 Littlepage, H. H.
 Killed.
 Lee, Joseph
 Leigh, William J.
 Dead.
 Leftwich, Richard
 Lukhard, Cornelius
 Lukhard, S. H.
 Logan, William H.
 Martin, Cornelius
 Dead.
 Martin, Samuel J.
 Dead.
 Mann, John
 Martin, Alex.
 Dead.
 Martin, Ernest S.
 Martin, William B.
 Martin, Lee B.
 Killed.
 Martin, Hamilton
 Dead.
 Mitchell, Robert
 Mooklar, A. T.
 Miles, A.
 Morris, Robert
 Dead.
 Mellon, Cyrus
 Mills, Charles
 Nuttall, Hasalom
 Newman, J. I.
 Dead.
 Noel, James
 Noel, John
 Dead.
 Parr, Edward
 Dead.
 Parr, John
 Dead.
 Pemberton, R. C.
 Pollard, E. S.
 Powell, E. L.
 Dead.
 Reynolds, Matt
 Robins, James A.
 Robins, William T.
 Robinson, L. M.
 Ryland, Robert S.

Ryland, Josiah, Jr.	Tibbs, Robert T.
Ross, Caleb	Dead.
Dead.	Trant, John
Robb, William H.	Turner, Logan D.
Dead.	Turner, Beverly
Rust, Charles P.	Thompson, Tazewell
Saunders, Robert D.	Tyler, George
Dead.	Taylor, Thomas L.
Shelley, Richard H.	Made surgeon of the regiment.
Saunders, John	Taylor, Edmund P.
Satterwhite, Thomas P.	Killed.
Sizer, L. D.	Taylor, ———
Dead.	Tuck, L. M.
Sutton, Pulaski	Waring, Spencer R.
Dead.	Williams, Warren N.
Swope, Dr.	White, James A.
Straugham, David	Waring, Lawson E.
Selden, Braxton	Wilson, Straugham
Killed.	Killed.
Skelton, Granville	Washington, Robert J.
Killed.	Promoted adjutant of the regim't.
Taylor, John P.	Williamson, Benjamin T.
	Dead.

There were twenty-six men who were killed and died from wounds.

ROLL OF COMPANY I, NINTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

The following is a roll of Company I, of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, of the Confederate States Army, enlisted from the — day of April, 1861, to the 9th day of April, 1865:

OFFICERS.

Tayloe, John, Sr.....	First Captain.
	Resigned.
Billingsley, John A.....	Second Captain.
	Captured.
King, William F.....	First Lieutenant.
	Wounded.
Tayloe, John, Jr.....	Second Lieutenant.
	Resigned.
Peed, P. M.....	Second Lieutenant.
Ashton, George D.....	Third Lieutenant.
	Resigned.

PRIVATES.

Askins, B.	Green, L. C.
Arnold, Thomas	Grissit, Walker
Allensworth, James	Griffin, Henry
Berry, C. A.	Wounded and died.
Bullard, Robert	Grigsby, James
Bullard, Reubin	Hambleton, Ned.
Billingsley, Joseph	Hudson, James
Burchell, John	Wounded.
Burchell, Charles	Hudson, Thomas
Bullard, William	Harrow, James
Burchard, William	Killed.
Baker, James	Hales, G. W.
Died in service.	Howland, Calvin
Barker, George	Howland, Henry
Died in service.	Died.
Barker, Andrew	Hudson, Phil.
Died in service.	Killed.
Brent, Sargent	Johnson, Richard
Branagan, George	Johnson, William
Bryany, John	Jett, John L.
Clift, James	Jones, Richard
Clift, John	Johnson, ——
Coakley, William, Sr.	Jackson, ——
Coakley, William, Jr.	Kennedy, ——
Carver, John	King, Daniel
Carver, Richard	Little, A. M.
Wounded and died.	Lunsford, Lawson
Salahan ——	Captured and died.
Killed.	Lawrence, Richard
Carter, ——	Montieth, Amos
Cleaves, Alvaro	Montieth, Nat.
Coakley, Robert	Killed.
Crismond, Henry	Marders, Ben.
Dillard, John H.	McKenny, John S.
Dishman, A. T.	McDaniel, Daniel
Dickens, John R.	Mullen, John
Wounded and died.	Died.
Dodd, George	Marks, Pat.
Dickerson, William	Marks, Edward
Dickerson, John	McClanahan, George
Dodd, John	Died.
Ellis, Samuel	Owens, John E.
Edwards, James M.	Owens, W. W.
Fitzhugh, M. T.	Owens, R. H.
Frank, Alix.	Owens, James

Olive, John	Rollins, Rufus
Olive, Robert N.	Rollins, Butler
Owens, B. I.	Wounded.
Owens, Dock	Rolley, Robert
Owens, John	Safoe, Thomas
Died.	Scrivener, James
Peed, John N.	Stokes, Eli B.
Twice wounded slightly.	Scott, George W.
Peed, James O.	Staples, William
Wounded and died.	Died.
Potts, Hezekiah	Spilman, Joseph
Pusley, James	Wounded.
Killed.	Spilman, James
Perry, Joseph	Died.
Page, William	Staples, Stephen
Purchell, ———	Shelton, William
Rawlett, James	Trigger, Henry
Rawlett, Phil.	Thompson, Landon
Rixey, ———	Trigger, John
Rogers, James E.	Treakle, Henry
Rogers, Wesley	White, Marcus
Rogers, I. W.	Washington, John
Rollins, John H.	Winkfield, Henry
Reamey, James	Walker, Samuel
Reamy, Joseph	Walker, Benton
Wounded.	Walker, Harris
Rollins, George	Williams, ———

One hundred and twenty-six names.

ROLL OF COMPANY K, NINTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

The following is a roll of Company K, of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, of the Confederate States Army, enlisted from the — day of —, 1861, to the — day of April, 1865:

OFFICERS.

Jeffries, Richard.....	Captain.
Resigned.	
Belfield, Daingerfield.....	First Lieutenant.
Resigned.	
Pratt, R. H.....	Second Lieutenant.
Promoted to captain.	
McGauley, William.....	Third Lieutenant.
Promoted to first lieutenant.	

Harwood, John B.....	(Elected) Second Lieutenant.
	Killed at Ashland, Va.
Morton, Thomas.....	(Elected) Second Lieutenant.
	Resigned.
Hall, Lucien.....	(Elected) Second Lieutenant.
Jackson, Joseph.....	Orderly Sergeant.
	Resigned and died from wounds.
Edwards, Robert.....	(Appointed) Orderly Sergeant.
	Killed in battle.
Hall, Robert.....	(Appointed) Orderly Sergeant.
	Died since the war.
Reamy, W. J.....	Sergeant.
Saunders, A. L.....	Sergeant.
Christopher, Thomas.....	Corporal.
	Died since the war.
Biscoe, John E.....	Bugler.

PRIVATES.

Anthony, Vincent	Crallè, Thomas
Ball, James H.	Comming, Frank
Bowen, Thomas	Clark, Albert
Barker, Samuel	Cox, Lewis
Balderson, Thomas	Campbell, Robert
Balderson, Grayham	Chilton, William
Beane, Warner W.	Connellee, James D.
Bell, Joseph	Connellee, Thomas
Bell, James	Dunaway, George
	Davenport, L. O.
Killed in battle.	Davis, Henry
Bayse, Richard	
Boswell, Thomas	Killed in battle.
Brown, Robert	Davis, John
Brown, John	Duncan, George
Balderson, Ransdell	Davis, Dandridge
Bryant, John	Dawson, David
Belfield, R. L.	Elmore, John
Brooks, Deni	Efford, Manvie
Bowen, Joseph	Efford, George
Balderson, Robert	Flint, Edward
Blewford, Robert	Fidler, James R.
Coats, Richard	Ficklin, William
Coats, John W.	France, John
Coleman, Robert	France, Rodney
Cash, John	
Cockrell, Dandridge	Killed in battle.
Chewing, Frank	Fallin, ——
Crallè, Spencer	Gaines, ——
	Gulick, Clinton

- Garland, George W.
Garland, Thomas S.
Gardy, John
Gardy, Henry
George, Edward
George, William
Harrison, R. H.
Hall, Dorsey
Hall, Ryland
Hudson, Matthew
Hudson, Pusley
Harry, Joe
Hall, William
Hall, H. C.
Haile, John
Haile, James
Haynes, William C.
Harrison, Addison
Hall, Noel
Hinson, Wellford
Haydon, Thomas
Haynie, Yarret
Died at Point Lookout.
Jenkins, John
Jenkins, Erie
Jenkins, James
Kelley, William
Lewis, Thomas
Lewis, Jerry
Lampkin, P. K.
Lyell, Charles
Lyell, Henry
Luttrell, Alfred
Luttrell, James
Lee, Genoid
Leland, Charles
Lee, W. H.
Motley, James L.
Marsh, Joseph
Mozingo, Barnes
Marmaduke, Luther
Drowned in Jackson river.
McCarty, John M.
Mozingo, Meredith
Died at Fort Delaware.
Newman, George
Nash, Brooke
Pratt, Alex.
- Pace, William
Pace, Thomas
Pitts, Charles
Pew, Martin
Phillips, E. S.
Potts, Richard
Wounded at Five Forks.
Quesenberry, Richard
Died at Point Lookout.
Quay, Alvin
Rice, Thomas W.
Robinson, Charles
Roberson, James
Rollins, E. T.
Roberson, T. C.
Raines, W. J.
Raines, W. W.
Reamy, Thomas
Killed.
Rockwell, William
Sampson, Leroy
Sampson, Thornton
Sampson, Richard
Stott, Olliver
Stewart, L. R.
Smith, E. T.
Smith, John
Scates, Richard
Self, Moses
Sydnor, Thomas
Scates, Allen
Sydnor, Napoleon
Thomas, James
Taliaferro, J. G.
Tallent, G. W.
Thomas, William
Tellice, John
Vanness, W. P.
Webb, Joe
Webb, William H.
Webb, Charles H.
Webb, James
Wallace, W. G.
Walker, Milton M.
Weeden, James
Yeatman, James
Yeatman, Arthur
Yalsig, John

APPENDIX.

EVENTS DESCRIBED BY THOSE WHO WERE ACTIVE
PARTICIPANTS.

THE DAHLGREN RAID.

(From the Philadelphia Times.)

In February, 1864, several of the cavalry regiments of the Army of Northern Virginia were temporarily disbanded and sent to their homes to recruit their horses. The Ninth Virginia Cavalry, to which my company belonged, was ordered to protect the transportation of supplies from the Northern Neck of Virginia, which was very much interrupted at that time by the enemy's gunboats on the Rappahannock, Mattaponi, and Pamunkey rivers. Besides, they would frequently land parties from the boats and make incursions into the country to plunder. Colonel R. L. T. Beale, commanding the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, fixed his headquarters in Essex county, near Boulware's wharf, on the Rappahannock river, and ordered me to establish a picket line across the county of King William from the Mattaponi to the Pamunkey rivers.

I moved over into King William county, quartered my men in the court-house, being a convenient point to both rivers, and established a picket post at West Point, the head of the York, and the junction of the two rivers. The distance by water to my camp was three times as great as by land, which would enable my pickets to bring me word of the entrance of a boat into the mouth of either river, and give me time to meet her with my sharpshooters on some of the bluffs.

Being on detached service, I did not require any other leave of absence or passport than my own. Having captured some Spencer rifles, I made several trips to Richmond to try and get ammunition for them, which I failed to do, and finally exchanged them for Sharp's carbines. During a visit to Richmond I was staying at the house of a friend, and a lady relative of General Lee's came and told us that General Lee had telegraphed that the enemy's cavalry were on a raid in his lines. I immediately hurried back to camp, called in my pickets, sent them in the opposite direction, to watch the ferries on the Pamunkey, and stationed a courier on the road about half way to the upper ferries. The next morning (March 2d) I got information that they were crossing the Pamunkey river at Hanover town ferry, about six miles below Hanover Courthouse, and twelve miles from Aylett's, on the Mattaponi river. I sent my baggage-wagon to a safe place and crossed the Mattaponi at Mantua ferry; had the boat concealed in the marsh, and the other boats higher up the river put out of the way. I next hastened to Dunkirk, in the upper part of King and Queen county, where was the only boat left on the river, and sent ahead to have that brought over to the side I was on.

Up to this time nobody in that section had a suspicion that there was an enemy nearer than the Rapidan river. I found two of Captain Magruder's company (Forty-second Battalion, Virginia Cavalry), at Mantau, and sent word to him to join me at Dunkirk as soon as he could.

Dr. Fleet's son and William Taliaferro, two lads, the latter a nephew of the Hon. William Boulware, formerly United States Minister to Naples, were riding along in King William, and came upon the enemy's column unexpectedly. When ordered to surrender, they attempted to escape, and young Taliaferro's horse was killed, and he captured, and Fleet was mortally wounded, but managed to keep his seat, and was carried by his horse some distance into the woods. He had his dog with him, which, after remaining with him all night, met

his friends who were in search of him, and conducted them to the body. While I was waiting for the enemy at Dunkirk they found a flat-boat at Aylett's large enough to carry the men over and swam the horses, the river being narrow at that place. They thus got about twenty-five minutes' start of me. But I overtook them near Bruington Church, and attacked their rear-guard, killing one man. I am pretty certain that this man was killed by Dr. Richard Crouch, a member of my company. Crouch was dismounted and standing by my horse, when I called his attention to him, as his bullets were whistling disagreeably near to me. Although there was a rapid firing, I think the man dropped at the crack of Crouch's gun. One of my company got a fifty-dollar greenback out of his pocket, which afterwards proved to be a two-dollar bill, with "fifty" pasted on the figure two.

Just at that time I got information, which turned out to be false, that the enemy had sent a portion of his command by a road through the woods which came into the one I was on, two or three hundred yards in my rear. This detained me a short time, and when I overtook him again I saw that he had turned on the River road, where "Butler's Tavern" used to stand. I sent four men to follow him and annoy his rear, hoping by that means to prevent his finding out that I was getting in his front. After turning down the road towards Stevensville, I was again deceived into thinking that a part of the enemy's force had taken that road. After going a short distance I was hailed by a citizen about a hundred yards from the road, whom I understood to say: "They are just ahead of you." I ordered a trot and directly we heard two reports and a bullet struck just by my horse, splashing the mud on my foot. We charged, and had a very pretty chase for about a half a mile, when we ran into Captain Magruder, who had put his men in ambush on the brow of a hill and sent out pickets, having heard that the enemy had taken that road. He informed me that it was with difficulty that he could restrain his men from firing. Captain Magruder put his com-

pany (about thirty men) at my command, and I got him to send a courier to Major Waller, who was in command of the baggage-train and men with broken-down horses of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry (Colonel Beale had gone with his regiment to Ashland).

We moved on through Stevensville to the River road, intending to take position at an old mill-dam, but as I had some doubt about reaching that point before the enemy I put the men in position at Mantapike, the intersection of the Stevensville and River roads. In the mean time, we had fallen in with some citizens and Home Guards, who followed on, and continued with us until the enemy came up. It was now dark, and, after waiting some time for the enemy, I sent two of my men to make a reconnoissance, who soon returned and reported that the enemy had gone into camp a mile or so from us. When I put the men in line of battle in the edge of the woods, I ordered them to reserve their fire until the head of the column of the enemy should reach my left, where I had placed my first sergeant, Fleming Meredith, whose fire was to be a signal for the whole line. The enemy advanced about half-past eleven o'clock P. M. As the head of his column approached my line Colonel Dahlgren saw some of the men, and demanded their surrender. At the same time he attempted to fire his pistol, which snapped. This drew a volley upon himself, and he fell dead, pierced by five balls. When the volley was fired the enemy fell back in confusion and left the road, getting into a field, where we did not find them until morning. Captain Fox, Company E, Fifth Virginia Cavalry, being senior officer, had now taken command, and we fell back to a point which commanded a cross-road through Mantapike farm and waited until day-break, when Captain Fox ordered me to take my company and find out the position of the enemy. I found them in a field, unsaddled and standing about in groups. We rode into the field, and they surrendered. The men had offered to surrender to an officer who had been captured by them

in Louisa county, and was with them at the time. The enemy's officers had left and fled to the woods, but were afterwards captured by the Home Guards.

We captured about one hundred men and officers, and some forty negroes. Some of the men had silver pitchers, goblets, cups, etc., strapped to their saddles. I sent the silver to the War Department in Richmond, and it was returned to the owners. The number of horses captured greatly exceeded the number of men, and a good many were reclaimed by their owners. Just after we had fallen back William Littlepage, a boy about thirteen years old, who had followed on from Stevensville, with his teacher, a Mr. Hallbach, took from the body of Colonel Dahlgren the book and papers which contained the famous address and orders which excited such indignation among the Confederates. Mr. Hallbach gave me the papers, and, through Colonel Beale, they reached the War Office, at Richmond. The next day I was surprised to get an order from General Fitzhugh Lee to bring the body of Colonel Dahlgren to Richmond "for the purpose of identification." Colonel Dahlgren had been buried without a coffin, and as soon as a coffin was made his body was taken up, and put into it, looking as natural as if he had been dead only an hour. I went with the corpse to Richmond, and arrived there on Sunday evening (the 6th), reporting to General Elzey. I have since heard from an authentic source, that Colonel I. W. Atkinson, provost marshal, had Colonel Dahlgren's body buried in Oakwood Cemetery. Afterwards the body was taken up, carried to Miss Van Lew's house, where a funeral service was held, then taken to the country, buried again, and since the war returned to his friends.

The papers and memorandum-book found on Colonel Dahlgren's body contained an accurate copy of the last field return of our cavalry made to General Stuart, with the location of every regiment. This last was furnished by the Bureau of Information at Washington. The rest were credited to no one. The following is a copy of the papers.

The address to the officers and men of the command was written on a sheet of paper having in printed letters on the upper corner, "Headquarters Third Division Cavalry Corps, 1864":

"Officers and men: You have been selected from brigades and regiments as a picked command to attempt a desperate undertaking—an undertaking which, if successful, will write your names on the hearts of your countrymen in letters that can never be erased and which will cause the prayers of our fellow-soldiers, now confined in loathsome prisons, to follow you and yours wherever you may go. We hope to release the prisoners from Belle Island first, and, having seen them fairly started, we will cross the James river into Richmond, destroying the bridges after us, and exhorting the released prisoners to destroy and burn the hateful city, and do not allow the rebel leader, Davis, and his traitorous crew to escape. The prisoners must render great assistance, as you cannot leave your ranks too far or become too much scattered, or you will be lost. Do not allow any personal gain to lead you off, which would only bring you to an ignominious death at the hands of citizens. Keep well together and obey orders strictly, and all will be well, but on no account scatter too far, for in union there is strength.

"With strict obedience to orders and fearlessness in the execution you will be sure to succeed. We will join the main force on the other side of the city, or, perhaps meet them inside.

"Many of you may fall, but if there is any man here not willing to sacrifice his life in such a great and glorious undertaking, or who does not feel capable of meeting the enemy in such a desperate fight as will follow, let him step out, and he may go hence to the arms of his sweetheart and read of the braves who swept through the city of Richmond. We want no man who cannot feel sure of success in such a holy cause. We will have a desperate fight, but stand up to it

when it does come, and all will be well. Ask the blessing of the Almighty, and do not fear the enemy.

“ U. DAHLGREN,
“ Colonel Commanding.”

The following special orders were written on a similar sheet of paper, on detached slips :

“ Guides, pioneers (with oakum, turpentine and torpedoes), signal officer, quartermaster, commissary, picket, scouts, and pickets, men in rebel uniform.

“ These will remain on the north bank and move down with the force on the south bank, not getting ahead of them. If the communication can be kept up without giving alarm, it must be done; but everything depends upon a surprise. And *no one* must be allowed to pass ahead of the column. Information must be gathered in regard to crossings of the river, so that should we be repulsed on the south side, we will know where to recross at the nearest point.

“ All mills must be burned and the canal destroyed, and also everything which can be used by the rebels must be destroyed, including the boats on the river. Should a ferry-boat be seized and can be worked, have it moved down. Keep the force on the south side posted of any important movement of the enemy, and in case of danger some of the scouts must swim the river and bring us information. As we approach the city the party must take great care that they do not get ahead of the other party on the south side, and must conceal themselves and watch our movements. We will try and secure the bridge to the city (one mile below Belle Isle), and release the prisoners at the same time. If we do not succeed they must then dash down, and we will try and carry the bridge from each side.

“ When necessary, the men must be filed through the woods and along the river bank. The bridges once secured and the prisoners loose and over the river the bridges will be secured

and the city destroyed. The men must keep together and well in hand, and once in the city it must be destroyed, and Jeff. Davis and Cabinet killed. Pioneers will go along with the combustible material. The officer must use his discretion about the time of assisting us. Horses and cattle which we do not need immediately must be shot rather than left. As General Custer may follow me, be careful not to give a false alarm. The signal officer must be prepared to communicate at night by rockets, and in other things pertaining to his department. The quartermasters and commissaries must be on the lookout for their departments, and see that there are no delays on their account.

“The pioneers must be prepared to construct a bridge or destroy one. They must have plenty of oakum and turpentine for burning, which will be rolled in soaked balls and given to the men to burn when we get in the city. Torpedoes will be used only by the pioneers for destroying the main bridges, etc. They must be prepared to destroy railroads. Men will branch off to the right with a few pioneers and destroy the bridges and railroads south of Richmond, and then join us at the city. The line of Falling Creek is probably the best to work along, or, as they approach the city, Goode’s Creek, so that no reinforcements can come up on any cars. Men will stop at Bellona Arsenal and totally destroy it and anything else, except hospitals; then follow on and rejoin the command at Richmond with all haste, and, if cut off, cross the river and rejoin us. As General Custer may follow me, be careful and not give a false alarm.”

The following is a copy of a paper written in lead-pencil, which was, I suppose, a private memorandum which Colonel Dahlgren made for his own use:

“Saturday—Leave camp at dark (6 P. M.), cross Ely’s Ford at 10 P. M. Twenty miles, cross North Anna at 4 A. M., Sunday; feed. Three miles, Frederick’s Hall Station, 6 A. M.; destroy artillery, 8 A. M. Twenty miles, near James

river, 2 P. M., Sunday; feed and water one and a half hours. Thirty miles to Richmond, march toward Kilpatrick for one hour, and then soon as dark cross the river, reaching Richmond early in the morning (Monday). One squadron remains on north side and one squadron to cut the railroad bridge at Falling Creek, and join at Richmond, eighty-three miles. General Kilpatrick, cross at 1 A. M., Sunday, ten miles. Pass river at 5 A. M. (resistance). Childsburg, fourteen miles, 8 A. M. Resistance at North Anna, three miles, railroad bridges at South Anna, twenty-six miles, 2 P. M.; destroy bridges, pass the South Anna and feed until after dark, then signal each other. After dark move down to Richmond, and be in front of the city at daybreak.

“Return—In Richmond during the day; feed and water men outside. Be over the Pamunkey at daybreak; feed and water and then cross the Rappahannock at night (Tuesday night), when they must be on the lookout. Spies should be sent on Friday morning early and be ready to cut.”

This is a correct copy of the papers found on Colonel Dahlgren's body, delivered to me and sent to Richmond.

JAMES POLLARD,
Late Captain Company H, Ninth Virginia Cavalry.

Richmond, Va.

APPENDIX II.

THE "YANKEE" AND "REBEL" YELLS.

(From the Century Magazine for April, 1892.)

During and since our late war, the "Rebel" and "Yankee" yells have been frequently referred to, but their true character and essential differences have not, so far as I know, been clearly presented.

I was recently asked to say something upon this subject before the society of "The Virginians," on the occasion of its annual banquet in New York, and the substance of what was then stated is given below.

Private J. HARVIE DEW, Co. H, 9VA

There is a natural tendency in the minds of most men, as they move onward along the "River of Time," to forget, or in a great measure to obliterate from their memories, unpleasant things, and, on the contrary, to recall and treasure those that have contributed to their joys, comforts, and successes. With no one is this peculiarity more marked than with the old soldier. When he talks of his war experiences, it will constantly be found that his trials, privations, discomforts, and disappointments, have been largely forgotten or overshadowed by the memory of his comrades, of social gatherings around the camp-fires, of songs that were sung and stories told, of adventures and narrow escapes, of battles lost and victories won.

Among the incidents of active service there were probably no events more thrilling and more exciting to the soldier than those of a charge, for in its dash there were displayed not only the boldness and the fury of the occasion, but, of necessity, much of the savagery of war.

It was in the charge that the “war-whoop” was heard, the savage “yell” with which men wild in battle endeavored to send terror to the minds of their enemies.

Each foe, in every clash of arms, sought to arouse all of the military energy, the enthusiastic vigor, the martial spirit, and the determined endeavor, which could possibly impress upon its enemy the overwhelming force with which its charge or its resistance was made, and no feature added more to the accomplishment of this purpose than the enthusiasm of the yell.

I was a member of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, a follower of Stuart and his successors, and on many a well-fought field I have seen, listened to, and participated in charge after charge. The defenders of old Virginia were not by any means successful at all times in defeating their adversaries, and not infrequently by force of circumstances were induced to take their turn in a more or less graceful “skedaddle.” Whenever I was one of the “skedaddling corps,” I found some consolation in recalling a little family incident.

My grandfather was an officer in the war of 1812. Once in his old age, while relating to a number of his grandchildren gathered around him some of his experiences in war, he told of an encounter with the British in which his troops were forced to retreat in decided haste. One of the little boys who had been listening, with his mouth agape, no doubt, in the intensity of his interest, asked, “And, grandpop, did you run?” The old man replied, “Ah, yes, my child; and braver men than your grandfather ran that day.”

That there existed a marked difference between the yells of the opposing armies during our late war was a recognized fact, and a frequent source of comment. The notes and tones peculiar to each of them were well defined, and led to their designation as the “Yankee” and the “Rebel” yells. It is interesting to note some of the reasons why they differed so widely.

Southerners have always been recognized by those who

have known them best as a people possessed of unbounded enthusiasm and ardor. They have been considered and often called a “hot-headed,” a “hot-blooded,” people. Among the rank and file, as well as among the officers, of the Confederate armies, were to be found men of intelligence, birth, position, and distinction in the communities in which they lived; men in whose veins ran the invigorating blood of the noblest ancestry; men who were proud in peace, courageous and fearless in war.

These peculiarities of birth, character, and temperament, coupled with the fact that they were chiefly an agricultural people inhabiting a broad expanse of country but thinly settled, and confined in no large numbers (comparatively) to the narrow limits that city and town life impose, had much to do with the development of their soldierly qualities as well as of their capacity for yelling.

Life in the country, especially in our Southern country, where people lived far apart and were employed oftentimes at a considerable distance from one another, and from the houses or homes in which they ate and slept, tended, by exercise in communicating with one another, to strengthen and improve their voices for high and prolonged notes. A wider range to the vocal sounds was constantly afforded and frequently required.

The voices of women as well as of men were often utilized for “long-distance calls.” It may be amusing to note the difference in intonation which was usually exhibited by the sexes. When a man had occasion to summon any one from a distance, the prolonged tone was placed on the first note, the emphasis on the second; thus, “O—h, John!” If a female called, the prolonged tone and the emphasis were both placed on the last note; thus, “You, John-n—y’!”

Hollowing, screaming, yelling for one person or another, to their dogs, or at some of the cattle on the plantation, with the accompanying reverberations from hilltops, over valleys and plains, were familiar sounds throughout the farming

districts of the South in the days gone by. It used to be said of my father's old negro foreman that he could be distinctly understood a mile or more away.

Hunting, which was enjoyed and indulged in more or less by nearly every citizen of the South, was also conducive to this characteristic development.

I remember an amusing instance illustrative of this point. I was out on one occasion before the war with a party of gentlemen hare-hunting with hounds. No guns were allowed. I had taken with me a very bright and intelligent little negro boy, who had become for a time separated from me. Later, while the dogs were chasing the hare from thicket to thicket, from meadow to woods, I came to a small open space surrounded by “old-field pines,” and “broom-sedge” which had been cultivated in corn during the previous season. There, in the sunshine, unconscious of the presence of any one, sat the little darky packing damp sand over his foot, and withdrawing it—building what the boys called “frog-houses.” Just then one of the huntsmen saw the hare, and gave a most vigorous vocal outburst, yelling for the dogs, “Here-here, here-here, here-here!” etc., endeavoring to place them still closer in pursuit. The little negro, without removing his eyes from the work with which he was occupied, simply uttered a most significant comment; he exclaimed, “Humph! Good gracious! dat man certainly kin holler.”

The Federal, or “Yankee,” yell, compared with that of the Confederate, lacked in vocal breadth, pitch, and resonance. This was unquestionably attributable to the fact that the soldiery of the North was drawn and recruited chiefly from large cities and towns, from factory districts, and from the more densely settled portions of the country.

Their surroundings, their circumstances of life and employment, had the effect of molding the character and temperament of the people, and at the same time of restraining their vocal development. People living and working in close proximity to one another have no absolute need for loud or

strained vocal efforts, and any screaming or prolonged calling becomes seriously annoying to neighbors. Consequently, all such liberties or inconsiderate indulgences in cities, towns, etc., have long ago been discouraged by common consent.

It is safe to say that there are thousands upon thousands of men in the large cities, and in other densely populated portions of the North, who have not elevated their vocal tones to within anything like their full capacity since the days of their boyhood, and many not even then.

To afford some idea of the differences between these “yells,” I will relate an incident which occurred in battle on the plains at Brandy Station, Virginia, in the fall of 1863. Our command was in full pursuit of a portion of Kilpatrick’s cavalry. We soon approached their reserves (ours some distance behind), and found ourselves facing a battery of artillery with a regiment of cavalry drawn up on each side. A point of woods projected to the left of their position. We were ordered to move by the right flank till the woods protected us from the battery, and then, in open field, within a few hundred yards of the enemy, we were ordered to halt and right dress.

In a moment more one of the Federal regiments was ordered to charge, and down they came upon us in a body two or three times outnumbering ours. Then was heard their peculiar characteristic yell—“Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!” etc. (This yell was called by the Federals a “cheer,” and was intended for the word “hurrah,” but that pronunciation I never heard in a charge. The sound was as though the first syllable, if heard at all, was “hoo,” uttered with an exceedingly short, low, and indistinct tone, and the second was “ray,” yelled with a long and high tone slightly deflecting at its termination. In many instances the yell seemed to be the simple interjection “heigh,” rendered with the same tone which was given to “ray.”)

Our command was alone in the field, and it seemed impossible for us to withstand the coming shock; but our com-

mander, as brave an officer as ever drew a saber, frequently repeated, as the charging column approached us, his precautionary orders, to “Keep steady, boys! Keep steady!” and so we remained till the Federals were within a hundred yards of us. Then, waving his sword in air, he gave the final order, loud enough to be heard the field over: “Now is your time, boys! Give them the saber! Charge them, men! Charge!”

In an instant every voice with one accord vigorously shouted that “Rebel yell,” which was so often heard on the field of battle. “Woh—who—ey! who—ey! who—ey! Woh—who—ey! who—ey!” etc. (The best illustration of this “true yell” which can be given the reader is by spelling it as above, with direction to sound the first syllable “woh” short and low, and the second “who” with a very high and prolonged note deflecting upon the third syllable “ey.”)

A moment or two later the Federal column wavered and broke. In pursuit we chased them to within twenty feet of their battery, which had already begun to retreat. The second regiment to the right and rear of the battery then charged upon us, and for a moment we were forced back; but by that time our reserves were up, and we swept the field.

In conclusion, let us rejoice in the fact that war and its incidental accompaniments are with us only in memory, and let us hope for our loved country, and for ourselves, that peace, happiness, and prosperity will dwell with us and our children’s children now and evermore.

